

Together[®]

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / FEBRUARY 1965

In this issue: Crisis in Christian Education / Retirement Cities: Blessing or Curse? / Are Parents Too Soft?



Rehobeth Church near Union, W. Va., first Methodist church (1785) west of the Alleghenies, was dedicated in 1786 by Bishop Asbury. Here, too, he ordained Methodism's first deacon in the West.



Strother's Meetinghouse, built near Gallatin, Tenn., hosted Methodism's 1802 Western Conference. Moved to Scarritt College campus, in Nashville, it now houses the Tennessee Conference Museum.

METHODISM:

Reared in Log Cabins



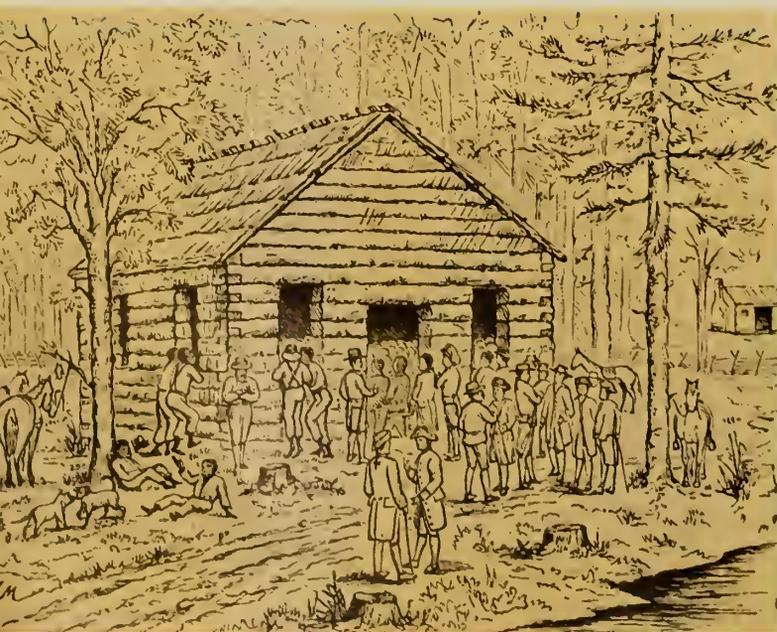
A LOG CABIN church or chapel on the frontier differed little from a log cabin home; in fact, homes often became churches when Methodist circuit riders arrived. Built to withstand weather, time, or Indian attack, a number of those early log chapels and meetinghouses still stand today, some as official shrines of The Methodist Church.

All it took to build a log cabin was some trees and a few simple tools—plus the know-how. The first English

colonists did not have the knowledge, and lived in brush and bark shelters. Immigrants from the great forests of northern Europe, however, built the first cabins as early as 1638, and taught other colonists how to hew, square, and notch the logs, how to chink between the cracks with moss, clay, or mud. So, long before the American Revolution, log cabins had become standard housing on the western frontier.

The earliest known Methodist log meetinghouse (no longer standing) was built by Robert Strawbridge, an Irish colonist and carpenter, on Sam's Creek, Md., in the mid-1760s. This house, 24 by 24 feet in size, was replaced later by a larger and better house at another site. By then, it is said, Strawbridge's fervor had accounted for nearly half the Methodists in the colonies.

Within 50 years after Strawbridge's first meetinghouse, Methodism forged across the Mississippi and pressed on through the plains, replacing logs with sod or stone. But many of the cabins stand today—reminders that Methodism, from humble and rustic beginnings on a long-lost frontier, always has shared the American dream. □



Strawbridge's first meetinghouse in Maryland, built in the mid-1760s, gave way to a better house on Pipe Creek in 1783. Asbury credited the area with "the first society in Maryland—and America."



McKendree Chapel, erected near Cape Girardeau, Mo., about 1819, is protected by clapboard and canopy. Named for Methodism's first American-born bishop, it was possibly first west of the Mississippi.

The John Evans House, near New Windsor, Md., may have been Robert Strauchbridge's preaching place before he built a log church (below, left). Evans belonged to the society there.

Acuff's Chapel (1786) was the first in Tennessee. The 1964 General Conference named it a Methodist shrine.





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 2 eggs 4 teaspoons grated orange peel
 3¾ cups unsifted flour
 1 cup cooked chopped raisins
 ½ cup chopped Planters Pecans
 Confectioners' sugar frosting

Scald milk; stir in sugar, salt, margarine. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm water in large warm bowl. Add lukewarm milk mixture, eggs, grated orange peel, 2¼ cups flour. Beat until smooth. Measure off 1 cup of batter; to this add prepared raisins (see below) and pecans. To rest of batter beat in 1½ cups flour. Cover both mixtures; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled, about 1 hour.

Turn out larger portion of dough onto floured board; roll to 10 x 16-inch rectangle. Spread with fruit-nut batter. Roll

up dough to form 16-inch roll; seal edge. Place, sealed edge down, in greased 10-inch tube pan. Cover; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake at 350°F. 30 minutes, or until done. When cool frost with confectioners' sugar frosting. Makes 1 round cake.

To prepare fruit: Place raisins in pan with 2 cups cold water. Cook until water boils rapidly for 1 minute. Drain and chop. (Dates may be substituted for raisins. Remove pits from dates before chopping.)

The Church in Action

VATICAN II: The Record So Far

The News: Since October, 1962, the Roman Catholic Church has been struggling painfully and publicly in Vatican Council sessions to restructure both its inner life and its attitudes toward non-Catholics. Although progress has been great, many issues still have not been resolved. As the third session drew to a close late last November in Rome, Pope Paul VI declared that one more Vatican Council session would be convened. When it begins, possibly next fall or early in 1966, the 2,300 prelates who constitute the council (most of them bishops) will face some of the stickiest questions of the historic proceedings. Among them are:

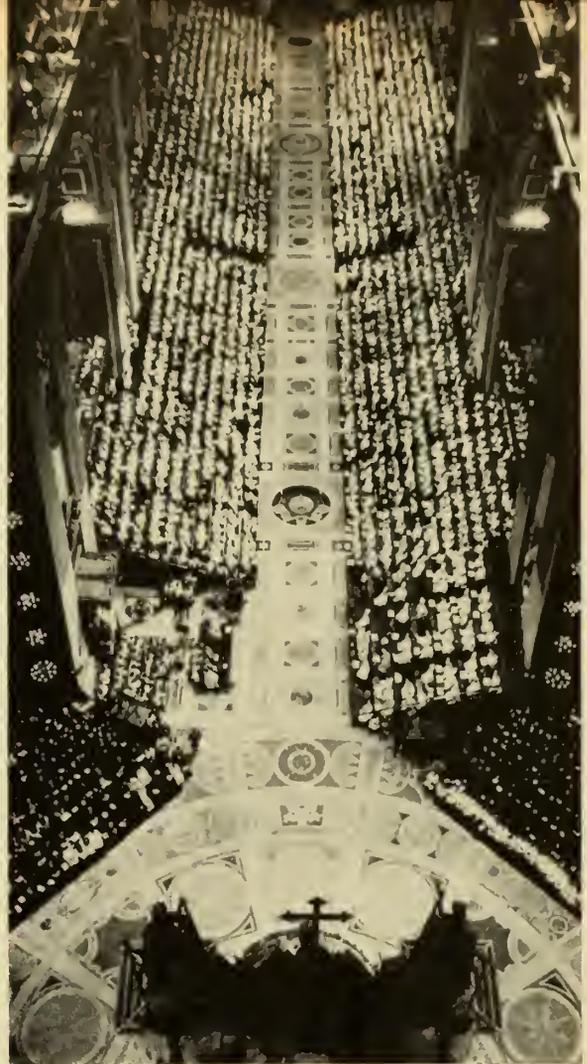
- *A declaration on religious liberty.* Protestants believe that an unequivocal statement is needed if dialogue between Catholics and Protestants is to be meaningful in years to come.

- *A declaration on the Jews.* Non-Catholics—and many of the Catholic bishops themselves—hope for a forthright statement that the Roman Catholic Church does not hold the Jewish people responsible for Christ's death. A preliminary declaration to this effect was approved before the third session ended.

- *A massive schema, "On the Church in the Modern World."* The bishops are tackling a comprehensive statement on a wide range of social concerns, including birth control (the preeminent problem for many Catholic families), nuclear weapons, and racial discrimination.

Background: As a result of actions taken at the First Vatican Council, which ended in 1870, power came to be concentrated in the Curia, the central administrative group of the church, located in Rome. Now the pendulum is shifting toward decentralization—more authority in their own areas for the bishops. Just how far it will swing depends on what Pope Paul will allow. The new statement of collegiality, which gives the bishops increased power in relation to the Pope and Curia, had hardly been hammered out by Vatican Council II when the Pope, at the end of the third session, reasserted his ultimate powers in no uncertain terms.

During the last 72 hours of the 10-week session, he angered and disheartened many in the progres-



The Vatican Council's third session ended with Pope Paul's celebration of the mass in crowded St. Peter's Basilica.

sive majority by refusing to intervene when the conservatives blocked a vote on a statement concerning religious liberty. He made 19 changes in the schema on Christian unity after it had been passed by the full council. And he proclaimed the Virgin Mary as Mother of the Church—a title the bishops had decided not to give her.

"There undoubtedly was disappointment and resentment among the progressive majority," says Dr. Walter G. Muelder, an official Methodist observer at the council and dean of Boston University's School of Theology. "But I do not feel that it is as serious in the long run as some commentators have indicated. The Pope is in the very difficult position of having to handle questions of procedure and of historic moment at the same time."

The Pope has said that the declaration on religious liberty will be brought before the council early in the fourth session.

Protestant observers seem to agree that the third session ended on an uncertain note. Nevertheless, although there is discomfort over the Pope's actions, they point out that his record in behalf of progressive principles is a good one.

Some observers feel that his actions at the end of the third session came because he felt he had to remind the bishops of his ultimate powers. Earlier in the session, the council had harshly criticized and overwhelmingly defeated a statement on missions, after Pope Paul had taken the unusual step of ap-

pearing at the council to ask the bishops to approve it. Instead, they directed that it be rewritten.

The Record So Far: The bishops spent most of the first session in 1962 exchanging views and exploring problems. That in itself, say observers, was important and one of the aims sought by Pope John XXIII when he called Vatican II into session. More easily, he could have issued papal pronouncements to cover the changes he wanted, and the church waters would have remained much more calm. But Pope John sought a thoroughgoing updating of the church, and he seems to have been convinced that it could not be accomplished without revolutionary thought and action by the bishops, who then would take their decisions home and plant the seeds of renewal in every part of the world.

During the second session in 1963, the primary accomplishment was approval of the Constitution on Sacred Liturgy which, among other things, provided that major parts of the mass be said in local languages instead of Latin [see *Roman Catholic Worship: The New Look*, page 49]. It also approved increased participation by congregations in the mass.

The third session, in 1964, saw the major accomplishment of the Council so far—the 30,000 word constitution Of the Church (*De Ecclesia*), which defines the nature and function of the Roman Church and contains the section on the collegiality of the bishops.

Of special interest to Protestants is the decree on ecumenism, also promulgated at the close of the third session, which places the Roman Catholic Church squarely in the ecumenical movement. It calls upon "all the Catholic faithful to recognize the signs of the times and take an active and intelligent part in the work of ecumenism."

"It is a great stride forward in genuine brotherly understanding and cooperation," says Dean William R. Cannon of Emory University's Candler School of Theology, who was among those representing Methodism as the third session closed.

Christian Unity: Both the Pope and the council frequently have voiced the desire for Christian unity, and the introduction to the decree on ecumenism notes that "restoration of unity among all Christians is one of the principal concerns of the Second Vatican Council."

But it is plain that creation of one Christian church is not possible in the foreseeable future, nor is that what most theologians have in mind when they use the term. Doctrinal differences are too great. Dr. Muelder points out, however, that unity has

several levels, and for Roman Catholics it now means that they are joining the ecumenical movement—although, like the various Protestant denominations, they will persist in their own theological convictions.

The Roman Catholic Church, says Methodist observer Robert E. Cushman, dean of Duke University's Divinity School, now accepts ecumenism "not as a Catholic invitation to the many to return to the one, but as a movement of the whole of Christendom toward what Paul VI described as 'recomposition in unity.'"

Significance for Protestants: Out of the welter of council decisions—some of them ambivalent—can any generalizations be made about what the council actions mean to Protestants? Observers point to these factors:

- The very calling of the Vatican Council ushered in a new era of Catholic history, and Protestant-Catholic relations.

- The council has tried to avoid stating its views in such a dogmatic form that it would close the door to future discussions with non-Catholics.

- The council is sincere in realizing that ecumenism means spiritual renewal—starting with itself—and that this will be a continuing process. In its decree on ecumenism, it asks non-Catholics to forgive Catholics for the sins of erecting unreasonable barriers. It also says Catholics are prepared to forgive non-Catholics for similar sins.

- The establishment of a secretariat for Christian unity, and the quality of its leadership, headed by Augustin Cardinal Bea of Germany, reflects a spirit of genuine ecumenicity.

- The Roman Catholic Church has chosen to renew itself in full view of the world. "There's no theological curtain," one observer remarked. Many bishops have eagerly sought conversation with non-Catholic observers.

- An increasing emphasis on biblical scholarship is evident. "The Roman Church," says Methodist Theodore Runyon, Jr., faculty member at Emory University's Candler School of Theology, "is recovering its sense of mission through biblical renewal and theological reform. The fact is that those theologians who for years have been in dialogue with Protestants are proving most influential at the Council . . . Protestants can only rejoice in these developments . . . We are beginning to speak a common language."

However, Catholics and non-Catholics have a careful course to steer. They not only must remove unnecessary obstacles but also must avoid watering down their essential doctrines in a false try for unity.

The Future: The fourth session of Vatican II again will find the pro-

gressive majority confronting the conservatives, who hold central positions of power. And, as Robert Doty wrote in *The New York Times*, the final result will be determined by Pope Paul. As the bishops learned in the waning hours of the third session, says Mr. Doty, "You cannot fight city hall, especially when it is called infallible."

Dr. Albert C. Outler, an official Methodist observer at Vatican II and a professor at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, takes this look into the future:

"The consequences and complications that will follow have scarcely begun to appear in the life of the Roman Catholic Church, but this much is certain: They will entail basic transformations and vivid confusions. Reforms are always like that. Nor have we 'separated brethren' felt the full impact of a reinvigorated Catholicism upon our traditional relations with them."

Methodists Believed Safe After Congo Uprisings

So far as is known, no Methodists were involved in recent Congo bloodshed which took the life of missionary doctor Paul Carlson and others at Stanleyville.

Methodist work is centered farther east and south, and while some of the church's mission stations were hard hit in earlier disturbances, their African personnel is believed safe.

Dr. Carlson himself went to the Congo originally under the "Operation Doctor" program, sponsored by the Congo Protestant Relief Agency, late volunteering with the Evangelical Covenant Church.

In earlier uprisings in which Methodist Missionary Burleigh A. Law, Jr. was killed, the Methodist station at Wembo Nyama was endangered for a time and captured by rebel forces.

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Methodist missionaries at Lusambo after their rescue are (from left) Dr. Hughlett, Mr. Lovell, Dr. Pleimann, Dr. Siksay, and Mr. Crowder.

in August. Five missionaries held as hostages for over two months, then released, were taken before firing squads a number of times.

One of them, the Rev. Eugene H. Lovell, wrote recently from Southern Rhodesia that it was only possible to get out with Congo army troops when they went for supplies.

The rebels harassed the five missionaries, and left the Wembo Nyama region in desolation. Villages were burned and looted, and people hid in fear of both the rebels and the Congo army. In addition, Mr. Lovell said, the plains people and the forest people were fighting each other. "Truly the poor Congo is fragmented, perplexed, and disturbed in many ways," he said.

The other four missionaries, who with Mr. Lovell hoped to return to Wembo Nyama, are Dr. William S. Hughlett of Cocoa, Fla.; Dr. Larry G. Pleimann, Lake Charles, La.; the Rev. Douglas Crowder, Randolph, Nebr.; and Dr. Nicholas Siksay of Canada.

Jean Emambulu, head teacher of the Methodist school at Katakoma, was killed by the rebels, and the Rev. Pierre Ashema, Central Congo district superintendent, was reported missing. Methodist Bishop John Wesley Shungu narrowly escaped death when he returned to Lodja for his wife, his 10 children, and other school children there.

List Methodist Lawmakers

The U.S. Senate has 24 Methodists as members, one more than in the last session. The House has 70.

While most Methodist senators did not have to stand for election in November, three were reelected: Spessard Holland, Florida; John J. Williams, Delaware; and Stephen M. Young, Ohio. First-timers are Paul Fannin, former governor of Arizona, and Ross Bass, Tennessee. Sen. Clair Engle of California, also a Methodist, died in office.

The Senate has 14 Roman Catholics, 14 Episcopalians, 13 Baptists, and 11 Presbyterians, among those who listed their denominational preferences.

A report on state governors shows 13 Methodists, 8 Roman Catholics, 7 Baptists, 6 Episcopalians, 6 Presbyterians, and 10 of other denominations. Two of the Methodists are Republicans, 11 are Democrats.

Governors taking office in 1965 are Haydon Burns, Florida; Dan K. Moore, North Carolina; and William H. Avery, Kansas; while John B. Connally, Texas, and Harold E. Hughes, Iowa, were reelected.

Elected between 1962 and 1964 are Paul Johnson, Mississippi; Edward T. Breathitt, Kentucky; and John McKeithen, Louisiana. Holdovers are Frank Clement, Tennessee; J. Millard Tawes, Maryland; Donald Russell, South Carolina; George Wallace, Alabama; and Robert S. Smylie, Idaho.

Bishop Ensley Injured

An automobile accident in December nearly took the life of Methodist Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Columbus, Ohio.

He was driving alone near Marysville, Ohio, and was thrown into a field when his car hit a patch of ice. A tracheotomy was performed by a specialist from Riverside Methodist Hospital in Columbus, where the bishop was taken for another operation. One lung had been punctured, and six ribs broken.

At press time, the bishop's condition was still serious although he had shown slight improvement.

Anglican-Methodist Union Backed in 3 Dioceses

This year will be a crucial year for union proposals between the British Methodist Conference and the Church of England.

The plan, being studied at the grass roots by both denominations, got a recent substantial boost when three major Anglican dioceses voted overwhelming support. They are industrial and densely populated Liverpool, Bradford, and Newcastle, the first two providing what was seen as a virtual mandate for union.

The matter will be discussed in the next few months by several important ruling bodies in the Anglican Church, climaxed by the all-important convocations of Canterbury and York in May. Also in May, the British Methodist Conference at Plymouth, with delegates from 34 synods, will decide whether to accept the proposal for intercommunion as a step toward full union.

The Anglican Church, which faces the thorny task of disestablishment, is viewed as having less internal discussion on the matter of union. Dr. Michael Ramsey, archbishop of Canterbury, is heartily in favor of the

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idea, while acknowledging it will involve big changes in both churches.

He has been involved in informal talks on Christian unity with Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic leaders and feels these conversations will not be a barrier to talks with Methodists.

Within Methodism, three major factions have various opinions on the talks with Anglicans. A group known as Toward Methodist-Anglican Unity, which has many prominent pastors and laymen, is pressing for union; the Voice of Methodism has carried on a wide campaign for its rejection; and the Methodist Revival Fellowship welcomes closer relations but opposes acceptance of bishops as a theological principle.

Protest U.S. Subs in Japan

The United Church of Christ in Japan, which includes Methodism, has protested to Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda the call of U.S. nuclear-powered submarines in that nation's ports.

The 400-member general assembly, meeting in Tokyo, urged that the visits be stopped and said that lack of assurance of safety against radiation or accidents causes great anxiety among the Japanese people.

Further, the church body said, the visits might create suspicion that Japan is armed with nuclear weapons, thus heightening the danger of an outbreak of nuclear war in Asia.

Form New Advisory Council

An advisory council has been formed by the Methodist Central Jurisdiction to aid in transfers of its annual conferences to the church's geographical jurisdictions.

It plans to meet with its counterparts in the geographical regions to discuss racial inclusiveness and efforts toward desegregation.

The Rev. John H. Graham of Philadelphia is chairman of the council, and Dr. W. Astor Kirk of Washington, D.C., heads the Central Jurisdiction's Study Committee which is part of

the group. Dr. Kirk is preparing a brief asking the church's Judicial Council to rule on whether Negro annual conferences could be required to remain segregated if they transfer into a geographical jurisdiction, or whether the General Conference has final authority in the desegregation process.

Statement Urges Peace in McComb Race Turmoil

An active Methodist laity in McComb, Miss., exerted leadership in the drafting of a recent statement asking for an end to racial violence and for equal treatment of all persons. It was signed by some 650 persons.

Drafted by 20 business and civic leaders, it scored acts of terrorism against both Negro and white citizens and condemned arrests by law officer for the purpose of harassment.

It urged that the law be obeyed regardless of personal feelings, and that protests be kept within a legal framework.

Among Methodists who helped initiate the statement are J. Olive Emmerich, publisher of the *Enterprise Journal*; Francis B. Stevens; J. W. Alford, district lay leader; and Norma B. Gillis, Jr. Mr. Alford and M. Gillis previously had put up reward money which led to the arrests of 11 white men who pleaded guilty to charges of bombing churches.

Methodists in McComb found the statement "generally acceptable," reported two of their ministers, David M. Ulmer and Russell J. Gilbert.

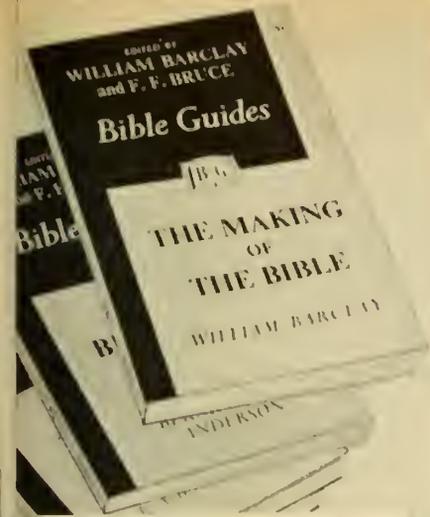
Monk at Northwestern U.

A Buddhist monk has been appointed to the newly created professorship of religions named in honor of Bishop Charles Wesley Brashares at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

The Bhikku Walpola Rahula of Ceylon is the first Buddhist monk to hold a professorship at a Western



Dr. Perry (left) greets Sir Senarat Gunawardhana, Ceylon's ambassador to the United Nations; M. F. de s. Jayaratna, ambassador to the United States; the Bhikku Rahula, and Bishop Charles W. Brashares at a reception for the bhikku



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INDEX

An alphabetical index covering Volume 8 of *Together* (January-December, 1964) now is available for 25¢ from the *Together* Business Office at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

university. For the past decade, he has been at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Among the guests who greeted Dr. Rahula after his inaugural address at the Methodist-related university were Bishop and Mrs. Brashares of Ann Arbor, Mich., Ceylon's ambassadors to the United States and the United Nations, and Dr. Edmund Perry, head of the university's department of history and literature of religions.

Negro Heads Georgia Council

The Rev. Harry V. Richardson, a Methodist and president of the Inter-denominational Theological Center in Atlanta, is the first Negro to become president of the Georgia Council of Churches.

His election was unanimous, and was not, the council pointed out, a sudden effort to emphasize its concern about civil rights. The educator was one of the council's founders in 1952.

He is a graduate of Harvard school of divinity and holds a Ph.D. from Methodist-related Drew University.

Church Looks at Self in 'One Witness' Emphasis

The spectrum of concerns around the theme *One Witness in One World* was examined by Methodist district superintendents and other church leaders at a convocation in Chicago held recently to give impetus to the church's quadrennial program.

The program's keynote is self-appraisal by individuals and local churches, the superintendents were told. Yet, it is not to be seen as an end in itself, but rather as leading to self-realization and Christian involvement in the common life. In New Testament simplicity and directness, it is to increase sensitivity to the deeper meanings of life.

This explanation, made by Dr. Leon M. Adkins of the Methodist Board of Education, denotes that the church must serve all in times of radical change. There has been too much conformity, he said, too much of confusing statistical records with spiritual renewal, too much pride of denomina-

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tional achievement. There must be recognition of the dignity and integrity of every individual and every church.

"In our religious zeal we have been guilty of sanctified brainwashing and the manipulation which stultifies rather than releases the God-given nature of a person," he said.

Another vital part of the emphasis is the establishment of new churches and congregations around the world. New lots will be bought, sanctuaries and parsonages built or renovated, revolving loan funds started, and education or social service units built. Part of the funds are to be raised by the local conference or area.

The National Council of Churches will persist in its civil rights efforts until the battle is won, declared its president, Bishop Reuben H. Mueller of the Evangelical United Brethren Church. He also said he is not too disturbed about criticism of the council. "That is because its work is relevant," he explained.

Bishop Paul E. Martin of Houston praised Methodism's World Service efforts as providing a sense of unity in the church, and spoke of extremists who attack it and seek to undermine its financial support. "We still have a few laymen stupid enough to think that if they cut off their pledges we will be quiet in speaking on the great issues that confront us," he asserted.

Because of a minister shortage, Methodist pastors now carry more than twice the work load of those of 1900, Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis told the convocation.

There are only a few more ministers than in 1900, he said, while Methodist membership has jumped from 4.2 million to 10.3 million. The church

CENTURY CLUB

Seven Methodist women, having marked their 100th birthdays, join TOGETHER's Century Club. They are:

Mrs. Margaret Bair, 100, Newman, Ill.

Miss Kate Beverstock, 100, Lakeside, Ohio.

Mrs. Ida Busey, 100, Urbana, Ill.

Mrs. Katherine Dale, 102, Union Star, Mo.

Mrs. Adella M. Johnston, 102, West Medford, Mass.

Mrs. Clara Pentony, 100, Blair, Nebr.

Mrs. Stella Slocum, 102, Eatontown, N.J.

When nominating a person for the Century Club, please give his or her present address, birth date, and where the nominee has church membership.

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New York Area

BISHOP

Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR

Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 1924, New York, N.Y. 10027.

VOLUME 9, NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY, 1965

Area PR Director-Editor To Be Hospital PR Head

Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, director of promotion and public relations for the New York Area of The Methodist Church for the past 11 years, and editor of the *New York Area News Edition* of TOGETHER since its inception in January, 1957, has resigned to enter a new field of work.



Mrs. Donaldson

She has been named to organize and direct a new department of community relations at United Hospital in Port Chester, N.Y. The hospital, 75 years old this year, serves the communities of Mamaroneck, Harrison, Rye, Port Chester, and Purchase. It now is engaged in an expansion program.

Prior to becoming director of public relations for the New York Area, Mrs. Donaldson served on the editorial staff of *The Daily News*, Mamaroneck, from 1943 to 1954. The last four years of that time she was city editor of the *Times*. She also is a former member of the contributing staffs of the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* Sunday book reviews. She has served as director of fund publicity for Westchester Chapter of the Red Cross.

A contributor to TOGETHER and other periodicals, Mrs. Donaldson was the author of *Meet Ann Brown: She Heads Our Missions Enterprise*, which appeared on page 47 of the January issue of TOGETHER.

Youngsters Wield Brooms

Thirty youngsters from Broadway Church, Rensselaer, N.Y., took a look at the debris which defaced the streets near their church and borrowed brooms from the Department of Public Works for a thorough clean-up job.

Under the direction of their pastor, the Rev. Donald H. Brandt, they swept not only the streets but also a nearby city playground.

Mayor Clarence A. McNally took the hint and ordered newly painted drums to be placed in the area as litter containers.

The youngsters were assisted by their fathers and members of the church's board of Christian social concerns.



New York Conference welcomes Staten Island ministers.

Staten Island Pastors Real New Yorkers Now

The initials, "N.Y.," after the addresses of their churches have real meaning for Staten Island churches now. By action of the jurisdictional conference, they have been transferred from the Eastern District of the Newark Conference, to the Metropolitan District of the New York Conference.

Shown in photo, right above, nine of the 11 ministers attended a reception at the

Yonkers home of District Superintendent Charles L. Warren. Standing from left are: The Revs. Walter Everett, Albert Miller, David Parker, Alfred Olsen, and Donald Kimmelman; seated: The Revs. Frederick Hubach, Billy Sparkman, Dr. Warren, the Revs. David Young and Harold Moser. Not present when the picture was taken were the Revs. John Wood and Kenneth Halstead.

See UN Church Center

The first Methodists to accept Dr. Carl Soule's invitation to visit the Church Center for the United Nations were 150 members of the Freeport, N.Y., Church under the direction of the Rev. Chester Hodgson, pastor.

The group was briefed by Dr. Soule before a tour of the United Nations and the church center.

Dr. Soule is executive secretary of the Division of Peace and World Order for the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

900 Teen-agers at Rally

More than 900 Suffolk County teen-agers attended a rally of Youth Fellowship members of the Long Island East District in the new education unit of the Patchogue Church.

Shown from left in photo below are the Rev. Lester Haws, host pastor; District Superintendent Harrison Davis; Dana Scott of East Patchogue, district MYF president; Bishop Wicke, who addressed the rally; and the Rev. Donald Rackliffe of Cutchogue, district advisor to the MYF.



MYF hears bishop at Long Island East District rally.

SHORT CIRCUIT

The Rev. Garrett H. Phillips of Calvary Church, Bronx, N.Y., has had a busy season. He conducted a preaching mission at Meadowbrook Church, Kansas City, Mo., and also addressed the North Kansas City High School students and the district Woman's Society of Christian Service. The new Calvary chapel was dedicated at a Christmas candlelight service.

