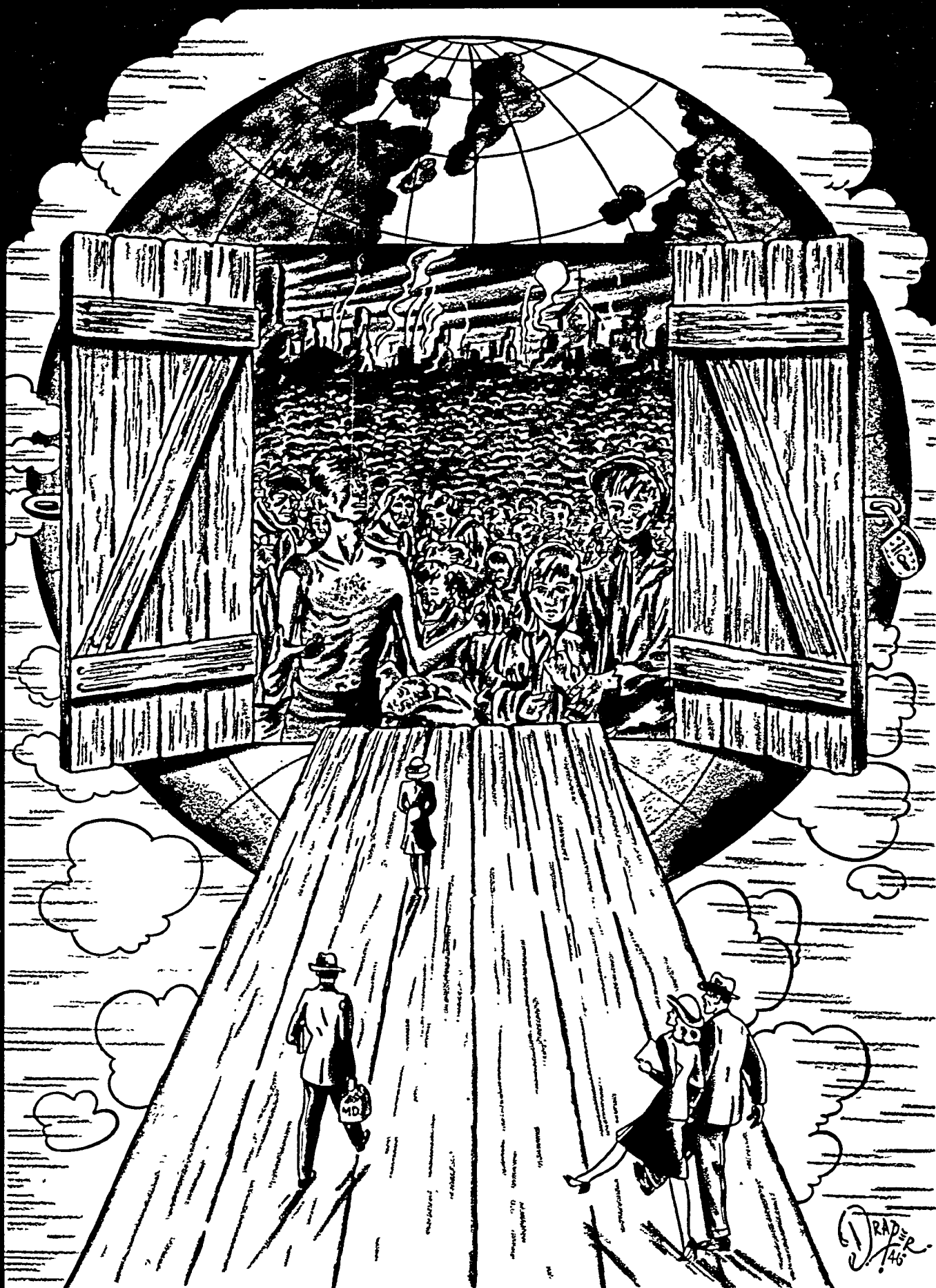


OPEN  
DOORS

So few  
for so many?



June 1946

# The Commission

A BAPTIST WORLD JOURNAL

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A BAPTIST WORLD JOURNAL

E. C. Routh, Editor-in-Chief

Marjorie E. Moore, Managing Editor

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**JUNE 1946**

**Volume IX Number 6**

We Want to Do More . . . . .	John H. Buchanan	1
My Neighbors' Children . . . . .	Elsie Thomas Culver	2
Seed Corn of the Earth . . . . .	H. I. Hester	5
Elizabeth Hale Is Home Again . . . . .	Marjorie E. Moore	7
Baptist Life—Jerusalem to Belgrade . . . . .	George W. Sadler	9
Home Missions Needs Volunteers . . . . .	Courts Redford	11
I Found a Brother in Tokyo . . . . .	Carl M. Halvarson	12
The End of a Long Trail . . . . .	Charles E. Maddry	14
In Memoriam: Robert Thomas Bryan . . . . .		15
Pedro's Investment . . . . .	Vivian A. Bruner	29

## Pictorial

Open Doors . . . . .	John Draper	Cover
Forty-Four Recruits . . . . .		16

## Departments

Kingdom Facts and Factors . . . . .	W. O. Carver	4
Editorial . . . . .		18
Epistles from Today's Apostles . . . . .		22
Books . . . . .		27
Studying Missions . . . . .		28
June Birthdays of Missionaries . . . . .		30
News Flashes . . . . .		31
Because you gave to World Emergency Relief . . . . .		32

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## *We Want to Do More*

The Executive Committee takes to the Miami meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention recommendations for a great forward movement by the churches of the Convention. These recommendations are in response to a "ground swell" among the people, demanding that we gird ourselves for a big task next year. This feeling is due to three things.

First: Not since 1919, at the close of World War I, has the Southern Baptist Convention launched a special program for the capital needs of its agencies. We have majored in recent years on the payment of debts, but the Southern Baptist Convention has been debt-free since 1944. Practically every state convention and the majority of our local churches have liquidated their indebtedness. Several state conventions very wisely have launched intensive campaigns for funds to meet urgent capital needs of state agencies. It is the opinion of many that the Southern Baptist Convention should exercise the same wisdom in launching a campaign for capital needs of its agencies.

Second: There is a growing sentiment that in our foreign mission enterprise we must provide ample funds not only to rehabilitate the property destroyed in World War II, but to enlarge our missionary forces and enter open doors that exist around the globe.

If there were no higher motive, enlightened self-interest would demand that we strengthen and enlarge our mission effort. The preaching of the gospel of Christ is the only guarantee of permanent world peace. The most effective investment for world peace is the missionary enterprise.

But Southern Baptists are motivated by a nobler and finer thing than self-interest in their desire to enlarge their missionary program. They are sensitive to the command of the Master to go into all the world with the gospel. They cannot escape a sense of responsibility to minister to human want. They have the ethical compulsion to share with all men the truth which has blessed and strengthened their own lives.

Third: Never in the history of our Convention have our people been so well able, financially, to respond to a compelling objective. Unencumbered with debt, and blessed with increased national income, they know that it is within the range of reason and good business judgment to raise additional funds for an enlarged program.

Beyond question, if our people are informed, our forces are organized, and the appeal is made to the last church in our Convention, the greatly enlarged goal to be recommended by the Executive Committee for 1947 can be reached. Such a movement will bring a spiritual awakening to our whole territory.

God calls, an impoverished world begs, doors are open that may be closed tomorrow. All of this compels Southern Baptists to recognize their opportunity and to seek to discharge their obligation in a manner worthy of great strength and traditions.

By  
John H. Buchanan

# My Neighbors' Children



In Yugoslavia, formerly a land of plenty, a destitute woman feeds her grandchild whose parents were killed by the barbarous attacks on civilians. Most orphans are homeless.

Photo courtesy United Yugoslav Relief

Sometimes at night I dream about my neighbors' children.

Not the rosy-faced little people who scamper past my window on their way to school. Not the "high school crowd" who swarm around the lunch counter of the neighborhood drug store of a late afternoon. Not the little boy who got a motor-driven model yacht for his birthday, or the girl who wails, with real tragedy in her voice, "But, Mother, *every girl in school* will have a new dress for the party!"

No, it is the other children I dream about. But they are my neighbors in this "one world" of 1946, and what happens to them concerns me.

I see a pale and listless youngster huddled in the doorway of an unheated house in a poor and crowded section of Paris, coughing spasmodically. Her small brother, playing near-by, has ugly sores on his hands and thin, little bowed legs. They have never had milk to drink regularly, and few fresh vegetables. Orange juice is unknown to them.

I see the children on the streets of Amsterdam in winter, their bare feet red and raw with the cold. Some of the little fellows have men's shoes, many times too big for them, probably acquired—legitimately or otherwise—from army sources. Some have wooden soles tied to their feet by strings which cut into their bare little ankles and make them bleed.

I see a young Polish girl, perhaps sixteen, in a displaced persons' camp. She is going to have a baby. She is crying from sheer loneliness, for so far as she knows she has no one left in the world and she cannot imagine how she is going to take care of the child.

I see a little crippled baby in a children's home near Prague. And other newborn babies wrapped in newspaper, because there are no diapers or other clothing for them. And one little baby of Slovakia is dead. There was less than half a cup of milk a day for him, and he just couldn't live.

There is a three-year-old at Caen, screaming in terror at the red-mouthed rat that peers out from the corner of the make-shift shelter in the midst of

## By Elsie Thomas Culver

the rubble pile that was once a home.

There are the crowds of scuffling children outside the mess halls in almost every army center, waiting, hoping that one of the soldiers may have a bit of something left over—or maybe a chocolate bar.

I see gangs of young people living by their wits, without schooling or discipline.

I see children who have never known what it is to be happy and gay and carefree, who have lost family and home and friends. I see them cold and hungry, without any proper clothing or shoes, and most of all, lonely and bewildered and hardly daring to hope that anyone in the whole wide world cares in the least what happens to them.

These are the children who haunt my dreams. These are the children who I hope will haunt all our dreams, here in America, until we give in some measure worthy our name as Christians to alleviate their misery.

UNRRA, it is true, is doing much. Only such an intergovernmental organization can hope to cope with the tremendous needs. But UNRRA does not concern itself primarily with children. Nor can it, by its very nature, bring them the help they need in the framework of worldwide Christian love and understanding. If we are ever to build a better world, we must somehow reach children, everywhere, with a clear and vivid demonstration of the power of that love. And we must do it now. Now, when their need is so great. Now, before the cynicism bred of want has completely replaced the high idealism of the day of liberation. Now, while the contrast is so shocking between our own ration-free dinner tables and their pitifully meager diets, or between the luxury goods that are again flooding our shops and their thin little rags.

It is important that the children of the world be fed and clothed.

But it is equally important that they be loved and understood and that their faith in and planning for the future should be on a Christian foundation.



AP Photo by Max Desfor

A Tokyo mother : take care of her own child while she works for food to live on.

### Here are so : ways you can help:

1. Save food. Support the Government's food conservation program to help meet the present world food crisis:  
Send letters and telegrams to the President and to representatives and senators in Congress in support of effective action by the Government.  
Practice the voluntary rationing of your own use of those foods so vitally needed in other lands.
2. Share your possessions.  
**Clothing:** Woolen clothing for Europe, cotton for Asia, underclothes, stockings, coats, dresses, mufflers, layettes, diapers and shoes.  
**Food:** It is more economical to send cash, checks, or money orders for bulk purchase and shipment of foodstuffs overseas. One dollar buys about two pounds of dried milk—thirty-six to forty cups. Many families welcome an "unseen guest" to their table by setting a place for an imaginary child, and dropping an offering into his bowl at each meal.
3. Make things to send.  
Reclaim used garments into simple clothing for children.  
Assemble layettes, and crochet or knit baby garments.  
Make blankets out of woolen swatches or squares of knit or woven yarn.  
Make toy animals out of odd bits of cloth.
4. Give money through your own church to be sent to Europe or Asia for re-establishing the life and work of churches there, making the church central in the rebuilding communities: church orphanages, young people's training classes, hospitals for crippled children, Christian literature for church schools.
5. Spread the word. Preach from the housetops that the American people *must not waste* the food and clothing that would be *life itself* overseas.



## Some Major Tensions

By W. O. Carver

The present world situation and the outcome for a considerable period ahead presents, among other things, certain tensions which must seriously affect all progress toward world order, world community, and durable peace.

### Vatican Versus Soviet

There has emerged a deep rivalry between the Roman Catholic Church and the Russian Government and system. The Church from its Vatican center is aggressive in its antagonism toward what it describes as an atheistic, secular program which conflicts directly with the interests of religion, the rights of man, and the claims of the Church.

On its part the Russian Government pursues its expansive way and looks upon the Pope and the Church as inimical to the legitimate plans of the Soviets and the growing welfare of mankind. For the most part it is not conducting a campaign of propaganda. That is not the way of the Russian Government. It does strike back from time to time when that seems to be necessary for maintaining the morale of its own constituency and its standing with the leadership of other nations.

The Roman Church justly fears the attitude of Russia which is strengthening the position of the Orthodox Churches and is, unquestionably, successfully encouraging the transfer of allegiance of some of the sections of Roman Catholic Europe. It is also quite clear that the influence of the Russian policies will develop extensive conflicts with the vast new campaign of the Roman Church for increasing its position as the universal answer to the religious need of mankind. This conflict between two great orders will affect the interests of politics and of religion more and more.