The prayer fellowship of the Southern District of the Newark Conference celebrated its 10th anniversary with a banquet at the New Providence Church, where it started in 1954 with 12 men. It has grown to a membership of 150.

Speaking of anniversaries, First Church, Haganan, N.Y., is celebrating its 100th; Rexford, N.Y., its 125th; and Malta Ridge, N.Y., its 150th.

Dobbs Ferry Takes Steps To Further Ecumenicity

Catholic-Protestant relations in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., took a forward step when the Rev. Irving A. Marsland, pastor of Aldersgate Church, was invited to speak at the investiture of 135 freshmen at Mercy College.

Sister Maureen, dean, later wrote in the college paper: "It is heartening to realize that Mercy College is alive in the main stream of activity, engaging in an ecumenism of reality. . . . Mr. Marsland's appearance among us was more than a meeting of the minds; it was a challenge to imitation of his quality, his talents, his reverence, and the Christianity of his message."

Hospital Elects Maytrott

C. Wesley Maytrott, vice-president of Consolidated Edison Company, was elected president of the board of managers of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, succeeding Joseph Ferry, who had served since 1959.

New members on the board are Albert E. Beck, Jr., Albert C. Boye, Parker C. Folse, Dr. Roy Nichols, Charles E. Saltzman, Raymond F. Sloan, and Bishop Prince A. Taylor of the New Jersey Area.

Mr. Ferry, a member of the board for 19 years, will continue as a member.



Miss Anne Clark of Valhalla, N.Y., candidate of Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, N.Y., for "Miss Student Nurse" contest, is flanked by runners-up Miss Susan Bauer of West Hills, N.Y., Church, left, and Miss Linda Jacobs of Elmont, N.Y., at right.

THE BISHOP WRITES

The Simple Gospel

Every now and again I hear an ancient lament from one of my friends. "If the church would only attend to its primary business—the saving of the lost!" Or, I hear another disconsolate brother or sister say, "If we would only return to the simple gospel!"

In the first instance I take it "saving the lost" means restoring misplaced items or persons to their proper and intended relationships. I remember a famous British preacher describing the loneliest and most melancholy sight he ever saw. "A stray brick" in the middle of a busy road. It was really a lost brick. It was an object made for a worthy relationship, a place in a foundation to sustain a home, a corner in a bearing wall, a hundred possible uses, but in its present state lost to them all; lost because it was not in the relationship for which it had been created.

Our Lord told some of his most effective and loved parables about life's lost items. A coin that was lost, its value locked up and useless because it was out of circulation. It was no longer effectively, actively, "redemptively" related to the market place.

A sheep that was lost, estranged from its fellows in the fold and in dire danger of death. Its value and its worth in fleece and meat torn from the shepherd and the community.

A lost boy, a productive "hand" unemployed. A member of a team missing. A son estranged and the family circle broken with all the spiritual damage inherent in such sundered relationships. Because of his lostness the father's house was inhabited by gloom and not by joy.

I agree, we should be about our primary mission, saving the lost, restoring them to the Father's household. We should be saving those whom we have lost because of variances from the norms we have established, the privileges we have sheltered and not shared, the circles of isolation we have drawn. God forgive us for having been partners in causing this lostness.

During these coming days help us return to our primary task, "saving the lost," helping restore the relationships intended by the God of our creation for all the members of his family, that one child, that one young adult, that one older. Let us not assign the task to the professional in our midst, the preacher. This is everyman's primary business who bears His Name.

To my second lamenting friend I suggest the most important number in the Christian lexicon, and the most powerful number in the simple gospel is the simple number ONE.

You, my friend, find one! Open the door for his restoration to the Christian family. Help create the conditions of welcome for him.

You dislike "high-pressure programs coming down from somewhere." So do I! Yet, there is one program to which we must be obedient if we would bear his Name. That program is forever coming down to us from our Lord. It is His ambition to find that ONE and bring him in.

Will you be obedient?
LLOYD C. WICKE



Harvard President Speaks at Drew

Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, president of Harvard University, was the principal speaker, December 10, at the formal installation of Dr. Charles Wesley Ranson as dean of the Theological School, Drew University.

Christ Church Plans Series

Methodists in the New York area have been invited by Christ Church, New York City, to attend missions programs three Sunday nights in February.

Dr. Eugene L. Stockwell, assistant general secretary in the World Division, will speak February 10 on the reorganization of the Board of Missions.

On February 17 a panel will discuss tension spots in missions overseas with the following participants: Miss Marguerite Deyo, executive secretary of work in four African countries, who will speak on Rhodesia; Hugh N. Lormer, executive secre-

tary for China and Southeast Asia, on Indonesia; and Dr. Stockwell, on Cuba.

Dr. J. Edward Carothers, general secretary of the National Division, will speak February 24 on *The Revolution in the National Mission of Methodism*.

College Marks 130th Year

Vermont College in Montpelier this year is celebrating its 130th anniversary. It was founded in 1834 by the New Hampshire Conference and was known as Newbury Seminary in Newbury, Vt., the first Methodist school of theology in America.

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TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

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needs 1,200 new ministers each year just to replace those who die or retire,

Troy Seeks 'Builders'

A church Builders' Club is being organized in the Troy Conference to enlist 3,000 persons who will agree to pay \$10 on call, a maximum of twice a year, toward the purchase of sites or construction of new churches.

Each church has been asked to enlist from three to 50 persons, depending upon the size of the membership, who will contribute a total of \$30,000 for each appeal.

The drive was authorized last May, at the annual conference, and each prospective construction project will be approved by the superintendent of the district and the executive committee of the conference Board of Missions and Church Extension.

New Horizons

Methodists in Piscataway Township, N.J., are holding services in their new sanctuary on Hoes Lane, New Market.

The cornerstone was laid for the new Trinity Church, Windsor, Conn. Robert Filkins, building committee chairman, is shown in photo below, right, with trowel in hand, under watchful eyes of District Superintendent Wilfred Hansen, and the Rev. Garfield H. Thompson, pastor.

The Mechanicville, N.Y., Church set a goal of \$40,000 for renovations and purchase of adjacent land—and raised \$56,000.

"Start at the top and work down" might be the slogan at East Pearl Street Church, New Haven, Conn., in photo below, center.

Painters recently went to work on the church in the new Fair Haven Parish. The New York Conference has contributed \$25,000 from Urgent Needs funds to finance extensive renovations which will include a remodeled sanctuary and new gymnasium.

The congregation at Latham, N.Y., unanimously approved plans for a new sanctuary for which a \$105,000 fund campaign will soon be launched.

A new sanctuary is being constructed by Fisher Church, Schenectady, N.Y.

Members of Albany Street Church, Schenectady, N.Y., are remodeling their educational unit.

The Nancy Gene Purick education wing in Smithtown, N.Y., was dedicated with Dr. Norman Edwards, as guest preacher. Shown in photo below, left, from left are: Miss Dorothy Fisher, youth minister; Pastor John Bardsley; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Purick, parents of Nancy, for whom the wing was named; and Dr. Edwards.



Boy With a Vision Sparks Church Renewal

Led by a boy with a vision, a group of teen-agers from the youth fellowship of the Williston, Vt., Federated Church worked many weeks last summer and fall to bring a crumbling, abandoned church back to life.

In February, 1833, the Burlington *Free Press* carried the following news item:

"The edifice lately erected in Williston for the use of the Congregational Church and Society in that place, was solemnly dedicated to the spiritual worship of the Triune God . . ."

For the next 66 years, the Congregationalists worshiped in the brick, Gothic-style building but by 1899 it had become a financial burden and the congregation moved in with the Methodists.

From 1899 to 1964, the structure was left to the ravages of time and itinerant pigeons. By last spring it was facing complete collapse. Then a boy named Mark Hutchins looked at it and saw a vision. He saw it as it must have looked 130 years ago and he saw it as it might become if he could interest fellow members of his MYF.

It took more than interest, however, and the teen-agers' first job was to obtain tools and materials to go to work.

Help poured in from many sources—many of them unexpected. A newspaper story brought \$50 from a Jewish couple and \$100 from an anonymous donor. A local resident gave \$500 in memory of his father.

The story reached the president of the Stravgn Wallpaper Company, in Boston, along with a sample of the ancient wallpaper. He offered to reproduce it and furnish enough for the sanctuary. A grocer volunteered his time and enough glass to replace 153 panes in each window. A member of the Shelburne Museum staff gave advice about features which should be preserved.

The youngsters had more than tools, materials, and money, however, and without that essential ingredient, the job could not have been done. They had so much



MYF clears debris from the church.

faith that in the early days when one group was shoveling debris out of the sanctuary, another group was building a sign for the front lawn.

The old pulpit furniture was found and a pump organ installed. A can of gold-colored paint was obtained for the cross, the sign, and the chandelier. Two-thirds of the money was used to make the walls and steeple structurally sound. In October there was still much to be done, but it was ready for its first vesper service.

One of the young workers later wrote, "A lovely sound filled that old church . . . God was being worshiped in his own house again."

An older member of the congregation voiced the reaction of the community. "The dominant emotion," he said, "was admiration with a sense of awe that the work was sparked by those kids."

When Mark first had his vision, he wrote his pastor, "If we don't act now, one more landmark will fall down and one more part of Williston will die."

Whatever the future holds for Williston and its historic church, one thing will surely never die: the memory of the dedicated teen-agers whose labors brought an abandoned church back to life.



Camera Records Recent Methodist Activities in Area



Herbert Steel serves a roast-beef dinner to Methodist Men President Fred Tannler, at Simpson Church, Amityville, N.Y. Proceeds helped refurbish pastor's study.



Dr. and Mrs. Edgar N. Jackson, left, were welcomed back to the Mamaroneck, N.Y., Church after a year's sabbatical leave, by Mrs. Charles L. Warren, and A. E. Tuttle.



Above are visiting members of the New Concord, Ohio, Presbyterian Church and their hosts, the MYFers at Simpson Church, in Amityville, N.Y., with the Rev. Stanley O'Loughlin, from Ohio, left, and the host pastor, the Rev. James L. White, right.



Chaplain Roy M. Terry and Mrs. Terry, of the New York Conference, are pictured at a breakfast in Tokyo honoring armed forces members on the U.S. Olympic team.



Group of non-Methodist clergymen from New York City attend clinic at Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn. In center of photo are Miss Edith Roberts, who is director of nursing, and the Rev. Keith Keidel, presently serving as resident chaplain at the hospital.



Dr. Norman Hall, center, Police Association chaplain, leads Protestant policemen, of Suffolk County, into First Church, Amityville, N.Y., for a communion service.

needs 1,200 new ministers each year just to replace those who die or retire, and another 1,200 for the church adequately to serve a growing population.

Fewer than 600 persons a year enter the Methodist ministry, the bishop pointed out, and the education level of many has fallen below that of the Methodist constituency. There are six times as many pastors, including supply, today who are not seminary graduates as there were in 1900.

Methodists 39th in Giving

More than \$2.85 billion was given last year by churchgoers of 41 Protestant denominations, says the National Council of Churches.

On a per capita basis, The Methodist Church with 10.3 million members, stands 39th with \$59.60, while several of the smaller denominations head the list.

First is the Free Methodist Church (53,601 members) with \$358.17 per capita; Wesleyan Methodist Church (38,194 members) with \$264.20; and Pilgrim Holiness Church (30,453 members) with \$237.93.

The per-member amount of \$69.87 for all causes in the 41 denominations reporting is an increase of \$1.11 over the previous record set in 1962.

TRAFCO Plans New Programs

Because of the growing importance of mass communications to the church, Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission expects to produce an increasing number of religious programs for radio and television.

As TRAFCO recently organized for the quadrennium, it presented plans for five new radio series. These include a late night conversation program, a series to help mothers "answer questions their children ask," interviews seeking to demonstrate the relevance of faith in today's world, a series on laymen who have taken stands on specific issues, and a music-news-interview program.

Released early in January was a second series of *Breakthru* television programs for children.

The six half-hour programs have a somewhat different format from that used in the first series. A combination of courtroom drama and discussion is used. Featured is a team of three idea challengers, and three idea defenders. A jury of eight children decides which team did the best. The youngsters discuss issues which many adults have not resolved.

The commission also approved an \$85,000 expansion of its headquarters and studios in Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Harry C. Spencer, reelected general secretary, expressed pride that "The Methodist Church is ahead of

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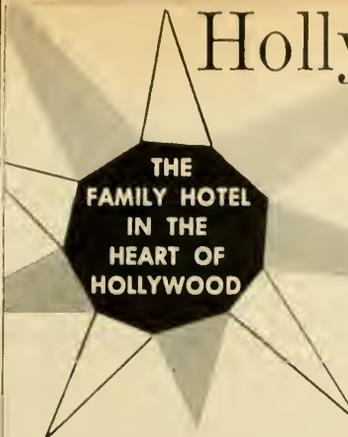
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most other denominations in its recognition of the importance of communications in our society," but added that "we still have a way to go before Methodism recognizes the tremendous significance of communication."

He pointed out the challenge to the church presented by such newly developing techniques as the satellite communications system and programmed learning.

Bishop Aubrey G. Walton of the Louisiana Area was elected president of the commission.

Motivation a Must, Vocations Leaders Told

Keep telling men to dig holes and they will quit. Explain the purpose of the holes and they will keep working. Like such men, Christians need to engage in a new quest for meaning to recover their lost sense of vocation.

This assertion was heard by 75 Methodist leaders in St. Louis recently. The Rev. Ralph E. Peterson, a Lutheran minister who put Christian vocation into perspective for the group, is director of a new ministry, vocation, and pastoral services department of the National Council of Churches.

Meeting under sponsorship of the Methodist Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations, the group considered recruitment for full-time service in the church as well as the philosophy of vocation for all Christians. It was the first time annual conference chairmen of Christian vocations had been brought together on a national basis.

Methodism has reached a plateau in recruitment for professional church careers, the Rev. Richard H. Bauer of Nashville, Tenn., told the chairmen. He is executive secretary of the Interboard Committee.

Christian vocation is a matter of "using our gifts to realize God's total purposes," Mr. Peterson said. "Every Christian is called to full-time service in Christ's name, and professional ministers are needed within the church to build it up and to prepare laymen for their ministry," he continued.

Too often, he said, recruitment is based on emergency and fragmentary measures, whereas it should be tied in with the life and mission of the church.

Good sources of ministerial candidates may be Peace Corps volunteers who have completed their terms and young adults changing vocations, he added.

Another speaker told the conference chairmen, mostly ministers, that the average young person may change careers as many as five or six times these days. The Rev. Arthur Hopkinson, associate secretary of the Inter-

board Committee in Nashville, also reviewed a new occupational data file being prepared for district superintendents and others interested in the vocations field in The Methodist Church.

Other speakers were the Rev. William T. Stephenson of Dallas, Texas, who reported on a laboratory study of vocations in a Dallas church; and the Rev. Fred Cloud, youth publications editor also of Nashville, who discussed use of resources.

The conference reviewed changes in the 1964 *Discipline*, affecting Christian vocations, as approved by the last General Conference.

Methodists in the News

Superior Court Judge Donald A. Odell of Pasadena, Calif., received the Bishop Gerald Kennedy Award, presented yearly to an outstanding layman of the Southern California-Arizona Conference, for his more than 30 years of dedicated service to The Methodist Church.

Robert B. Anderson, former secretary of the Treasury under President Eisenhower, was named to head The Cathedral Thousand, a group of 1,000 men, each of whom pledge \$1,000 a year for support of nondenominational Washington Cathedral in the nation's capital.

Dr. Tai Son Park, former Methodist Crusade Scholar, has been inaugurated as president of Yonsei University in Korea, one of the largest Methodist-related schools overseas.

O. D. Jacoby, Methodist layman and retired banker of Oakland, Calif., received the Order of the Pacific, highest award of the University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif., for his 50 years of service as trustee and regent.

Mrs. C. A. Bender, Leonia, N.J., official Board of Missions observer to the UN, received an honorary doctor of laws degree from West Virginia Wesleyan University at Buckhannon.

Dr. William C. Finch, former dean of Vanderbilt University divinity school, becomes 15th president of Methodist-related Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va. He succeeds Dr. Earl G. Hunt, Jr., elected a Methodist bishop last year.

Charles C. Parlin, Methodist layman and a president of the World Council of Churches, was one of seven Protestant, Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Jewish leaders given degrees during the 200th anniversary celebration at Brown University, Providence, R.I.

Who Will Fill Our EMPTY PULPITS?

By WALTER W. BENJAMIN, Professor of Religion, Morningside College

GLOOM HANGS HEAVY over Methodist Conference boards of ministerial training and seminary admissions committees. Recruitment of young men for the Methodist ministry is a critical problem.

Danger signals have been flying for some time: Fewer men are entering the ministry than before World War I; we cannot fill our quota of military chaplains; we have 1,000 fewer missionaries today than in 1923.

Signs everywhere point to a disenchantment with the pastoral ministry. Preliminary reports from a Lilly Foundation Seminary Study indicate that only 33 percent of men now in seminary visualize themselves serving a local church 10 years hence. A former seminary president finds very few "competent and committed" students in training, while he sees a growing percentage of those committed but incompetent, or both uncommitted and incompetent.

Many students are disillusioned with Methodism, which they find a homogeneous, white, middle-class church cut off from the realities of life. The supposed appeals of higher ministerial salaries, better church plants, more elaborate parsonages, and added status promise little hope of eradicating their hostility.

What can the layman do to reduce the antipathy of young people toward the ministerial calling? Here are a few suggestions:

1. He should seek to understand the mysterious metamorphosis that takes place between the carefree MYF high-schooler and the anxious, college-sophomore "adult." College experience does not alienate the student from the church; it only makes visible an existing estrangement at a time when a student is desperately trying to find himself.

In college there is a "shaking of the foundations," a loss of innocence, which transforms youngsters into anxious, probing, doubting adults. Many a parent does not understand the psychological world of today's student, with its legitimate rebellion, anxiety, and cynicism. If such an adult mouths such shallow clichés as "Don't worry, everything will turn out all right in the end," the estrangement only deepens.

Today's sophisticated students are hungry for meaning. They ridicule "boneless sermons stewed in cream" and literally interpreted Bible stories that remind them of primary-department play. They hunger for theological interpretation, not pietistic pap.

2. Encourage your pastor to exercise a prophetic ministry concerning the great social issues of our time. Students react positively toward the ministry if they see their pastor struggling with 20th-century Goliaths, not tilting with Lilliputians. Respect for the ministry hits rock bottom when there is incessant carping against smoking, drinking, and swearing,

and little attention to broader, deeper concerns—especially when newspaper headlines blare that automation, civil rights, poverty, and the "warfare state" are the white-hot issues of our hour. Ministerial recruitment is hurt by a residual stereotype of long-faced and sterile Puritan moralism, which convinces students only that the church is lost in irrelevancy.

3. Deserving congregational sons who commit themselves to the ministry should have financial support. While millions are being spent for the bricks and mortar of retirement homes, hospitals, and ornate sanctuaries, the dollars that would keep a Methodist pre-theological student from dropping out of school or from ecclesiastical moonlighting in a traumatic pastorate are wanting. Lutheran and Episcopal churches follow their budding pastors with financial substance as well as prayer!

4. Lift the yoke of trivia from your pastor so that his image is enhanced. The sons of middle-class Methodists—teachers, doctors, engineers, lawyers, businessmen, farmers—will not view positively a calling that is emasculated by chores of mimeographing, hat-in-hand financial pleading, and floor-sweeping. Pablum-like sermons and hit-and-miss confirmation sessions result if ministerial "mahogany" is used for "kindling wood." Help your pastor to put first things first—preaching, teaching, reading, writing, counseling, serving the community—so that the image of his vocation takes on new stature in the minds of youth.

5. Request and support programs of serious theological instruction. Confirmation classes should run at least one if not two full years. The *best* teachers should be assigned to senior-high classes. These teachers, together with MYF counselors, should meet with the pastor for theological discussion, outlining reading programs and lesson preparation.

6. Send key college students significant paperbacks by such writers as Reinhold Niebuhr, Bishop John A. T. Robinson, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, William Hordern, C. S. Lewis, Robert McAfee Brown, and Paul Tillich rather than devotional tracts. Short subscriptions to such outstanding journals as *The Christian Century*, *Christianity and Crisis*, and *Christian Advocate* will elicit student response.

7. Finally, every Methodist should have a commitment to the basic integrity and glory of the ministerial vocation. A motto above the fireplace in a Catholic home reads: "We thank thee, O Lord, that this family has been granted the privilege of sending a son into thy holy priesthood."

Any Methodist layman who cannot assent to this conviction concerning his own son or daughter should neither wonder nor worry about the possible demise of our Wesleyan heritage. □



CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

Despite rocketing national population, Methodist church schools in recent years have reported smaller enrollments, wavering attendance. A leading professor of Christian education sees these hard facts as symptoms of a deeper illness: institutional irrelevance. Here he proposes 12 starting points for an impact-ministry on future decades.

By GRANT S. SHOCKLEY

Professor of Religious Education, Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill.

EIGHT YEARS AGO, Dr. Wesley Shrader of the Yale Divinity School faculty wrote an article which became a storm center of discussion. His subject: *Our Troubled Sunday Schools*. It was a scathing critique of religious education. Loudly and clearly, it characterized the American Protestant Sunday school as "the most wasted hour in the week."

A statement like that, when church-school attendance was at an all-time high, was bound to stir controversy. The tenor of the reaction ran the gamut, from the "bravo" of skeptics who had quit Sunday school to charges of "irresponsible" from its guardians. Today the Yale professor's indictment still haunts us, though in different form.

Dr. Shrader had found the church schools of 1957 well attended but a waste of time. Now the situation is reversed. Current Methodist statistics reveal losses in both enrollment and attendance. If Dr. Shrader was more iconoclastic than helpful in his observations, it also may be true that his critics misjudged the dimensions of the situation they so quickly defended.

It is time we evaluated the facts for what they actually mean rather than for what we wish they meant. There is no question about the decline in church-school enrollment and attendance. Moreover, this decline has occurred during a period of serious efforts to improve the quality of a religious education!

Some Hard Facts

In recent decades, until about 1959, Methodist church-school membership grew more rapidly than the United States population. Since 1960, however, both enrollment and attendance not only have trailed

population growth, but also have shown numerical losses. If this trend should continue at present rates averaging about 1 percent each year, the church school could become obsolete in less than a generation as an effective agency of nurture and outreach.

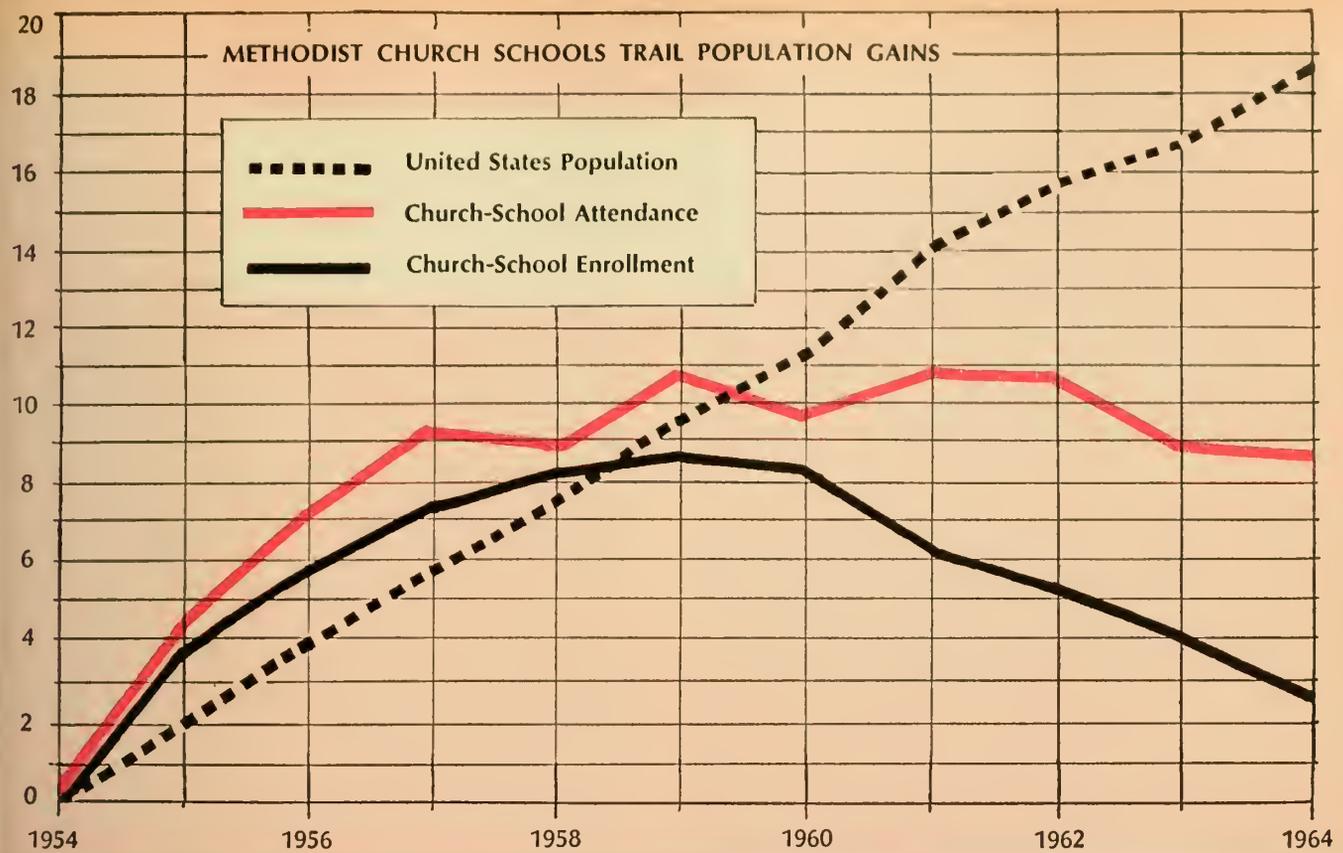
Methodist church-school decreases are reflected in each age-group. Dr. Mary Alice Jones, formerly director of the department of Christian education of children, reports that among children up to age 12 "the percentage of increase has been declining since 1955. In 1960, we passed the zero mark on the declining scale, and it became a definite minus."

The situation in the Youth Division is also a cause for concern. A report to the 1964 General Conference concerning Methodist membership found that the youth membership in the church school increased 18 percent from 1950 to 1960. Yet in the total U.S. population, this group (ages 12 to 21) grew 27.4 percent. The report, prepared by Dr. Earl D. C. Brewer, went on to note that the percentage of Methodist youth population has steadily declined, from 5.2 percent in 1950 to 4.8 percent in 1960. Since 1960 there have been further decreases.

Turning to the adult division, we find that membership increased from 1950 to 1960 twice as much as the increase in United States adult population. Since 1960, however, there has been a decline in total adult membership. Between 1960 and 1962 it was 6.3 percent, and in 1963 it was 2 percent.

This is not the full picture. These statistics are more alarming in the context of other trends. In the children's division, for instance, this decline comes during the period of the highest birth rate in U.S. history.

(Base Year, 1954)



In 10 years U.S. population rose 18.19 percent—from 161,884,000 to 191,334,000. But Methodist church schools failed to keep pace. Enrollment climbed from 6,574,577 to a 1959 peak of 7,154,254, then fell to 6,768,170 in 1964—a 10-year gain of only 2.94 percent. Average attendance went up from 3,384,513 in 1954 to 3,745,435 in 1961 but sagged to 3,676,717 last year—an 8.63 percent gain in 10 years.

Latest official Methodist statistics show that, during 1963-64, church-school membership decreased 69,944 in enrollment and 8,332 in average attendance.

Declining Attendance

A serious aspect of the critical state of the church school is its declining attendance rate. Two facts stand out. First, the over-all picture of Methodist church-school attendance resembles the national Protestant picture. Attendance in a typical church school averages between 50 and 55 percent of the enrollment. Second, since 1961 there has been a noticeable drop in attendance, especially sharp in 1963.

The implications in this are crucial for several reasons. There is a definite correlation of church-school growth with average attendance. The growing church schools are the ones with increasing attendance rates. There also is a correlation of church membership with average attendance. Six out of 10 persons who become full church members do so through the church school. And persons actively involved in the life of the local church are far more likely to retain their relationship and remain active.

What Does This Mean?

These decreases in church-school membership and attendance are symptomatic of a deeper illness which afflicts the church as a whole. That sickness is institu-

tional irrelevance. If the teaching agency of the church is to have a continued vital existence, the church must reexamine its purpose and mission. It must respond in a relevant way to an emerging culture that is the product of an unprecedented rate of social change.

Christian education, to be pertinent today, must deal realistically, knowledgeably, and helpfully with the problem of living in an age of electronics, automation, and space. Its lack of contemporaneity, sophistication, and appropriateness is the crux of the problem of our declining church-school statistics.

The Role of Family

Our educational ministry to families must be rethought in terms of new social realities. Since the turn of the century, the family has been playing a decreasing role in the religious guidance of children and youth. This function, together with many others, has been transferred almost entirely to the church school. Many families viewed the rise of "active" religious education programs in the churches in much the same manner that they viewed the coming of the laundromats. Church schools become laborsaving devices for religious training, though this was never their intended purpose.

Many parents have given up any significant responsibility to complement the church's ministry, and far too many spend no time themselves deepening

biblical and religious knowledge. While their children are in church school, they too often are pursuing a parallel social life quite unrelated to Christian parental responsibility.

As a result, most Protestant education for the past two generations has been limited to one or two hours a week. This limited amount of formal Christian guidance, often mediocre and sometimes ludicrous, becomes the child's religious educational foundation.

This is not often remedied in the teen years. Dropouts begin their trek early in this period, as is evidenced by the usual sharp decline in attendance at the Sunday morning sessions of the church school. This vicious cycle is completed when the dropouts return

"Christian education, to be pertinent today, must deal realistically, knowledgeably, and helpfully with the problem of living in an age of electronics, automation, and space."

to church (if they ever do) as young parents and are prevailed upon to teach a class "because we need you desperately." Even if leadership training is available as preparation, too many of these persons teach out of a biblical and theological orientation which comes from their own skimpy preconfirmation years in church school, possibly shaped by inadequate teachers who were pretty much victims of the same situation.

Youth: New Approaches Needed

Pertinent Christian education for youth today must be alert to other dangers—and opportunities.

It is estimated that young people under 25 will constitute about half of the total U.S. population by the end of this year.

In just five years (by 1970), the high-school population will reach at least 15 million. Teen-agers now figure more prominently than ever in the national economic picture, with their gross spending at about \$15 billion annually. The adolescent has created a vast new market that is being astutely exploited.

Youth experiences and activities increasingly are becoming "adult" much earlier. Senior highs and an increasing number of older junior-high girls are marrying. One third of these marriages become working-couple unions, and many of the young husbands are "moonlighters." Divorce rates in this age group far exceed the national average.

Automation has profoundly affected the youth situation, and so far has taken away many jobs faster than retooling and replacements can occur. High-school dropouts are increasing while jobs for unskilled labor (the only kind available to non-high-school graduates) are steadily decreasing.

Young people also have been affected by the contemporary sexual revolution. There is evidence of increasing uninhibited sexual activity among American youth as early as the junior-high-school years.

Two of the basic demands this situation raises are for adult leadership and church acceptance. There are entirely too few effective adult leaders with youth, and the churches, for the most part, are not geared to realistic, dynamic, future-oriented programs for youth. Dialogue and reconciliation in a community of acceptance, concern, and faith are goals that must be sought.

Adults: Reeducation Required

Hopefully, the education of youth, caught in the maelstrom of recent changes, will not be too difficult. This will not be the case, however, with adults. The massive problems of our rapidly changing society are bringing traumatic experiences upon adults from two directions. They not only must help youth to face these changes constructively, but they also must master this transition themselves. For their background and education are to a great extent of a prenuclear, precivil rights, and pre-new-morality vintage.

Gale Jensen, professor of education at the University of Michigan, makes this point abundantly clear. "For the first time in the history of civilization," he declares, "the time span of dramatic cultural change has been telescoped into less than a lifetime of an individual. The current generation of mature adults now represents the first generation faced with managing a culture different in kind from the one originally transmitted to them."

Where Do We Begin?

Redesigning the church for an impact-ministry upon the ensuing decades will involve a genuine reappraisal of its sociocultural setting, and a depth reassessment of its whole ministry from the standpoint of a teaching mission. Study and observations lead me to make these 12 proposals as starting points in that direction:

1. The church must reproject its image of education through a new relationship to the church school. It must be a relationship in which the church school is seen more clearly as organic to the entire life and work of the church.

2. The unfortunate term "local" church should be discontinued. The church should come to think of itself as a center of Christ's redemptive power rather than as a locality. Neither the building nor location of the church should obstruct its essential purpose of serving as an operational base for the community of faith which is alternately gathered for refreshment and then scattered for service as Christ's disciples in the world.

3. The church must become discontented with a limited and static ministry to a relatively homogeneous "clientele." Both its organization and program must recognize the new and insistent social realities in its midst. It must develop more effective approaches and activities, both within the church fellowship and outside it, to implement its mission to persons in every condition. The number of contacts is the key to opportunities for the church school to present the claims of the Gospel.

Concretely, this suggests better utilization of current ways—and devising new ways—of reaching persons. We live in a communication-dominated era.

More than 95 percent of the total U.S. population is accessible by radio, and at least 60 percent can be reached by television. Religious educators must take these outlets more seriously and through them develop more teaching-learning experiences. We also need to work harder at our educational ministry to persons too distant to attend church school regularly—homebound, shut-ins during severe weather, persons in the armed forces, and students.

4. Through creative educational evangelism, the church must close the gap between the church-school population and its corresponding unchurched population. Data provided by the National Council of Churches "assigns" The Methodist Church, according to its numerical strength, responsibility for 5 percent of the U.S. population, or approximately 3.3 million unchurched persons. This objective is particularly urgent in view of declining numbers of churches in the last 20 years, in both central city and open country areas.

Methodism must return with greater purpose and strength to the inner city. It needs to strengthen its ministry to the vast majority populations there. And we need more outpost church schools in suburban, exurban, and rural areas.

That phase of the "Neighborhood 1 Program" in which members of churches each pledge a year of service to help establish a new church is a feasible technique to implement this idea.

5. The church school must reexamine its concept of parish boundaries and community responsibility with a more sensitive view toward inclusiveness. Whether in the city, in the country, or in between, parish boundaries should be drawn to encircle areas needing redemption rather than strictly around ethnic, economic, or educational segments of population. Methodism can no longer afford to ignore any restrictive local policy that threatens the basic principle of inclusiveness, which is germane to the Christian mission and inseparable from Methodist evangelistic history.

"There are entirely too few effective adult leaders with youth, and the churches, for the most part, are not geared to realistic, dynamic, future-oriented programs for youth."

6. Education for Christian family living must be pursued in every church with a new sense of urgency. The sweeping changes of the past two generations affecting the family must be taken as challenging opportunities, rather than as enervating dangers. Education about the meaning of sex and of marriage, with its covenant of commitment and parenthood, must be approached more realistically and at every age level of the educational program.

The home must recognize its coministry with and through the church. It can become a transforming fellowship for its members only to the extent that

the church family sees its mission as a redemptive and transforming fellowship. Parents must be taught to communicate those qualities of Christian faith and life that will help growing persons to cope with life in an increasingly mature way.

7. The ecumenical effort must be taken more seriously by the school of the church. Children, youth, and adults need to know that the true church exists wherever the spirit of the Lord is present, where two or three are gathered in Christ's name. United or interdenominational work needs more sympathetic interpretation and leadership. The children of our generation ought to be prepared for membership in one church as well as one world.

8. Religious educators should share increasingly in dialogue with specialists in all fields of knowledge which may have value for Christian teaching. Such dialogue increases opportunities for learners in the church school to integrate religion with life.

Public-school children in grades one to three are learning how others live. The teacher can relate this to material, in the new Methodist children's studies, for example, on basic Christian concepts in human relationships. Youngsters in the sixth grade are studying about the life of Northern Europe. This can be recalled in church school with units on the Reformation and the subsequent rise of Methodism.

(*Time* magazine reported that the Massachusetts Council of Churches was studying "a plan to tie in Sunday-school lessons with subjects being taught in public schools at the same time, so that a study of Paul's travels . . . could draw on the familiarity of a world geography course.")

Another exciting method coming into wider use in religious education is the "documentary" approach, whereby junior and senior-high students read the Bible, other original religious documents, and creeds as the basis for a discussion.

9. Recent judicial decisions pertaining to prayer and Bible-reading in the public schools vitally affect church education. In effect, they strip away the spurious facade of a Protestant ethos, which Protestant families mistook to be a more meaningful educational device than it ever was or ever could have been.

Rather than interpreting these decisions as negative and narrow readings of the First Amendment, we should view them as a clear call to more responsible action. They are in keeping with the pluralism in the nation's religious situation today. They encourage an atmosphere of respect for historic and contemporary religious traditions and permit their inclusion in the curriculum where it is natural. Beyond this, however, the church school must bear increased responsibility for the direct teaching of religion, Christian faith, and commitment.

10. The challenge of other world faiths must be taken seriously. Christians today must be prepared increasingly to relate and defend their faith amidst conflicting world faiths. As Asian and African frontiers vanish, Christians must learn to assume more effective roles as creative religious minorities.

Their response to the challenge of resurgent and mission-minded Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam could

be critical for the future of Christianity itself. Christian faith in the future has the task of encounter with other world faiths, as much as with secularism.

11. The implementation of such a program must begin with a radical reinterpretation of the meaning of the apostleship of the laity. Laymen (children, youths, and adults) must realize anew their relationship to the new *community* into which all have been called. Then each and all church ministries will assume a new relevance. All will see anew their own ministry within the whole ministry of the people of God. In growing personal commitment, vocation, marriage, parenthood, and service to God through the church in the world, each layman will seek to make known the nature and will of God to all men.

12. The new church education calls for a new type of ministerial leadership, aware of the potential of an educational approach to the ministry of the church as a whole. Within such a view, the pastor-teacher guides the whole community of believing disciples as they participate in witnessing, teaching, sharing, and learning the whole Gospel.

These are some of the guidelines I see for a new teaching ministry of the church. In this space age, the mission of the church school has to be reoriented along some such lines as these if its effectiveness is to be brought up to date. Doing this will require that laymen, as well as ministers, take Christian education more seriously than ever before. □

What Is a Church?

A CHURCH is a man traveling, promoting his business, and concerned with sensitivity, success, and safety.

A church is a girl moving from the teens to whatever is next, and going through in a brief time the problems of school, job, car, love affairs, clothes, service to the church, rejection of the church, alternately seeking and spurning the support of her family, and alternately finding and losing herself.

The church is a family trying to keep a child alive when all the intricate mechanisms seem not to have been completely and properly formed, and then finding ground to stand on when that life moves on.

It is a girl in a hospital helping her parents find faith through her tragedies.

It is a boy swirling through the years of Scouts, the Y, Little League, school bands, MYF, paper routes, and hoping to become a man.

It is a teen-ager twisting, car washing, and participating in an evangelism weekend.

It is a child, open faced in the sun, finding God everywhere.

It is youth seeking the blessing of God and his direction for love and marriage with long counseling sessions, a meaningful wedding, and a beautiful reception.

It is a man and woman seeking for the love that led them to an altar 20 years before.

It is getting new land for increased activities for children and youth, and more places to park during worship and fellowship and study.

It is a grateful congregation pausing to pay its homage to those who have blessed it but who have now joined another, more perfect, church.

It is counting money to pay bills to keep doors open and lights on and programs operating.

It is a seminar to the United Nations, letters to congressmen, petitions to the legislature, and the support of police.

It is a series of crusades against narcotics and alcoholism and pornography and ignorance and aimlessness.

It is a far-reaching plan to reach all our youth and give them direction, and to help them, in their discovery of themselves, to become independent, integrated individuals and to choose their basic identifications in a mature understanding of the Christian ethic.

It is a housewife earnestly seeking to blend a career and self-expression with the demands of her own household as she, too, seeks to become a person.

It is a choir singing.

It is youth building and people discussing, and all praying, and serving a community and a world.

It is utilizing tensions and working through them, and solving problems rather than avoiding them.

It is staying at a job till it is done—even a difficult, thankless one.

It is recalling the One who is the same yesterday, today, and forever, even in the midst of change.

It is lifting high the Christ and claiming for him attention and discipleship. It is even serving him ourselves and giving him our best.

It is loving and believing, caring and hoping, in the darkest day.

It is putting our hand into the hand of God, and letting the Jesus of history become our eternal contemporary.

A church is Christ living and breathing and moving and working in you, in all you do, forever.

—FRANKLIN GREENE

Not even the child psychologist is prepared when . . .

Paulie Takes the

I.Q.

By PATIENCE H. ZAWADSKY



"H-m-m," she mused. "Well, let's try the next one. If the tip of a spoon is blunt, then the tip of a knife is . . . ?"

ONCE asked a psychologist what an intelligence test was designed to measure, and he replied, "Intelligence."

Maybe so. But I've begun to wonder whether the psychological concept of intelligence isn't a little inadequate. Consider my son, Paul, for instance. Even in nursery school, his mental processes were far from routine.

At the nursery-school variety show, Paul was to sing and to play the cymbal. He participated with gusto in the first half of the proceedings. Then the curtain came

down to loud applause. Paul refused to budge from his chair during the second half.

"Paulie," I asked him afterwards, "why didn't you sing and play in the last part of the show?"

"Well, all the people was clapping so hard," he replied, "I thought I better sit down and see what was going on."

Remarks like that should have prepared me for what happened when Paulie missed the kindergarten entrance deadline by three days and was required to take the I.Q.

With blithe self-confidence, I

took him to the school psychologist.

"I'm taking you to see a nice lady," I told him (following school instructions not to coach him for the exam). "She's going to ask you some questions and play with you."

"Why does she want to play with me?" he asked. "Doesn't she have any ladies her own age?"

"Of course she does. But sometimes she likes to play with little children."

He nodded. "There's a kid like that on the next block. Only he beats them up."

We entered the psychologist's of-

Do The Children Understand You?

IT'S FUNNY how much we adults take for granted. Because a thing is clear as ABC to us, we assume the youngsters will understand it. But all too often the church-school lessons we teach fall flat—simply because the children don't understand the points we are trying to make.

The very young cannot always grasp our adult logic. One church-school superintendent I know suspected an important lesson wasn't getting over as well as the teacher thought. So the superintendent asked the children what the women in the Bible brought to anoint the crucified Christ in the tomb. The replies she received amazed her.

"Rice," one boy answered. "Mice," said another. When the teacher explained that they brought "spice," the answer was, "Well, it *sounded* like mice."

I know, too, of a child who told his mother, "We sang the craziest song in Sunday school today—*Crazy, Crazy, All the Little Children*. Investigating, his puzzled mother learned the song had really been *Praise Him, Praise Him, All Ye Little Children*.

Even the Christmas story can be misunderstood by the little folks. One church-school teacher was telling a class how the shepherds were in their fields, taking care of the sheep. "Wouldn't the planes hit the sheep?" a child interrupted. To him, "fields" were airfields—an understandable conclusion for someone too young to understand that the world of Bible days knew nothing about jets or DC-7s.

It all adds up to the fact that many of us who teach church-school classes may be taking altogether too much for granted.

We ought to check up, now and then, to see if the children have really grasped what we are trying to tell them.

—ELEANOR WEEKS

fice. Paulie eyed her suspiciously.

"You may wait in the hall, Mrs. Zawadsky," the psychologist told me. "Paul and I would like to be alone."

Paulie gave me a scared look.

"It's all right," I whispered. "She won't beat you up."

The psychologist looked puzzled.

I went out in the hall and sat down. The door was open, so I could hear every word.

"Well, Paul," the psychologist asked brightly, "how would you like to go to school next year?"

"I wouldn't," he replied.

"Why not?"

"I'd rather raise dinosaurs."

"I see." (I could imagine her making a black mark on her built-in I.B.M. card.) "Well, suppose I ask you some questions anyway and see how many you can answer."

"O. K.," Paul agreed.

"I'll say to you," she explained, "If my father is a man, then my mother is . . ." And you say, 'A woman.' All right?"

"I don't know your mother," Paulie told her.

I was beginning to get nervous—and she hadn't even asked the first question.

"Oh, you'll know all these other questions I'm going to ask," the psychologist assured Paulie. "Like this first one. 'If birds fly, then fish . . .'"

"Jump!" yelled Paulie.

"No, no, no!" she corrected. "You're supposed to say, 'fish swim.'"

"Don't you ever go fishing?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact," she admitted, "I don't."

"Well, they jump," he told her. "All the time."

"H-m-m," she mused. "Well, let's try the next one. 'If the tip of a spoon is blunt, then the tip of a knife is . . .'"

"Plastic!"

"Isn't it *sharp*?" she asked helpfully.

"Oh, no," Paulie assured her. "Mommy never lets me play with that kind."

I groaned. Two questions and I was wondering how to tell the family that Paulie had flunked the test to get into kindergarten.

"If your brother is a boy," the

psychologist was saying, "then your sister is a . . ."

"Baby!" shouted Paul.

"I don't think you quite understand," the psychologist cautioned him. "Isn't your sister a *girl*?"

"Sure," he replied. "But she still wears diapers and she knocked down my fort this morning. So she's a *baby*."

I couldn't stand any more. I got up and walked around the block, thinking of activities to entertain Paulie during the next long, school-less year.

When I returned to my post outside the psychologist's cubbyhole, Paul's I.Q. test was coming to an end (and so, from the sounds of it, was the psychologist).

"That was a very good man you drew, Paul," she was saying. "But why did you color him over with black after you finished?"

"'Cause he's the Monster from Outer Space," Paul told her.

"The Monster from Outer Space?"

"Sure. Didn't you see the movie?"

"No." Her voice was shaky. "I'm afraid I missed it."

The psychologist appeared at the door with Paulie beside her.

"Thank you for bringing Paul over, Mrs. Zawadsky," she said with a dazed look. "But I'm afraid we won't be seeing him for another year."

Paulie and I walked out of the school together. When we reached the sidewalk he looked up at me—his brown eyes full of expectancy, his smile eager and confident.

"Well, Mommy," he asked, "how did I do?"

I looked down at him—so small and happy and proud. Who cared if the psychologist said Paul wasn't ready for kindergarten? From the sounds of it, kindergarten might never be ready for Paul.

I knelt down and pulled him into my arms.

"You did just *fine*, Paul," I said.

"I know," he nodded. Then the smile faded from his face, and he said, "But the nice lady didn't do so good, did she?"

"What do you mean?"

"All those questions she asked," he explained. "She must be kind of dumb if she has to get the answers from a little kid like me." □



"Delicious! But what is it?" asks Minoru Nakai. The young Japanese was one of 115 foreign students welcomed by Michigan hosts at an old-time dinner-on-the-grounds.

Foreign visitors seldom had known the unique qualities of rural America—until a group of church folk in Michigan's 'Thumb' area undertook their own hospitality program, starting with tiny Mayville as their first . . .

Host Town to the World

By THEODORE MANZANO

IN 10 YEARS as a Spanish-speaking escort-interpreter for the U.S. government¹ I have traveled to many parts of the nation with some 40 visiting delegations from 20 countries.

But one assignment stands out as unique. It took us into a rural, small-town region of Michigan where some 400 families have initiated their own good-neighbor policy as ambassadors-in-shirt-sleeves to more than 1,000 foreign students in nearby universities.

Administrative center for this growing program of Christian concern for visitors in a strange land is the Christian Rural Hospitality Council at Mayville (population 889) in Tuscola County. The area is in the heart of an extensive farm and dairy region known as the Michigan "Thumb," so called because it resembles that appendage of a giant hand extending northward into Lake Huron. On holidays and weekends, farm folks throw open their doors to foreign visitors

from all the continents, initiating warm relationships that will continue for many years.

The program actually began in a small way in 1961 when the Mayville Methodist Church invited a few students from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with member families of the church.

"This was a pilot project on the part of the university and was entered into with some fear and trembling," says the Rev. William Lutz, executive director of the CRHC and pastor of Methodist churches at Mayville, Silverwood, and Clifford. "Arrangements were made for 21 students to come. It turned out that both students and hosts had such a marvelous time that another venture was planned for the following year."

Would people in communities other than Mayville enjoy hosting students from such countries as Japan, Egypt, Thailand, Venezuela, Syria, Spain, and Turkey? Would Muslims and Buddhists feel at home with Methodist, Lutheran, or

Catholic families? Could a large-scale hospitality program remain ecumenical?

Once again, Tuscola County sent feelers through administrative channels at the university. The reply: "You can expect 12 to 15, possibly as many as 20 students."

Instead, 70 foreign students said they were eager to take part in Tuscola County's "Operation Open House!" School busses were dispatched to Ann Arbor, the students arrived, were weekend guests, and returned to the campus with reports that America's warm rural hospitality had opened their eyes to the real source of a nation's greatness.

"It has been my most agreeable and instructive experience since my arrival in the United States," one student reported.

"It was a real and precious experience," said another. "In a world of hurt and division, this kind of visit will be a help to build bridges of understanding and mutual concern."

Mr. Lutz, who originated the

¹Mr. Manzano is an escort-interpreter on contract with the Agency for International Development and the State Department.—Eds.



Hospitality always is a two-way street. At Caro, a thousand American hosts look on as Gloria Cabal and Hector Marin of Colombia entertain with an impromptu dance, Latin-American style.

idea for the CRHC, is convinced that "while these students are here to get an education, perhaps in the long run it is even more important that we become friends.

"As guests in our national house, they have much to offer us in return—and we Americans have the responsibility of simply making a Christian response to their presence."

The development of warm, friendly relationships between Christian Americans and international students and visitors, Mr. Lutz believes, "can only happen as guests become an actual part of an American family over a sojourn of several days in the family circle."

Mayville's hospitality program already has spread to such other "Thumb" communities as Caro, Bay Port, Cass City, Fairgrove, Elsie, Kingston, and Pigeon. Students return time and again to their American "homes"—on Easter, Christmas, Thanksgiving, or for weekends. Many now taking part come not only from Ann Arbor, but from Michigan State University in East Lansing, and Wayne State University in Detroit. This is significant in that only California and New York receive more than Michigan's share of 92,000 foreign citizens who come to America on educational assignments.

The Christian Rural Hospitality Council, although initiated by

Methodists in Tuscola County, remains strictly ecumenical. Roman Catholics and Protestants work together as family hosts or as members of the council's board of directors, welcoming guests of every religious persuasion.

Initial visits are arranged by the Protestant Foundation for International Students through its Ecumenical Campus Center at Ann Arbor. But after first contacts between foreign students and their American "parents," the CRHC program becomes a person-to-person thing. Hosts drive to visit campuses, and return with their guests. Once on the farm, many students pitch in to do the chores around the dairy barns, or in the fields where navy beans and sugar beets help support the region's economy.

The Rev. Paul Dotson, director of the Ecumenical Campus Center at the University of Michigan, has found in rural areas "a spontaneous, joyful acceptance of any student who wants to come here as a guest." Friendship and mutual understanding are so common that hosts and guests frequently find it impossible to part without tears.

En route to Mayville with a delegation of engineering students from Guadalajara, Mexico, I wondered how the small communities in Michigan could find the resources to carry on such an enormous program of international hospitality.

What I saw there convinced me that they had mobilized, in a magnificent way, one of America's special human resources—that so characteristic of rural folk—an innate kindness and an ease with which they can be themselves. Big city life is much the same the world over, but America's unique qualities remain clearly discernible in our rural areas.

I was interested, of course, in hearing what members of my delegation would say about things they observed. When asked what visit in America had impressed them most, almost without exception the spontaneous answer was "Mayville!"

One farmer-host told me: "People are apt to think that because we work the land, we're provincial. Some have the idea that farmers are limited in their outlook toward other people. That's not true. You don't have to live in the city to be concerned in world affairs."

The International Center at the University of Michigan has strongly endorsed the CRHC in letters to some 50 national programming agencies for foreign visitors. Dr. James M. Davis, a former director, declares that the council has operated "responsibly with a high degree of competence and care. Mr. Lutz has been especially careful to orient each host family prior to its involvement. Their motive is service. We have sent them people of many different faiths and widely variable cultural backgrounds with uniformly good results."

When nine Iraqi students arrived nearly a month before the second semester at the University of Michigan, Mr. Lutz arranged for them to be guests in rural and farm homes. One host family was that of William Alexander at Bay Port. Mrs. Alexander describes the arrival of her two Iraqi "sons":

"It took us one day of getting to know each other to relax and be ourselves," she says. "We were cleaning up the house and getting ready to retire one night when Mohammed handed me a letter. 'I am writing my father to tell him I now have an American family—a father, a mother, one sister and four brothers,' he said. 'Is this not right?'"

"Yes," I said, "very right."

"Then my father will not worry," Mohammed said.

"Christmas Eve, after attending church, we had invited two couples to our house. After everyone had left (including my husband who works nights), my two Iraqis called for me to sit down—they had something to say. Both were so full of words . . . I wanted to cry for them, but eventually they got it all out that they had never felt so at home before. As Mohammed put it: 'I've never been so 100 percent free!'"

Mrs. Alexander found that "in return we got a free education on the country of Iraq—their customs and their beliefs." She hopes other Americans will take advantage of the "chance of a lifetime" to start, in their own little corner, an understanding that will cover the world.

At Caro, north of Mayville, more than 1,000 people turned out last September to welcome 115 students from 35 countries at the CRHC's first annual international festival and picnic on the county fairgrounds. Only a year after the council was formed, Mr. Lutz reported, the program had spread to 10 Michigan counties.

"No prospective guest has ever been refused, no matter how late the date," he said.

English-language students at the University of Michigan, in particular, have been encouraged to participate. They usually arrive on a Thursday night, visit local schools on Friday, and remain with host families on Saturday and Sunday.

"This is something that has needed to be done for a long time," writes Ivan Smith, a former resident of Mayville now with the Peace Corps in Thailand. "I am more aware of this now that I have met many students here who have studied in the States and never really got to know America or Americans. For many of these students, life in America was a dormitory and a few friends—usually from their own country, or other students from abroad."

It would be impossible to assess

Young Herb Satchell is host to the Congo's Leon Mwambai, a Methodist minister, and Yasuaki Sugimoto, a law student.



At a big picnic—or a Tokyo parade—there is no better way for a boy to see what's going on!

the benefits, multiplied a thousand times, since the plain hospitality and friendliness of rural Christian hosts went to work to break down the artificial barriers that make communications between people so difficult and frustrating.

Seizo Oshiva of Okinawa, who once thought all American women were helpless and pampered, observed Mrs. Lila Freeland bustling about the house, sampled her canned fruits, jams, and pickles—and found it hard to believe that Mrs. Freeland had upholstered an easy chair after taking lessons in a home-extension class.

José Mercado, a trade union leader from Colombia, said:

"I have seen that it is actually possible for a society to achieve an

abundant and good life for its workers without people having to give up their personal freedom and dignity."

Many see the practical aspects of good farm management and marketing, the farmer's relationship with his government, the benefits of continued agricultural research projects, and the role played, for example, by the county agent.

Most important, for hundreds returning to foreign lands, Americans no longer are a "selfish, uninformed people." America, they have learned, is not Hollywood or New York—and they have yet to see a gangster on the broad farm lands around Mayville!

Important, too, is the common bond of faith shared by the hosts. "Most of us like to express our faith in ways that make sense and make a difference," Mr. Lutz says. "Here we are providing an opportunity for people of many church and denominational affiliations to unite on a common level in an ecumenical program. Students are invited to participate irrespective of their race, religion, nationality, or political persuasion. As our families receive guests, they become aware of the depth of their own and other religions by living together with their friends of other faiths and from other countries."

Emile Habiby of Lebanon takes a long-range view. "It is entirely possible," he says, "that by giving future world leaders an understanding of authentic Christianity, we may be making a real impact on history." □





HERMAN SCHWAGEREIT
Sculptor in Metals

FOR 31 LONG YEARS after he came to the United States, Herman Schwagereit earned his living as a steelworker. But all the while he dreamed of devoting his time and ability to metal sculpturing. It was not an idle dream—he had become a master of ornamental blacksmithing in his native Germany—but it took him until 1959 to achieve it. Today he works full time in a studio at his Mahopac, N.Y., home, and his artistry has added beauty to many churches, public buildings, and private collections.

Mr. Schwagereit's ideas—which include religious expression and statements of human values—are first sketched, then modeled in clay. Finally, each piece is either forged from wrought iron or burned out of thick metal plate. Then it is hammered into shape while red hot. The process requires a master's hand, for the working period of heated metal is short, and there is no room for error.

One of his favorite pieces is the *Good Shepherd* (shown in the picture at left) which graces his own church—Mount Hope Methodist. It was a gift from the artist, whose work itself is a form of worship. □

UNUSUAL

Methodists

RAY CHEEVER
Accent on Living



ELEVEN YEARS AGO Ray Cheever was in an iron lung, totally paralyzed by bulbar polio. His doctors, he says, had written off his case as hopeless. Although he minimizes his long struggle for life and the ordeal of learning first to move his legs inch by inch, then to walk again, he says that his battle left him with a new philosophy. "Those who have had the experience of a disabling injury or illness," he says, "have a vital opportunity—almost an obligation—to offer help, encouragement, and advice to others in similar situations."

Acting on his conviction, Mr. Cheever began to publish *Accent on Living*—a quarterly magazine of inspiration and information for the handicapped. That was in 1956, about the same time he returned to his editorial job at State Farm Insurance Companies in Bloomington, Ill. Today, the 36-page magazine with 7,200 subscribers is edited in a converted garage at the Cheever home. The "staff" includes Ray's wife, Grace, and their children: Sheryl, 15, Ricky, 11, and 4-year-old Julie. Sundays, when magazine work stops, the Cheevers attend Bloomington's Wesley Church. □

RUFUS and DOROTHY MORROW
Hope for the World's Sick

DRS. RUFUS AND Dorothy Morrow are planning their fourth excursion into mercy aboard the medical training ship *S.S. Hope*. This summer they will go to Africa, after previous tours of duty in Southeast Asia and South America. On two past trips to Peru and Ecuador, their two teen-aged sons, Paul and Robert, went along and lived with missionaries. "In a world of envy and materialism," says Dr. Rufus Morrow, "we want the boys to follow the ancient educational dictum, 'With all thy getting, get understanding.'"

The Morrrows laughingly admit to being victims of what they call the "Hope syndrome." It is caused by close association with a group of people dedicated to advancing human welfare by educating medical personnel of newly developed nations.

Back home, Dr. Rufus, an ear, nose, and throat specialist, and Dr. Dorothy, a pediatrician, both are staff members of the University of Vermont college of medicine in Burlington. They are known at their church, Burlington's First Methodist, as a terrific team—so humble they could easily be bypassed in a group, and so Christian in their outreach that they gladly leave their local teaching, their practices, and their combined salaries to give of themselves on some of the world's neediest medical frontiers. □



SEUNGHO PAIK
Church Came First

A NEW METHODIST church is rising in the little town of Kijisi, Korea, because a Korean sergeant postponed his marriage and took qualifying exams five times so that he could get to the United States to take more army training—and to raise funds for his congregation.