### Two Competing Ideologies

It is impossible to obscure or to overlook the fact that Russian communism and American democracy are involved in a worldwide competition for the favor of the peoples of the world and for influencing the trends and developments in the direction of world comity and order. Russia is primarily concerned for social reorganization and for world influence in shaping the economic pattern and its political framework and support. This its leaders think essential to the future welfare and culture of the world. The United States theoretically believes in thorough-going application of the principle of a free democracy. But this interpretation is in terms of material prosperity.

This democratic freedom and prosperity must be extended to all peoples if it is to be fully successful anywhere. This is made the justification for a tremendous concern in America for the maintenance and extension of political influences and military power. There is also in the American conviction a deep belief that only in democracy can we hope to find the development of genuine human freedom for which the religious basis of the Christian faith is absolutely essential. This religious aspect is of major importance but seems always in danger of being obscured and subordinated by the secular aspects and ambitions of America's present position and world policy.

So far as the professed objective of Sovietism is concerned, the economic security and satisfaction of all people by means of a co-operative order is in itself a goal with which democracy could have no just quarrel. Its serious trouble is that it exalts to the central place in all its plans the "thing" measure of life and welfare. With this the Christian religion is radically in antagonism. Theoretically, democracy must reject the explicitly professed method of the Soviet system. Most important if America is to succeed, it must ground its own life and its offer to mankind in the fact of God and

in his act of redemption of man, both of which communism as a system rejects and denies.

It is the duty of America, through the proper channels to make clear these differences and to seek agreement and co-operation with the Russians in all their legitimate aims. Here is one of the extreme challenges to the Christian leadership and forces in America.

### Protestantism Versus Romanism

We are witnessing now the lifting into open discussion of the essential and abiding conflict between free and voluntary religion and of authoritarian, hierarchical, and sacramentarian control of the religious life of the world. In recent weeks the secular press, in some of its chief publications, is giving to this contest between two interpretations of Christianity a measure of publicity and discussion which have not obtained in Great Britain and America for many decades. The Roman Church seems to be losing its power for dominating a large section of the secular press in its own interests and to the disadvantage of evangelical denominations. There is need for careful consideration and humble seeking of the ways of conducting this "irrepressible conflict." It must have a tremendous bearing on the development of the world order.

The president of the Federal Council continues to speak out with vigor and directness concerning essential violations of the principle of freedom and to call attention to the fact that the papacy is basically and by explicit teaching autocratic and totalitarian. The ever-watchful propaganda agency is seeking to counter these exposures, but the basis for the claims is too secure for refutation. In the spirit of Christian toleration, yet with courage and loyalty, evangelical Christians must stand firmly for the faith and the freedom of the gospel. This is of peculiar importance in the present crisis.

# Seed Corn of the Earth

By H. I. Hester

An admirer of Adoniram Judson tells us that in the late years of his life a friend asked him the question, "Sir, if you had \$10,000 to invest in Kingdom work how would you do it?"

Judson replied, "If I had \$10,000 to put into the work of the kingdom of God I would put it in a small Christian college back in America, where in training young men and women you are planting the seed corn of the earth."

This statement by the great missionary indicates his thought of the relation between the work of foreign missions and Christian schools. It is well to remember that the first foreign mission enterprise on the American continent came from a college campus. A group of students, among whom was Samuel J. Mills, burdened with a sense of obligation to heathen peoples, met for prayer by a haystack in the fields near the campus of Williams College where they were students. From this now famous "haystack prayer meeting" came the inspiration of the movement that carried Adoniram Judson and Luther Rice to India.

As churches and denominations grew, they founded schools for the training of their leadership. Indeed, it may be said that the churches multiplied because of the schools which they established.

If this was true in the early days of American history, what about it today? The answer is, it is still true. The expansion of Baptist work has always gone on with a program of education. As civilization moved westward across the Allegheny Mountains and into the Mississippi Valley and out into the plains, churches have been accompanied by their schools. In the mountain regions and other remote areas the presence of schools, where there are students preparing for the ministry, has assured the founding of Baptist churches.

In the program of foreign missions, the same principle has worked. One of the indispensable agencies of work in pagan lands has been the founding and maintaining of schools for training native Christians.

Every informed Baptist knows that denominational schools furnish the vast majority of trained personnel for foreign mission fields. The percentage varies with different denominations but in all of them the great majority of workers in foreign fields are the products of their schools at home. It is not too much to say that without these schools our foreign mission agencies in America would be almost completely at a loss for recruits for their work abroad.

On the other hand, it should be said that these schools have great satisfaction and pride in their contribution to the foreign mission enterprise. Such achievements are in keeping with their philosophy and purpose. Christian higher education is concerned with the evangelizing and enlightening of all people, whether at home or abroad. The schools rejoice in the work of their alumni as foreign missionaries. They consider many of these alumni among their most deserving and illustrious graduates.

For example, the college with which I have the honor of being associated takes great pride in the distinguished contribution of such men as W. O.

Lewis, Everett Gill, Everett Gill, Jr., John W. Lowe, and Frank Connely.

This vital relationship between our Baptist schools and foreign missions must be maintained and strengthened. It is highly desirable that all Baptist people realize the close relationship between foreign missions and Christian higher education. We should think of them as one great enterprise. They are inseparably bound up with each other.

Our foreign mission boards wisely and rightly have high standards for those who are to serve abroad. They must be men and women of real character. They must be Christians who have had a vital, personal experience of faith. They must have real convictions, and the faculty for tactfully and forcefully imparting these convictions. They must be intelligent, cultured, and trained. Not only college education but professional training are recognized necessities. The type of training best suited to their needs is to be found in our Baptist colleges and seminaries.

Generally speaking, the potential leaders of mission work for the future are in our colleges and seminaries. They are alert, energetic, and eager to serve. They have vast possibilities for service. In these student bodies, there are several thousand young people, who should be informed about the possibilities of service on foreign fields and should be challenged by its opportunities. In the colleges are many young laymen and women who might be called of God for service on the foreign fields. Among these thousands of young people are numbers of "veterans"—men who have become internationally minded by their travel and experience in the war, many of them having lived on our so-called mission fields. Some of them have "found the church there." Many of them are now ready to accept the opportunity of mission work if it is brought to them.

We now have our greatest chance for world evangelization. The war is over. The doors are opening. The need is urgent. Let us stand together—or better, let us move together.

*Photo courtesy Mary Hardin-Baylor College*



The historic gates of one of the schools which "plants the seed corn of the earth."

**M**issionary Elizabeth Hale of Shanghai is at home on furlough. She is embarrassed and dismayed to find that, because she was the only one of eighty-eight Southern Baptist missionaries interned by the Japanese to remain in camp until V-J Day, she is a heroine to thousands of fellow Christians in the Southern states.

"I merely relinquished my priority on the *Gripsholm* to someone who had dependents or who was ill and needed to come home," says she. "I was signed up for the next boat—but it never came."

Miss Hale left Chapei Assembly Center September 1, after two and a half years' internment. She reached Seattle March 21. En route to her home at South Boston, Virginia, she spent a day at the Baptist Hospital in Lynchburg, to get a physical examination.

Her mail at home contained a note from me asking permission to visit her. "I shall be glad to have you," she replied by postal card. "Come any time and stay as long as you can. I am at home. I'd love listening to what you have to tell me about the folks there in Richmond and I'd love to tell you lots about the folks back in China."

One week from the day Elizabeth got home, I was in South Boston. I rang the old-fashioned doorbell on the two-story house at 1301 Washington Street, where the pharmacist downtown had told me she lived. A little gray-haired woman greeted me. She guessed who I was and said she'd call Elizabeth over from next door.

In the living room I was introduced to a tall, rather frail man—Elizabeth's "Uncle Zack," a bachelor who took in his widowed sister and her two little girls twenty-eight years ago and gave them a home.

Just as I was about to be seated, the door opened and the missionary walked in. As we greeted each other, I was aware of vivid blue eyes, cheeks that were pink without rouge and dimpled, healthy hair worn in braids about her head, a good complexion, sound teeth, and a vivacity born of sheer good health. The doctors had given her a complete O.K.

She caught me looking at her feet. "These shoes were my favorites in camp, and I like them so well, I wear

## Elizabeth Hale Is Home Again



Elizabeth's mother and her foster father "Uncle Zack" Neal welcomed her home from China March 26. The teapot and cups, and Chinese doll were her gifts to them.

them still." They were dark blue cloth shoes, ankle high, and fastened with zippers—excellent house shoes. Under a long smock of green broadcloth she wore a long-sleeved blue outing shirt and a dark blue woolen skirt, some three inches longer than mine. Clothes good enough for Chapei were good enough for South Boston in April.

After her mother and uncle excused themselves, Miss Hale suggested that we go to her room. She picked up a couple of apples and a paring knife in the kitchen, and we went upstairs. While she peeled the fruit, she quizzed me about everybody at the office, then began telling me about the missionaries who have returned to the Orient.

A knock on the door was answered gaily, and Ruth, the "kid" sister, now mother of three youngsters, came in bringing an electric heater. "Uncle Zack thinks everybody is as easily chilled as he," she said, after introductions, "and he insists that I connect this up for you. . . . And you ought to know better than to keep the window wide open!" With that Ruth crossed

the room and closed the window. Elizabeth laughed. "I can't live in a house at 80 degrees any more, and my family think I'm crazy!"

Photograph albums were brought out of the bureau drawers, and we went through them page by page. The missionary was fascinated, as she pointed out the picture of one Chinese after another. "I hadn't realized how much these children have grown. They are the pastor and teachers and workers in our church now. Back in 1934 and 1935 they had just been baptized!"

We were still looking at pictures when Mrs. Hale called us to come to dinner. Mr. Neal, their uncle, sat at the head of the table, Mrs. Hale opposite him, and the two sisters opposite me. Elizabeth ate well, several times stopping to exclaim about her mother's cooking: "Ummm! fresh turnip greens, cornbread and buttermilk! You don't know how hungry I've been for greens out of our garden!" She cleaned her plate of every crumb, and when her sister left food on her

*The Southern Baptist missionary who spent the war years in internment tells why, and what the experience means to her now.*

By Marjorie E. Moore

plate, gave her a mock lecture on her wastefulness.

As I ate I realized suddenly that I had been with Elizabeth Hale exactly three hours and still did not know why she declined repatriation, what camp was like after the other missionaries left, nor how she feels about it now. She had scarcely mentioned internment.

Mrs. Hale suggested that we all take naps after dinner, and I was distinctly relieved when Elizabeth laughed it off. Back upstairs, I decided to take the initiative in our conversation.

"Dr. Rankin has told me about the time you came to him as secretary for the Orient and said, 'If war comes, do I have to go home?' Thousands of people know that you are the only



"Kid" Sister Ruth, her dentist husband Harold Bailey, and their firstborn (named for the missionary in the family) delight in feeding Elizabeth Hale solid American food.

one of our missionaries who were interned throughout the war. They want to know how you are, why you stayed in China, and what you plan to do. They can't all come to spend the day in your home here, but I can and I want them to know you."

"Is that why you came to see me?" she asked earnestly. She was silent a long time—so long I began to think she would refuse to tell me anything about the experience. Then she said, "You know, this is the very first time that I have felt like a martyr to the cause!"

After a while she continued. "I'm glad you told me about Dr. Rankin. I thought maybe he had forgotten that conversation; I hoped he hadn't because I want him to understand. He's a great person! We miss him in the Orient."

Elizabeth was silent, looking away into space. At last she began talking. "Before Pearl Harbor, as early as 1937, I believe, some of us missionaries in Shanghai realized war might come. Some of the American boards ordered their missionaries home. I read in the paper about this board and that board demanding that their missionaries leave. Our Board never did that, and I am glad; I think it is wrong, because it leaves no room for the Spirit to work."

Miss Hale recalled then how, as things got worse, an announcement came for all Americans to sign up for transportation to the States. "Four of us decided not to go home. We talked it over with Dr. Williams [treasurer

of China missions], and told him that we—Inabelle Coleman, Juanita Byrd, Mary Lucile Saunders, and I—were prepared to stay with the Chinese and preferred not to go home."

The missionary described the interview with Dr. Williams as though she were reliving it. She said he was sympathetic but he stated that so long as there was a woman missionary of our Board in the Orient, the men would stay, too.

"That changed the situation for us," she said. "If our staying made it necessary for someone else to stay, we could not do it, and we all went down to the Dollar Line office to sign up. Then the attack came. We knew internment was inevitable because the Japanese were in Shanghai, but we worked right up until February 25, when we entered the camp—a college campus on the outskirts of the city."

"By early summer," she continued, "plans for repatriation were completed and the women internees were given priority on the *Gripsholm*. There were almost 2,000 internees—businessmen and their families, missionaries, Government people—and space on the boat for only a few hundred.

"The nineteen Southern Baptists all signed up for repatriation. Afterward I was not quiet about my decision to go home. I thought it over for several days, and finally, to think it through, I wrote down how I felt about it. One night after the prayer meeting of our group, I asked them to



The Neal-Hale home and the Bailey home are at 1301 and 1303 Washington Street, South Boston, Virginia



stay a little while, and I read them what I had written. I tried to let them know how I felt about my request for repatriation.

"It seemed selfish of me to take up space on that boat when I was entirely well and had not been sick a day in camp, and I had no dependents who needed me at home. *You* see how I am situated," she said to me at this point in the story, "My mother is well taken care of, my only sister is right next door, and they are both safe."

Miss Hale said she did not question the wisdom of the others' decision to go home. "I wanted them to understand that my decision to stay was in no way to reflect upon them. Each of us had to decide for himself what was best for him to do."

"And you fully expected to repatriate on the next boat?"

"Oh, yes," she declared. She leaned forward in her chair and her face was desperately serious as she said, "I so much want people to understand. This week I have a letter from some dear soul who writes a great deal about how 'brave' I was. That kind of thing makes me sick all the way down to here"—and she gripped her belt buckle! "I wasn't trying to be brave or heroic. I didn't even do it for the sake of my own convictions. It is perfectly

possible, you know, to be selfish in insisting on doing what one thinks is right when others disagree. I don't go against everybody else's judgment to follow my own. I am not such an individualist I can't be co-operative.

"For instance, this time I wanted to stay in Shanghai until my regular furlough, which is due in June, and I asked permission, but the Board requested me to come now and I came gladly."

By now I felt I had won her confidence. She knew that I had not come to get a sensational story. When I asked what she did in camp, she told me.

"I worked in the infirmary. I suppose you'd call it nurse's aide. At first we worked four and a half hours a day, but some people objected to that much camp duty, and they cut the time shorter. I had one day a week off. I used to take my books down to a clump of trees near the camp dump, and spend the afternoon studying Greek or Chinese, or reading."

"Was it hard, being interned by the enemy?" I asked.

"No. There were only ten to twenty guards on duty for the entire camp of 1,500. The children loved the guards, played with them regularly. I'm so glad those children will grow

up with no hatred of the Japanese," she said fervently.

"What got me worst of all," she continued, her eyes almost blazing, "was the littleness, the picayunishness of the internees under nervous tension. American, British, Dutch, and others, missionaries, business people, all of us were guilty of it. Once we needed to shift a family who had occupied an inside room for two years to an outside room with a window. Do you think we could get anybody to exchange with them? Not a soul would give up his room in order to let someone else have a better room for a little while. That sort of thing was worse than anything the Japanese did to us."

Ruth called up from her front porch beneath Elizabeth's window. "Come over for cokes," she commanded. After a half hour of fun with her two nieces and her baby nephew, the missionary was nibbling on a cookie when I asked her about food in camp. "It grew steadily worse," she said, "but we knew by the report from our friends outside that it was often better than could be had in that part of China. Those of us who have naturally good appetites and who have a habit of eating whatever is set before us thrived on it. Even when we had beans every meal for weeks, I could eat well. The Red Cross packages and the gifts of food from our Chinese friends helped tremendously."

She was quiet a minute, then said, "Most of us are afraid of suffering. We admit that suffering strengthens character and refines the soul, but we avoid it every time we can. I think we miss a good deal because of it."

"What is your impression of those camp years?" I asked.

She pondered that question a minute. "They were rich!" she said. "I wouldn't take anything for the internment experience, nor," she added quickly, "for the six months since liberation. I stayed there to be on hand to help the Chinese Christians as much as possible, and I was out a whole month before any of our missionaries could get back in from Free China or America. The business people stayed by to protect their interests; I had wanted to stay with our missionary work."

"And your plans for the future?"

"To go back to China as soon as the Board can get transportation for me after this furlough."



Not only her girlhood pastor, Frank C. Riley, but the new mothers in the church were glad to see Elizabeth home. In the camp infirmary, she helped with the children.

# Baptist Life—Jerusalem to Belgrade

By George W. Sadler

A C-54 plane of the Air Transport Command took to the air in Washington on Sunday afternoon, January 13. Its passengers were bound for Cairo and points east; others stopped at intermediate places. We hesitated in Newfoundland, the Azores, Paris, and Rome. We spent a night in Athens. At noon on the seventeenth, our pilot made a beautiful landing at Payne Field. That evening a fellow passenger and I took a train in Cairo, and the next noon we reached Jerusalem.

Since travel conditions were confused, the time of my arrival was uncertain. Kate Ellen Gruver and Bob and Margaret Lindsey were surprised to find me at the mission house in Jerusalem when they arrived from language study and business contacts. Their welcome was all the more warm because they were not expecting me at that moment.

On Saturday morning as Bob Lindsey and I walked toward the citadel in the "holy city," I remarked that I had seen no evidence of tension such as I had experienced in 1939. That night, however, as we sat in the mission house, the picture was suddenly changed. We heard the sound of an explosion. This was followed by the

noise of scores of sirens, and then there was a rat-tat-tat of rifle and bren-gun fire. Jewish terrorists had tried to destroy the police station in which some of their compatriots were lodged. They also struck at a power plant. In the defense of these vital spots, two British officers were killed. The attackers escaped.

From that moment until Monday morning at ten o'clock, we were confined to our quarters by curfew. The fires of ancient hatred between the Jewish and Arab sections of the community were burning again. The Jews were protesting against a temporary stalemate which had been reached with reference to the admission of members of their race into Palestine.

The story of the conflict need not be told in detail here. Suffice it to say, two kindred peoples are trying to occupy the same small space at the same time. Indeed, members of both groups have the feeling that the land belongs to them: the Jews having been promised a national home by Lord Balfour, and the Arabs a national state by Colonel McMahon. Unfortunately, both of these promises are impossible of fulfillment.

The Arab view is that they are willing to admit a reasonable number

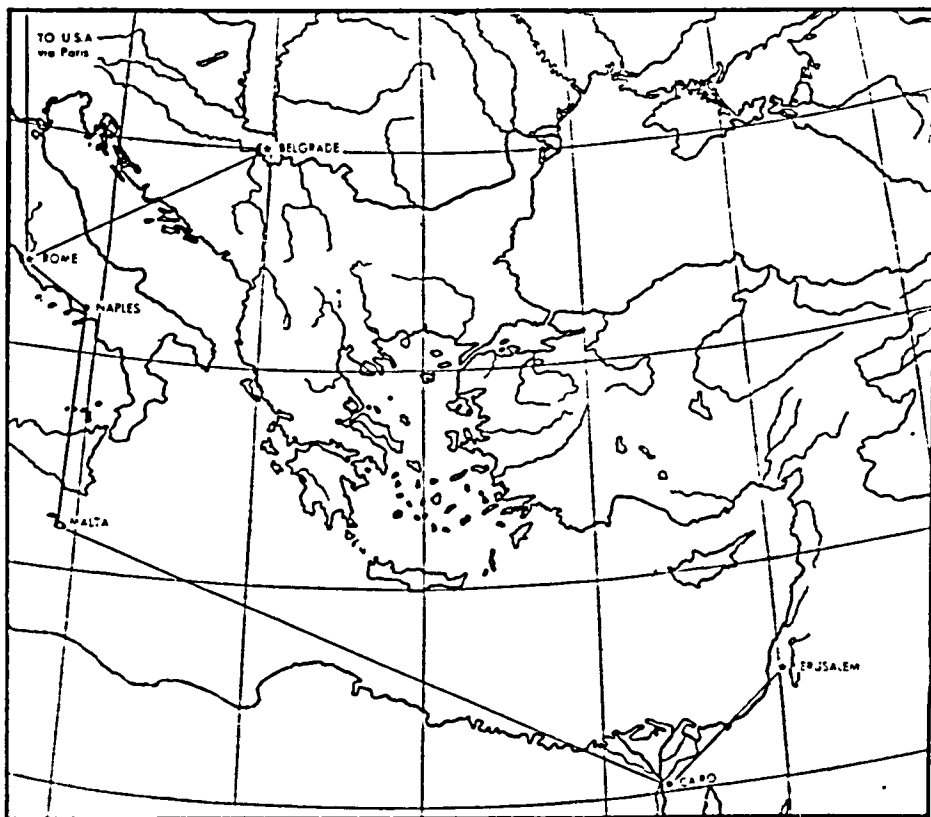
of Jews, but they feel that Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Egypt, and even the United States and Great Britain should also participate in a program of providing homes for dispossessed Jews of Europe. It is believed that so long as the national home idea is persisted in, the Palestinian problem will never be solved.

Southern Baptists have seven missionaries in the Near East. Two of these, Merrel and Beth Callaway, are stationed in Beirut. At present, they are studying Arabic in the language school in Jerusalem. Mrs. Henry Hagood and Kate Ellen Gruver are in Nazareth. They are giving themselves to the task of founding and maintaining a home for neglected children. At the moment six of these uncared-for children are being protected and nourished.

The Lindseys and Violet Long are in Jerusalem. These three hope to devote their energies to Jewish work. Bob has a vision of establishing a colony in which Christian Jews may find not only a haven but a congenial atmosphere and a means of livelihood. It is hoped that in the not-far-distant future, schools may be established in both Moslem and Jewish communities. At least three reports were made to me during my sojourn in Palestine to the effect that hundreds of Jews are on the verge of confessing openly their Christian faith. If Jews in Palestine were willing to exercise the tolerance which was not meted out to them in Europe, it is believed that hundreds of their fellow tribesmen would accept the Messiah.

Egypt was not in my itinerary except as a place through which I would pass en route to and from the Near East. However, because travel accommodations were unavailable, I spent more than two weeks in Cairo. I was and am impressed with the fact that the early Christians missed a great opportunity. Had they measured up to the high standards which characterized many of the first Christians, Egypt would now be Christian rather than Moslem.

Someone has suggested that the pri-



mary need of Egypt is character. That need is very patent to a person who spends any length of time in that part of the world. Sensuality and deception and squalor and a high death rate are entirely too common. Sad to say, Christianity is still losing ground. An outstanding churchman told me that he had recently studied the record of thirty-one missionary societies, and, during the past eleven years, only seventy-one converts from Islam have entered Christian rank. At the same time, there has been an average of about a thousand a year of Coptic nominal Christians who have identified themselves with Mohammedanism. Whether they made the change because of the superior influence they would have in the business world or whether they found themselves dissatisfied with the one-wife standard of Christianity or whether they were genuine converts, no one is prepared to say.

Thanks to the Royal Air Force, I left Egypt at three o'clock one morning, and, after stops at El Adam in North Africa and at Malta, I arrived in Naples on the afternoon of the same day. The following morning found me in Rome, and soon I was reunited with the Rev. Manfred Ronchi and other outstanding Baptist leaders in Italy.

One of the many delightful experiences I enjoyed during my sojourn in the "Eternal City" had to do with a meeting with members of the Evangelical Committee for Relief. I literally purred with pride as I saw evidence of the high esteem in which Pastor Ronchi is held. It is not an exaggeration to say that he is one of the most influential evangelical leaders in the entire country. On that particular occasion members of the committee were discussing the means by which the flour that had been sent through the World Relief Committee at Geneva could be distributed and sent to needy people in the various areas of the country.

The following afternoon, through the good offices of a brother-in-law of Pastor Ronchi, I was privileged to sit in the National Assembly over which Count Sforza presided. The members of the National Congress were discussing the matter of compulsory voting. They were anticipating the forthcoming election. It was interesting to observe that the members of the several parties sat in special

places in the amphitheater-like chamber. The Communists sat on the extreme left of the chairman while the sponsors of the monarchy sat on the extreme right. Members of the moderate group sat between these two extremes.

Many were the expressions of gratitude concerning the scores of parcels that had been sent to the Baptists and other evangelicals in Italy. Almost everyone I saw was wearing clothing that had been provided by American Christian friends. Pastor Ronchi, for example, stood up straighter and was a little more self-possessed after putting on a darned suit that he used to replace the shabby one he had been wearing for a long time. As secretary of the Italian Baptist Union and treasurer of the Interdenominational Evangelical Committee, he finds it necessary to appear before high American and Italian officials. He told me that the guards at the hotel in which I was lodged looked at him rather doubtfully when he approached one morning in his old overcoat. The following morning he was wearing a nice-looking topcoat which had been sent by a generous Richmond, Virginia, layman. He had no difficulty whatever in passing muster the second morning!

Italian Baptists have emerged from the fires of war purified and progressive. They are sure of their mission. While they have great respect for the Waldensians, the oldest evangelical group in Italy, they have the conviction that Baptists have a glorious future.

Revival fires are burning brightly even in Rome. Last year Pastor Veneziano baptized twenty-seven persons. In Turin, scores are awaiting baptism. In Civitavecchia, I saw one of the most enthusiastic groups to which I ever preached. Our great immediate need is the re-establishment of our theological seminary, the providing of means by which literature may be published, and the contributing of funds that will enable our leaders to rebuild and rehabilitate their work, and the building of houses of worship which will take the place of some of the dingy, unattractive chapels in which our people now worship. Despite the new prestige of the Vatican, our Italian Baptist friends are looking forward to glorious conquests in ministry to the people of Italy.