Once in the U.S., "I knew no Methodists," Seungho Paik says, "but I was certain God had taken me this far, and he would find Methodists who would help." That help came when he met Mrs. Chester Ashby at Noland Methodist Church in Newport News, Va. Soon the ardent young Korean was speaking to Methodist groups several times a week. He explained to each gathering that the Kijisi congregation needed \$4,000 for building supplies. "Our people will do all the work," he said.

Methodists and other friends contributed money through the Board of Missions and, as his personal gift, S/Sgt. Paik saved his own funds for a church organ. He earned part of it by staying two extra weeks in Virginia and working for a contractor, after his course ended. When his mission was completed and he returned to Korea, he was married—to a Christian worker. Says Mrs. Ashby: "No doubt this is just a beginning story, for I feel sure that he will always be one of God's ambassadors." □



Kathleen Grier



Joanne Doss



Lawson Cloninger



Edwin Fair



ARE Parents

OUR ONCE teen-aged son and daughter have moved irrevocably into their 20s, and the mistakes we made in their earlier years are clearer now in the light of retrospect. My lenience with our teen-agers was so often prompted by "All the other kids are allowed. . ." that I must have represented, to some degree, "all the other parents."

But my viewpoint, I believe, is broader than our own family experience. Let me go back to an incident in my own teens.

Four of us girls, all high-school freshmen, were walking home from a Latin Club meeting. As we passed the college campus, Ellen suggested: "Let's go down past the fraternity houses. Maybe some of the guys will offer to take us for a ride."

"I can't," Ann replied. "My mother told me to come home as soon as the meeting was over—and she *knows* what time it's over!"

"Your mother never lets you do anything!" Ellen gibed.

"And *your* mother doesn't care what *you* do!" Ann retorted.

To our amazement, Ellen burst into tears. "My mother does, too, care what I do!"

Whether Ellen believed that or

not, she needed to, desperately. I realize that now. More often than we parents know, teen-agers may interpret our permissiveness to be indifference.

Recently I led a group of teen-agers in a discussion of teen-age problems. A high-school sophomore whom I will call Linda had been invited to a fraternity dance by a college sophomore. And as she put it, her mother "just wouldn't say no." It was a scared Linda who had set out with the young man four years her senior, and a very scared Linda who had tried later to avert heavy petting.

When parents fail to set limits, adolescents may face decisions too big for them. And for parental softness, most teen-agers pay with feelings of insecurity.

Many mothers, I guess, are "soft" in allowing teen-agers freedom from household duties. And for this softness, youngsters are apt to pay with lack of responsibility.

At dishwashing time, I rarely called our teen-age daughter to the kitchen until after I had scraped and rinsed the plates and cleared away the garbage. Who paid for my indulgence? She did, when she faced the reality of her first job.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS: Homemaker and lifelong Methodist *Kathleen Grier* has reason to be proud of her son, architecture student at the University of Cincinnati, and her daughter, a nurse's aide . . . *Joanne Doss*, 18, is a freshman at Methodist-related Northwestern University . . . Municipal Judge *Lawson Cloninger* is a Methodist church-school teacher and father of four . . . Psychiatrist *Edwin Fair*, his wife, and three daughters were the 1962 Methodist Family-of-the-Year in the Bartlesville (Okla.) District. —Your Editors

OO SOFT? Or just disinterested?

A mother, a college freshman, a judge, and a psychiatrist look at this question

from different perspectives—and come up with substantially the same answer.

As a volunteer nurse's aide, she was assigned a task that seemed to her listasteful. "My mother wouldn't want me to do that," she told her supervisor. She was sent home to mother!

Fortunately, the supervisor was understanding and helpful. She discussed the problem with us, and we have been able to help our laughter learn to accept the responsibilities for which my indulgence had not prepared her.

Low moral standards are another high cost some teen-agers are paying for our failure to train them in honesty, self-discipline, and respect for the rights of others—all essential to self-respect, that prime requisite for living comfortably with oneself and others.

And for some teen-agers, the cost of parental softness is still higher. They pay with their lives. See the newspapers for reports of teen-age traffic deaths attributed to irresponsible driving.

It is a temptation to "give in" to a teen-ager's request. We want him to be happy, and it is hard to say no if "all the other parents let their kids." It is hard to be a tactful, effective chaperone at teen-age parties, very hard to try to make ourselves into the kind of people we want our children to be. But if these things are *too* hard, it may be that in failing to give our youngsters discipline, we really are being *too* soft on ourselves.

We need confidence in our own judgment. We must know what our deals are, and we must believe in those ideals with a strength that will enable us to guide our teenagers firmly.

I do not believe in domineering

parental attitudes, nor pressure toward unrealistic goals, nor nagging. Never nagging. I do believe we must aim for firm, loving discipline that will provide our teen-agers with security and self-respect. Good discipline sets limits that let our teen-agers know we care.

—Kathleen Grier
Cincinnati, Ohio

I HAVE TALKED to many other college freshmen, and the majority of them feel that most parents are too soft. This does not mean that they feel their own parents were too soft on them, but they think the majority of parents are too easy with their children.

When I was in high school, we didn't think our parents were too strict. Some of the kids didn't get a chance to prove they could be trusted, though, and it is better if you have a chance to prove yourself.

The biggest complaint some teen-agers had was that their parents just were not understanding enough, and it was hard to talk to them. Some of the kids, especially boys, didn't even try. They ate and slept at home, but they didn't try to tell their parents how they felt about things.

What young people need is for their parents to show interest. Of course, some parents can be *too* interested, too. They not only want you to be in something but want you to be head of it, and then they want to tell you what to do and how to do it.

I never had trouble talking to my

parents. They were always interested, and they never lectured me. They brought me up to respect them, and that was why I didn't try to do anything against them.

Teaching a child respect has to start early, I think. If the parents would stick with what they say the first time, and would not change their minds when the children beg and plead and really put on a scene, the kids would be better off. Some kids know that what their parents say the first time isn't final if they wheedle or argue about it. I don't think these kids have any respect for their parents.

Respect can go two ways, though. My parents usually respected my judgment, and trusted me. For instance, my curfew was midnight, but if I didn't come in exactly at midnight and had a good reason, they were understanding. I didn't mind my curfew. It was a help to me sometimes when I wasn't having a good time.

But I did not like the town's ten o'clock curfew whistle. I felt that fixing a curfew time was not the town's responsibility. Parents should do this. Anyway, the kids who didn't obey their parents wouldn't obey the town whistle either.

I never had any problems about money. I was not given an allowance; my parents just gave me what I needed. Some of my friends had allowances, though, and I think this is good. An allowance teaches you to budget yourself, and then, when you go away to school and have just so much money to last a certain length of time, you will know how to do it.

Neither I nor most of my friends

did a lot of chores around home. My younger sister, Debbie, and I were supposed to keep our rooms clean and make our beds, but I'm afraid I was not always responsible about this. We did help with the ironing and did the dishes, but the dishes were no problem—we have a dishwasher.

Most of my friends didn't do very much around the house in the winter, but in the summer they helped a lot. One friend of mine would go home from school and cook the meal for her family. She sewed for her whole family, too, and could do just about anything. I really admire her.

I am studying toward a music major, and I am thankful that my mom harped at me to practice the piano and flute. I think parents should help you get into good habits about homework. Then, when you have them, you will be able to regulate yourself.

Some parents are afraid of losing their children's love, and so they let the kids run over them. But giving a child everything, and letting him have his way all the time, is no way to keep his love. Of course, a child can turn against parents if they are too strict. There has to be some give and take. But if the child is taught early in life to respect its parents, I think this respect will last through life.

—**Joanne Doss**
Monticello, Ill.

I BELIEVE parents are too soft. I do not mean simply that teenagers are not punished as often as they should be, or that too few restrictions are placed upon them. I mean that parents are too soft in failing to teach their children to be mature, responsible adults in their own right—adults who will have respect for the rights and property of others, who will be able to take failure without quitting and without bitterness, who will take responsibility for their own acts, and—most important of all—who can discipline themselves.

I believe this failure stems in part from lack of discipline in the form of punishments and restric-

tions. But it also is a result of failure to show by example, failure to let the child know a high standard of conduct is demanded, and failure to allow the child freedom to learn the things a mature adult must know.

Irresponsible teen-agers are a more serious problem each year. Two thirds of all automobiles stolen in this country are taken by teen-agers, one third of them taken by youngsters 16 years and under. Two thirds of all burglaries are committed by teen-agers, and almost two thirds of all thefts. And teen-agers are the known or suspected culprits in most of the ever-increasing acts of vandalism.

I REALIZE that the youngsters I see appearing in court are not representative of all teen-agers. I believe, however, that the frustrations and weaknesses they display are magnified versions of the frustrations and weaknesses common to a steadily growing number of teen-agers who never appear in court.

A visit to a juvenile or criminal court could benefit the parents of children any age. Extreme examples of misconduct seen there might point up misconduct of a lesser degree in their own children and could serve as a storm warning.

Time after time, the reports of our local Child-Family Guidance Center have indicated that a persistent pattern of misbehavior has been established long before the child is formally charged with a law violation. He has failed repeatedly to respect the rights and property of brothers, sisters, and classmates; he has failed repeatedly to show proper respect for parents and teachers; he has been a behavior problem at school. In short, he has failed to play the game at home or at school according to established rules.

When he goes out into the big, outside world and does the same things he has done at home and at school, he is arrested and brought into court.

There have been many attempts to make parents responsible for the criminal acts of their children. But it usually is impossible to establish a legally sound criminal ease

against the parent for the specific wrongful acts of his child. Many times the parents have been soft to the point of being guilty of criminal neglect, but the neglect has occurred over a period of years.

I admit, therefore, that I suspect a great deal more than I can prove. But I believe there is a definite relationship between the growing teen-age crime rate and parental laxity, whether we call this laxity neglect or just being too soft.

I have handled a number of cases in which I believed a child was being pushed into a lifetime of immaturity by a parent, usually the mother, who persistently refused to allow the child to accept the consequences of his misconduct. The parent first stood between the child and another child, then between the child and his teacher, and finally between the child and the police officer.

Even good parents need all the help they can get, and the courts sometimes are able to back them up and take some of the pressure off both parents and children. Ideally, a parent should see his duty and do it, but in practice they are sometimes like the father who thanked me for suspending his 17-year-old son's driver's license for a traffic offense, adding apologetically: "It should have been done six months ago."

My community has a curfew for teen-agers under 18 which is uniformly enforced. It is not, I think, unduly restrictive, and it is liberalized on weekends. I have had few complaints about it from parents, and many have told me it is the finest law we have and has saved them many arguments with their teen-agers.

The proper people to discipline a child and teach him self-discipline are his parents or others who may stand in that relationship. Anyone else is a poor substitute. But if his parents fail, then the job falls by default upon teachers, neighbors, other children, and, in extreme cases, upon the police and the courts. For of this you can be sure: someone, sometime, is going to discipline that child.

—**Judge Lawson Cloninger**
Fort Smith, Ark.

IF SOFTNESS means that we parents are too indulgent with our teen-agers and that we fail to help them assume responsibility because we lack firmness, then I would say yes, we are too soft.

As parents, our role in life is to help our children grow up to be responsible adults who have some degree of emotional maturity, persons who can give love to others and receive it, and who have a meaningful faith.

Our children are not born with built-in controls or built-in guidelines they can go by. There is a part of man that is selfish, self-centered, and uncivilized. We have descriptions for this in psychological medicine, but in religion this is what we refer to as the sinful part of man. Man has to learn to control this. As parents, we are responsible for guiding our children in this learning process. We do this with attitudes of firmness, consistency, and kindness, in a loving, understanding way.

We need to recognize that the child is a person in his own right, but one who must have help to develop into the best kind of person he can be.

We must be consistent and firm as we give him the benefit of our experience and our knowledge. We begin when he is a little child by giving him small responsibilities so he can learn the joy of achievement and, in turn, a degree of self-confidence and self-respect.

These should be tasks that we can compliment him on, because he needs acceptance, approval, and recognition of his efforts. Along about the first grade, he can learn to make his own bed. It probably will look as though it had a bunch of eggs in it or the family cat may have been left under the covers, but he has made his bed, and he wants to be recognized for his achievement.

We praise him because, if we set a standard of perfection that is beyond his ability, it will lead to frustration, and he will not develop a clear concept of self. What should have been a learning process instead will have given him a sense of failure. He will feel that his parents have rejected him; stresses

will develop, and his self-confidence will suffer.

Likewise, parents who put too much pressure on their child to be better than average will make him feel he is a failure if he does not do better than average; if he feels he can never please them, he gets a poor concept of self and feelings of guilt.

Jesus had a few words to say about loving ourselves: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." This is sound psychologically because if a person does not develop a concept of self that is clear enough to give him a degree of self-respect and self-confidence, his concept of himself will not be healthy.

I am not talking about self-centeredness and egotism. I am talking about a concept of self that enables us to assume responsibility and learn to live in a world with other people in a co-operative effort, giving and receiving love. We cannot love other people unless we have a degree of respect for ourselves and, in this context, a degree of love for ourselves.

IF THE child has learned to trust himself and have faith in other people, he also will be able to develop a meaningful faith in God, one that will allow him to live with God in daily life and not lean on him in an immature way.

Responsibilities can become more complex as a child grows older. In their teens, boys should be able to take over the responsibility of yard work. Girls should be able to help in the house. If children have learned to handle responsibility in childhood, we can trust them with larger responsibilities, like the family automobile, as teen-agers.

Almost universally, teen-agers will say they want freedom. They are not sure what they mean by freedom; sometimes they believe it is freedom from parental domination. But this is not to say that they want their parents to turn them loose to the four winds. They want us to be strong enough to define their guidelines for them and strong enough to see that they are adhered to. They must learn through us that they do not have freedom until

they have self-discipline, that freedom must come from within.

By the time the teen-ager leaves home to go to college or a job, he should have learned to share with other people in the family, in the school, and in the community; and he should have developed honesty, integrity, and dependability.

Often when parents consult me about an irresponsible, immature, self-centered youngster, they say, "I guess we've loved him too much."

What they mean is that they were too weak to see that he fulfilled the responsibilities expected for his age and gave in to his selfish demands. Often parents do this because they are afraid their children will not like them. But what they have given the child is not love; it is indulgence.

If parents have not been able to guide the child successfully in the earlier years of his life, they are going to have more difficulty with him in his teens. By then he will have developed personality traits that are difficult to reverse. However, they can be reversed, and this is where professional counseling may be necessary. Some people shy away from this, but parents should be as willing to seek help about Johnny's behavior as they would about his sprained ankle or his dietary problem.

The American Medical Association and the American Psychiatric Association recently held a meeting to consider effective community mental-health programs for cities large and small. The small city where I live has an outstanding program, including a guidance clinic. Other communities have, or will have, similar programs. People in the mental-health field are sharing knowledge with schools, ministers, family physicians, and courts; and gradually we are developing guidance centers to help parents meet the needs of their children in developing a system of values that will allow them to become respectable people living happily in a world of other people, knowing the meaning of love, and having faith in themselves, their fellowmen, and God.

—Edwin Fair, M.D.
Ponca City, Okla.

*He was a giant of a man who taught the Bible and the plow
to Yakima Indians at Fort Simcoe, Washington Territory, a century ago.
In their cause, he could not be daunted or silenced.*

'Father Wilbur,' Indian Agent

By ROSCOE SHELLER

THE INDIANS liked him from the first, spontaneously calling him "Father," for they read in his face the love and authority of a wise and devoted parent. When he told them, "The Bible and the plow go hand in hand," they submitted to his strict discipline, and he led them out of cruel misery, defeat, and hopeless despair.

Father Wilbur was a Methodist circuit rider who became an Indian agent at Fort Simcoe on the vast Yakima Nations Reservation in the territory of south-central Washington 100 years ago. This extraordinary man who preached the Bible and honest toil was to leave a record of accomplishment unequalled among the many Indian agencies of the young nation.

James Harvey Wilbur was born in northern New York on September 11, 1811, and grew to manhood there. He was a giant of a man, six foot four, who weighed more than 300 pounds. Ramrod erect, wide of shoulder, and powerful of arm, he carried ham-sized fists that could be used—when absolutely necessary—in emergency work for the Lord.

Wilbur entered the ministry in 1842 and soon was traveling the circuits of what was then Black River Conference. When his superintendent, the Rev. George Gary, was transferred from New York to the Oregon mission, he sent for Wilbur. Oregon in those preterritorial days was alive with hostile Indians, outlaw gunmen, and godless fortune hunters; and the times demanded a Methodist circuit rider

with brawn and stamina, as well as brains.

Wilbur was 35 when he, with his wife, Lucretia, reached Portland and set out immediately to preach the Gospel in the wilderness. He carried no gun as he crisscrossed the timbered country west of the Cascade Mountains, visiting Indians and whites alike, making friends, lending assistance, whether it called for muscles, sympathy, or wise counsel. But he had hardly set foot in the new country before savage warfare broke out between the Indians and the whites.

Nine years prior to Father Wilbur's arrival, a party led by Jason Lee, the first Methodist missionaries in the territory, had established a mission east of the mountains at Wascopam (now The Dalles) on the Columbia River. It was intended to augment their Willamette Valley headquarters, but lack of sufficient support from the East forced them to dispose of it. The Presbyterian medical missionary, Dr. Marcus Whitman, bought it—but before he could take possession, he was massacred, along with his wife and 11 followers. The result was the Cayuse War of 1847, followed by the Rogue River Wars of the 1850s.

Despite the fighting, Father Wilbur crossed the Cascades to expand his field. At Walla Walla, a supply center, he preached to miners, cowboys, traders, and trappers, and made inroads against the drinking, gambling, and other vices that flourished in the frontier community. After getting a church or-

ganization underway, he moved on.

By this time the war had ended, leaving the Indians whipped, leaderless, fear-haunted, and bitter.

Fort Simcoe, an army post during the hostilities, became an Indian agency on May 22, 1859.

Wilbur's heart went out to the crushed and suffering tribes, remnants of a once-proud people who faced no alternative to life within the boundaries of the Yakima Reservation. He went to them and talked to them as a father to saddened children. He told them of the Christian life and won their confidence bit by bit. But again he was called to another field, this time as presiding elder in charge of the Walla Walla District.

Busy as he was in his new role, he could not erase the plight of the Yakimas from his thoughts. Was it not possible, he wondered, to do something for the Indians who had felt the military lash?

"Those poor, despairing people need God's guiding hand," he told Lucretia. "I wish we could be there with them. With your help we could teach them the Bible and show them how Christianity is the best path from their old life. The transition won't be easy at best."

Father Wilbur's wish became fact when he received an appointment as religious leader and teacher at Fort Simcoe on September 1, 1860. Lucretia assumed a share of the teaching and gave special attention to training girls in the arts of cooking, sewing, and housekeeping. He taught daily classes in "the three Rs," and never

passed up an opportunity to apply his "Bible and plow" text by word or example.

He demanded regular attendance at church services as well as school. When one of the Indians failed to show up, Wilbur called at his farm to ask the reason.

"Must plow," he was told.

"Attending church is just as important," Wilbur admonished.

"You punish?"

"No. I'll plow for you a day so your crop may be planted in time. You attend church." The Indian never missed another service.

But all was not well at the agency. The first agent was discharged after being unable to answer charges against him. The second seemed determined to violate the principles Wilbur was devoting his life to teach.

To the Red Man, Wilbur had pictured the "Great White Father in Washington" as honest, just, and loving. Yet the new agent was treating the Indians in quite an opposite manner.

When the situation became intolerable, Wilbur took his objections to the agent, who was his

superior. He was promptly discharged, and although he offered to stay on without pay, was ordered from the reservation.

The burly Methodist preacher was not a man to be silenced. Too many had placed their trust in him. He would go to the top—and that meant Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States.

Lincoln was impressed by the big man who made the long trip to Washington, D.C., on his own, and alone. He listened attentively as Wilbur pictured the plight of the leaderless remnants of the Yaki-

"While the man lay stunned, the old circuit rider tore down the tent, poured out the liquid merchandise, and smashed the containers. Then, as the man regained consciousness, Father Wilbur helped him to his feet . . . and pointed him down the trail."



mas, their lands overrun, their confidence in the white intruder's word shattered.

He told of timbered mountains rising behind the beautiful oak grove that sheltered the agency buildings, the exceptional fertility of the open land adjoining, awaiting only the Indians' training to make productive farms. He told of vast bunchgrass ranges where thousands of cattle could make their contribution toward agency support.

The President gave his visitor a scarching look. "Are you ready, Rev. Wilbur, to assume the position as Indian agent?"

"I did not come here, Mr. President, seeking an appointment . . ."

"I'm quite convinced that you're not after another man's job, Wilbur, and you are correct in assuming that evil practices will not be tolerated. You impress me with the accuracy of your report, your sincerity, and your familiarity with the situation, with which I'm not entirely without knowledge. Rumors of unsavory practices there reached me a few days ago. Your coming saves the investigation I planned."

Wilbur received his official commission as an Indian agent, and a second sealed document to be delivered to "the former agent." There was no malice in his heart as he rode up to headquarters at Fort Simcoe, and handed his former superior the still-sealed document.

When the Indians learned of their Father Wilbur's return as agent, they were jubilant. In the years that followed, he trained the

ablest as preachers, established men on farms, and supplied them with seed, implements, instructions, and help. He provided shops for the building of furniture, wagons, implements, and everything possible of local manufacture and need. The shops doubled as classrooms for the training of those showing a flair for carpentry or mechanics. He instituted an all-Indian police force, and an Indian judge to dispense justice. He acquired a water-powered sawmill, and another powered by mules. He added a gristmill. No complaint was too trivial whenever one of his charges wanted to be heard.

Father Wilbur's strict rule against alcohol in any form was made clear and circulated widely. When a white peddler set up a tent a few miles from the agency and began selling liquor, he sent two of his Indian police officers to drive him from the reservation. They returned, bruised and battered.

Without a word, Wilbur climbed on his mule and headed toward the tent. Several Indians who followed saw the peddler take a wicked swing that failed to land. Wilbur's did. While the man lay stunned, the old circuit rider tore down the tent, poured out the liquid merchandise, and smashed the containers. Then, as the man regained consciousness, Father Wilbur helped him to his feet, onto his horse, and pointed him down the trail.

The agency at Fort Simcoe continued to grow. Another school was erected. More shops, a general

store, laundry, and hospital helped to make it a self-contained community. An Oregon friend of Wilbur's circuit-riding days joined the agency as resident doctor. Cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry became abundant. Fruit trees planted on the old army parade ground bore a rich harvest.

Father Wilbur's "Bible and plow" text continued to take on meaning for the once-despairing Indians, and their gratitude was boundless. As many as 600 would gather to hear his booming sermons and fervent prayers.

But at last, the years took their toll. On August 15, 1882—when almost 71—he sat down to write his last report. An uncontrollable sigh shook his giant frame as he attached his resignation.

Many eyes—once hostile to the white man—were moist as Wilbur and his wife rode away toward Walla Walla where the last five years of the old preacher's life would be spent. As he climbed the trail, Father Wilbur turned for a last look back. The arid sagebrush valley extending eastward from Fort Simcoe was still uninhabited. It would be 2 more years before the first railroad would arrive to open it to the white man, and 10 more before irrigation would spark settlement and development.

When that time came, Father Wilbur's Indians were ready. By 1924, federal authorities determined that the Yakima Indian School had performed its purpose and could be closed.

Fort Simcoe today is a 200-acre historical state park, established in 1953 by the Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission, and on its picturesque, tree-shaded grounds still stand five of the original structures, including the many-gabled residence first occupied by the military commandant and later by the Wilburs and other Indian agents. The land is under 99-year lease from the Yakima Indian Nation.

But the memory of Father Wilbur has not died. At White Swan, a town seven miles north and east of the old fort itself, a 116-member church, including 44 Indian members, bears a proud name: Wilbur Memorial Methodist. □

Fort Simcoe, partially restored, is a state park today. Until 1882, Father Wilbur lived in the "house of many gables" at right.



Making It Tough for

the

Hatemongers



IF YOU do your part as a private citizen, you can help counteract—and perhaps stop—the broadcasting of vicious, untruthful attacks on our churches and church leaders as well as other individuals and groups.

Airwave hatemongers have arrived in the United States for years—notably on small radio stations that accept prerecorded programs from self-styled evangelists and patriots. But the Federal Communications Commission now has spelled out implementation of its “fairness doctrine” and has made it clear that the people who are the subjects of diatribes can demand, and get, time to reply.

The FCC’s fairness doctrine is essentially this: When a station’s facilities are used to broadcast a personal attack on an individual or organization, the station is required to send the text of the broadcast to the person or group attacked, along with a specific offer of the same facilities for a response. Compliance is to be examined at the end of each station’s three-year license period, and a hearing may be ordered before renewal.

In this way the public, through the FCC, holds each station responsible for the accuracy and fairness of the programs it carries.

Stations that regularly provide time for notoriously intemperate speakers obviously face a big job in monitoring all of them and notifying all parties personally attacked. Yet a station that does not offer or refuses time for rebuttal could lose its broadcasting license. In self-defense, many are expected to cancel or demand the cleanup of such programs—if enough complaints are made. Some stations already have.

The FCC itself does not and could not monitor all programs on the nation’s more than 5,000 stations. It takes action only after a complaint is lodged. Since the organizations and people who are attacked cannot be everywhere at once and since some stations may neglect to tell people when attacks are made against them, concerned private citizens have a job to do.

How do you tell what is fair and what is not? The FCC says the personal attack principle is applicable when the integrity, character, honesty, or other personal qualities of a person or an organization are attacked—not when an individual or group is simply named or commented upon.

If, for example, you hear a program in which a minister’s patriotism or morals are impugned, or The Methodist Church and its programs or literature are called communistic or subversive:

- 1. Make notes of the charges being made, and the issue being discussed.
- 2. Note the name of the program and the station which is broadcasting it, the date, and the time of broadcast.
- 3. Send the information to the person or organization being attacked. He can then follow up by asking the station for a copy of the broadcast and for time to reply.

If the station denies the request, the offended party can complain to the FCC, and the complaint will be considered when the station’s license comes up for its renewal.

It’s a good idea, too, to send a carbon copy of your letter to the Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D.C. 20554. It will not take action unless the of-

fended party complains, but it will at least be alerted.

Send another copy to the Council for Civic Responsibility, c/o Public Affairs Institute, 201 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. This organization, formed last fall and headed by Dr. Arthur Larson, former head of the U.S. Information Agency, is trying to combat what it calls “an ominous increase” in radical, reactionary propaganda.

In just one area of the council’s concern, he cites this statistic: “There are more than 7,000 radio and television broadcasts weekly in 50 states now being aired by groups whose officers are either acknowledged members of the John Birch Society or linked with it in other ways.”

The hate groups seem to realize the potential power of an informed and alert public. Since the fairness doctrine has been clarified and toughened, they have screamed in agony and charged the FCC with censorship and with exceeding its power.

But that is just another of their phony charges. In the best tradition of freedom of speech, they can broadcast anything—there is no prior censorship. But in the best tradition of democracy and responsibility, they must be willing, *afterward*, to be held accountable for its fairness and accuracy.

The issue is clearcut. Can a man or an organization whose good name and reputation have been attacked get a chance to reply? The answer is yes—if each of us does his part. —CAROL D. MULLER



Meet Robert Hodgell, ARTIST

BURLY, quiet-spoken Robert Hodgell likes talking through art better than talking with words. Art is a language of its own, he says, and it communicates meaning that goes beyond words.

One of Hodgell's first jobs was as mural and studio assistant to John Stuart Curry. He assisted Curry with murals for the capitol building in his native Kansas and then followed the muralist to the University of Wisconsin.

In the early 1940s at Wisconsin, where he was a Big Ten Conference high-jump champion, Bob's main interests were his art and track. The clear traits of body and character which he developed in his athletic days continue to flow through his strong paintings.

World War II took Hodgell into navy service. When the war was over, he went back to his art, spending a four-year residence at the Des Moines (Iowa) Art Center. After a season in Mexico for further study, he taught in Illinois and Wisconsin.

Hodgell is less interested in being identified with a particular style than he is in communicating. His work has appeared in such varied publications as an encyclopedia, children's books, *motive*, and other magazines. Now he is a teacher of art at Florida Presbyterian College in St. Petersburg.

The son of a Kansas Methodist minister,

Hodgell was using familiar religious themes in his painting, sculpture, and printmaking as early as the 1940s. Painting now is his chief medium. His works are exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Library of Congress, and various college art centers. Some of his work shows rich humor.

Searching for artists to portray biblical themes afresh in new curriculum materials for Methodist children, editors turned to Robert Hodgell. He had watched his daughter, Patty, grow up as he painted, and had learned much about speaking to young, growing minds. His paintings on the following eight pages are selected from a series commissioned for the two-part filmstrip *What Is God Like?*, now available as two of the first 12 preferred audio-visuals in the new *Christian Studies for Methodist Children*. It helps answer such questions as "What is God really like? Does he care about me? How can I know God?"

The five Old Testament men of God portrayed on these pages were among the first to discover the answers that have come down through the long Judeo-Christian heritage.

In Hodgell's view, any artist who deals with ultimate concerns is producing religious art. But first of all, art must communicate. The sole judge of this, he says, is the viewer.