The "iron curtain" to which Mr. Churchill referred made my entrance to Hungary and Romania impossible. Despite the urgent calls for help that came from Budapest and Bucharest, and the effort that was put forth by military and State Department officials, my request for clearance to those two capitals was denied. The needs of the people of Hungary and Romania are desperate, and we are doing all we can to reach them with words of encouragement as well as thousands of dollars. Thanks to the good offices of the State Department, we have already placed \$10,000 in the hands of our friends in Hungary. A similar amount will be forwarded soon. The same amount will be sent to Bucharest.

Very little hope was held out to me when I talked with United States officials about my desire to go to Yugoslavia. I was told at the Adjutant General's office that they had been trying to get a lieutenant colonel into Yugoslavia since last December. When I stated my case to the officials at the Yugoslav Consulate in Rome, however, they agreed to cable Belgrade asking for permission to grant me a visa.

To my surprise and to the surprise of others who are acquainted with the situation in Yugoslavia, about a week later my visa was granted. From Rome I went via Vienna to Belgrade.

I am sorry to say that I found conditions that depressed me sorely. As is now well known, Tito served a long apprenticeship in Russia. When the liberation came, he was all set. His henchmen were located in various parts of the country, and immediately he and his Partisan collaborators took over. It is estimated that even in this brief period the country has been 90 per cent communized.

Never in all my life have I had fellowship with so many unhappy persons. Salaries are small, and poverty is evident. During the war years, our pastor who remained in Belgrade sold his clothing in order that he might have a little money on which to live. His wife who remained in a village because of the frequent bombing of Belgrade sold her clothing in order that she and the children might eat. I saw hundreds of persons selling clothing, bedding, blankets, rugs, and household goods on the streets of Belgrade. Bereft of almost everything,

*(Please turn to page 13)*

# Home Missions Needs Volunteers

By Courts Redford

**T**he Southern Baptist Convention territory has increased in population since 1940 by a number equivalent to two states the size of Arkansas and South Carolina.

With 4,000,000 new residents, the South has more lost people now than the total population of the region fifty years ago.

This great increase in population and this challenge to evangelistic and missionary effort come at a time when the supply of trained Christian workers has declined.

It is true that our seminaries are filled to capacity, but many of these students were in the ministry before this period of prosperity and now, for the first time, have found it possible to continue their training. Many of them are pastors of full-time churches.

The supply of recruits for Christian service has undoubtedly been decreased by the war. About 1,500 young men from Baptist ranks who would normally have found their way into active Christian service during the past five years were drafted for military service.

Many of these are now incapacitated. Others consider the path of training too long and have entered other work. Those who will continue their training where they left off will be delayed from one to five years and in some cases, where they have yet to complete college and seminary, will not be ready for service until 1953.

In a fast moving world, that may be too late. It will be too late for the thousands who perish in the meantime.

There are 1,750,000 Spanish-speaking people in the South with an average of only one missionary couple for 12,689 of them. We need fifty-seven additional workers in these fields now.

There are 250,000 Indians in our territory. At least 100,000 of them have never heard the Christian message. We have only seven churches among nearly 100,000 Indians in Arizona, New Mexico, and California. Some groups have no Christian ministry. We need twenty-five additional workers among the Indians now.

There are 1,250,000 French and Italian people in the South. Baptists

have only about forty churches serving all of these people, or one church and missionary couple for an average of 31,500. We need immediately nineteen additional workers and, as the work grows, many others should be appointed.

Other missionaries are needed at once for work among the Chinese, the Japanese, and other foreign groups, for work in our mission centers and Good Will Centers, for work in mountain and rural areas, for service in the pioneer fields of the West, in our cities, among the Jews, among the deaf, among the Negroes, and among other groups who are spiritually underprivileged.

The period of harvest is upon us in Cuba, Panama, and the Canal Zone. There seems to be a religious awakening and a hearty response to the Baptist message in these fields. They are woefully undermanned. We have, including native workers, only one missionary couple for an average of 65,000 of the population. We need fifty additional workers in these fields at once.

The Home Mission Board now has 587 churches and mission stations. It needs 326 more. It has 702 missionaries and needs 389 more. Lack of funds would prevent the immediate appointment of any large number of these workers, even if satisfactory applicants were available. Let us pray that a good missionary may be ready for each field as money is available for his support.

**T**he emphasis of the Home Mission Board has always been the making and baptizing of disciples. That will continue to be the emphasis, and missionaries are selected with this emphasis in mind.

The first requirement of a missionary is a vital personal Christian experience that finds expression in a concern for lost souls. Only those who feel a definite call to such service are considered. College and seminary training is desired. Workers between the ages of twenty-five and forty are given preference. Each worker must be sound in Baptist doctrine, and loyal to his own Baptist church and to the

denomination, and he must receive the recommendation of several fellow Christians stating that he possesses the desired qualities and attitudes for such service.

Perhaps there has been no time when the consecrated and energetic missionary could more indelibly stamp the influence of Christ on the course of history than he can today. If youth can be led to see this opportunity and challenge they will respond.

We realize that the call of mission service is a personal call. It is a call of God, and not of a church or mission board. But the church can maintain a spiritual atmosphere in which youth may readily hear God's call, and our mission boards and agencies can furnish information which will give guidance to the young person as he answers that call.

Such is the desire of our Home Mission Board as it tries to help its constituency to visualize the fields which are "white unto harvest" and as it appeals to youth to answer the call of God to carry the gospel message to these mission fields.

Before and after in European footgear.



American Friends Service Committee



# I Found a Brother in Tokyo

As the warm November sunlight filtered through the sliding glass doors in the home of Dr. Kiyoki Yuya, Baptist pastor in Tokyo, I felt a warmth in my heart for this new-found Christian friend of mine. As I sat with him in his parlor, he was not a Japanese but truly a brother in Christ.

I first learned of Dr. Yuya when I met the Robert Dyers in Manila, March, 1945, shortly after their liberation. They had worked with him and his church in Tokyo in 1940 and 1941, but were forced to leave Japan March 10, 1941.

After landing with the occupation forces in Tokyo Bay in September, 1945, Chaplain Waldo D. Early and I, then Sergeant Halvarson, made our way to Dr. Yuya's home in bomb-battered Tokyo. Winding through miles of destruction and desolation in the city, we arrived at his home. Miraculously it was undamaged. With anxious hearts, we anticipated our first meeting with a Japanese Christian.

As I brought him greetings from the Dyers and other Christians in America, tears came into his eyes—tears of deep joy in seeing once again "friends from America." The church had been destroyed during the great bombings in the spring of the year, so services were now being held in his home. Only a handful of members were attending, since most of them were still living in the hills having fled from the terrible bombings.

On this particular November day, I visited Dr. Yuya with the express purpose of interviewing my first "Southern Baptist" in Japan. Dr. Yuya (pronounced YOU-ya) might be described as being shortly over five feet in height, bald, wearing rimmed glasses and a dark moustache. Although he spoke slow, halting English, for lack of practice during the war, it was with very little difficulty that I understood him as he related to me the story of his life and work.

Dr. Yuya was born in Kumamoto, Kyushu Island, the major southern island in the chain of Japanese islands, fifty-six years ago. Because Southern Baptists' major work was in the cities



Dr. Kiyoki Yuya (Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, '24) is seated second from the left, with his wife center, and their daughter, Jun-Ko, second from the right. This photograph made in the Yuya home in 1944 was given to the author with the inscription, "To Mr. Halvarson, from The Yuya, Nov. 4th, 1945."

of Kyushu, it was by Providence that the boy, Kiyoki Yuya, fell under the early influence of Dr. W. H. Clarke and his work in those areas.

Dr. Yuya was led to accept Christ as his personal Saviour when he was seventeen years of age. Strange as it may seem, he was led to Christ by an officer in the Japanese Army. This same officer in later years became a prominent general in the Army and died a few years ago at the age of eighty. This Army officer was a Presbyterian and was extremely interested in the education of young men. He conducted a Bible class in his local church and tried repeatedly to lead Dr. Yuya to Christ. Dr. Yuya always gave the excuse, "No, no; I like Christ—but not Christians. That is why I won't become a Christian!" But it was only after the good officer exhorted him to believe on Christ and not in Christians, that Dr. Yuya became a professed Christian. Soon afterward, after a close study of the Scriptures, he became a Baptist by conviction, and he and his mother were immersed at the same time.

Shortly after his experience, he

entered a pharmacists' school near his home and worked in a hospital for one year. In 1907 he surrendered his life to the ministry and entered the Christian "middle school" in Tokyo. From the middle school, Dr. Yuya went to Duncan Academy, a Baptist school headed by E. W. Clement. This school was destroyed in the great bombing and fire, March 9, 1945. Upon graduation in 1918, he attended the Union Theological Seminary in Tokyo for one year, and he became pastor of a Baptist church in Moji, Kyushu.

In 1922, Dr. Yuya came to the United States for further study and training, and entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. He specialized in graduate courses, and studied under Dr. W. O. Carver. At the Seminary he made many friends, and many of them are still to be found there. In 1924, he returned to Japan, and was immediately placed on the faculty of the newly-organized Baptist seminary at Fukuoka, founded in 1923. Fukuoka was the center of Southern Baptist

## By Carl M. Halvarson

work in Japan; Missionary E. B. Dozier was president of the seminary. Dr. Yuya taught Sunday school pedagogy, religious education, and related theological courses. He remained at that teaching post for eight years, and then transferred to Tokyo in 1932 to become pastor of the Kagomachi Baptist Church, Koishikawa-Kagomachi. The Kagomachi church was founded in 1918, and the present building was destroyed in the bombings in 1945. Before the war, the church had an active membership of over 400 and its program included the standard departments of Sunday School, Training Union, and Woman's Missionary Union.

Events preceding the war brought about changes in the denominational organization of Christian groups in Japan, and eventually affected the Baptists. In 1939, the Diet passed a "Religious Bodies Law" requiring all Protestant denominations to unite in one central group. The law became effective April 1, 1940, and the churches were allowed one year to make the necessary adjustments. Subsequently the two Baptist Conventions united in January, 1940, to form the *Nippon Baputesuto Kirisuto Kyokwai* (Japan Baptist Christian Church). During the



Jun-Ko Yuya cares for her family garden.

next year, all denominations cut out their budgets from foreign funds, removed missionaries from their churches, and turned over all mission property to the new Union—"The Japanese Christian Church", all to conform to the national Government policy.

The forty-two denominations and sects in Japan ultimately united into the *Nippon Kirisuto Kyodan* (Japan Christian Church) and it was with this union that the Baptists entered into fellowship.

Then came the war. Darkness settled over Asia, and not until September, 1945, did light come once again to the

people of Japan. Although General MacArthur abolished the Religious Bodies Law in October, 1945, the Union continued to function and according to latest reports, still heads up the major denominations in Japan.

Concerning the union, Dr. Yuya said, "The Church of Christ union was good for the Government—it could control the church groups—but it is not good for the churches. The union should be abolished."

According to a recent letter received from Tokyo, Dr. Yuya is reviving his church rapidly and apparently carrying on his evangelistic work without the aid of the union.

Just before I left Japan, I bade good-bye to my friend. He told me again, as he had told me many times before, that they were anxiously *praying* and *hoping* we would send missionaries to Japan *soon*. They would be welcomed with open arms and open hearts.

As we rode home that late November afternoon through the ruins of a once beautiful city, the parting words of one of our Baptist brethren in Japan kept ringing in my ears—"Today, a new gate has been opened in Japan!"

## Baptist Life— Jerusalem to Belgrade

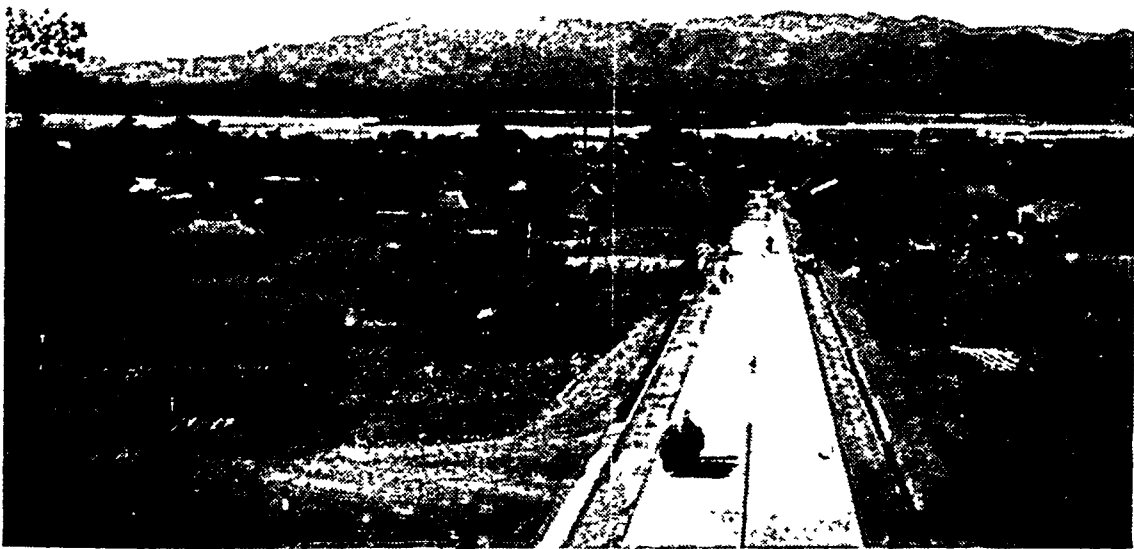
(Continued from page 10)

many are turning to God. Never did I preach to such hungry hearts.

After one of the services in which I participated, one man said he felt as if he had seen Jesus. There are scores of people who are coming into our churches. A number of them are exceedingly able young persons. In Zagreb, for example, at the services at which I preached, there were two medical students and several other university students.

The people of Yugoslavia long for the return of Dr. and Mrs. John Allen Moore and the re-establishment of our seminary. When we shall be able to get the Moores back and add to our personnel, no one knows. I was advised by officials of our embassy that Tito's Government has no foreign policy and that no one is willing to make any commitment with reference to the future.

Sin has eaten at the vitals of mankind, and only the healing of the Great Physician can cure the world. At no other period in the history of the world was the need greater.



The small village near Yokohama is surrounded by wheat fields and neat well-kept gardens, but only one-fourth of the land of Japan is arable. Much of it is mountainous.

# The End of a Long Trail

By Charles E. Maddy

It began at Northborough, Massachusetts, on March 23, 1783, when Luther Rice, the son of Captain Amos Rice, a soldier of the Revolution, was born. His mother was noted for her strength of character and vigor of intellect. The son, even in early childhood, was regarded as possessing quickness of perception, a gentle disposition, and a thirst for knowledge. His parents were members of the Congregational Church, and the mother faithfully instructed her son in the knowledge of the holy Scriptures, and required him to memorize much of the Westminster Catechism.

At the age of nineteen, after passing through many weary months of deep and agonized conviction of sin, Luther Rice was happily converted and joined the Congregational Church in Northborough in 1802—a short time before his twentieth birthday.

The trail for young Rice led through Leicester Academy, a brilliant career at Williams College, and through Andover Theological Seminary with honor and distinction.

While at Andover, Rice was drawn into intimate association and fellowship with a little group of fellow students, led by Adoniram Judson. They were earnestly studying the question of the obligation of Christians of all creeds to do all within their power, to make the gospel of Christ known to people of every tongue and tribe and nation. In answer to months of prayer and entreaty, the divine light fell at last upon the pathway of Luther Rice, and the trail led him to India as a missionary of the Board of Commissioners of the Congregational Church—the first foreign mission board of any denomination in America.

However, before following the trail further, we shall need to go back and tarry for a brief season at Andover Seminary, and recall the story of pathos and tragedy that cut short a beautiful romance which had promised to bring unmeasured happiness and joy to two cultured and promising young lives.

While engaged in the study of theology at Andover, with the full purpose of becoming a minister of his denomination in Massachusetts, Luther Rice courted and won the wholehearted love of a beautiful and cultured young lady who, in all respects, was worthy to fill with grace and distinction the position of wife and mistress of the manse of any minister of Massachusetts or New England.

This young lady had plighted her troth to Mr. Rice with no thought but that their lives would be spent together in the service of the church in their native state, or surely not beyond the territory embraced within the New England states. She had not experienced the long months of intense study and fervent prayer for divine guidance which had led Mr. Rice and the earnest group of young men associated with him in the famous "Haystack prayer meeting." They had been gripped by the firm and unalterable conviction that God had called them to devote their lives to the task of making Christ known to the pagan and heathen peoples of the world. She had no such sense of divine leading and obligation to devote her life to mission work in the far places of the world, as that which had come to Luther Rice.

It was a tragic and heart-rending situation that must be faced with expedition and candor. We will let Dr. J. B. Taylor in his *Memoir of Luther Rice* (written four years after the death of Mr. Rice) tell in his own words, of the tragic ending of this, the one and only romance in the life of the great missionary pioneer.

There were, for a time, impediments in the way of Mr. Rice, which were likely to hinder him from joining his brethren in the work of preaching Christ to the heathen. One source of embarrassment to his own mind consisted in a strong attachment, mutually indulged, between himself and a young lady of piety and of highly respectable connections, and whose mind long oscillated respecting her duty to leave this country. While he was deeply solicitous to engage in

missionary labour, he felt alike unwilling to violate the sacred pledges which had been given the object of his affections, and reluctant, even with her consent, to yield to a separation. For a time he hoped she might be willing to share with him in the perils and privileges of the mission; but at length, a distinct negative was given to the question, releasing him from all engagements with her, provided he should determine to go. After many painful thoughts on the subject, he resolved to take up the cross, deny himself, and follow his Lord.

Mr. Rice was appointed by the Board of Commissioners of the Congregational Church, a missionary to Burma, and sailed from Philadelphia on the *Harmony*, February 18, 1812. He reached Calcutta August 10, and there had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Judson and the other missionaries who had arrived some weeks earlier.

All students of missions are familiar with the miraculous story of how Mr. and Mrs. Judson during the long voyage to India had been led to make careful and painstaking study of the question of the New Testament teaching concerning baptism. To their surprise and consternation, they were led to the firm conviction that the Baptist position on the question was in accordance with the teaching of the New Testament. Soon after their arrival in India they were baptized by Mr. Ward of the Carey missionary group, into the fellowship of the Baptist church in Calcutta.

Sailing on a different vessel, Mr. Rice was divinely led to re-examine the whole question of New Testament baptism. Within a few weeks after his arrival in India, he too accepted fully the Baptist position and was baptized into the fellowship of the Calcutta church.

Judson and Rice now faced a serious dilemma. They felt honor bound to sever their connection with the Congregational board which had sent them out. About this time, the officials of the British East India Company expelled the American missionaries from the territory under their jurisdiction. These took refuge on the Isle of France, and went with earnest and prayerful consideration as to their future course. It was finally decided that Mr. and Mrs. Judson would try to enter Burma, and that Mr. Rice would return to America and make an effort to organize the Baptist churches of the homeland for the support of a mission in Burma.

In September, 1813, Mr. Rice arrived in New York. He hastened to Boston and officially severed his connection with the Board of Commissioners. He was now free to turn to the Baptist churches for the support of the Judsons and himself in an effort to establish an American Baptist Mission in the Far East. Mr. Rice was received with warmth and enthusiasm by the Baptist churches from Boston to Savannah. An aged member of the First Church of Richmond, Virginia, wrote many years afterward that the church was ready for his coming and "was stirred to the depth" by his visit. It was the same everywhere he went.

We are all familiar with the story of the organization of American Baptists in the Triennial Convention meeting in Philadelphia in May, 1814. The American Baptist Board for foreign missions was organized and Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice were appointed the first Baptist missionaries to go from America. The newly created mission board requested Mr. Rice to remain in the homeland for some months for the purpose of organizing the scattered and unenlisted Baptist churches for the active support of the new mission in far-off Burma.

Mr. Rice fully expected to rejoin the Judsons within a few months, but the task of organizing and enlisting the conservative and independent Baptist churches of America in the support of a worthy foreign mission enterprise proved to be a super-human task. One year stretched its weary and consuming length into twenty-two years of toil and sacrifice and suffering, unparalleled in all the annals of missionary labor since the days of the Apostle Paul. Mr. Rice traveled hundreds of thousands of miles over impossible roads that were streaks of stifling dust in summer and trails of deep mud in winter. He suffered periodic attacks of an incurable malady which finally brought him to his grave in middle manhood.

American Baptists owe this apostle of missions and Christian education a debt that they can pay only in a renewed devotion to these great causes for which he gave his life. Rarely, in one short span of life, has one devoted servant of Christ accomplished so much for the coming of God's Kingdom on earth as did Luther Rice, the

(Please turn to page 30)

# In Memoriam

## Robert Thomas Bryan

BORN October 14, 1855, KENANSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

DIED April 3, 1946, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Wednesday, April 3, the Foreign Mission Board received from Mrs. R. T. Bryan, San Antonio, the following telegram: "Dr. Bryan entered heaven smiling, ten this morning." Early in February we visited him at his home in San Antonio. At that time he was kept to his bed, but expressed the desire to get back to China. He said, "There are some things that I want to do in Shanghai that no one else can do. I would rather go to heaven from Shanghai than from any other place in the world."

He was among the missionaries who returned December 1, 1943, on the *Gripsholm* as repatriates to America. Sixty years before he had gone to China as a young missionary. On his first furlough, the physicians examining him for an insurance policy recommended to the insurance company that his application be refused since they could not reasonably expect him to live many years!

Like Dr. Yates, Dr. Bryan was a native of North Carolina. His father was a Methodist, his mother a member of the Baptist church in Kenansville. He was converted at the age of eleven. The boyhood experiences on the farm strengthened his physique.

The message of a Wake Forest professor at a Baptist association was the call of God to the young man to go on with his education and to be a preacher of the gospel. He entered the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. At that time Dr. A. C. Dixon was pastor of the University Church. After his graduation from Chapel Hill, he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

During his second year in the Seminary he faced the call to go to China and he found rest in the decision, "Lord, you open the way, and I will go." His fiancée, Lulu Freeland, wrote him, "I will go with you wher-



ever God sends you." They were married August 20, 1885, and in November they sailed for the Orient.

While he was at home on his first furlough, Dr. Robert J. Willingham was elected secretary of the Foreign Mission Board. Dr. Bryan was the first president of the Shanghai Baptist College and Seminary founded by Northern and Southern Baptists and was a member of the first building committee. In August, 1908, just after the twenty-third wedding anniversary, Mother Lulu, who had been failing in health for some time, fell asleep in the Lord.

On December 30, 1909, Dr. Bryan was married to Miss Mamie Sallee, the ceremony being performed by her brother, Dr. W. Eugene Sallee. In 1912, Dr. and Mrs. Bryan came home on their first furlough together and he was asked to help raise the Judson Fund which had been launched at the Southern Baptist Convention meeting in Oklahoma City. In China he was a builder. While in the homeland he was used throughout the South to strengthen sentiment for world missions. Two full years while home on furlough, 1921-23, he was professor of missions, Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth. He insisted on going back to China after he had passed retirement age. His ministry both in China and in this country was an inspiration to multitudes who touched his life.—E.C.R.



# Forty-Four Recruits

Photos by Moore



"Miss Littlejohn, we passed!"



"Church supper de luxe"



"Get yourself a hobby..."

Top row, left to right:

Marshall Sams, Waco, Texas  
Jaxie Short, Shawnee, Okla.  
Cathryn Smith, Woodcliff, Ga.  
Frances Tally, Greensboro, N. C.  
Catherine Walker,  
Columbia, S. C.  
Lillian Williams, Berea, Ky.  
Mary-Ellen Wooten, Atlanta

Next row, left to right:

Chaplain Alfred Celso Muller and  
Elisabeth Jaccard Muller, El Paso  
Mary Jones Quick, Hardin, Mo.  
Frances Roberts, Columbia, S. C.  
Farrell Edward Runyan, and  
Elizabeth Barnett Runyan,  
Lucedale, Miss.

Next row, left to right:

Edythe Montroy, Drew, Miss.  
Marion Francis Moorhead, and  
Thelma Chandler Moorhead,  
Easley, S. C.  
John Glenn Morris, and  
Polly Love Morris, Atlanta  
Martha Morrison, Savannah

Next row, left to right:

Mrs. Nova Macormic,  
Neosho, Mo.  
Helen McCubbin,  
Jefferson City, Mo.  
William Robert Medling, and  
Mary Louise Gulley Medling,  
Alcoa, Tenn.  
Jones Ivey Miller, and  
Winnie Marshall Miller, Dallas

Insets, left to right:

Charles P. Cowherd,  
Columbia, S. C.  
Betty Ellis Galloway,  
Owenton, Ky.  
Samuel E. Maddox, and  
Nadine Sanders Maddox,  
Carthage, Mo.

Bottom row, left to right:

Kathryn Bigham, Rock Hill, S. C.  
Thelma Branum, Bunceton, Mo.  
Margaret Collins, Commerce, Ga.  
Virginia Hagood,  
Greenville, Texas  
Josephine Harris, Pineville, La.  
Gladys Hopewell, Talladega, Ala.  
William Carl Hunker, and  
Jeanette Roebuck Hunker,  
Louisville  
William Linville Jester, and  
Daisy Hicks Jester, Louisville  
Sherman Clyde Jowers, and  
Alcie Mae Pettigrew Jowers,  
Chopin, La.  
Colquitt Alexander Kennedy, and  
Lorene Pfeiffer Kennedy,  
Fort Worth  
Vivian Langley, Camp Hill, Ala.



Photo by A. L. Dementi, Richmond



"One day on two Jima..."



"Show me..."

"We South Carolinians..."

April 9, 1946, these young Baptists were appointed for lifetime jobs on foreign mission fields. Six are discharged chaplains; two are wives and one is husband of missionaries appointed in 1940 and 1945.

# EDITORIAL

In the recent meeting of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America at Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, the visitors representing the various evangelical denominations heard by transcription a message from the distinguished editor of the *Toledo Blade*, Mr. Grove Patterson. In this message, Mr. Patterson said that before he made a trip around the world he had been hard-boiled in his attitude toward foreign missions, but he returned from that trip a thorough convert to the value of missionary effort. "The missionary movement in the Far East is now paying heavy dividends. . . . Instead of going to missionaries for an appraisal of foreign missions, I went to war correspondents and army and navy officers. Not one word of criticism did I hear from them concerning the missionary movement," he said.