—Your Editors

Old Testament Men of God

✦ Beginning with Abraham, a long line of strong personalities, spokesmen and prophets, were central figures in the Old Testament drama. They were instruments of God in calling his people and in proclaiming that He is present in all history, giving it ultimate meaning.



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ABRAHAM . . .

EXPECTANTLY, he hurries ahead of his herds, his servants, his family. Each day, his old eyes search for their first glimpse of the land promised him. The God of Abraham's seminomadic clan, Yahweh, called him to go on this journey: "Leave your country and go to the place I will show you!" A hard command it is for a man his age. Things had been good at his birthplace in the land of Ur in Mesopotamia. Yet he must be faithful and trusting. His aged father, Terah, had

started the journey up the rich Tigris-Euphrates valley and got as far as Haran, where he died. But Abraham continued, on through Syria and into Palestine on the Mediterranean's eastern shore, briefly down into Egypt, then back to Palestine for good. His mission was accomplished. Abraham's trusting obedience makes him the patriarch of all the faithful. Like a theme song, his faithfulness runs through the Bible, which tells the story of his God—and of ours today.



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MOSES . . .

THE story of Moses begins with oppression of the Israelites in Egypt. They had not wanted to be slaves, but the Pharaoh needed them to make bricks (as shown at top left). They worked long and hard for their masters and were mistreated, but they learned the special kind of relationship God has with his people. Impetuous Moses, sickened by the sight of an Egyptian flogging a Hebrew, struck down the man who swung the whip. Frightened, he fled to Midian, married Jethro's daughter, and tended sheep. There God called him to lead the Hebrews out of slavery. At Mount Sinai, he received God's commandments on stone tablets (picture at left). Moses explained to the Hebrews (above) that God will care for them if they would be his people. From this initial covenant relationship, some 13 centuries later, was to come the new covenant with God in Jesus Christ.

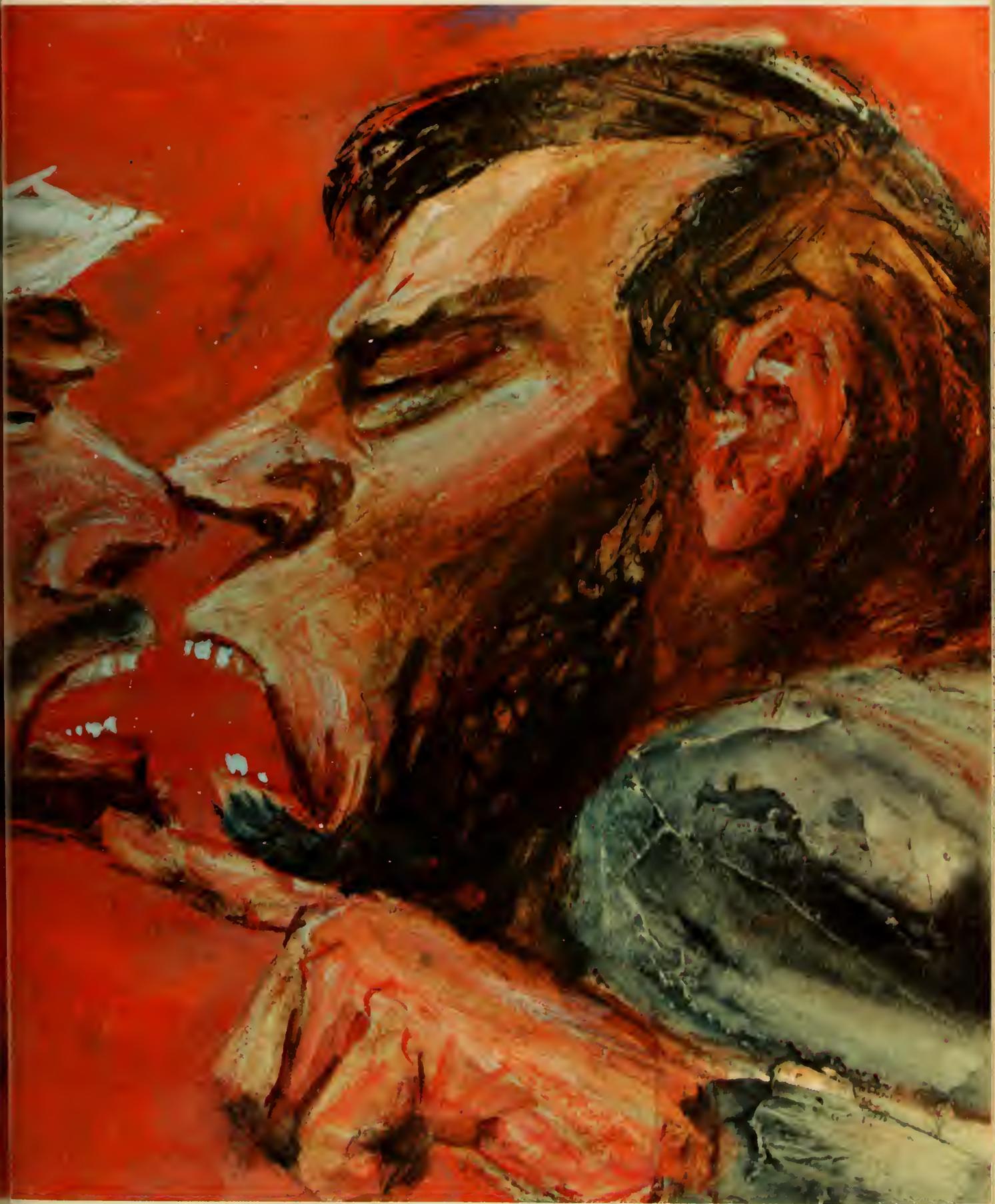


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AMOS . . .

MEN as angry as those at right make angry times. And that is the way things were among the Hebrews, much of the time, during the five centuries after Moses. Often they neglected the promises in their pact with God. Then came Amos, who became indignant as he watched the people (above). Using sharp, scornful words, he told them their cheating, lying, and bribetaking was wrong, that the rich and powerful should not mistreat the poor and weak. Coming from the village of Tekoa, just five miles south of Bethlehem, he preached that the God of his people was God of all people, and that His moral law is right for people everywhere. Living in the eighth century before Jesus, this layman was the first prophet whose writings were preserved as a separate book. Succeeding prophets built upon foundations which Amos had laid in ancient Israel.





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HOSEA . . .

WHATEVER happens, God never stops caring for his people. Hosea was the one who understood this most clearly. Coming a few years after Amos, but probably from a northern village, he denounced most prophets and priests of his time as irresponsible. They preached only what people wanted to hear. Not Hosea. While he felt that wrong would be punished, he learned that God is always ready to forgive. The story of his discovery is told in third person, as though it happened to somebody else. But every incident was very personal. There was the moment (shown at left) when he helplessly watched his wife, Gomer, go away to play the harlot. But there was also the moment when he took her back into his arms, forgiving, as a father with a mistaken child. This experience was to Hosea a dramatic parable of Israel's unfaithfulness to God. When obedient Hosea restored his own home and family, he discovered God's redemptive love.

JEREMIAH . . .

ONE hundred years after Hosea, times still were difficult. Little Anathoth, northeast of Jerusalem and on a hill overlooking Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, was the place where Jeremiah was born—to be a prophet. In 626 B.C., this son of Hilkiah, a priest, heard the clear call to become “God’s mouth.” His direct and powerful approach to people made him unpopular. Their masklike faces, as shown below, suggest anger, scorn, and the results of their dissipation. He told them they were not obeying God, not meeting for worship, not making wise decisions. Again, they had forgotten they were God’s people. Without wife and family, Jeremiah was a lonely man, suffering the torment of being set apart for a special task. His prophecy, dictated to his secretary, Baruch, produced lyric poetry and lean prose packed with imagery that is the heritage of both Christians and Jews.

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If Senility Strikes

By MARGARET J. ANDERSON

I WILL never forget the day I received the letter from my sister saying: "Mom built a fire in the kitchen wastebasket today. Her excuse . . . 'It was raining.'"

Or a later one: "The doctor says it's cerebral arteriosclerosis. He believes it won't be too long before she will have to be put in an institution where she can get special care."

Cerebral arteriosclerosis, which is the major cause of senility, is the hardening of the arteries that lead to the brain. The mental deterioration it brings with it is puzzling, frightening, and heartbreaking to the families of older people who suffer from it, but understanding helps immeasurably. I know, because I assumed Mother's care, hoping to keep her out of an institution.

First, I learned not to be ashamed that she was senile. Cerebral arteriosclerosis is like any other incurable disease and should be accepted with the same intelligent fortitude with which one accepts cancer or heart disease. In fact, some types of heart disease have the same origin, hardening of the arteries.

As cerebral arteriosclerosis progresses, memory deteriorates. And when memory is gone, patterns of behavior change. Because senile behavior is so unpredictable, senility is often treated as a joke. It is true the antics of the senile are strangely amusing at times, especially to outsiders, but they are

tragic to those who remember former mental alertness.

There was the time Mother watched me thumbing through a woman's magazine.

"I wish I had some," she said pointing to the magazine.

"Of course," I told her, handing it to her.

"Now what should we have with it?" she asked. "Coffee would be good. Pie is always good with coffee."

Puzzled, I looked at the magazine again. It was open to a page picturing a lemon meringue pie, colorful and appealing. Suddenly I understood. Mother believed the pie was real.

"Coffee would be good," I agreed. "But let's wait until dinner. We'll spoil our appetites if we eat now."

My acceptance of the pie as real was a practice I had learned from a friend who had cared for a senile father-in-law, a retired clergyman.

"Agree with them," my friend told me. "Whatever they think at the moment is obviously so. Nothing you say will change that. Just humor them and before long they will have forgotten."

Then my friend told how her family had practiced this harmless strategy. They often awake in the middle of the night to hear Grandfather preach a sermon, officiate at a wedding, or conduct a church business meeting.

"All those in favor," he would announce, "please say 'aye.'"

"Aye" . . . "Aye" . . . "Aye," the

children would respond from their respective bedrooms.

"So be it." Satisfied, the old gentleman would settle back and resume his sleep.

So when Mother thought a pillowcase a becoming hat, a bedspread a fetching shawl, I did not argue with her. Books, figurines, pots, and pans were whatever she said they were.

I learned not to be ashamed that she was as she was. And I learned not to think of senility as second childhood. A child may investigate, experiment, and get into all kinds of mischief, but for him such activity is part of the learning process. This is not so of those whose mental capacities fail.

In time, the senile will need around-the-clock supervision. Unless the family can hire someone to relieve them, the day may come when they no longer have the strength to cope with the situation.

This was true in my case. Having to watch Mother constantly, nights of broken sleep, and the physical exertion it took to bathe and dress her caused a flare-up of a previous back injury, and tests revealed I had a herniated disk that required immediate surgery.

Mother was moved to the home of another member of the family, but there small children complicated her care. Her senility was beyond the point where a nursing home would take her, and a state hospital was recommended.

No matter what people say, choosing this type of placement can be a heartbreaking decision. But when I rebelled against it, my doctor asked: "If your mother broke her hip and you couldn't care for her, you'd hospitalize her, wouldn't you? If she had terminal cancer, you'd place her where she could get the care, wouldn't you?"

His arguments were sound, I knew, and I finally gave my consent to her commitment.

I realize that some of my reluctance to put her in a state hospital probably was conditioned by fear of what people might say. So much has been written about children who place parents in institutions because, selfishly, "they refuse to face the responsibility themselves."

"Stifle that guilt complex," my

doctor told me. "You've done all you could. And, remember this, no one is committed to an institution without a regular Probate Court procedure and the recommendation of two doctors who agree that such care is mandatory. This is true in many states, as it is here."

Whatever the situation, the family should get the best medical diagnosis it can. If an institution is recommended, its location is important. "Proximity to members of the family is a prime concern," one psychiatrist told me.

This advice led us to select an older institution within close driving distance for several members of the family, rather than an institution that was newer but several hundred miles away.

"Even though your mother may not always recognize you, she will sense that she is loved," a resident doctor assured us.

He was right. But, proximity or no, visits were never easy.

The first time I went to see Mother I signed the guest register and made my way to the ward to which I was directed. I rang a bell, a key turned in a lock, and I was ushered down a long corridor into a small guest room where Mother sat waiting for me.

"Margaret!" she exclaimed, and rushed into my arms.

I held her close. I had not expected her to know me, and I was completely unnerved. Then I remembered her doctor had said: "We think that in moments of excitement or heightened interest stimulated heart action increases the flow of blood to the brain. Result: clear, rational thinking."

When I gained control of myself, I let her go. Already she was confused. We visited the best we could. I let her talk about anything that came to her mind. She asked about members of the family. Although some had visited her frequently, she wondered why they had never come.

When I kissed her good-bye she started to follow me. But a nurse placed a hand on her arm.

"Oh, you mustn't go," she told Mother. "It's soon time for dinner. You promised to be my guest, remember?"

"Again?" Mother asked. She

sounded pleased. "You entertained me at lunchtime, too."

I slipped through the door. The key turned in its lock. I stared at the door that separated us, leaned against the corridor wall, and wept uncontrollably, remembering the intelligent, self-possessed mother of my youth.

Many visits followed. None was easy. Mother's mind could no longer hold a thought pattern, and it was difficult to talk with her. In spite of this, and though she could not always call me by name, she seemed content just to have me there.

"Is there any cure?" I asked the doctors.

"Unfortunately, no," her physician told me. "No known therapy is truly effective in this illness. Different medications are intermittently in vogue, but we have found none to be the satisfactory answer. Tranquilizers help, especially with patients who are unduly disturbed.

"Any future successful treatment must lie in prevention therapy. There are those who believe a low cholesterol diet will help. We hope medical research will come up with something that offers more hope than the medications which are available to us now."

In another counseling session, he said: "You should remember this disease shows no favoritism."

What he said is true. A state senator, a man who had had a brilliant career, was a patient in the same hospital as Mother. So were a former lawyer, a doctor, housewives, laborers, the doctor's own

mother-in-law, a relatively young woman. This is something to remember if senility strikes your home: you are not being singled out as different from anyone else.

It is important to keep in close contact with those responsible for the senile patient's care. The doctors, in most cases dedicated people who have bypassed lucrative practices to do institutional work, will keep you informed of the patient's health. Ward supervisors will tell you about personal needs.

Having Mother near us meant we could take her on outings, we could care for her hair, we could provide between-meal snacks. Later, when she was confined to bed, we could be with her even more frequently.

True, we never knew how much of what we said reached her conscious mind. But we were there.

Then the day came when we were told she could not last much longer. "Read something from the Bible," my sister urged. "Remember how she loved the Psalms."

I opened the Bible that lay on her bedside table, pulled up a chair, and began to read the Shepherd's Psalm. I read slowly, deliberately, praying that somehow I could reach her soul. It was hard, tears blurred my eyes.

Then what I will always consider a miracle happened. When I read: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," Mother moved for the first time in hours. She opened her eyes. "Yes! Yes!" she whispered hoarsely.

Shortly afterward she left us.

Time is meant to heal the deepest wounds. Nevertheless, my heart still aches when I think that her last days were so bewildered, so memory-fogged.

If senility comes to your family, you will know this sorrow, too. Let this be your comfort. The one who suffers does not realize he has changed. Visit him frequently. Show him the same love you gave him when he was well. If you do the best you can, you will find you have gained an understanding that will in turn enable you to help others who will face the same worry and the same hurt. □

FOREKNOWLEDGE

By Elaine V. Emans

This is the miracle within
The miracle of prayer:
Before I ever once *begin*
To pray, You are aware
That I shall come with some new plea,
Or thanks for being blessed . . .

Of all aspects of prayer, to me
This is the loveliest.

Retirement Cities:

Blessing or Curse?

A 'geriatric ghetto' was what one ex-resident called a village for oldsters. But other towns, where young mingle with old, have enthusiastic boosters.

Before moving, this author advises retirees, weigh pros and cons carefully.

By STANLEY S. JACOBS

NOT SO MANY years ago, retirement for most people meant going to live with children and grandchildren in a continuation of warm and enjoyable family relationships.

But today newspaper ads, direct-mail brochures, billboards, TV, and radio trumpet living in "retirement cities" restricted to older residents. There, men and women as young as 50 flock together to enjoy supposedly carefree days, specially designed houses which require little maintenance, and activities ranging from shuffleboard and folk dancing to camera clubs and golf.

The new trend is for parents and grandparents to go to other pastures, not bothering their young when working years are over. On-the-move Americans, living in apartments or houses with inadequate room, have neither the inclination nor the facilities to take parents under their roofs when retirement—forced or voluntary—is thrust upon the elders.

The experience of William Griggs is typical of what befalls many a man. At 62, he had been automated out of his railroad job. He and his wife read a colorful magazine ad extolling a Florida retirement vil-

lage. The advertisement explained:

Our village is for couples 50 and older. There are no stairs, door ledges, or home hazards. Property maintenance is easy—we provide free gardening service. Radios and TV off after 10 p.m. No children permitted, except as weekend visitors.

Bill and Ethel Griggs visited this paradise, liked what they saw, and paid \$2,000 down on a \$14,000 house. Less than six months later, they sold the house and moved back to Kansas City. Let Mrs. Griggs tell the story:

"We felt like we were living in a geriatric ghetto. We grew bored

Older couples predominate, but families of all ages are welcome in this retirement village in Florida.





For some, retirement cities open new horizons of interest, but others find "planned busy hours" an oppressive bore.

seeing only people who were 50 or older. The absence of children, teen-agers, and young married people gave our village a strained and artificial quality.

"To get to church, we had to drive 23 miles each way. Everything was done for us in the village—laundry service, gardening, medical care, home repairs, and a program called 'planned busy hours.' We wanted to be active, concerned citizens of a real community; instead, we were treated as pampered guests or aging children. The wonderful climate couldn't compensate for the dullness and isolation."

In contrast are retirement communities which welcome families of all ages, including those with children, such as Port Charlotte, Fla. However, middle-aged and elderly couples predominate there.

Almost one third of the men have full or part-time jobs. Unlike some such cities, there is no feeling of vegetation in an enclave of aging people shut off from the mainstream

of life. In Port Charlotte, there are 2,000 school children. The oldsters supervise juvenile play groups, umpire ball games, and instruct youngsters in hobby craft and sports.

THE BOOM in retirement towns has alarmed many sociologists and specialists in geriatrics. Such communities—more than 50—abound in Florida, Arizona, and California. With 42 million people in the United States now 50 years of age or older, and with the proliferation of private pension plans, insurance annuities, Social Security benefits, and increased savings, middle-aged and older people are on the move. They seek congenial company; small, easy-to-tend homes; and a less frantic daily pace.

What they sometimes get is a sanitized, supervised, insulated, and bored aggregation of aging residents who exist in a "comfortable concentration camp with TV and wall-to-wall carpeting," as one woman termed her city.

Another couple who sold their home in an Arizona retirement community and moved back to Seattle said:

"In our town, grandchildren could visit the place only on Sundays. It was dreadful living only with people who were advanced in years, and never hearing the laughter of children, the chatter of teen-agers, the crying of babies. In our city, we found absolutely no intellectual curiosity about the rest of the world, little concern about education, indifference to the issues of war and peace.

"When people in their 60s or 70s live exclusively among themselves, they tend to chat too much about high taxes, the cost of living, their aches and pains, and to gossip."

Psychologists warn that personalities play a vital role in whether older persons can adapt to life in retirement cities. One couple gave up their home in Detroit and moved to an Arizona community for the elderly. Introverted and fond of reading, good music, and adult-



there is no room for them in their children's homes or apartments.

To those who have savings or pensions—today's 17 million Americans over 65 have a total annual income of \$32 billion—retirement cities offer many attractions at first glance. How did the trend develop?

A few years ago, Thomas E. Breen, a vice-president of the nationwide Del E. Webb Corp., a construction firm, was appalled by the drab rooming houses and benches filled with listless elderly people in St. Petersburg, Fla. He saw a vast market for new homes for the over-60.

The first major community for oldsters—Sun City—was built by the Webb firm 12 miles from Phoenix, Ariz. There several thousand couples now reside in pastel-colored houses which have a top price of \$15,000. The average age is 62. Most residents like the uniformity and planned activities.

So successful was the initial Sun City that the Webb firm is building a similar huge tract outside Bakersfield, Calif.

Another development, Leisure World, in Seal Beach, 25 miles south of Los Angeles, will have 6,750 living units when it is finished. Leisure World boasts 24-hour nursing service, free drugs, and 10 physicians. Catering to the infirm and sickly, its co-operative apartments cost around \$100 a month after a down payment of approximately \$1,000.

Leisure World is surrounded by a wall, has a 24-hour security guard, piped in music, a newspaper, and free Asian flu shots for its residents. But Seal Beach city officials have voiced concern about this 541-acre development which will have 12,000 residents.

Such a huge aggregation of elderly people could constitute a formidable voting bloc, officials fear. The aged could dominate local politics, resist school taxes, and play hob with civic projects.

The retirement city boom is spreading to other parts of the nation. At North Cape May, N. J., 1,500 homes have been built, with half reserved for elderly people. Calling itself the "St. Petersburg of the North," the community mixes younger people with residents who are 60 and older.

A point in favor of retirement towns is that the elderly cannot be shouldered aside by the younger generation. Nor must they compete socially or in business.

But many geriatricians say that tension is needed by older persons if they are not to vegetate. Says Theodore R. Isestadt, director of the Project on Aging for the Family Service Association of America:

"When people move into age-segregated communities, they widen the already existing gap between themselves and succeeding generations. We should strive for age-balanced communities in which older people can enjoy contact with the very young, the young, and with the middle-aged."

THE PROMOTERS of retirement cities tempt older people to buy homes or apartments with sit-down kitchens having electrical outlets at waist height, community meeting halls, free movies, meals delivered hot by a station wagon, visiting nurse service, doctors-in-residence, and dental clinics.

But one physician in a city near a California retirement center told me: "I have many anxious patients from that village who hear so much talk about ailments that they come to me with imaginary pains of psychosomatic origin. One 64-year-old man never had a twinge of arthritis until he moved from damp Portland, Oreg. Here he heard so much chatter about arthritis that he complained his legs had stiffened up on him. I recommended that he move back to Portland. He now lives in his old neighborhood, but his arthritis complaints have ceased."

Despite varying opinions, a California welfare worker said:

"These cities are the pattern of the future. They are here to stay. They provide a graceful way for older people to get out of the way of young families who are busy with their own living and problems."

Many of these new cities lack adequate facilities for worship. At least one California retirement town was 30 miles from the closest church.

The promoters of a Florida vil-

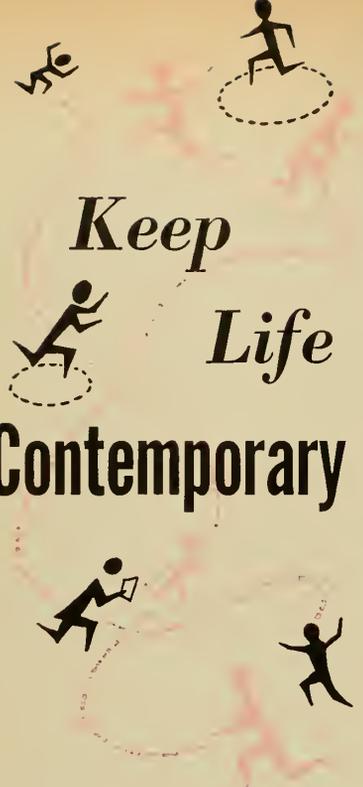
education programs, they were bored. They sold and left.

But their next-door neighbors, a hearty service-club type and his gregarious wife, enjoyed their community, its endless card parties, games, and small talk. They are boosting the town.

DESPITE mixed reactions to retirement communities, such towns are bound to multiply. By 1980 there will be 35 million people in the United States 60 years of age or older. The Federal Housing Administration issues mortgage insurance for these villages, and will make loans to nonprofit groups which set up retirement towns.

Back in 1910, 600 out of every 1,000 Americans lived on farms. When their working days were over, it was expected that they would stay with their children on the farm.

Today only 87 out of every 1,000 persons live on farms. The rest are city dwellers. In their golden years,



Keep Life Contemporary

A SIMPLE phrase sometimes can change the direction of a life. These magic words, spoken by a counselor, changed mine: "Keep life contemporary."

What do these three words mean? Simply to act in the present, forsake the unpleasant past, and avoid pointless preoccupation with the future. By carrying with us only the helpful, healthy remnants of our past and by planning prayerfully for the future, we can face the present with assurance.

One common complaint of the young is that older persons live in the past. Even devoted children sometimes hate to visit oldsters because the talk will be of the dead, of unforgiven hurts, and of faded dreams. If our elders would only keep life contemporary, there would always be pleasant things to discuss.

One manifestation of living in the future is the credit-buying boom. If time payments have brought you a money problem, perhaps it is time to reconsider your philosophy of living. Realistically face your situation and understand that the easiest way to live is one day at a time. Then things are bound to change for the better.

To paraphrase the Bible, "Let the dead past bury its dead and don't worry about tomorrow. Today's problems are quite enough for today." Or, to repeat, "Keep life contemporary." —RUTH C. IKERMAN

lage tried a community church. Here is what one resident says about it:

"It was neither a church nor very religious. On Sunday nights, we gathered in the community hall, sang a few hymns, listened to a so-called inspirational talk by any neighbor who felt like speaking, had a silent 'universal' prayer, and then went home. My wife and I sold our house and moved back to Chicago, where we rejoined our old church. Now we're happy again."

A NEW Jersey couple in their 60s who moved to a California retirement city missed the annual community chest drive and church philanthropies in which they always had participated. As they explained it to me:

"Villages like this one are inhabited by people who are neither poor nor rich. As there are no visible needs here, residents tend to ignore their obligation to aid the less fortunate."

Only 5 percent of all persons over 60 are chronically ill or infirm. The majority want to be active, though on a reduced scale. For many, golf, hobby work, gardening, chatting, and siestas are enjoyable for a while in a retirement village; but as unvarying routine they can quickly pall unless contact is maintained with the outside world.

Dr. Michael Dacso, director of rehabilitation at New York's Goldwater Hospital, puts it this way:

"No matter how good a time they're having or think they are having, older people in such towns are in a place of exile. They should be kept in the community baby-sitting, counseling with the young, and doing what they are able to do as long as they can. That way, older people will maintain a sense of usefulness and stay younger longer."

With an assist by taxpayers, the city of San Antonio, Texas, has created a retirement center of a different type. This is a \$2.5 million apartment development for 216 elderly people. In the heart of San Antonio, it is convenient to all churches, has a senior center on the first floor, refrigerators on platforms so no stooping is required, and grab

rails for palsied or arthritic hands.

Though it is a building for elderly tenants, those who want to can wander through the city, enjoying the shops, parks, the activities of children, and the noise and bustle of everyday life.

The better-planned retirement cities are approved by some experts. Says Dr. Edward B. Allen, psychiatrist and past president of the American Geriatrics Society:

"People can find serenity when they identify with others of similar age. In such a setting, where residents are given a chance to make the most of their leisure, there are social stimuli to relax.

"Much depends on a person's temperament. Those who are gregarious are apt to find fulfillment in a dynamic retirement village. If a man has never had much time for relaxation, the force of example can have a good effect on him."

The key to contented living in such towns is resiliency of spirit.

Criticism of enclaves for the aged is voiced by Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, executive vice-president of the American Medical Association, who declares:

"Older people who have strong family ties and a wide circle of friends get satisfaction from church, charitable work, and hobbies. If, in addition, they always have been reluctant to change neighborhoods, it is doubtful that they will adjust easily to this change of environment."

As might be expected, a few promoters have thrown together retirement cities which fall short of expectations. Sometimes the promised medical service is inadequate or nonexistent. Shopping centers fail to materialize. Houses are jerry-built.

When one couple in their mid-50s wanted to move away from such a city in Florida, they learned that their contract stipulated they had to sell the house back to the developer. They lost several thousand dollars.

If you are thinking of migrating to a retirement village, or if you have relatives who are considering it, weigh the pros and cons very carefully. Such a move may rob you of most of the things that make life interesting and challenging. □

Fear of the word 'reform' is gone. Among changes once thought impossible,

Catholics now sing hymns, make responses, and hear most of the mass in their own tongue.

Roman Catholic Worship: *THE NEW LOOK*

By R. P. MARSHALL, Pastor, Summerdale (Pa.) Methodist Church

SOME YEARS ago a noted Catholic liturgist addressed a convocation of the Order of St. Luke, a fellowship of Methodist ministers devoted to liturgical study and practice. To the surprise of these Methodists, the Catholic clergyman paid high tribute to the liturgy of our church.

"You have," he said, "one of the finest liturgies of any of the churches. It is simple, free from too much ceremonial, yet true to the primitive pattern." He went on to praise the Holy Communion service as revised by Methodist founder John Wesley. Then he added: "If you would only use it!"

In the subsequent question and answer period, this Catholic scholar pointed out that the Roman mass was overlong, full of medieval accretions and meaningless ceremonial actions. "We hope that it will someday be simplified and put into English," he said, "but we are not as fortunate as you. We cannot change overnight. What you Methodists can do in four years would take us four centuries."

But he was wrong.

It has taken only 14 years from the time when he spoke for the Roman Catholic Church to do away with many of the ceremonial elaborations, to put the mass almost entirely into the vernacular, provide for congregational singing, set up a commission to completely revise the liturgy, change the position of the priest from before the altar to behind it, abolish many useless rites and actions, and turn the mass into

what it was originally, a celebration of the Lord's Supper.