We heard, too, a transcription of interviews which the "Roving Reporter" had with passers-by in a typical American city. He asked each one: "What do you think of Protestant churches spending \$20,000,000 in one year for foreign missions?" Most of those whom he interviewed favored such an investment. Some of them had members of their family in other lands where they had observed missionary work. Others were not so sure. One housewife said, "The Bible says that first we must take care of our own communities." When the reporter suggested that such a statement was not in the Bible, she replied, "If it's not, it should be." If the "Roving Reporter" were to visit every community in our own country he would find a stronger sentiment for world missions because of the firsthand acquaintance which multitudes of men and women have had with foreign missionaries during the war.

During the three-day conference we heard the testimony of chaplains, of missionaries, of servicemen and women, of missionary leaders who had lived and labored in lands on every continent. With one accord, they bore witness to the contribution which world missions is making to civilization. One chaplain told about hearing in New Guinea a great chorus of "fuzzy wuzzies" singing the Coronation Hymn. Their ancestors were pagans, many of them cannibals.

We heard an army major who could have remained in service say that he had been so impressed by what he saw of missionary work that he was leaving the army to become a foreign missionary at a small salary.

We heard of the impression made in Japan by American soldiers, ambassadors of goodwill, who are not only kind to women and children but are unashamed to be witnesses for Christ.

We heard the plea that, following an ancient tradition, when we go into Japan we go with rice in one

hand and a candle in the other.

We were told that the spirit of nationalism is growing in all parts of the world but that the leaders in every nation are welcoming Christian missionaries who have a true sense of human

values and an understanding of human needs.

We were told by Dr. Frank Laubach that the desire of multitudes in every country is to learn how to read. The percentage of literacy is rising rapidly. In China, in Latin America, in Africa, in our own land, the people are learning to read. We must give them Christian literature.

We heard devout Christians from Korea, from China, from the Philippines, from Japan, from India, from Czechoslovakia, from the Netherlands, as they described the miracles of God's grace and power wrought in their lands. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone who believes, whatever his condition, or race, or nation.

We heard the heart-searching plea of men from the missionary battle line setting before us the urgency of evangelism. We cannot wait—we must not wait. Now is the time to win men and women, one by one, to the Lord Jesus Christ. The gospel is the only power which can change lives and, through changed lives, transform entire communities, and, through changed lives and transformed communities, make a contribution to the ethical and cultural standards of the world.

There came the call to us from lands around the world where multitudes are dying from famine and disease. We could hear again the call of Jesus who, as he looks with compassion upon the drifting multitudes, bids us to give them food and shelter and raiment.

We heard again that we are to abound in good works as an expression of gratitude for what God has done in and through us, and not of good works to get God to do something for us. One is the viewpoint of the Christian; the other, of the pagan.

We came face to face with the necessity for making the choice between life and death, the choice between one world and none, the choice between selfishness and self-denying discipleship. We heard again the call of Jesus, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." We heard our Master say, "Go ye into all the world . . . and I will be with you all the way."

We heard specialists in missionary methods describe the techniques and facilities for being more effective missionaries. The radio, the airplane, the moving picture are all helping in the world mission movement. Doctors are taking medical films into needy areas and through these pictures, are showing how to diagnose and conquer disease.

Above all, we heard the plea for hearts and lives

cleansed by the Spirit of God, transformed by his power, to be living evangelists of God's grace and to tell what God has done for us.

We gained a deeper sense, too, of the place of publicity and promotion—publicity, defined as information for all classes and levels, on the validity and force of world missions; promotion, as the enlistment of believers everywhere in the primary task of world evangelization.

The Foreign Missions Conference of North America, with which our own Foreign Mission Board has been affiliated for many years, has been helpful in opening up avenues and providing facilities not generally available to one mission board. It has never been legislative; rather, it has been consultative, rendering service wherever needed, but always respecting the autonomy of the member boards, never presuming to speak or act for any mission board except as requested by such board. During the war especially, in our dealings with various governments, we have been enabled to meet urgent needs through assistance given by this organization.

The Buck Hill Falls meeting lacked much of reaching the high level of the Toronto conference last year, and of Chicago the preceding year. The discussions were not so definite and practical as before; much more was said about "the church" than about churches in which we must live and serve if we are to make disciples of all nations. The Foreign Missions Conference would lose much of its effectiveness, should it depart from its tested pattern of service, and presume to speak for the constituent boards on matters on which there would not be agreement, or to enter into alliances which would mar the spirit of unity and fellowship.

### *Fellowship with Those Who Suffer*

Pastor Theodore F. Adams of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia, a member of the Foreign Mission Board, recently spent several weeks in Europe visiting Baptists in Great Britain, France, and Italy.

In the very interesting reports which he gave of this significant trip, he stressed several facts. The first is that not only Europe but the whole world faces the choice of life or death. The words of Moses are quite applicable this day: "I have set before thee life and death, the blessing and the curse; therefore choose life that thou mayest live." Civilization must make that choice.

The second fact of his report relates to his visit to Italy in company with Dr. W. O. Lewis, general secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, and Dr. George W. Sadler, regional secretary of the Foreign Mission Board.

Despite the sacrifices and sufferings entailed by war, the Italian Baptist pastors and people have been

steadfast in their devotion to Christ. Dr. Adams referred, for example, to the heroic pastor at Rome. This faithful Italian preacher had only one suit of clothes, and that patched and frayed. The visitors noted that the pastor's daughter wore an attractive coat with fur collar; she explained that someone in the First Baptist Church, Henderson, North Carolina, had sent that coat to her. Only occasionally was the family able to secure a loaf of bread.

The little Baptist orphanage in central Italy withstood the conflicts of war. The Germans had planned to blow up this property but the allied armies were too quick for them. They have been able to secure some surplus property such as blankets, cooking utensils, and other essential equipment.

Dr. Adams described his visit to the catacombs, the underground burial places where the early Christians sought refuge in the days of bitter persecution to worship God. In one of the catacombs was a baptistry where believers were baptized just as Baptist churches baptize now. Similar baptistries may be found in other parts of Italy, notably in Florence.

In one of his messages, "A Protestant in Catholic Italy," Dr. Adams contrasted the spirit and methods of Roman Catholics and evangelical churches. One of the basic differences between Roman Catholics and Protestants is in their approach to the people. Catholics believe that the Church is the supreme authority and that the Pope speaks the final word. Baptists believe that the Bible is the rule of faith and practice. Roman Catholics are making every effort to regain some of the prestige which they lost because of their relation to Mussolini and Franco and other Fascist rulers. This was evident, for example, in the recent consistory where a large number of Cardinals representing various nations were appointed. There is no great world power in which Catholics predominate as they once did, for example, in Italy, Austria, and France. The Balkan States, once overwhelmingly Catholic, are now largely under the influence of Russia. Catholics in Italy have sought to give the impression that the distribution of food by UNRRA and other agencies is the beneficent provision of the Pope.

There is a fundamental difference between Roman Catholics and Baptists in their attitudes concerning religious freedom. We believe in full, unrestricted religious freedom. This is not true in any land where Catholicism predominates. Baptists in Italy are not accorded full religious freedom. We believe in full religious liberty for others as well as for ourselves—the right of every man not only to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, but to provide for the religious training of children, for the distribution of literature, and for other expressions of faith. We believe in the Four Freedoms—freedom of speech, freedom from want, freedom from fear, and freedom of religion. Our American boys died for those freedoms and we must preserve what they



purchased with their hearts' blood.

Some measure of religious liberty was granted in Italy grudgingly because of the presence of Protestant chaplains and servicemen. Catholics have been saying, "Wait until the American and English soldiers get out of Italy."

We were interested, too, in the story told by Dr. Adams concerning the fellowship in Geneva of Christian leaders who had suffered during the war, especially of Martin Niemoeller of Germany and Bishop Berggrav of Norway. Some wondered how these two men who had been on opposing sides and were attending the meeting of the Provisional Committee of the World Council of Churches, would greet each other. They met in the spirit of brothers in Christ. Martin Niemoeller preached a memorable sermon from the text, "There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine righteous persons who need no repentance."

The story has been told that in the darkest days of his more than seven years' imprisonment the report got out that Martin Niemoeller was about to become a Catholic. His wife, who was permitted to visit him only thirty minutes once a month, denied that fact. She said Martin was not free to speak. Hitler heard this rumor and put him in a cell with three Roman Catholic priests where he had a chance to argue with them and thus strengthen his own faith and holy resolves. Dictators in power dared not kill such men. Berggrav had defied Quisling who said, "I ought to kill you." Berggrav simply said, "Here I am." This leader of forces of spiritual liberty of Norway paid a tribute to Baptists who, he said, stood shoulder to shoulder with him.

Our Baptist brethren were impressed wherever they went with the destructiveness of war, the want of the world, and the longing for peace and security. They saw block after block in London that had been wiped out. Dr. Lewis said that in revisiting Berlin, he could not recognize the street where he had once lived. Everywhere there is starvation, with multitudes perishing from famine. That is particularly true in Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania, and other countries. It is true in China, Japan, and India. The bread basket of the world is nearly empty. If we would

be true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, we must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister unto those who are sick. We must remember the words of John who wrote, "Whoso hath this world's goods and beholdeth his brother in need and shutteth up his compassion for him, how doth the love of God abide in him?"

In a practical way we must have fellowship with those who suffer. We must cherish the heritage bequeathed to us by martyrs to the Faith.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain;  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

### *The Home Base Needs Strength*

An adequate world mission structure must have a strong base. What we frequently term home missions and foreign missions are intimately related. We are to begin in Jerusalem and Judea, and then we are to witness in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

According to the Commerce Department, Americans spent \$7,800,000,000 last year for liquor, wine, and beer. The statement is made that this amount would have more than financed the entire Federal Government expenditures for any one year up to 1935. We continue to go on supplying the liquor business with enormous amounts of grain and sugar while the world is starving.

We have a job of reconstruction here in the homeland in strengthening the spiritual stakes, not primarily by social and economic programs, but by a revival of religion in the hearts and homes of American people. This revival should begin with each one of us. The remedy for sin, and for sins, is first internal, in the heart, then external in practice. When the hearts and lives of individuals are changed by the power of the gospel, then society will be changed, and every phase of human welfare—economic, social, political, cultural—will be developed.

### *Chinese on Freedom*

In the March number of *The China Monthly*, the editor, Mark Tsai, has an editorial entitled "The Frustration of Materialism," from which we quote:

The world, that was somewhat surfeited with the richness of moral law, the guidance of religion and the realization of man's dependence on God, naively put its confidence and trust in the leadership of these secular statesmen, ideologic educators, experimenting scientists, vain writers and opportunist politicians. People listen to them not only in matters pertaining to politics, education, economics and the physical sciences, but they accepted their easy and unscientific generalizations in matters pertaining to the purpose of life itself. The influence of their ideas and false principles may be seen on every page of the history of modern Western civilization. Moreover, these effects, in many ways, have also confused and spoiled Oriental culture which we call Chinese civilization.

Has the world become more free? Has mankind discovered a truer happiness by following the leadership of modern thinkers and by enthusiastically accepting the new materialistic philosophy? Two great world wars enforce an emphatic "no" as the answer. The misery and slavery brought about by Mussolini's Fascism, Hitler's Nazism and Japanese militarism are other phases of the emphatic answer in the negative. The many postwar discords and disagreements being reported in the daily papers are further warnings that materialistic philosophy is an utter failure as a way of life.

Though moral law very often is severe, religion strict and uncompromising, and the consciousness of God a stern restraint on thought and action, there is in them a fixed pattern, a necessary foundation and an ultimate objective for life and all its phases. They are firm, like the "Rock of Ages." In the modern materialistic school of thought there are no fixed principles, no firm foundations of action, and no definite, ultimate objectives. According to modern materialistic philosophy, the means of attaining truth are discussion and compromise at the conference table; the only basis of action is physical strength; and the only objective of life is self-indulgence and selfishness. If you are strong you can be the leader; you can speak out louder; you can demand more rights; you can discuss and decide not only your own affairs but also the destiny of your neighbors; you can vote and you can veto.

... We therefore wish to remind our leaders and ourselves that if we continue to allow our minds and our souls to be ruled by materialistic standards, the consequences must be frustration and more frustration. . . . Without moral law and religion there can be only more disagreements, disturbances, suffering, injustices and, ultimately, wars and death!



# MISSIONARY

## Tidings

The conflict between Great Britain and Russia is probably due in a large measure to the desire of Britain to keep the India "lifeline" intact. Great Britain is unwilling for Russia to have access either to the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles or through Iran to the Persian Gulf. On the other hand, one can understand why Russia, with her very extensive territory and varied interests, is anxious to have access to the sea other than through the Arctic region and the Northern Pacific ports. It is estimated that the Near East oil fields contain almost one-half of the world's known oil resources. The estimated known oil reserves of Russia are about 10 per cent more than the total in the United States, according to the *New York Times*. One must take into account oil reserves and concessions in the Near East in seeking an explanation of the relations which the British Government and the Soviet Union sustain to each other.