All this was apparent to those who were present during Catholic Liturgical Week Services in the vast Kiel Municipal Auditorium in St. Louis last August, when Joseph Cardinal Ritter celebrated mass in English. He stood behind a bare gray table whose only covering was a white cloth—no tabernacle, no huge crucifix, no flowers or candles.

As if this were not enough, the service began with a processional of white-robed priests (no elaborate vestments) who marched down the long aisle to the measured beat of Martin Luther's great Reformation hymn, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, as the congregation of 16,000 priests, nuns, laymen, and Protestant visitors sang.

"How come?" I asked a Catholic friend. "It was no accident," he smiled. "The cardinal requested that hymn!"

Here was liturgy in action, a vigorous movement toward practical Christianity in the spiritual tradition of John Wesley.

What has happened?

I asked that question many times and received the same answer. "It is the work of the Holy Spirit within the church. This is a new reformation."

And indeed it is. After 400 years of silence, the Catholic clergy and laymen have begun to speak out, asking for an *aggiornamento*, an updating of the church to meet the challenge of the times. As one prominent layman said in a recent

address, "The old motto of 'Pray, Pay, and Obey' is out. We know we must do more than that if we are to save the world."

This is a revolution, but a quiet one. It is a reformation from bottom to top. The old Catholic fear of the word "reform" is gone; Martin Luther is the subject of sermons and books by Catholic authors; his hymns are being sung in Catholic churches and included in new collections of hymns.

Had not Pope John opened the window, this might not have happened. Had Pope Paul shut that window, there might have been a stubborn underground movement which could have produced another Luther and another break in the Roman Church. It did not happen thus because, in God's providence, he provided in succession two popes whose hearts were filled with love of God and man, leaders who looked in compassion upon the world, instead of seeing it as an opportunity for conquest.

Protestants who have not read Catholic books and magazines recently are sometimes cynical about the whole thing. "It's just a move to gain power," one Methodist minister told me. "They say one thing to Protestants and something else to their own people."

This man can believe that because he does not read what Catholic leaders are writing these days. And it may be he does not read them for fear he might find out he is wrong. But the inquiring Protestant has only to go to any library

and read the articles in *The Commonweal*, *Columbia*, *Catholic Layman*, *The Catholic Digest*, *The Sign*, or almost any other Catholic publication to see that there is no difference in what Catholics are saying to Protestants and what they are saying to each other.

I firmly believe that this new reformation is the result of the liturgical movement. The reason for that statement is that it has been the liturgical movement which has sought to place spiritual values above ceremony and administration. It was this movement which resulted in adoption of the Dialogic Mass, some years ago, as optional. This form of the mass was a small step toward the eventual elimination of Latin, and toward the participation of the congregation in the action of the mass.

Leaders of the liturgical movement, priests and laymen, have sought to eliminate ceremonial as far as possible, to simplify words and actions, to get back to the primitive pattern of the Lord's Supper. They have advocated the return to the use of both bread and wine in Communion; they have suggested that statues of saints and a multiplicity of side altars should be abolished; they have sharply criticized the very things that Luther objected to 400 years ago.

And they have seen their hopes realized!

On November 29, 1964, a new constitution on the liturgy went into effect. Its introduction marked the beginning of a new era in Catholic worship. No longer is it possible for Catholic worshipers to sit passively in church, saying their beads or praying private prayers. Catholics now are singing hymns, making responses like Methodists and Episcopalians, listening to three lessons from the Scripture read in their own tongue, and listening to a sermon based upon a Bible passage which has been read. The priest faces the people, dressed in simple garb. Laymen will, in some cases, read the lessons and offer prayers. All worshipers are encouraged to receive Communion at each mass.

All this comes as a shock to Catholics who have been content to leave worship to the priest—secure in the belief that their only job is

to be present at mass, go to confession, and support bingo parties! They will be asked by many priests to contribute a tithe of their income, and to refrain from depending upon various schemes for raising money.

A new hymnbook will be in use, containing the great hymns of Protestantism. As one eminent Catholic scholar explained, "We have to sing Protestant hymns. We have none of our own." That, of course, is an overstatement, but it is almost true.

And what will happen when Catholic and Protestant worship become so similar? Will we eventually be able to worship together?

FEW OF us on either side would dare to predict an early end of our divisions. But it does seem probable that, after a few decades of borrowing from each other, of holding dialogues together, of helping each other in community activities, meeting in Bible-study groups, and sharing lecturers in colleges, we may find common worship is possible.

Even now permission is being given in some areas for Catholic priests to join with Protestant ministers in joint Bible services, at which there is no celebration of Holy Communion. Recently, a group of Catholic laymen were told by a priest that there would be no objection to their attending special services of a general nature in a Protestant church, and he urged they do so at every opportunity.

Protestant students of liturgy may be in for a shock when the full implications of the changes contemplated by the Catholics are understood, for many non-Catholic liturgists have turned to the Roman mass as the pattern for their thinking on the subject. But the mass, as it has been, soon will be gone. In its place will be a simple and beautiful Communion service, without the trappings which we associate with the Roman rite, without many of the prayers which we sometimes have imitated.

Today the priest, on giving the bread, says only, "The Body of Christ," to which the communicant replies, "Amen." That bread, still believed by Catholics to be the Body (but increasingly in a mystical and symbolic sense) may be, as

it was at St. Louis, a somewhat large, rough wafer of whole wheat, instead of a thin, white circle of indeterminate origin which resembles nothing except fish food. (We may have to reconsider our own Methodist practice in this regard!)

In another break with tradition, it now is possible for Catholics to receive Holy Communion without having gone to confession within a certain number of days, for this was not a rigid rule, only a custom.

In the light of these developments in Catholic liturgy and practice, it would seem proper that we Methodists should give renewed study to our own liturgy. The work of our Commission on Worship has resulted in a much-improved *Book of Worship* with a proper lectionary, a fine service of Holy Communion. The new book, approved by the 1964 General Conference, is to become available in March.

There still are opportunities for improvement, but the new liturgy is, no doubt, the best that we ever have had. Thanks to the efforts of our liturgical scholars, Methodism, perhaps for the first time, has looked farther afield for inspiration than the admittedly defective *Episcopal Book of Common Prayer*.

As a loyal Methodist, I see in the present situation a Protestant opportunity greater than ever before. The actions of the Second Vatican Council have shown that the Reformation is now recognized as valid in its judgment and emphases. We have a great heritage, a charge to keep. No longer must we defend our doctrines of the priesthood of the laity, justification by faith, and our Methodist emphasis upon personal religious experience. Catholics are proclaiming them also.

Would it not be ironic, if in this century the Roman Catholic Church were to move out as a great evangelical witness to the faith of Jesus Christ while we who have protested against priestcraft, ceremonialism, and preoccupation with machinery should retreat into our shells of conformity, making no effort to speak to the world through the Word of God, offering no personal witness from our laymen, and adopting a supine attitude toward the pagan world around us? □



Christ Methodist Parish includes (left to right) the Broadway, Mathewson Street, and Tabernacle Churches. Downtown Mathewson Street Church is the square structure with arching windows.

Instead of moving to the suburbs, Providence's largest congregation studied and prayed its way toward renewal and a vital stake in the problems surrounding it. Now it has joined with two smaller churches in a pioneering Methodist parish.

Providence Shows the Way

ABOUT a month after the 1964 General Conference adopted a new quadrennial program for all of Methodism, three churches in Providence, R.I., launched a parish plan that effectively catches the spirit of the quadrennial theme, *One Witness in One World*.

Christ Methodist Parish came into being at annual conference time last June when the Broadway, Mathewson Street, and Tabernacle Churches of Providence were officially designated a parish and their pastors were assigned as ministers to the entire parish instead of to the individual churches. As a result, the strongest congregation, Mathewson Street, is sharing its leadership with the other two.

The Providence program is similar in intent to the suggested Neighborhood-1 plan in which members of one Methodist church would join another congregation for a year to help give it new life and leadership. The Christ Methodist Parish was planned before the quadrennial program was adopted, but it does reflect the creative thinking that congregations around the world share as *One Witness in One World* gets under way. The purposes are the same: The achievement of greater oneness in Methodism and its practical demonstration in Christian witness.

Christ Methodist Parish is one congregation, even though it meets in three places. All phases of its life

except finances and Sunday worship services now are being blended.

Of the parish churches, Mathewson Street, with about 800 members, is by far the largest. Located in the downtown shopping district, it has lost hundreds of members in the last decade, as more than 50,000 people have fled the city for its suburbs. But the future holds promise. Within five or six years, redevelopment housing for 800 families will be built within three blocks of the church.

About a mile to the west is Broadway Methodist, originally an Italian mission church that presently has 60 members. Middle and low-income housing to be built nearby could make the church's



The parish staff (left) includes two full-time and two part-time pastors, a pastoral assistant, and a nurse-social worker, who is also shown at right visiting a senior-citizens' home.

neighborhood interracial for the first time.

More than a mile west of Broadway is Tabernacle Church, with 156 members. Once the home of many textile workers, the area now is bisected by highways, and many of the mills have closed. (All of Rhode Island, in fact, is classified as a depressed area by the U.S. Department of Commerce.) A large, low-income housing project with a high turnover rate and a large Negro population lies within a few blocks.

The prelude to the parish idea came from Mathewson, where several years ago members debated

building a new church in the suburbs. After prayerful study, however, they determined to pour their energies into the problems of the central city.

Mathewson, whose membership includes many white-collar and professional people, is not lacking in leadership talent. Three years of retreats and study groups, one member explains, "brought us to the point where we were able to respond to needs around us." When the Rev. Robert J. Mollar, who was pastor of both the small Broadway and Tabernacle churches, began talking about mutual problems with

the Rev. DeWitt C. Clemens of Mathewson Street, the first halting steps toward the parish organization were under way.

The plan is so new that the combined congregation doesn't know what to expect in many areas.

"We're ready to relate as the opportunity presents itself," one of the members explained, "but we haven't the foggiest notion of what this is going to mean. And if we thought we knew, our answers might be suspect."

But first steps have been made. Mr. Mollar and Mr. Clemens, the full-time ministers, are helped by

The Rev. J. Richard Peck, who spends half of his time as a college chaplain, meets commuting students on campus.



the Rev. J. Richard Peck, a part-time minister of education, and the Rev. Allen S. Cutts, a Baptist who is part-time minister to shut-ins.

Miss Bernice Chase, a retired lieutenant colonel of the Army Nurse Corps, serves as a link between the parish and social welfare agencies. "There's nothing you can't count on Bernice to do," says Mr. Clemens. Anything from drying out an alcoholic in the middle of the night to moving an elderly lady from her possession-cluttered house to a nursing home.

Rounding out the staff are Mrs. Earl Larrabec, who presides over the combined office and also produces a parish newspaper; Mrs. Margaret Cutten, secretary; and Bert Willey, financial assistant.

At this early stage of parish development, the official boards of each church meet separately. But there is a parish policy committee that serves as an advisory board, and one set of commissions functions for all three churches.

The new life of the congregations is focusing on a parish plan which groups the membership into 24 geographical areas. In small study and worship groups, members of the three churches are getting to know each other and to plan ways of serving their city.

The combined youth fellowship meets on Friday evenings, and its members help at a local youth center on Saturday afternoons, and participate in sports on Saturday evenings. As many as 50 have been showing up for the fellowship pro-

gram. They come not only from the city but also from nearly every part of the compact state.

For single adults, there is a program with an interdenominational approach. One of its concerns is to see that single people do not feel trapped and alone in the city.

Members of Christ Methodist Parish believe their progress so far must be looked upon as only a start toward larger involvement. They want members of suburban churches to contribute a year of their time to the weaker churches of the inner city as part of the Neighborhood-1 program. They want regular, continuing financial support from suburban congregations. "The mission of this conference," says Mr. Clemens, "is in the central city."

Meanwhile, plans of the parish are moving ahead on many fronts. Evangelistic services are planned at Broadway to reach people presently attracted by storefront sects. The area has one of the highest school dropout rates in the city, and the second highest juvenile delinquency rate. Tutoring classes at Broadway are being worked out with community agencies.

"We seek to make a stronger united witness in Christ's name," a parish statement says, "through unified planning and action—one mission, one people, one ministry, one voice, one educational program, and one fellowship. What this will mean we do not know, but we believe and trust the one Lord who does." —CAROL D. MULLER



Involvement in their community takes the people of the parish in many directions. Teen-agers have been making regular visits to shut-ins. Miss Doris Hosking (above), a Methodist since she was 12, is now Salvation Army pianist, with the blessings of her home church. Both college (left) and high school students have been working with children at a home for wards of the state.



GOD and MR. JONAH

By GLENN ALTY CRAFTS

Minister, Christ Methodist Church, Snyder, N.Y.

THE FASCINATING Old Testament story of God and Mr. Jonah is a parable of what is forever happening. Its point is that God loves all men. The love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind, which is sometimes so limited that it squeezes the soul to death.

The whale, unfortunately, always gets top billing, but his role really was a minor one. He was only a convenient device to get Jonah from one place to another. To argue whether God could make a whale with a benign, acid-free stomach is to miss the point completely. Read the story.

Jonah's Mission

"Now the word of the Lord came to Jonah . . . saying, ' . . . go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness has come up before me.'"

Nineveh was the capital of Assyria, and Hebrews hated the Assyrians—who had plundered their cities, raped their women, and carried off captives.

Jonah hated the very men to whom he was sent to preach the love of God. It was like sending Richard Nixon to be keynoter at the Democratic National Convention; Orville Faubus to speak before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; or President Nasser to address a Zionist rally. Jonah believed that God was "Made in Israel" for Israelites.

It is easy for us, too, to think that God is *our* God—exclusively. It is hard to remember that God loves a migrant as much as a millionaire, a Muslim as much as a Methodist, an African as much as an American.

God told narrow-minded, nationalist Jonah to go to Assyria to preach the love of God. And Jonah, hating the Assyrians, took a slow boat for Tarshish, the farthest-away port in the opposite direction.

But God was not without his own resources.

"The Lord hurled a great wind upon the sea and there was a tempest on the sea. . ."

The sailors were seared. They prayed, each to his own god, but the storm continued unabated. Honest man that he was, Jonah confessed it was his fault.

"Take me up and throw me into the sea," he said, and over he went. The storm stopped. That was the end of crisis number one.

Jonah and the Whale

But if the ship was safe, our hero was in a rather bad situation—in the sea without his water wings. Enter from the west a big fish going east. One great gulp and Jonah was his guest. Jonah began to pray. Now, in his time of need, he was not above demanding that God report for duty.

In this parable, remember, the purpose of the whale is to get Jonah from the ship back to Nineveh, unhurried and as quickly as possible. So the whale threw Jonah up on the land, where he stood wet, a little pale and pukered, a bit shaky, but still up and doing.

That was the second crisis: Jonah in his moment of need turned to God and was saved.

Bitter Success

Then God spoke to Jonah a second time. "Arise go to Nineveh, that great city"—and this time Jonah went. By now he knew better than to try not to.

Nineveh was a great city. It was, so the book says three days' journey across it. Jonah walked into the city one day's journey and began to preach. His message was one of gloom. "You sinners," he preached "in 40 days your city will be overthrown because of your wickedness." Hating them as he did, he rather enjoyed that kind of preaching. In his heart, he felt they deserved it.

Good people do get smug. Religious people get so self-righteous that at times they are harder to live with than the sinners they look down on. I suspect that many a pious man gets a thrill out of the fact that others are not religious, that God is on his side and not theirs—or so he likes to think. So Jonah laid it right on the line: "Repent, you sinners, or your city will be destroyed and you will die."

Talk about miracles! The people of Nineveh repented and turned to the Lord! And that is harder to

believe than the whale story. To show their contrition for their evil ways, they fasted and put on sackcloth and poured ashes over their heads.

"When God saw what they did, how they turned from their evil way, God repented of the evil which he had said he would do to them; and he did not do it."

That was the third crisis: Nineveh turned to God and the city was saved.

Jonah and the Vine

One might think the story should end right there, but it doesn't. Mr. Jonah should have been ecstatic with his success, but he was scorching mad. He had been eagerly looking forward to Nineveh's destruction.

He railed at God: "God, that's what I've been trying to tell you. That's why I wanted to go to Tarshish, and now you've gone and spoiled it. The city has been saved." Success galled him because he wanted God to be *his* God, not theirs.

Now he would be expected to love them as brothers. Now, he supposed, he would have to sit with them on the bus, let them use the same washroom, eat in the same restaurant, worship in the same pew. The only way to keep them in their place would be to keep them at arm's length—and here God was reaching out and drawing them close.

I wonder how many people have been turned from the Christian church because we, with our narrow minds and pinched little souls, have not been willing to accept them. That is why Gandhi never became a Christian, although after he was assassinated a picture of Jesus Christ was found in his shack. Years before, a church in South Africa had called him "colored"—not one of their kind—and the Christian church drove off one of the saints of our century.

How often has human hatred stood in the way of God's love? We know which way we should be going—but we head for Tarshish. We want all men to be Christians, but we won't accept them as Christian brothers.

Would you rather go back to the whale?

Renascence

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

(From *Collected Poems*, Harper & Row. Copyright 1912, 1940, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Used by permission of Norma Millay Ellis.)

The people of Nineveh wanted to serve the God Jonah served; but if they did, he could no longer hate them. So Jonah went outside Nineveh, up on a hill where he could see the city, and he built a little booth and sat there to watch. He was still hoping to see them suffer.

Calamity did strike—but not Nineveh! And it was not some great thing like a mushroom cloud filling the sky wiping them all out. Overnight a gourd vine had covered the booth. It gave Jonah shade from the searing summer sun and broke the stifling sand that blew in from the desert. The next day a worm attacked the plant and it died.

Now Jonah was furious! "It is better for me," he said, "to die than to live." It was bad enough that Nineveh had repented and was saved, but now he was personally uncomfortable. "Really, God—first you save the city, and now you send a worm! There is, after all, a limit to what a man can take!"

So God asked Mr. Jonah, "Do you think you are right to be so angry?"

And Jonah shot back, "Yes. I do well to be angry, angry enough to die."

And then God said, "You pity that plant, which was here yesterday and is gone today, because it is near and precious to you. Why shouldn't I be concerned for this city that is near and precious to me?"

There, abruptly, the story ends with the fourth crisis unresolved. The ship had been saved from the storm. The man had been saved from the sea. The city had been saved from destruction. But Jonah had not been saved from Jonah.

Jonah and Us

There was the love of God—wider than the measure of man's mind; and there was the narrow little world of Jonah who could see only his own problems, love only his own people, and could not bring himself to believe that God cared for others as he cared for him.

We, too, live in a world of walls and barriers built by hatred, prejudice, and fear. Many a man would like to see the Russians and the Chinese kill each other off rather than repent of their evil ways. Many a churchman complained bitterly when the Russian Orthodox Church was admitted into the World Council of Churches. Such individuals would rather have seen the door slammed in their faces than to sit and pray and eat with them. Many a man damns the Negro as backward, and then does all in his power to keep him that way.

We, too, have turned our backs on God's will unless it happens to fit our purposes.

What happened to Jonah? Nothing at all. He's still here. He lives on every street. He sits in every pew. He stands in many a pulpit. He lives in all the narrow and noisy little men who know better than God.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea," but we will never see it until we open our eyes to see others as God sees them.

The love of God is great enough for the whole world, but only he can receive it who will open his heart wide enough to let his brother in. □

Teens

Together



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Our discussion group misses you, Fred . . . When you're not there, we don't have anyone to leap on as soon as he opens his mouth."

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

ARE YOU thinking of quitting school? Do you wish you could drop out, find a job, and start being independent? If so, you are not alone. Thousands of teen-agers share your sentiments.

Recently I met with 12 boys in the sophomore class of a big high school. They were buddies. They had talked things over and had decided to quit. Their principal sent them to me for counseling.

I did a little arithmetic for them. Experts have found that those who stay in high school until they graduate average about \$100,000 more income during their lifetimes than those who drop out. That's a lot of money. I divided the number of days remaining in the boys' high school years into \$100,000. I found that with average luck, each day they spend in high school will be worth somewhere around \$180.

The boys thought I was fooling. I had them do the arithmetic over again. When they fully understood the figures, they were impressed. They agreed to remain in school.

If you are thinking of dropping out, please take a paper and pencil. Find out how many more days you will spend in school before you graduate. Divide that number into \$100,000. Get your own answer. You will see how foolish it would be to quit school.

Qa

You have said that kids are better off in a small college near home than in a big state university. I object! Have you attended both big and small colleges, Dr. Barbour? Did you ever teach in them? I went to a small one two years. I had only one good teacher. The library was a joke. I now am a senior in a big state university. I think it's wonderful. Would you change your advice?—H.T. What I said was that most 16 and 17-year-olds are better off in a good small college than in a typical big university. That would not be true of a small school with a weak faculty and poor library. And I'm fully aware that many young people do well in big schools. To your personal questions, my answer is "yes." I attended one good small college and two large universities. I have taught at one good small college and in a couple of universities.

Qa

I'm 19 and will graduate from college in two years. I am in love with a co-ed. Our parents do not realize how we feel. I do not know whether

they would approve of our marriage plans. How shall we go about telling them?—P.L. Wait until you are alone with your parents, at a time when they are feeling happy and cooperative. Then tell them about your girl. Ask them to invite the girl to your home so they can meet her. It is normal for people of your age to become engaged. Your parents probably will not be surprised. Also, ask your girl friend to have you visit her home and meet her folks. It will not be hard

Qa

I am a girl of 17. My father is a minister. I was raised in the church but I no longer believe in God. I don't pray any more. My prayers never were answered. I spend on myself the money I used to give to church. My friends say I am wrong. They say I should talk with my father. I don't see why. Am I not old enough to make up my own mind? Dr. Barbour, do you really, honestly believe there is a God? Do you think He cares about us?—B.V. Yes, I honestly believe there is a God and that he cares about us. However, I am not surprised that you feel as you do. At 17 you are working your way toward intellectual independence. You

are reconsidering many of the things you formerly took for granted. You are old enough to make your own decisions. However, you should consider all aspects of the matter before doing so. I hope you will talk with your father or some other minister. Tell him how you feel. Consider his answers to your questions. Try praying for others, not for yourself. Most of us are too selfish in our prayers. Read the books or pamphlets you will receive. Take time to think everything through, then decide. My prediction is that after you do the things suggested, your faith will be renewed, on a more grown-up basis than before. That has happened to many others.



You are a drip, Dr. Barbour! You condemn necking and petting. May I ask why? I am a girl, 17. I have dated four boys. On the second date each one expected me to do things you say are wrong. With the first three boys, I said "no." They dropped me quickly. With my present boyfriend, I have gone ahead. Now he wants to go steady. Isn't it better to run a little risk and have dates than to run no risk and be a wallflower?

—G.D. I am sorry you disapprove of the advice I have printed so often. Please look closely at the popular girls in your school who do not neck or pet. You will find there are many of them. They are good conversationalists; they dance well; they keep themselves neat and attractive. They prove that you do not have to do whatever a boy wants to have dates. When you pet, you trigger physical reactions which are extremely hard to control. I have been a counselor for a long time. I have tried to help many young people who have been trapped by their instinctive reactions and have gone too far. I know that many kids pet, but as an advisor, I cannot compromise. What you are doing is wrong. Please do not continue.



I am a girl, 19. I was graduated from high school two years ago. I have a job. I want to save money and enter college next year. My parents will not let me have dates. They even object when I drive a car. I am their only child. They tell me I must stay home forever, taking care of them. I must escape, or I'll never grow up. What can I do?—**G.R.** Your problem is not unusual. Some parents are shortsighted and seem unable to let their youngsters grow up. However, you have your own

*Bishop Nall Answers
Questions About . . .*



Your Faith and Your Church

What attitude can Christians take toward revolution? If we are sure that our current revolutions were not invented by Communists but really stem from the revolutionary statement that "God so loved the world," we can take one of several positions. Bishop Richard C. Raines sees three:

1. We can assume that revolution is evil and, therefore, determine to have no part in it—and it will run over us. 2. We can stand aside and let the revolutionists take over. 3. We can participate in the revolution and, by our act, give the revolution (political, economic, scientific, cultural, religious) humble, devoted, understanding Christian leadership.

Why are demons mentioned in the Bible? Demonic powers, responsible for all manner of ills, both public and private, were assumed by biblical writers. The first Christians were accused of "atheism" because they disbelieved.

Actually, their disbelief was a refusal to acknowledge the overlordship of the "elemental spirits of the universe," as Paul calls them in Galatians 4:1-7. By the grace of God, the Christians had a redeeming power over the demonic forces. (In the cases of demon-possessed victims of "unclean spirits," it was a healing power.) They insisted (as we ought to do) that man subjects himself to demonic power only when he refuses to accept Christ's promise of mature sonship.

Must we fear God? Yes, for all religious reality starts there. But the fear of God is only the beginning of wisdom: the end is that God is love. A. N. Whitehead said that religion is the passage from God the void, to God the enemy, and then to God the companion. The mystery of God remains, for his ways are above our ways, but the dread and despair are gone.

Can the pastor help preplan funerals? He can, and he will, if you talk with him while the person (even yourself) is still alive and in good health. Then you can make the arrangements calmly and confidently. If you want plain simplicity, with no hermetically sealed vault and no grave lined with brick, cement, and stones, he will help see that your wishes are honored. If you prefer an elaborate funeral, he will help work that out, with dignity and good taste.

Of course, your pastor will be with you at the time of your loss, and he will continue his ministry in those months when the wounds of grief need healing.

"Our people are full of questions," Bishop Nall observes, after four and a half years in the Minnesota Area. "I often wonder whether John Wesley wasn't right in putting all the conference business in the form of questions and answers."

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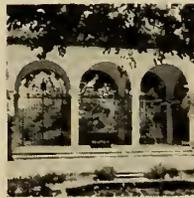
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life to live. As you say, you must escape or you will never grow up. Do you have relatives or friends you might live with the rest of this year? At 19, you have the right to determine your place of residence. If you can demonstrate your independence and maturity, your parents might relent. Be gentle and patient with your folks, but do not give in.



I am a boy of 17. Two girls in our church enjoy cutting me down. No matter what I say, they make wisecracks. They follow me around at school, for the purpose of embarrassing me. I'd like to knock their heads together! I have talked with my father, a minister. He said all I can do is laugh it off or pretend they do not bother me. Is he right?—S.B. I believe so. Probably one or both of the girls has a crush on you. Their wisecracks show that they do not know how to handle their own emotions. Try to make a joke of what happens. If you cannot do that, ignore them completely. When they see they are not bothering you, they will stop.



I am a boy, 18. My father was killed in 1954 and two years later my mother remarried. I hate my stepfather. He yells at me no matter what I do. I took driver's education and driver's training in school. Even so, he will not let me use the family car. I tried to join the army, but was not accepted. I have been unable to find a job. My stepfather thinks I am lazy. The last time he tried to give me a strapping, I took his strap away from him and cut it into pieces. He almost had a stroke. How can I live peacefully with him?—P.F. I'm very sorry, but probably you cannot live peacefully with him. At your age, you can choose your place of residence. Are there relatives you might live with? Talk with your mother. Ask her to help you. Try to move to a community where a job would be available.

If you're not included in the crowd, why take all the blame on yourself?

Problems like this are the business of our Dr. Barbour. Write him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Names are confidential.



—EDITORS



Browsing in Fiction

With **GERALD KENNEDY**, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

SOME TIME ago *The New Yorker's* "The Talk of the Town" reported on the Beatles' first movie. Standing in line to get his ticket, the young critic not acquainted with some of the fans. He discovered that two of the girls had written a 300-page novel about the Beatles in about two weeks time. He concluded that the Beatles are going to be around for quite a while because their fans are nice girls who dress neatly and who will pay \$2 to see a movie they already have seen twice for free.

He went on to say that the Beatles have some acting ability and, so far as he knows, they are the only singing group who has had a 300-page novel written about them. This, in my judgment, is more a commentary on novels than it is on the Beatles.

Judging by some of the books which pass my desk, many people assume that anybody can write a novel. Of course, many people think that anybody can preach a sermon, too. Only the man who understands that such things deal with truth and life will know the anguish and pain which writing or speaking demands.

A long time ago I used to read about some of the great writers, and thought their confessions of agony probably were overdone. I no longer think so. When the time comes that the seriousness of discovering a truth and sharing it is understood again, we will have fewer novels, but they will be better. So many books impress me by being dashed off by people who have lost their sense of reverence and order. This is the mark of an irreligious age.

You cannot say this, however, about **THE MARTYRED** by Richard E. Kim (*George Braziller, \$4.50*). This review is long overdue and should have been offered many months ago. The book came to me in a paperback edition before publication, but I put it aside and then forgot about it.

One day I awakened to the fact that it had become a best seller and was on *The New York Times* list for 16 weeks. It has sold more than 40,000 copies, and an article in the *Saturday*

Review estimates that it must have returned to the publisher about \$35,000. So nothing I can say will either hurt the book or help it.

However, now that I have read it, I want to talk about it and confess a kind of bewilderment over its becoming such a success. It begins very well, and it has a kind of mystery which leads to anticipation and expectation. I kept thinking that we were going to have some sudden wonderful discovery before it was over. Somehow it never quite worked out that way.

It is a story of the Korean War and of the execution of a group of Christian pastors by the Communists. Two pastors do not die, and the older of them is the main character of the book. Why wasn't he killed, too, and what did he do to escape death? He is obviously a fine and humble man, and those who deal with him, from the colonel on down, are at pains to discover and understand his secret. So far, so good.

Finally it is revealed: he is a man who has lost his faith. He has to pretend to believe, but he really does not. He does not deny or surrender, and the author would have us believe that his essential greatness is in encouraging his people to believe that which he is unable to accept himself.