The *Christian Century* expresses the sentiment of a multitude of good citizens in insisting that President Truman terminate the service of Myron C. Taylor as personal representative of the President to the Vatican. It now appears that in June last year, according to the *New York Times*, the Vatican made Mr. Taylor a papal nobleman, which would give him, according to the Catholic Encyclopedia the title of "Count." This is true in spite of the Constitution which forbids any person holding any office of profit or trust to accept any title of any kind from any king, prince, or foreign state without the consent of Congress.

According to an article in the *New York Times*, we consumed forty-four pounds of fat per capita in the United States while only twenty pounds is required for the health and strength of a normal human being. In western Europe the people have had less than half of the minimum requirement. According to the secretary of agricul-

ture, the American people waste one-fifth as much food as we eat, or enough for more than 25,000,000 people. Shall we not share with the children of the world the food which we are wasting and the abnormal amount of sweets and fat which we consume? This will mean the difference between life and death for millions of starving people.

From the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction comes this story among many others: "Just a word about a boy I met in Prague. He was one of the few Czech Jewish children who survived, and he was not far from death himself when he got out of a concentration camp at the end of the war. At fourteen, he was disillusioned and cynical. But now he had drawn for those who cared for him after release a picture which showed the blackness of a concentration camp. Shining into the misery was a white light, and up this struggled a human figure—himself. Below he had written in Czech: 'To those who gave me back my faith.'"

The *Christian Index* carries a story of the Syracuse Baptist Church in Missouri which, with a membership of 245, has recently voted to assume the support of a missionary in Japan when missionaries are permitted to return. The fund of \$1,000 which will be provided annually by this church had its beginning in the gifts of a father and mother whose son was killed in the war with Japan. Arrangements have been made for the missionary, when appointed, to visit this church before leaving. In a letter to the pastor, the Rev. M. C. Ballenger, a junior in William Jewell College, General MacArthur wrote, "I can think of no more resplendent monument to their memory than that which could be erected through provision for furthering the propagation among the Japanese people of the enlightened principles which keynote our Christian faith. The members of your parish may count fully upon my support in the implementation of their high purpose. It is in just such small communities as theirs, dedicated to the glory of God and the furtherance of our national destiny, that our country finds the very roots to its great moral strength."

The Foreign Mission Board has a beautiful letter from a friend of world

missions in Kentucky, a devoted mother, who sends \$50 for rehabilitation of mission work in war-stricken lands and \$50 to the Kentucky W.M.U. offices for world emergency relief as a thank offering to God for providing the safe return of her only son.

Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, president of the Baptist World Alliance, writes us that in January there was organized in Stockholm the permanent "Scandinavian Baptist Committee of Cooperation," consisting of three members from each country, to consider common action in regard to literary work, theological education, foreign missions, revival campaigns, work among seamen, and other projects.

At the annual meeting of the Brazilian Baptist Convention held in Sao Paulo in late January, Dr. Joao F. Soren of Rio de Janeiro was elected president. The next convention is scheduled for January, 1947, in Recife, Pernambuco. The *Watchman-Examiner* correspondent, Carlos Vieira, writes concerning Secretary Gill: "President Soren introduced Dr. Everett Gill, Jr., Mrs. Gill, and their daughter Elizabeth. As secretary for Latin America of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, Dr. Gill has been visiting the mission fields of North Brazil. Through his visits to every part of our fields, he is making a tremendous contribution to world missions. Dr. Gill addressed the convention briefly."

Dr. J. C. Pool, principal of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Ogbomoso, Nigeria, writes, "This is one of the busiest times we have ever known. The seminary has the largest enrolment it has ever had. There are thirty-nine men and more than twenty wives of students. I am teaching twenty-three hours per week, trying to manage the Ogbomoso Baptist Day School, the leper school, and two out-station schools, besides having the oversight of the Ogbomoso mission station."

Foreign influence in Africa has more effectively contributed to the mental, moral and spiritual advancement of African peoples than the Christian missionary service.

—EMORY ROSS.

# EPISTLES

## FROM TODAY'S APOSTLES

### China

MARCH 14, 1946

Three weeks ago today Blanche Groves and I arrived in Soochow, escorted by Dr. McMillan, and met by a delegation that made us want to cry and laugh from the sincerity and originality of their welcome.

It was so typically Chinese—that welcome—noisy, boisterous, joyous, happy, and of the-more-the-merrier type. There was the orphanage band, proudly dressed in their gala, red uniforms, with instruments brightly shining and faces freshly scrubbed, trying hard to be respectfully solemn but really so excited they were about to pop!

Close behind stood the girls from Wei Ling Academy where I was to teach, eagerly waving gaily-colored paper banners, and apparently not in the least subdued by the occasion, for their faces quite frankly mirrored their glee over the coming of these American friends.

Here, yonder, and everywhere were beloved old friends who had come to welcome Miss Groves and greet the new missionary until we were truly surrounded by a surging, enveloping sea of smiling faces, warm handclasps, and friendly voices. We felt good all over.

Eisenhower has nothing on us! 'Twas quite a procession we had across town from the station to the two mission compounds. Since the band had marched all the long way over, manfully struggling with instruments that more often than not seemed twice the size of the youngsters carrying them, we had no thought of disappointing them by riding rickshas. We mentally gave thanks instead that the sun was shining, the cobblestone streets were dry, and we had just had three hours of sitting on the train to prepare us for walking through the narrow, winding, twisting streets of Soochow.

The pastor placed us behind the pint-sized young'un with the big, bass drum, and with a great burst of sound and "Onward Christian Soldiers," we were off, the band triumphantly in the lead, the school girls colorfully in the rear, and your humble servants in the middle—jaws set, and determined to keep up even if it meant blisters on both heels and utter ruination of our corns. (Soochow cobblestones would try the endurance of the toughest farmer lad.)

What with the band next playing "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You," the banners flying, and the fact of the first two white women to return to the city in

four years, the town really turned out to fill the streets as we made our way through them—from one-toothed old grandmothers, on down to little tots peeping shyly from behind their mothers' skirts, and, of course, *all* the dogs were out to sniff and pass canine judgment upon these strange causes for all the hullabaloo. They probably hadn't seen so much excitement since the Japanese left, and we were to be the topic of conversation for days.

For the most part I was only an interested, amused, and dumbfounded observer, but Blanche—she hadn't been in Soochow for twenty-five years for *nothing*! She knew *everybody*, and how gladly they called her by name to welcome her back! It was really a beautiful tribute to the love with which she must have wrought, for the multitudes knew her and greeted her with joy in their faces and happiness in their voices—cheerful policemen, gawking coolies, happy mothers with gurgling babes, laughing students, nodding street vendors, grinning apprentices, chuckling street urchins, wealthy merchants, bowing shopkeepers, fat restaurant cooks—each pleased to know that "Kou Siasia" was in the big family midst again.

That feeling of being made welcome has deepened as there have been "welcome meetings" in the three city centers, "welcome assemblies" in the two middle schools where we had the thrill of speaking to some 1,200 students, and the many individual visits from friends. I'm already quite busy teaching with more than 160 squirming, giggling, keenly alert girls to keep me hopping, for that also means 160-odd English notebooks to be corrected weekly.

I really haven't touched much below the surface in this letter. That will come as I understand more about the people, their life in Soochow, what they have endured, and what they must yet suffer in the mounting difficulties of postwar rehabilitation.

Not a single letter by ordinary mail has come here since our arrival; and, although I'm sure I'll hear whenever a boat does arrive (uncertain as this is), this blackout from the home-side is kind of hard on a missionary gal.



MARY LUCILE  
SAUNDERS  
Soochow, China

FEBRUARY, 1946

Ravished by friend and enemy, Canton, the city of rams, already shows signs of recovery. Although there are vast areas of ruins and rubble, the population exceeds the prewar figure. The streets are thronged and shops are busy, though the cost of living—measured in any kind

of money—is probably higher than any place in the world. Contrasted with Shanghai, there are many beggars on the streets, but there is an atmosphere of hope and cheerfulness that is reassuring.

I arrived as the Leung Kwong (two states) Baptist Convention was in progress. After a long and wearisome journey it was good to be so near my final objective, Wuchow. I rushed to the convention hall to find the messengers in the midst of a heated discussion and to feel that I was among typical Baptists—Southern Baptists, if you please. After two days dealing with the customs, and after my ankles were on fire from mosquito bites, I realized that I was at last in South China.

This, the sixtieth anniversary of the Leung Kwong Convention, has been epochal. The Chinese consider sixty as a cycle, so that sixty-one must be number one. It was most fitting that just at this period a totally new method of mission work in China should start. In keeping with the policy of the Foreign Mission Board for postwar missionary work in China, we turned over all work to Chinese Baptists, including practically all institutional work, to be operated by them with our help and advice. The enthusiastic response to this plan has been heartening.

After the particular session when I arrived had been dismissed, no less than two hundred faithful and zealous Baptists crowded about me to shake hands. Their beaming faces needed no words to show their genuine welcome. Most of them I could call by name. It was a joyful reunion and one that I shall not soon forget.

As in North and Central China, Baptists here have remained faithful through severe hardships. With sober faces they told me that seven of my friends—their co-workers—had starved to death. Hundreds lost everything except their lives and faith. The office secretary at Baptist headquarters here was running around through the winter, going to church and keeping things together, barefooted and dressed in two borrowed garments.

Dr. Tseng, the efficient superintendent of the Leung Kwong Baptist hospital, had a terrible experience. Before the advance of the Japanese he was a successful practitioner in Wuchow; when he fled with his family he was robbed repeatedly and finally reduced to practically nothing. But here he is, radiating hope and cheer and rapidly getting the hospital back to normal. It looks spick and span. He has a total staff of more than seventy. All of our residences here are unlivable. Two were totally destroyed. Except for the hospital, I would have no place to stay.

At a special sixtieth anniversary service, there were six patriarchs on the platform—all over seventy-five and with

a total age of over 500 years. All had been members of the convention since its first session. One of the oldest, Cheung Lap-tsoi, delivered one of the finest addresses I ever heard.

Many powerful addresses were given. One by the Rev. Harold Chen on "How to Be Saved" lasted two and a half hours, but it was the clearest and most powerful presentation of our fundamental beliefs I ever listened to.

My little contribution was on the subject of Christian education. I used Romans 10 but carried Paul's reasoning a bit further. "How can they hear without a preacher; how can they preach except they be sent? How can they be sent unless they are found; how can they be found unless they are produced; how can they be produced unless they are trained in churches and Christian schools?" While my special appeal was for a large number of primary schools, I tried to outline a program, including a university in South China, several hospitals and *foreign missions*. I suggested that, as a start they send a missionary to the 30,000 South China Chinese in Havana, Cuba, who have no sort of Christian testimony. One fine young lady volunteered.

Yes, it is a new day in Canton. The Chinese Baptists are true to those things we believe and hold so dear, and they will develop and grow very rapidly, now that it is *their* work. The call for missionaries, however, is more insistent than ever. We need in South China many *preaching* missionaries. For the first time in seventy years missionaries to China

will be relieved of detailed accounting, hiring, and firing, and be able to do strictly missionary work.



R. E. BEDDOE  
Wuchow, Kwangsi,  
China

JANUARY 14, 1946

My heart is filled with praise these days because of God's wonderful love and grace in bringing me safely back to my old China home and friends of twenty-five years. The way he opened doors for me to return more than nineteen months ago; the stopovers en route and opportunities for witnessing in New Zealand, Australia, India, in Free China, and then back home—it is like a story book.

After the Japanese surrender the Chinese Communists in North China rose up and cut all railways, highways, and telegraph and telephone connections. This happened before the Central Government troops could be transported to this area to take over from the Japanese. These Communists have ruined their reputation now and forever with the people of China. I waited in Shanghai

for a time to see whether they would get control of all of North China.

Since there was a group of United States soldiers and airmen stationed between Tsinan and Shanghai, I felt I should come on and if it became too dangerous I could fly out with our troops. I got a plane December 17, put all my baggage on, and in three and one-half hours was in Tsinan. Being in uniform I was able to travel free.

It was a happy day when I arrived back in this city. I left here June 16, 1941, a prisoner of the Japanese, and no Chinese dared to accompany me to the train for fear of creating suspicion. When news of my arrival back got around, I was besieged by my old friends and many others whom I scarcely knew. I have hardly had time to sleep. Major General Li, the highest military official here, Governor Heh, May Chang and others in turn have had me as guest of honor at feasts in their homes and in the Government banquet halls. I've preached to full houses at least twice each Sunday in the different churches since my return.

Not one of our Chinese co-workers has quit; not even when severe famine swept this province in 1944, nor when the Japanese and Communists persecuted sorely. They have been hungry many times and it has been a long time since most of them had any new clothes but when asked how they had fared they said, "*Chü te en tien go yungte* (The Lord's grace has been sufficient)." We could use a lot of money for relief among Christians in this province. They are worthy of every cent we may be able to give them.