Well, this is not the first time this has happened, it is true, but the answer to me was a disappointment. Some of the other pastors had proved unworthy, and the truth was that they had died not as heroes but simply as victims. Maybe the author is trying to say to us that we have to fight for our faith, and we never get to the place where we can sit back and be safe. I can take that thesis out of my own experience. But I do not think it is proper to intimate that a great Christian pastor is great because he pretends to believe what he does not believe.

As I said before, this will not hurt the book's success, nor would it have had any effect if I had said it much earlier. This was a first novel, and I shall be very interested to see what Richard Kim offers the next time.

AMOS FORTUNE'S CHOICE by F. Alexander Magoun (*Wheelwright, \$5*) was sent to me by the publisher because he knew my admiration for a book he had published by Dudley Zuver. I am grateful to Mr. Wheelwright and I pass this recommendation on to you with enthusiasm. It is a kind of half-fiction story based upon old New England records of a Negro slave in Boston who was allowed to purchase his freedom. It tells how he established himself as a tanner in a New England town, of his marriage late in life and of his experience as a freeman. It is a wonderful story of understanding as well as a picture of some bitterness and prejudice.

Amos Fortune was a religious man who joined the church when he became free. There were some unpleasant incidents in his life, but, on the whole, the story is a testimony to a New England village's willingness to accept a man for what he was. It is a fine book to read in our time when so much heat has been generated over the Civil Rights Act. I wish you would order it. I do not suppose it will have a very wide sale, but it is the kind of book that gives a man a good feeling. It is also well written. I am very glad, indeed, that I read it. I think you will enjoy it.

One of the treasured memories of my boyhood is reading Jack London's *Call of the Wild*. When I received a book finished after his death, called **THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU, LTD.** (*McGraw-Hill, \$4.50*), I decided to read it and see if I could recapture something of the joy he had given me before. It is no good. This is one of those blood-and-thunder things about a secret order to get rid of anybody who the members believe ought to die. Then the leader himself becomes convinced that he ought to die, although he is going to try to keep it from happening.

I found the whole thing pretty comical, contrived, and unreal. It just goes to show how things change in a man's experience.

This book will be as good as some of the paperback thrillers you are reading, and it is an amazingly clean book. If killing people doesn't bother you, but sex in a book does, this is for you. Alas, it is not for me.

I had some other books I intended to mention this month but on looking them over again, I decided that I could not recommend them except in a lukewarm way, and some I would have to condemn. Some folks assume every book mentioned in this column ought to be endorsed. I do not agree, but this time I will not argue. One day I may write a column about the books I wish I had not read. That has real possibilities, don't you think? □

Looks at NEW Books

TWO STRIKINGLY different views of the Christian church are reflected in books by Protestant theologian Karl Barth and Giovanni Battista Cardinal Montini, now Pope Paul VI.

Both agree that the church is the Body of Christ. But Barth, in *God Here and Now* (Harper & Row, \$3.75), thinks of the church not as an institution but as the event of Christians gathering together. The Roman Catholic cardinal who was to become pope, in the 10 essays that make up *The Church* (Helicon, \$5.50), distinguishes between two aspects in the church: "one the church as a divine institution, the other as a community made up of men." Oddly, it is this Roman Catholic view with which most Methodists would feel most comfortable, for in spite of our freedom in theology we are a strongly institutional church.

Few Methodists, I think, would go so far as to agree with Pope Paul, however, that it is only within the church that an encounter with God is possible. Barth observes that God's free grace "can always be at work outside the walls of the church and can be announced even by quite other tongues than those which have been given to us."

The two books, actually, are not comparable, and I do not mean to contrast them to the detriment of either one. Barth was writing as a theologian free of institutional ties. The then Cardinal Montini was writing as a leading member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, concerned with

the mission of the Roman Catholic Church in the world.

For more light on Roman Catholicism, you may want to read *The Chair of Peter* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$12.50), a lively history of the papacy by Friedrich Contard, who is a Protestant. I think it is a much better book, for Protestants at least, than an imposing volume on *The Papacy* (Macmillan, \$19.95 until March 31, \$25 thereafter) edited by Christopher Hollis and composed of chapters by various experts on Roman Catholic history. It is brilliantly illustrated but rather pedantically written.

I have been fascinated by the sights, sounds, and smells of San Francisco since I was five. My memories of my first visit are fragmentary and probably inaccurate, but they are underscored by a special excitement that has come back to me every time I have returned to that city that seems to float in space beside the Golden Gate.

I have tried many times to share this special feeling, only to become tongue-tied. Now Chiang Yee has done it for me in *The Silent Traveller in San Francisco* (Norton, \$12.50).

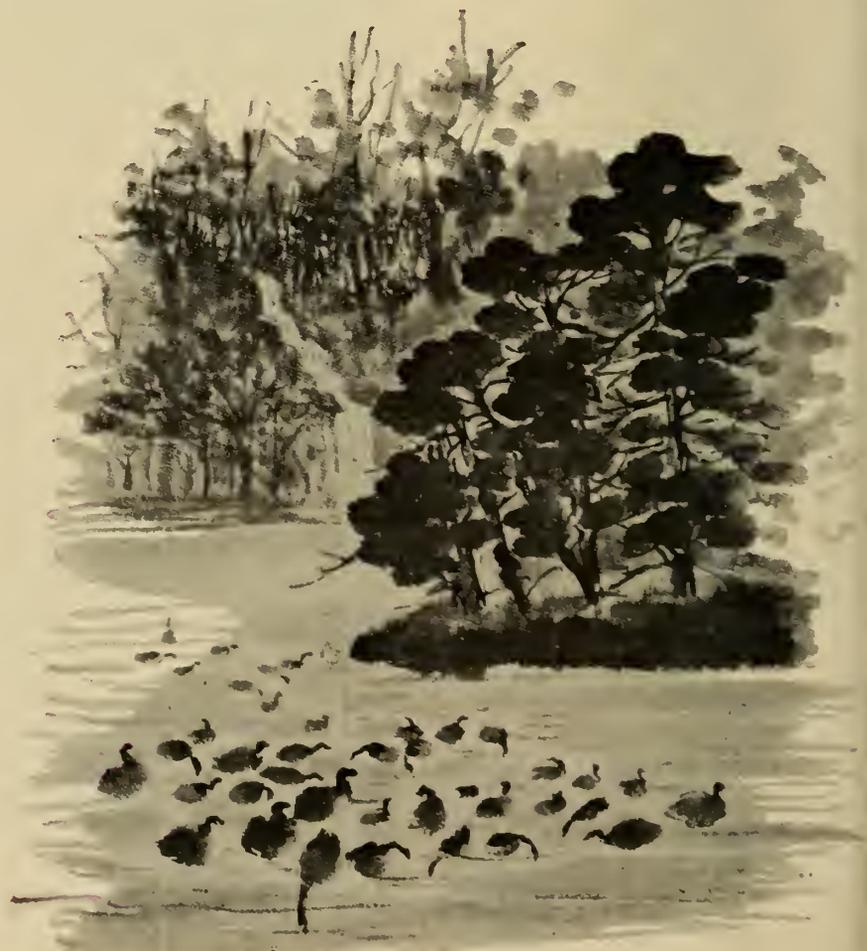
It is appropriate, I suppose, that this gifted travel writer who also is a poet, an artist, and a teacher should, like so many San Franciscans, come from

old China. He served as governor of four districts under the Chinese Nationalist regime before he discovered that painting rather than politics was his true interest. He left China in 1933.

The watercolors with which he has illustrated this book evoke the city's ever-changing colors, its spaces, its affinity with the sea and sky. His lively anecdotes about people and his sense of humor (which leads him to compare the faces of beatniks with those of the bison in Golden Gate Park) add spice to his exploration. His trip to the top of one of the towers of Golden Gate Bridge gives us an inside impression of the engineering marvel that also is a work of art. And his descriptions of fog-draped hills, the sight of the rising sun from Mount Tamalpais, the sights and smells of Fisherman's Wharf, and the color and mystery of Chinatown are unforgettable.

I feel as if I had just been in San Francisco again.

Victor Searcher's account of *The Farewell to Lincoln* (Abingdon, \$5.95), to be published February 15, has a particular poignancy to a nation that so recently saw on its television screens the assassination of another beloved president, the murder of his



The Silent Traveller in San Francisco found a lake and a waterfall.

New Books

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The Methodist Publishing House

sional visit. This is a reissue of William Spratling's *Little Mexico*, first published in 1932 and still a little gem.

Who is Bill Spratling? Why, señor, everyone in Mexico knows. He came to the village of Taxco from *Norteamerica* 35 years ago and turned from architect to silversmith. He is, also, a writer, praise be, of rare sensitivity, and his book throws open the doors of the real Mexico.

If you enjoyed Glenn Alty Crafts' sermon *God and Mr. Jonah* [page 54] as much as I did, I think you will want to know that a new, fictionalized version of Jonah's story is available for boys and girls of junior high-school age.

Jonah (Abingdon, \$3), by Helen Doss, is a lively chronicle of a man's stubborn but futile struggle against doing God's will; and it is, equally, a vivid picture of the times.

I think young people will enjoy both Mrs. Doss' writing and Norman Kohn's strong illustrations.

A highly sophisticated young businesswoman in her late 20s told me recently that the only book she has kept from her childhood is *Mary Poppins*.

"I read it over and over again then," she said, "and the other day I got it out and reread it."

Fortunately for youngsters of this generation, a motion picture is bringing *Mary Poppins* delightfully to life, and on top of that the newly issued book *Mary Poppins and Mary Poppins Comes Back* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95) contains two of P. L. Travers' original stories about that remarkable, unpredictable, totally wonderful nursemaid and the children who adored her.

The creator of master spy James Bond would seem a most unlikely author of children's stories. But the late Ian Fleming's spirited tale about a magical car and the English family that rescued it from a junk heap should be a favorite with youngsters for a long time to come.

Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang (Random House, \$3.50) is the sound the old racing car made when Commander Pott rebuilt it and pressed the starter, and that is what his children, Jeremy and Jemima, and Mimsie, his wife, fondly called it. What young readers will probably call the adventure that followed is pure, shivery delight.

Soaring 29,028 feet into thin, bitter-cold air, Mount Everest in the Himalayas, the world's highest peak, has been an irresistible challenge to mountain climbers. Between 1920 and 1962, a total of 15 major expeditions and a number of unofficial, less or-

ganized ones tried to reach its summit. The British succeeded in 1953. The Swiss made it in 1956, and the Chinese claim to have done it in 1960.

In 1963, however, an American expedition scaled the peak from two directions: the South Col, which was the route other successful expeditions had taken, and the West Ridge, which never had been negotiated before.

James Ramsey Ullman and other members of this American expedition led by Norman C. Dyhrenfurth give us the official account of the ascent in *Americans on Everest* (Lippincott, \$8.95). It is, literally, a cliff-hanging saga of adventure and courage that will have the reader on the edge of his easy chair and will, undoubtedly, become a classic in its field.

Religious faith is not something to be shut up in a box and guarded jealously lest outside influences steal or corrupt it. I prefer to think of it as a journey, an adventure in which we find ourselves challenged, confirmed, and expanded by the experiences, people, and ideas we meet.

One challenger and expander is philosopher Alan W. Watts, author of *Beyond Theology* (Pantheon, \$4.95). Dr. Watts, who holds a master's degree in theology, is best known as an interpreter of Zen Buddhism and other Indian and Chinese philosophies.

In *Beyond Theology*, he examines the Christian faith in the light of a Hindu assertion that all experience whatsoever is God's, and that all multiplicity, all sensations of limited and separate individuality, or the duality of here and there, I and Thou, are God's dream or *maya* (a word that signifies art and miraculous power as well as illusion).

Dr. Watts has always felt that the

VULNERABLE

By Carmen Wilks

Laughter
Cuts closer than tears:
Sunshine
Flooding dark corners,
Touching hidden
pain.

A smile
Is a powerful weapon,
Crumbling fragile defense
So carefully
erected.

real root of the Christian concern that God should be *other* (Thou) lies in a confusion about what is oneself (I).

A superior religion, he writes, "goes beyond theology. It turns toward the center; it investigates and feels out the inmost depths of man himself, since it is here that we are in most intimate contact, or rather, in *identity* with existence itself. Dependence on theological ideas and symbols is replaced by direct, nonconceptual *touch* with a level of being which is simultaneously one's own and the being of all others."

This is not a simple or an orthodox book, but I suggest that if you start it, the only way to be fair to Dr. Watts, and to yourself, is to read it all the way through.

For Human Beings Only (Seabury, \$1.25, paper) might be termed an etiquette book, but it is a most unusual and necessary one. From her own experience as a white woman trying sincerely to make friends with Negroes, Sarah Patton Boyle has learned that there are common misunderstandings that need to be overcome.

She has, therefore, tried to write a primer for people of goodwill of both races who want to bridge the wall that has existed between them. What she says will be very helpful to all of us who read it.

Oriana Fallaci, who looks more like a movie star than a writer, made her start as a journalist when she was 17, writing the criminal column for a daily paper in her native Italy. First impression of her latest book, likewise, is deceiving. The jacket of *The Useless Sex* (Horizon, \$4.95) looks as if it might cover a paperback novel, but it is a serious though highly interesting report of conversations Miss Fallaci has had with women around the world.

Her report is both compassionate and cruel. "The great refrain that is stirring women all over the world is called Emancipation and Progress," she writes. "Every time I'd landed in a new country, I'd been confronted by these two big words, and they filled the mouths of women like chewing gum. We, the advanced women, had taught them the words, as we'd taught them to chew gum; but we hadn't warned them that chewing gum can be harmful to the stomach." She does not know which appalled her most: an old Chinese woman with her bound feet or the American woman, who, she says, is a "man with many advantages."

More sympathetic to American women is Lena Levine, M.D., who with David Loth is the author of *The Emotional Sex* (Morrow, \$4.50). Psychiatrist and gynecologist, Dr.

Levine holds up for healthy emotionalism, saying that the force of tradition and pressures of society have deprived men of their freedom to express their emotions or react with feeling to the feelings of others. Women may be unable to do very much to free their husbands in this regard, she says, but they can surely create a home environment in which their children will be led to healthy emotional maturity.

David Lambuth, who taught English at Dartmouth College from the 1920s through the 40s, wore a white beard, pince-nez, a black beret, white suits, white shoes, and a black opera cape. He also drove a white Packard, this for the very practical reason that he wanted his wife, who was very absentminded, to be able to recognize the family car when she was out shopping. (White cars were rare in those days.)

This professor with the absentminded wife had a passion for precision in communication, and in 1923 he collaborated with four colleagues in developing a little book on writing. Dartmouth issued it in a single edition.

Forty years later one of his former students remembered it and republished it as a guide for the writing staff of his New York Advertising agency. And in 1964, Viking Press brought out an edition that contains a foreword by Budd Schulberg, another former student. You can find this edition in your bookstore as *The Golden Book on Writing* (Viking, \$3, hard cover; \$1.25, paperback Compass Edition). Whether your own writing involves letters to the family, business correspondence and reports, or more professional forms, you will find this book by David Lambuth and others as illuminating as if a light had been snapped on in a darkened room.

"Our story centres on an island, not widely sundered from the Continent, and so tilted that its mountains lie all to the west and north, while south and east is a gently undulating landscape of wooded valleys, open downs, and slow rivers. . ."

So begins Sir Winston Churchill's preface to *The Island Race* (Dodd, Mead, \$27.50), a magnificent volume that compresses his *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples* into one great book with illustrations that take you on tour of the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, the National Portrait Gallery, the cathedrals of Britain, and many private collections.

Sir Winston's sonorous prose has always reminded me of the King James Version of the Bible, and this condensation of his longer history of Britain loses none of its grandeur.

—BARNABAS



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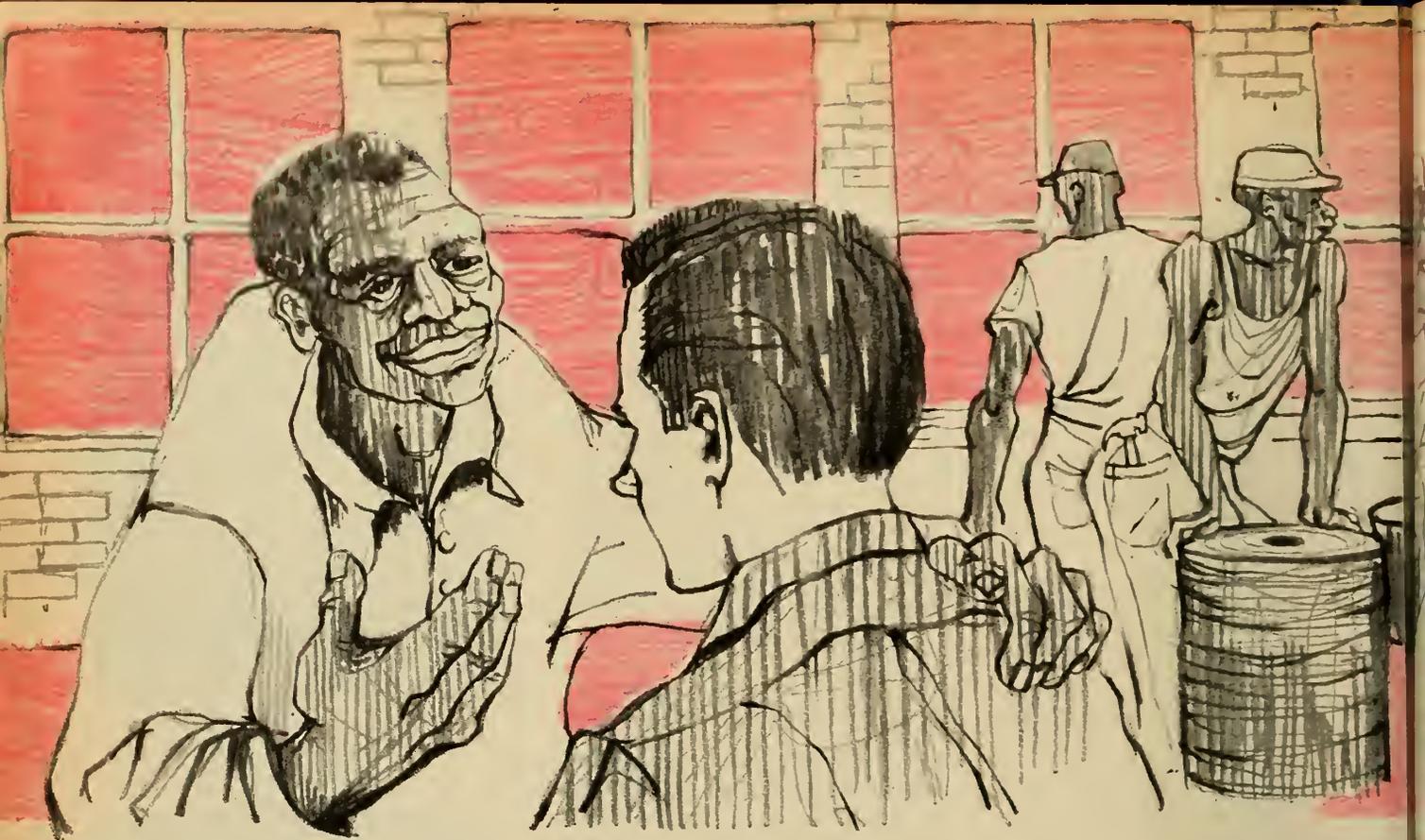
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My First Boss

It was just a summer job,

but the lessons it taught in love and reciprocal trust have lasted the author a lifetime.

By RALPH MCGILL

EARLY IN 1919 the war-swollen U.S. Marine Corps notified its "duration" enlisted men that those who planned to return to school could apply for discharge on that basis. Certain papers of recommendation and, I believe, an oath of intent had to be provided. Mine was filed, declaring a purpose to return to Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., where I had been a freshman at the time of enlistment, and I was discharged about mid-March.

It was too late to enter spring term, but I went to Nashville and arranged to be on hand in September. I also applied for a student loan and put my name on the list of those who would need part-time jobs. After a brief visit with former classmates, I went on to my home at Chattanooga.

There, through my father's assistance, I got a job. It was one about

which I often find myself thinking today, as the deep-South racial tensions, fanned by unreasoning fanaticism and exploited recklessly and cynically by politicians, take on preposterous proportions. I was the only white member of the working crew with which I had a job, and the foreman was, of course, a Negro. I worked with him from late March through August. It was a pleasant and rewarding summer.

My father was a minor officer and sales manager of a small heating and roofing company in Chattanooga. The approaching recession of 1920 was beginning to be felt, and there were not many summer jobs. I wanted one which would be out-of-door hard work, as in the fall I intended to try for the football team. After three days of job hunting my father looked at my discouraged face and said, "One of

the roofing crews is short a man."

"Could I have it?" I asked.

"It's Charlie's," he said. "You mind working under him?"

"No," I said, "Charlie's fine."

The real rough work of roofing was done by Negroes, with white sheet-metal workers doing the flashing, gutter, and ventilating jobs. Charlie I knew rather well. He had been with the company a long time, and I had been seeing him around for years when I would go by to see my father. In elementary and secondary school years, I frequently rode the two miles from our suburb to the Chattanooga Carnegie Library for books, and I'd always drop by the company office before the journey home.

Charlie White was a hump-backed man, quite black, of indeterminate age. He must have been in his early 60s. His arms, I



ppose, were no longer than average, but because of his hump, which caused him to seem to be hunched forward in posture, the arms dangled and appeared, at least to my boy's eyes, abnormally long. Despite his deformity, he had powerful arms and was as agile as anyone else. He had a deeply lined face and an almost aquiline nose. His bright, quizzical eyes gave him a quaint, almost elfin look.

I RECALLED the first time I saw him, years before. I was startled by a sort of coincidence. I had just finished reading *The Lurchback of Notre Dame*, and when I walked to the back of the shop and saw Charlie, I was, for a moment, almost afraid. But then he came over and asked me who I was, and I saw he was just a kind man with a humped back. On days of heavy rain, the roofing crews would come into the shop, and Charlie, when he saw me there, would always have some pleasant word with me. So, when my father said it would be Charlie's crew, I told him it would be fine. He nodded and added, "You'll come in with me early tomorrow."

In these last several years of ten-

sions, I have tried hard to recollect any rationalization I may have gone through about working with a Negro roofing crew. I have been unable to recall any. Now and then, in the weeks that followed my going on the job, the president and chief owner of the company, a smug sort of man who wore a collar later to be made famous by Herbert Hoover, would see us come in from an early finish on a job. Two or three times he stopped me and said, "How are you and Charlie getting on?" "Fine," I'd say. I recall he had a somewhat questioning look on his face. It never occurred to me that he was probing for some answer about how it felt to be working with, and under the direction of, a Negro.

Certainly I was asking myself no questions on that first morning when I went down to begin the job. We—my parents and I—were from east Tennessee farm backgrounds and Scottish and Welsh ancestry. We were strict Presbyterians, with prayers at meals and Bible-reading at night. On the farm, from which we had moved to Chattanooga, any house help we had was from the white tenants on the place. I did not see a Negro until I was six years old. I was never taught any prejudice about them since that was not according to Scripture. I knew, in school, of course, that many boys thought otherwise, but somehow it always seemed some problem of their own.

So I wasn't bothered when I went to work. Nor was I troubled during that pleasant summer, though the work was dirty and hard and often exhausting.

Charlie was waiting by the old Ford truck, and three Negro men, all older than I, were standing nearby talking. The truck was loaded with shingle-width bales of composition roofing, ladders, sections of gutters, sheets of galvanized iron, and two firepots of the kind used by sheet-metal workers to heat their soldering irons. The talk was desultory. Charlie teased me a bit, saying that he doubted if a college boy could do the work without "white-eying," a phrase used to describe being overcome by heat.

Charlie asked me a few questions, and I told him I wanted to

get my legs and back in shape for football. He chuckled and said, "Imagine that." I went on to tell him I had played guard as a freshman and explained how important it was for a lineman to have good legs. He found this amusing, chuckling over it. And I guess, in retrospect, he had a right to be amused.

THE first job was to roof a new house, a single-story one and not too large. Charlie backed the truck up close by the house. Then he and two of the other Negroes put up two ladders, tied on carpenters' aprons with pockets for the roofing nails, filled them about half full, took their hammers and heavy scissors, and went up to the roof. The third Negro, the youngest, and I were to carry the baled shingles up the ladders to the roof as they were needed. It looked simple. One balanced a bundle on a shoulder and, holding it lightly with the finger tips, climbed on up with it. One of the men had such a fine sense of balance he could go right up without putting a hand to the load until he was at the top and had to put it on the roof. But for me, it was difficult. The bundle bit into my shoulder, and the roughness of the edges chafed my neck and cheek. On the first trip up I almost fell backward with it. But I persevered. I knew they, especially Charlie, were watching me.

They may have had some questions about my willingness to do a full share of work. And Charlie, though he never said so, must have thought I was a fool talking about working to strengthen my legs. Late that day he said to me, as I started to climb, "This sorta thing will help yo' legs." I looked down at him, but his face was impassive. That night when we came in, Charlie walked over with me toward my father, who was looking at us inquiringly. "This young man," he said, "he is goin' to be a good helper, yes, sir, a good one."

I think I was. I began to look forward to the days and my ride out to the jobs beside Charlie. We talked endlessly. At noon we ate our packages of lunch together. He talked to me about the trade of roofing as if he believed I would

follow it. He had a strong, honest pride in his work because he was expert at it.

The worst part of the work for me was the tar and gravel roofs. They meant pulling up huge buckets of gravel and smaller ones of pitch with block and rope. The "cooker," a dirty monster coated with glistening tar spilled on it from past jobs, had to be set up, fired, and filled with lumps of tar cut from their containers.

THE roof first had to be covered with a composition material which had a feltlike texture and smelled of tar. It came in rolls. Once it was down, the whole thing was covered with hot pitch, spread with mops. In the worst rags or old workshoes to be found, our feet wrapped in sacking, we toiled like demons in the smoke and heat, spreading the hot pitch. There could be no delay. Nor could the pitch be too thin or too thick. Charlie, a hunched, black Mephistopheles with his own mop, tarred and sticky, was everywhere, directing here, giving a spot there a needed touch. The gravel had to be spread into the first coating of still soft tar. And that, too, was fast and demanding. And then came another pouring and spreading of tar. It was furious, backbreaking, arm-wearing work, and the heat was sometimes dreadful. But none of us white-eyed, not even in August when the thermometer was around 95 in the shade.

By midsummer I realized I had become very fond of Charlie and he of me. Neither of us expressed it, but we knew that each of us understood. Two or three times when we were too late getting in from some distant job to go into the shop, which would be closed, Charlie took me to his house. His wife was a large, motherly woman who always had a pitcher of iced tea and graham crackers waiting. They had no children. We'd sit on Charlie's small front porch, with the summer dusk about us, and drink the tea, grateful for the end of the day and the departure of the sun.

There were houses crowded close on either side, and their occupants, too, were on the porches seeking coolness. It always seemed to me that Charlie talked a little louder than usual, to be sure they would

hear. He would talk of the job, and he never failed to brag mightily about me, declaring I was the best helper a man could have. I had caught on quick, he vowed, and could make a good roofer if I wanted to. He never mentioned my legs, after the first day, and I was grateful for that.

In my last week on the job, we both began to talk sadly of my quitting to go off to school at Nashville. I, of course, was eager but had a real regret at parting with him. He knew I had to have a job there and that I would borrow some money. I had explained the student-loan system. He worried, as did I, that I hadn't saved more out of my pay. He was inclined to blame my spending habits on my having served in the Marine Corps.

THERE were to be two or three days between my quitting and my departure on the Dixie Flyer. It came through around midnight, and Charlie insisted he would bring the old truck out and take me and my trunk down to the station. He came about 10:30. My parents and I were sitting on the front porch, waiting. Charlie was wearing a neat, dark suit of what certainly was not summer material. He spoke to my mother in an old-fashioned Chesterfieldian manner, and then he and I carried the trunk out and into the truck. He waited there while I went back and bade my parents good-bye.

I climbed into the familiar front

READER'S CHOICE

Ralph Emerson McGill, publisher of *The Atlanta Constitution*, is nationally known as a hard-hitting journalist, a 1958 recipient of the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing. *My First Boss* is an extract from the book *The South and the Southerner*, copyright © 1959 by Ralph McGill with permission of Atlantic-Little, Brown and Company, publishers. For this book Mr. McGill received the Atlantic Nonfiction Prize in 1963. His name stands for justice and integrity; he is devoted to the task of improving race relations in the South, his homeland. Kenneth Vipond of Washington, D.C., first suggested *My First Boss* as a *Together Reader's Choice* selection, and to him go our thanks and the award of \$25. We welcome suggestions.—Eds.

scat, with the old smell of tarro composition roofing about it, as we went to the station, saying little. We checked the trunk and the stood outside talking, since the waiting rooms were segregated. Mostly we recollected amusing things about some of the jobs and some of the near-accidents.

The train came, backing in as did at Chattanooga's old Union Station, and it was time to go. We walked over by the gates. I looked at him and he at me. Suddenly I moved up and put his arms around me and I put mine about his feeling, with a sort of shock, the hard thrust of the hump on his back. "Don't forget me," he said. "I'll never forget you, Charlie," said. "You are one of the fine men I've ever known."

He stepped back, reached in his inside coat pocket, and took out an envelope.

"Don't you open this till you get on the train," he said, "and it's out of the station."

We shook hands, with the people who were waiting for arrivals looking on curiously, and I turned so he wouldn't see my eyes and walked hurriedly up the train to my car.

When the train was out of the station, I opened the envelope. There was a folded \$5 bill and a scrawled note. "For my helper to spend at school," it read. It was then I wept.

I wrote Charlie and thanked him and later I wrote him about making the first football squad. I told him the legs were strong from climbing ladders. My father wrote me that Charlie read the letters to his crew and made his new helper, a young Negro, unhappy with stories of his college helper.

During the Christmas holiday I went to see him, disturbed to hear he had been sick during November with pneumonia but had gone to work. He was bright and gay and pleased with the present I had brought. His wife had baked a chocolate cake for me.

In January I had a letter from my father. Charlie had gone home ill again and had died two days later of a second attack of pneumonia. I sat there in the fraternity house room, remembering him with his arms tight about me at the station and hearing him say, "Don't forget me." □



Letters

Jesus' Birth: October 6?

J. ENOS WINDSOR, *Ret. Minister*
Fergus Falls, Minn.

Regarding the article by V. L. Nicholson, *When Was Christ Born?* [December, 1964, page 22], I am shocked and chagrined that our editors do not study more.

From biblical archaeology and from Roman records it is clear that Christ was born Oct. 6, 4 B.C. at 2:50 a.m. This explains why the shepherds were still in the fields.

Christ was crucified at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, April 13 in A.D. 31, the day before the Thursday Passover, the holiest day of Judaism. This gave him three full days and nights to be "in the bowels of the earth."

Many Bible scholars doubt that Jesus was born on December 25, but there is no consensus on exact dates of his birth and Crucifixion.—YOUR EDITORS.

Call Them Showplaces?

ELEANOR L. STIEVE
Point Pleasant, N.J.

From the pictures of new churches in your November, 1964, issue [see 5 *Distinctive New Churches*, page 34], I wonder if we should call them churches or showplaces with cross and Bible as exhibits. What a contrast between them and many of our stately edifices or quaint little chapels.

Perhaps in time it will be left only to our Roman Catholic friends to erect buildings which look like churches inside and out. Their churches have a quietness and solemnity that makes one realize he is in a house dedicated to God—even despite the statues. Both qualities far too often are missing in many Protestant churches.

Kneelers Not Unique, He Says

WALTER T. GANDEK, *Pastor*
Simpson Methodist Church
Old Bridge, N.J.

In the November article, 5 *Distinctive New Churches*, a picture caption on page 41 refers to "Kneeling benches, believed to be unique in Methodism" at Manhattan Avenue Methodist Church in Tampa, Fla.

The Florida Methodists are not the only ones with kneeling benches. The church which I now serve had kneel-

ing benches installed when the present building was completed in February 1962. They are used each Sunday by a majority of the congregation when they actively join in the prayer of confession. They also see extensive use during services of Holy Communion.

The first reaction of many new people is one of mild surprise. But after two or three Sundays, this is followed by the feeling that the benches add much to the worship experience.

Georgians Have Them, Too!

A. J. BRUYERE, *Pastor*
Porter Memorial Methodist Church
Porterdale, Ga.

Just to set the record straight: When we built the Aldersgate Methodist Church in Augusta, Ga., we incorporated the use of kneeling benches. They were put into use in July, 1962.

Lessons, Humor Mingle

MRS. GORDON MORANVILLE
Bayard, Nebr.

How many of us search for inspirational reading but fail to seek it in commonplace media? I heartily agree with Robert Short in his conclusions about *Charlie Brown—The Theologian!* [December, 1964, page 43].

My attention was called to the *Peanuts* comic strip by my husband, who felt its impact on a dull morning spirit and realized it should be taken religiously. The comic contains a source of spiritual lessons intermingled with spontaneous humor.

Mrs. Brown Noticed, Too

MRS. CHARLIE BROWN
Findlay, Ohio

Oh! Good grief, Robert Short!

Peanuts Misappropriated

IRA M. WHEATLEY, *Minister*
School of Religion, Univ. of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

The unrestrained allegorizing represented in Robert Short's *Charlie Brown—The Theologian!* is not new in Christian apologetics, but I wonder if it has been carried to more ridiculous extremes. As a student of the Bible and a loyal partisan of Charlie Brown, I submit that both have been violated by the shotgun wedding in which Mr. Short has united them.

It seems to me that in his eagerness to bind Charles M. Schulz's work upon the Procrustean bed of Christological orthodoxy, Mr. Short has seriously misappropriated the very considerable insights into the human situation which *Peanuts* does indeed offer.

If a biblical analogy must be drawn, then it is not at all to the New Testament *kerygma*, but rather to the wisdom literature of the Old Testament and the ancient Near East generally that the cartooned aphorisms correspond.

Mr. Short's flights of fanciful analysis would have described a less erratic course, I think, if he really had understood the "Lucian" saying which he included early in his article: "No matter how hard I try, I can't read between the lines."

Bibles in Glove Compartments

MRS. LYLE LARKEY
El Monte, Calif.

You and Charles Schulz meant it in fun when you ran the *Teens Together* cartoon showing the teen-ager asking about placing Bibles in glove compartments of cars. [See November, 1964, page 57.] But lately I saw an article in another magazine about John W. Hedges, a car dealer in Indianapolis, Ind., who does just that. Since his conversion in a Billy Graham crusade in 1959, Mr. Hedges has given away 8,000 copies of the New Testament by placing them in the glove compartments of automobiles sold by his agency.

Approves Gildea's Statement

E. M. JONES
Denver, Colo.

Thank you and Robert L. Gildea for his statement, *Sometimes the church's approach opens it to criticism*, which was a part of the *Powwow, Should Christians Mix in Politics?* [November, 1964, page 14].

I am appalled and terrified at the dictatorship of "political considerations" from the paid employees of The Methodist Church. It seems to me that all Methodist literature implies that we members are "ignorant or have unworthy motives."

'Leftists Doing More Harm'

CHARLES WHITE
Sioux Falls, S.Dak.

I believe that many church people will resent the news story on *National Group to Counter Ultraright Propaganda* in the December, 1964, issue of *TOGETHER* [page 8]. Who is spreading propaganda these days anyway?

Some readers of your magazine may be willing to be brainwashed, along with many other Americans, into believing that the so-called ultrarightists are a vicious lot; but the leftists and

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liberals are doing much more harm.

I am alarmed when a paper sent into our home by one of the largest religious denominations comes out against these patriotic groups but says not a word about godless communism itself.

Headlines or Converts?

HARRY M. STRAINE, JR.
Sacramento, Calif.

An article in your December issue reports the activities of "prominent churchmen" in the Council for Civic Responsibility. This group, your article states, is looking into the activities of 12 interlocking organizations, including Americans for Constitutional Action of which I am a member.

If these "prominent churchmen" investigate the activities of the board of directors of Americans for Constitutional Action, they will find themselves investigating Mr. Edgar Eisenhower, brother of our former President.

Could this type of activity be one of the reasons our denomination has slipped from first to second place in U.S. Protestant membership? Are our "prominent churchmen" more interested in headlines than Christian converts?

Church-State Wall Breached

MRS. V. V. RUCKMAN
Eugene, Oreg.

The Council for Civic Responsibility, the Internal Revenue Service, and the others who are studying the status of right-wing religious organizations have an important and difficult task ahead. I hope such studies will not be confined just to right-wing groups.

Much of the literature from Methodist and other Protestant groups that has come to me during the last two presidential campaigns has contained material of a highly political nature. In fact, the positions taken and the statements made by many responsible Protestant church leaders seemed to disregard the basic philosophy of separation of church and state.

Someone has said that if an idea agrees with yours, it is acceptable, but if it differs from yours, it is political. Some statements are indeed difficult to classify.

Different Title Needed

MRS. OLAF C. KETELS
Wyncote, Pa.

I have always received my copy of TOGETHER with pleasure; and when the December issue arrived, I eagerly started to read it, expecting to enjoy something very special for the Christmas season.

Instead, I was distressed and indeed shocked to read the story, 'Remember Grandmother as She Used to Be' [page 30]. What was the point of a story like

that in a Christian magazine? A more appropriate title would have been "Living Too Long."

To a happy grandmother of nine, the story sounds like one coming from the cruel and selfish world in which we live. Do we need another commandment: "Honor thy grandmother and grandfather"?

Artist's Work Applauded

RAYMOND J. BAILEY, Pastor
Sergeant Bluff, Iowa

Thank you for *Japan's No. 1 Christian Artist* [December, 1964, page 35]. This is one of the best color sections that I can remember in TOGETHER. There will be complaints, of course, that Tadao Tanaka's work is not more pretty, conventional—and shopworn. Nevertheless, thank you.

A Waste of Space

OTTIS AARLYS HOUGE
Pasadena, Calif.

I enjoy your magazine, and your Christmas number is lovely—except for the center color section. Why waste time, money, and space for such an ad as this? I had to tear these pages out so I would not have to look at them again!

Don't Preach, Practice!

SUSAN WEBB
Godfrey, Ill.

I enjoyed *Where Are Their Manners* by James J. Cox [November, 1964, page 22]. It reminded me of a song in which the parents ask: Why can't the kid be like we were, perfect in every way?

This is not meant to be a stab against our parents; however, it shows how an attitude can be carried to extremes. The best possible way, I believe, to cultivate good manners among teen-agers is for parents to start early and set good examples by their own actions. In other words, practice rather than preach!

Fallacious Reasoning, He Says

PAUL H. WRAGG, Chaplain
Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.

I am a Methodist dedicated to the cause of abstinence, although the total abstinence rule does strike me as a bit pharisaical. However, you have published two recent letters which demand response. I refer to *He Found an Answer* [October, 1964, page 70] and *Six Different Meanings* [November, 1964, page 70].

There are many valid arguments for abstinence. But we should never sink to selling a good idea with fallacious and specious reasoning. Falsehood in support of truth is still false. We must be honest with ourselves and others. We cannot and should not try to sell our ideas with shoddy scholarship and jack-

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leg ideas of biblical exegesis by untrained minds.

Charles E. Tilson in his book *Should Christians Drink?* (Abingdon, \$2) faces honestly what every Bible student should know: Jews in general and Jesus in particular drank wine—honest-to-goodness, sure-enough, intoxicating wine. Probably they drank it by preference, too. The Jews worshiped with it, and the ritual prayer of the Passover thanks God for the fruit of the vine that "gladdens the heart." The Bible simply does not enjoin total abstinence and doesn't even say much about drunkenness.

The Methodists stand for abstinence. Fine; let's get the word around. But, and I say this with reverence, for Christ's sake, let us be honest about it.

Two Different Words

M. A. KUNKLE, *Pastor*
Deerfield, Ohio

Publication of Helen Spafford's letter, *Six Different Meanings* [November, 1964, page 70], is disturbing to me, for I believe it shows a lack of careful editorial work on the part of your staff.

Miss Spafford wrote that she had found six meanings to the Greek word *oivos*. I refer you to page 1207 of *A Greek-English Lexicon*, edited by Henry G. Liddell and Robert Scott (Oxford University Press, \$22.40, abridged edition, \$3.20).

In this work, accepted as the standard in the field, the Greek word *oivos* means only one thing: wine. The word *ovós* means fruit of the vine.

The battle against alcoholism is hard enough. Letters of this sort do not help at all.

Shakespeare's Title Fits

S. I. DAUBENSPECK
Decatur, Ill.

Thanks for *God's Work—Or Busy-work?* [December, 1964, page 14]. My wife and I feel the article is exceptionally good and timely. The title of a famous play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, seems to fit the life of a great many church members.

Encouraged to Think

W. EUGENE NOTZ, M.D.
Penfield, N.Y.

I heartily agree with *Who Cares?* [December, 1964, page 13]. The "involvement" in the more vital aspects of life which this *Viewpoint* talks about is precisely what is too often lacking today. The necessity for taking a "point of view" follows if we are to put an end to the popular attitude of detachment which this article so well describes.

Speaking as a layman, I appreciate this type of encouragement to think creatively. One sometimes fears that

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the church is overly concerned about such practical subjects as parking facilities, efficiency, and membership rolls.

Our turbulent society poses continuing obstacles to the effective mission of Jesus Christ. Many Methodists wish to probe more deeply into methods the church can use to accomplish its timeless purpose. We have much to be thankful for when Methodist leadership treats these efforts with sympathy and encouragement. Your *Viewpoint* is a good example of this.

'I Will'—Not 'I Do'

W. L. STAFFORD, Pastor
St. Paul Methodist Church
Dayton, Ohio

Your December *Viewpoint* titled *Who Cares?* is excellent but must have been written by a non-Methodist. Our marriage ceremony does not use "I do" but "I will."

Also, *Charlie Brown—The Theologian!* is about the best, in my opinion, that you have published to date.

A Distressing Echo

CARL H. LARSON
New Wilmington, Pa.

The feigned shock voiced in your December *Viewpoint*, *Who Cares?* was the distressing echo of a public choice of ill construction. The very tone of the article registered the shock that a fat woman expresses when she notes that her continued gluttony has resulted in progressive weight increase.

The 1964 national election gave the mandate of cynicism, immorality, and indifference to a political machine which adds new luridness daily to the sullied name of politics.

Professional bleeding hearts like Mr. Norman Cousins, whom you quoted, need not look far for the reasons why this nation is crusted over with a sickness unto death. Let those who sneered at the challenge of the statement "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. . . ." now pass silently in Saturday review.

TOGETHER's editors certainly are capable of better than their efforts in the December issue—but, who cares?

Disappointed by 'Litany'

MRS. W. W. CASE
Kalamazoo, Mich.

I am disappointed with a *Litany* [November, page 28] and the cartoons which accompanied it. But perhaps I should not be surprised, since I had seen the earlier November, 1962, issue of *motive* magazine from which the cartoons were reprinted.

I hope parents will take a second look at these cartoons and realize that they are from a magazine for college students. I am a Methodist "preacher's

kid," and I do not believe that changing times require such a disgusting change in Christian teaching nor downright subversion of our basic Christian principles and attitudes.

If this is the kind of garbage TOGETHER plans to send into my home you may cancel my subscription. It is not fit for my family's reading!

But She Approved

MRS. RUBY BLEDSOE
Wisdom, Mont.

Thank you for TOGETHER. The November issue is superb. A *Litany* by David Head is worth much more than the subscription price even if the other excellent articles and pictures had been left out.

I have an old Methodist hymnbook copyrighted in 1848, which I would like to give to some Methodist collector. My mother's oldest brother carried through the Civil War, and the book is gone, along with the last index page, but the rest is in good condition. There is no music, just the words of 1,148 hymns.

With the back missing, the book is not a collector's item, but it would be of interest to a student of church music.

Concerned About Teens

MRS. LLOYD SHANNON
New Albany, Ind.

I trust that in publishing *A Clue for Teens* [December, 1964, page 51] you are not condoning or suggesting that this kind of activity should be used to draw young people into all Methodist churches. I am deeply concerned too, for the minister who will follow the Rev. Robert Blaney, especially if he is a man with convictions that "these things ought not to be."

I pray that our vision of the work of our Lord and Savior be pure and undefiled and that we may not forget his words: "My house shall be called a house of prayer. . . ."

Another 'Fine Moment'

FLOYD MULKEY
Chicago, Ill.

I have just read *Football's Finest Moment* [October, 1964, page 33], and it reminded me of a similar incident in my own experience, an equally fine moment 42 years ago.

This happened in Topeka, Kans., in 1922 when Baker University's football team was playing Washburn University. Just before the end of the first half, a high Baker kick sailed over the head of the Washburn safety. He jumped high in the air but barely touched the ball. Quick as a flash, our captain, Herbert Friend, picked up the ball and ran for a touchdown, but the referee disallowed the score, denying that the safety had touched the ball.

During the argument, the Washburn

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safety stepped up and admitted he had touched the ball, but the referee stuck with his decision. We did go on to win the game in the second half, but for me the unforgettable play was made by that Washburn safety. He was a boy by the name of White. Perhaps some TOGETHER reader may know him.

Dr. Coke's Arrival: 1786

W. THOMAS SMITH, *Pastor*

Young Harris Mem. Meth. Church Athens, Ga.

Thank you for the splendid photographs of Antigua: *Cradle of West Indies Methodism* [December, 1964, page 75]. But permit me two observations:

The article refers to Dr. Thomas Coke's arrival in Antigua on Christmas morning in 1787. Actually, his *Journal* reveals that the year was 1786.

Regarding John Baxter's ordination, the actual event did not take place at the 1784 Christmas Conference but at Baltimore, Md., on June 2, 1785. Dr. Coke's *Journal* substantiates this.

Your article gives added impetus, not only to interest in the West Indies, but to Thomas Coke and other missionary pioneers.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Postman and/or Photographer. The tribute to postmen which begins "Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night stays these couriers . . ." was written by the Greek historian Herodotus in describing Persian messengers more than 2400 years ago. He could have been talking about today's serious photographers, also.

Consider William Leasure and his wife who set out in a sleet storm in Des Moines, Iowa, to make our cover photograph. They decided the scene they had in mind was there on the grounds of the state capitol. Mr. Leasure set up his tripod-mounted Argus C3. Mrs. Leasure held a piece of cardboard over the camera to protect it from the sleet. With the lens open at f/3.5, they exposed a frame of Daylight Kodachrome for six minutes.

As you can see, the reflections of the yellow lights against the frozen sleet-covered trees and bushes gave them the picture they wanted and made the camera expedition worthwhile.

... But a word of precaution: if your next camera expedition is on a slippery day or at a dangerous location, watch your step. A photographer we know climbed to the top of a ski slide for the picture he wanted, slipped, and ended up as a ski jumper sans skis!

Here are picture credits for this issue:

Cover—William F. Leasure • Second Cover Top L.—*Together*, Bot.—Lovely Lane Museum • Page 1 Top L.—Charles Cox, Bot.—The Rev. Horace F. Henry • 3—Wide World Photos • 6—Methodist Board of Missions • 8 Bot.—Northwestern University • 21-22-23 Top—Robert L. Parks • 23 Bot.—Jerry Heiman • 24 Bot.—The Phillip Lesly Company • 25 Top—Elmer J. Kirk, Bot.—U.S. Army • 26 Top—Fred H. Straub • 32—James S. Rayner • 34—Bruce Montgomery • 45—General Development Corp. • 46 & 47—Del E. Wehler Corp. • 60—From *The Silent Traveller* in San Francisco by Chiang Yec, courtesy W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. • 76—Third Cover—Harold J. Flecknoe • Second Cover Top R.—1 Top R.—8-24 Top-51-52-53-57—George P. Miller.

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MITTENS for FRIENDSHIP

By VIRGINIA H. MAAS



*"There's that funny, new kid.
Let's try these snowballs out on him!"*

IT WAS A great day for a snowball fight. The swirling snow was getting deeper by the minute.

Kenny and his pal, Chubby, were packing snowballs and piling them behind the snow fort they had built—in case some of their buddies came by.

It was cold, but the boys were bundled up warmly. Kenny was toasty warm in his fleece-lined Christmas jacket, and the woolly, red mittens Grandmother had knitted for him. Kenny was proud of those mittens. Grandmother had put a big white *K* for Kenny on the back of each one. No other kid in his room at school had mittens like them.

Just then a hunched figure

rounded the corner. He wore a thin jacket and patched jeans, and he was clutching a loaf of bread in cold, red hands.

"Hey, look. There's that funny, new kid," said Chubby. "Karlo. What a name! Sounds like a girl's. He can't even talk English right." Chubby scooped up a snowball. "Let's try this out on him." Chubby heaved the hardpacked ball. It hit Karlo squarely on the side of the head and smashed into a mushy spray. Karlo glared and wiped the snow out of his collar. But he didn't cry or run. Instead he threw down the loaf of bread, scooped up a snowball of his own, and flung it wildly at Chubby.

"Missed me! Missed me! Yah! Yah!" taunted Chubby. The snowballs flew thick and fast and soon Karlo grabbed up his loaf of bread and ran.

"Did he scam fast!" shouted Kenny. "What a spook!" They collapsed on the ground in peals of laughter.

"Oh, Kenny," called a familiar voice. It was Kenny's mother coming around the corner from the store carrying a bag of groceries. "Was that Karlo Escarey I saw running off?" The boys got up and scuffed the snow.

"Yes'm," replied Kenny. He suddenly didn't think the whole thing was so funny.

"I hope you boys invited him to play with you. He must be very lonely. His mother died recently, and he and his father came over from Italy to be with Karlo's aunt. But his father hasn't found a job yet, since he doesn't speak English

well. The Woman's Society a church is gathering some clothes for Karlo. I doubt if the boy has a warm jacket." She smiled at them.

"If you boys get cold, come on over, and I'll fix you two a cup of hot chocolate. I have some sugar cookies just out of the oven."

"Mmm, no thanks, Mrs. Martin," mumbled Chubby. "Guess I better be getting home."

Kenny took the grocery sack, and walked home silently beside his mother. When he got there, he couldn't even eat a sugar cookie.

On Monday morning, Kenny looked for Karlo on the playground at school. He called to him when he saw the small, hunched figure. But instead of waiting, Karlo scooped up a snowball and hurled it at Kenny. Mickey Jones and Archie Leeds ran up then and began pelting Karlo with snowballs.

"Com' on, Ken," Mickey yelled. "Let's give it to him!"

"No, you guys!" shouted Kenny. "Cut it out."

"Aw, com' on, Ken," yelled Archie. "We saw you 'n' Chubby goin' for him Saturday."

Karlo didn't have a chance. He finally turned his back and hunched over trying to warm his cold, wet hands under his arms.

Karlo didn't have a chance with Chubby and me, either, thought Kenny. And because we picked on him, now the other kids are picking on him.

Suddenly Kenny ran to Karlo's side. Pulling off his own red mittens, he thrust them at the shivering boy.

"Now, com' on, man, throw!"



Karlo grinned and pulled on the mittens. For the next few minutes the snowballs flew furiously, until Archie and Mickey fled. Then Kenny turned to Karlo.

"Sorry about Saturday," said Kenny. "It wasn't fair."

"That's OK," replied Karlo. He started to pull off the mittens to hand them back to Kenny. Kenny shook his head.

"You keep 'em. I've got some others in my locker. The K is for Karlo, too."

For a moment, Karlo looked at Kenny. Then he stuck out a red-mittened hand.

"My friend," said Karlo.

"My friend," replied Kenny, and they shook. □

A-Dios

Would you like to learn a prayer for mealtime in the Spanish language? Surprise your family with this one tonight. Pronounce every letter clearly.

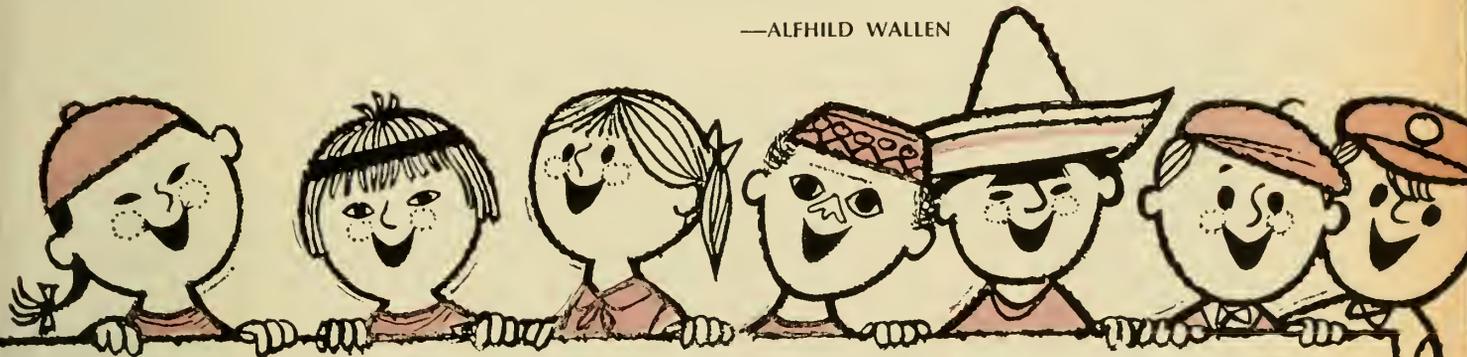
Yo doblo las manos,
Me inclino la cabeza,
Te doy gracias, a Dios,
Por el pan diario.

Amen

*I fold my hands,
I bow my head,
And thank thee, Lord,
For daily bread.*

Amen

—ALFHILD WALLEN



IT'S SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY TODAY

Words - Gina Bell-Zano

Music - Nakulak



It's some-bo-dy's birth-day to-day. May-be some-one who lives'cross the way. May-be



some-one from o-ver the sea In Spain, France or I-ta-ly. It's



some-bo-dy's birth-day to-day. I thought it would be fun to say No



mat-ter how near or how far you maybe, Hap-py Birth-day to you from me.



Is thy heart right, as
my heart is with thine?
Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give
thee the right hand
of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Gottings

Humor and religion . . . we're glad they mix. One of this month's contributor who makes no claim to sour godliness is the **Rev. Romey P. Marshall**, editor, preacher, writer, and a fun-lover who doesn't devote all his time to such serious minded articles as *Roman Catholic Worship: The New Look* [page 49]. When he recently served as summer pastor of a Methodist church in London, where the congregation customarily followed worship with tea in the social room, he found it difficult to adjust to the long services the regular pastor customarily conducted.



Dr. Marshall

"At my first service," he reports, "I left out two of the six hymns sung, and preached my usual 20-minute sermon. Then, when I pronounced the benediction and invited the congregation to go to the social room for tea, the leading layman stood in the door with outstretched arms, barring the way.

"I beg your pardon," he said loudly. 'Since Dr. Marshall has omitted two hymns and preached such a short sermon, the pot isn't boiling yet.'"

The ensuing laughter, he tells us, set the stage for a delightful evening—and closer ties, no doubt, between English Methodism and Dr. Marshall—who became known as "The Lost Editor" back in the States because he wrote about humorous misadventures while traveling around North Carolina for that state's Methodist publication.

One night, as he sat undecided in front of what he hoped was his destination, an automobile pulled up.

"This is the place, Dr. Marshall," a woman assured him.

The preacher-editor wanted to know how the lady, whom he had never met, was able to recognize him.

"That's easy," she replied. "You're lost, aren't you?"

Then there's **Judge Lawson Cloninger** of Fort Smith, Ark., whose important contribution to this issue is for the Powwow, *Are Parents Too Soft?*, beginning on page 26. He writes: "About two years ago a small, elderly woman came into court to be with her grandson who was charged with a minor offense. After the trial, she came back to my office and asked if she could speak with the judge. When I told her I was the judge, she was obviously skeptical. "'You look so much littler back here than you did out there!'"

Almost every month we add one or more housewife-writers to our list of contributors. **Mrs. Patience H. Zawadsky** [see *Paulie Takes the I.Q.*, page 19] works at both so hard that she calls herself a "housewright," says she couldn't stop writing if she tried, and adds: "When my children are asked to draw pictures of the family in school, they invariably draw 'mommy' at a typewriter."



Mr. Manzano

Theodore Manzano turned writer when he visited Mayville, Mich., and was so impressed by the Christian hospitality there that he had to tell the world about it in *Host Town to the World*, beginning on page 21. "In the last 10 years (as a Spanish-speaking interpreter for the U.S. Department of State) I have traveled the length and breadth of this great land with some 40 visiting foreign delegations. . . . They constantly direct my attention to significant aspects of our way of life. They have taught me to examine my country more closely and to gain a deeper understanding of it. Through them I have received my share of 'foreign aid.'"

—YOUR EDITORS

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Scouts Sho

RELIGIOUS bodies sponsor almost half the Boy Scout units serving some 4 million boys in the U.S., and The Methodist Church, identified with Scouting almost from its beginning 55 years ago, sponsors more than any other denomination.

Many churches are not sponsoring agencies, but they do participate in the movement with special observances of Boy Scout Sunday—such as that at Asbury Methodist Church, Harrington, Del.

The local troop, sponsored by the Harrington Lions Club, moved in on a Friday evening to transform the church parking lot into an imaginary forest. Tents went up and campfires glowed, opening a program that continued through Sunday.

With emphasis on the final point of Scout law—reverence—the 78 uniformed Scouts marched to the 11 a.m. service for a sermon on



Bacon sizzles and eggs fry over a campfire—a unique scene on a Sunday morning in the Asbury Church parking lot! These Scouts later donned clean uniforms to attend worship services.

Out-of-doors in brisk weather, in uniform now, some older boys stand with Scoutmaster Louis H. Kemp to take turns reading verses from the Bible. Younger Scouts are inside the church attending regular Sunday-morning classes.



their Skills

brotherhood and the awarding of Life, Star, and Eagle ranks to four members.

"Such an observance," declared the Rev. Olin J. Shockley, Jr., then pastor, "helps tie the church more closely with the Scout movement."

Mr. Shockley now is pastor at Richardson Park Church, Wilmington, Del., sponsor of four Scout units—Boy Scout, Cub Scout, Girl Scout, and Brownie troops—and an Explorer unit. In the past, the Rev. Rollan E. Ferry, now the Harrington pastor, also has been active in Scouting. Both have worked with boys in the thorough, pastor-directed religious program required for the God and Country award, one of Scouting's most cherished honors.

They agree that the church and Scouting should continue to strengthen the ties of more than half a century. □

Mrs. Calvin Wells adds the Eagle award to badges earned by her son Donald, an Explorer Scout at 14. At right is the Rev. Olin J. Shockley, Jr., then Asbury's pastor.



The Scouts march together to attend eleven o'clock services inside the 105-year-old church.

Following church, members of the congregation linger to inspect the camp as Harrington Scouts show their skills.



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