It was fortunate that I returned to Tsinan when I did. The enemy still occupied our missionary residences and the True Light Middle School buildings. The Chinese Government gave me permission to take over this property directly from the Japanese. A colonel was living in my house; some lower officials were living in the home of Misses Crawford and Alderman, and Chinese puppet troops had been living in the Evans' house at Cheeloo University. They had moved out, but the house was stripped of everything. Our two residences had not been damaged much and some of our furniture still remained in the houses.

I told the Japanese to move in four days and to leave everything except their clothes and personal effects. They did and I am now well established in our home again with some of our furniture and some Japanese stuff. Our piano, dining table, chairs and all the beds were gone. I have borrowed some things and am making out. I have been told some of this furniture can be found and restored. The Chinese provincial government gave me a car to replace mine

taken after Pearl Harbor was bombed; also enough gas and oil to last two months. It is a 1938 Buick four-door sedan in good condition. I had not dreamed of such good fortune.

The only way to reach Tsinan now is by plane. We have good reason to believe that the differences between the Communists and the Central Government will soon be settled and communications restored. News from Chungking came over the radio last night saying an armistice had been agreed upon and Communist troops instructed to return the railroad tracks to their places and do all possible to restore communications.

Now that I have discontinued the use of United States Army post office facilities, it takes longer for mail to come and go than before.



JOHN A. ABERNATHY  
598 Wei Yi Lu Tsinan  
Shantung, China

## Brazil

MARCH 3, 1946

I would like to take you on a vacation trip I have just made up north.

Katherine Cozzens and I flew from Recife to São Luiz, Maranhão, and Belem, Para—a journey of a thousand miles. Here we stayed with friends for a day and night, then took a seaplane to Manaus, Amazonas. We were fortunate to be traveling during the rainy season (fall); it was much cooler, and there were no mosquitoes.

Manaus is an old city of 100,000 people. Twenty years ago it was a booming rubber center, full of Americans, English, and Germans, who tried to outdo the "Rubber Barons of Brazil" in society and business. The city is famous for its four-million-dollar opera house built in 1892. It has a seating capacity of 1,000, main floor and four balconies. The large reception and ballroom has been carefully preserved, and is one of the loveliest rooms I ever saw.

We visited the Association of Commerce to see an interesting collection of plants, nuts, woods, skins and minerals, and a splendid display of rubber (from milk to the raw material sent to the U.S.A.). We visited churches, schools, the zoo, and the big city market.

The First Baptist Church with its beautiful baptistry and space for all departments is doing splendid work, as the members are wide awake and eager to help. I taught a study course to the women and we helped with a Bible school for the children.

We took a "milk boat" down the Salimoes river. The boat stopped at every

farm house along the way to get milk or take on passengers. The Salimoes and the Negro rivers come together just outside the city, to make the Amazon River. The former is a light muddy yellow and the latter is a dark amber color, and when they come together it looks as if a line has been drawn to separate the colors. On the return trip we saw many small dugout canoes, half covered overhead, full of vegetables and other products going to the city market. These canoes were tied to a motor boat that was pulling all of them, sometimes 50 to 100. A beautiful sunset was the finish to a happy trip.

A very happy Christmas was spent in the Clem Hardy home. We fixed a Christmas tree and presents for twenty school children, and attended a very good program in the church, after having dinner with some American friends.

On New Year's Eve, about eleven-thirty, we rushed from the program at the church to take a small wood-burning boat to go to Santarem. The boat stopped every five or six hours to take on wood, products, or cows.

After four days we arrived in Santarem, Pará, an important city where the Tapajóz and Amazon Rivers come together. Santarem was once a Portuguese fort, but now a city of 20,000 people. The port is always full of sailboats, launches, ocean-going vessels, and it has a sea base for planes. The washwomen wash their clothes and put them on the sand to dry while their nude children swim in the river. Here we found beautiful handwoven blankets, decorated gourds, rocks with scenes painted on them to be used for paper weights, lovely handmade dolls, and many skins for sale. The market was full of fresh fish, beef and vegetables and fruits.

We had a happy week with a lovely Brazilian couple, a pastor and wife who had attended our schools in Recife. We spoke in their small, well-organized church several times. The wife is a gifted musician, so plays the organ and directs the music. We also met a man who came to Brazil with his parents just after the Civil War. He worked for the Ford Motor Company many years and now has two sons here and two in the States working for the same company. He is very proud he is a North American.

How fortunate we were to get a launch to Fordlandia, the first in two months. Fordlandia is the first Ford rubber experimental station. The launch had a barge for the passengers; ladies slept on one side and men on the other in hammocks. As I had never slept in a hammock overnight, I was afraid I would fall out. We laughed so, we had everyone watching me when I went to bed. To my amazement I slept fine, except when someone passed underneath and struck my head. All the luggage was

piled in the center of the barge, and you had to climb over it, or under someone sleeping in a hammock if you wished to get about.

I have never had a lovelier trip than this one down the Tepajóz River. We were met in Fordlandia by a Brazilian who had worked for the Ford Company many years. He had a large family and was entertaining many guests in his home, but asked us to bring our hammocks as he had plenty of hooks on the walls of his bedrooms. We were delightfully entertained here for a week. We drove over the big rubber plantation, visited the well-equipped hospital, schools, stores, and the church. We had services in the church three nights and started a Bible school for the children.

The launch came on Sunday to take us to Belterra, where Ford's big plantation is located. Belterra is just like a small city in the U.S.A. with its houses made of wood (most houses in Brazil are made of cement or stucco), with big porches across the front covered with vines, big lawns, hedges, sidewalks, and wide, gravelled streets. Everyone uses bicycles, as there are few cars. The city has ten streets far apart with rubber trees in between, so it is divided into villages with schools and stores.

Here is one of the best hospitals in Brazil with excellent doctors. All employees of the company get free treatment and hospitalization.

The Baptist church is very pretty, though quite small. I taught a class to the adults each night and met with the children one afternoon. The people were friendly and many spoke English. The couple with whom we stayed spoke it well, the wife being the daughter of an American and a former student in our school.

When we arrived in Santarem, after a journey of a few hours on a fast launch, friends awaited us with the news that two big ocean-going vessels were to be there on Sunday or Monday. We were anxious to get to Belem as our vacation was just about up.

Sure enough, Monday morning at four o'clock we heard the boat whistle. That meant we had forty minutes to get ready and get out to the ship. With the help of friends we were down to the port, into a sail boat, and on our way to the ship anchored in the middle of the river, in less than forty minutes.

The ship we took to Belem ran upon a sandbar and we spent eight hours waiting for the tide to come in before the ship could get off and be on its way. The trip was interesting because some engineers and doctors told many experiences of their work among the Indians in the far interior. We read some of their reports.

After a two-months trip of more than 5,000 miles made by plane and ship, I

returned with a new vision, and a greater desire to serve my Master and the Brazilians so far away from centers of education and religious opportunities.

The constant plea for workers and help made me realize the vast needs here in the north of Brazil.



I brought three girls back with me to study in our Training School.

MAYE BELL TAYLOR  
Recife, Brazil

APRIL 22, 1946

Missionary A. E. Hayes is grateful for the good beginning in the newly created western Pernambuco field. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes have established their home in the mountain center of Triunfo. Already a church has been organized with twenty-three members, and two primary schools opened. A Bible school to train workers has seven students to make up its first class.

This new field includes a large part of the state of Pernambuco where the gospel is still largely unknown. The people, generally speaking, are uneducated but many fathers are anxious for their children to have educational advantages which are not offered them by the state. It is thought that primary schools will offer one of the most strategic means of approach.

Missionary J. L. Bice has been elected treasurer of the North Brazil Mission, on the resignation of Treasurer John Mein, and the Bices will be moving soon to Recife from Maceió, where they have rendered many years of faithful service.

The writer has just enjoyed leading in a week of blessed evangelistic services in the Rua Imperial church, Recife. As a result more than thirty people professed their faith in Christ as Saviour. One Intermediate boy brought a neighbor family to the services. In the Sunday morning service, when the appeal was made, two small boys of this family came forward. One of them immediately went to the back of the house and pled with his father, who is a lieutenant in the Brazilian Air Force, to accept Christ. After some reluctance, the father came. Then the boy went after his sister, but she refused to come. However, at the evening service, this sister and another sister and the mother came—six members of that family, all except the small children.

I have also just returned from Natal, capital of the state of Rio Grande do Norte, where I directed a ten days' Bible school under the extension department of the seminary. The school was a blessing to the work and five people accepted Christ. We enjoyed fellowship with the Tumblins.



Miss Mildred Cox spent the Easter holidays in Campina Grande, in a Bible Institute with the Underwoods and Pastor Silas Falcao. The Underwoods are highly pleased with their new field in Paraiba, where they went to take over when the S. S. Stovers were forced to return to the United States on account of health.

Raymond and Ann Kolb are visiting the Maranhão field with view to locating there as they complete their year of language study. Thus it seems that the Macedonian cry of Maranhão, which has echoed throughout our Mission for twenty-five years, may at last be attended. The Christians there are most happy over the prospect.

The new seminary building is nearing completion and all are expectantly awaiting its inauguration in the month of June.

Miss Alberta Steward is happy in her new work in the American Baptist College in Recife.

L. L. JOHNSON  
Recife, Pernambuco,  
Brazil



## Hawaii

APRIL 5, 1946

You have doubtless read of the big tidal waves which struck many islands in the Pacific about 7:00 A.M. April 1. Hilo, the second largest city of the Hawaiian Islands, population 28,000, was hardest hit of all cities, deaths totaling around 100. Much of this interesting, beautiful city, which extends for ten miles along the seashore, was completely wrecked in a half-hour's time.

I was down on the beach for a few minutes between morning prayer and breakfast for a short dip in the ocean and was clearing our bathing place, a lagoon, of loose, sharp, volcanic rocks to make it more suitable for bathing by the young people who will, we hope, attend our Bible conference (camp) during the Easter holidays. The tide was unusually low and the water quiet, but something unusual seemed impending. I looked up and noticed a big, high wave coming into the lagoon and rushed toward the bank, which constitutes the back yard of the rented cottage we have occupied since coming to the big island. The water followed me up some distance and I felt some concern, but I said nothing about it until I noticed the water was nearing the house.

On entering the kitchen I remarked to Mrs. Leonard, who was preparing breakfast, that something was wrong. We both smelled sulphur fumes, as we later learned others did. My study was in a small room at the side of the garage, and the car

was down there. I hastened immediately to drive the car up onto the highest point in the yard. When I re-entered the house, there came another big wave, which was higher, and the whole sea seemed to have risen. I grabbed Evelyn and shoved her out the front door and across rough lava rock of the yard straight to the highway. She was in her dressing gown and bedroom slippers. I just had time to run back and get into the car.

Fortunately, the motor started immediately. I dashed out toward the highway with the wave right under the back of the car. Evelyn piled into the front seat, and we made for higher ground, with the wave coming in behind us. We had thought of the radio-tower section as the best place in case of a tidal wave. Otherwise, I would hardly have known where to go.

With nothing much to wear and both of us in our bedroom slippers, I hastened back a distance of three blocks, to see whether some clothing and a small iron box, containing valuable papers, could be taken from the house. The sea had receded sufficiently for me to make a dive into the house. The garage and study had collapsed. I snatched the box, a couple of dresses and coat for my wife, and a pair of shoes.

I was tempted to take other things, but it is well I did not, for a tremendous wave was coming fast. I got out just ahead of it and ran up the hill directly across the highway. The water came on up after me, but I made my way along a ridge through the jungle and back yard of residences until a road was reached. People could be seen climbing trees, among them our next-door neighbors, whose home was on higher ground but the yard was covered. Our house was moving. Others, south of ours, were riding the big wave. When it later receded, those in trees and others managed to get up where we were. I drove the car to still higher ground.

Some fifty or sixty of us went beyond the radio towers to the highest point. We were tempted to go to the airport through two miles of jungle, but feared the water would come into that area. We soon began making preparation, especially for the women and children, to remain if necessary, and for shelter because dark clouds threatened a down-pour. We were warned not to climb the iron radio towers for fear of electrocution. Had the water risen three feet higher, it would have covered the whole area where we were. Furthermore, had it been the time of high tide instead of low, few of us would have survived.

By eleven o'clock the water had receded to its normal level. We all hastened down to the highway, the only way of escape from that part of the country, but were told that there was a long

break in the highway, which could be crossed only by boat. On the highway we learned that another tidal wave was overdue. Fortunately, two rubber boats had been provided and soldiers were transporting people to the other side, where trucks were awaiting us.

There was devastation everywhere. Beautiful automobiles had been rolled on the rough lava rock or crushed by houses and trees until they were only a mass of iron. Some of these are buried in crushed jungle vegetation, broken boards, splintered furniture, dirty clothing and toys, along with twisted cooking utensils. Where beautiful homes had stood, only clean rocks remain. In the valleys and against the hills only wrecked houses, trees, and debris could be seen. Along the highway were beautiful tropical fish, dead or in water holes. Later we heard of more than one person having been swept away by the third wave while gathering stranded fish.

We were taken to a refugee camp at the airport. Here the Army and the Red Cross are providing sleeping accommodations and food. After one restless night, noisy because of the arrival of other refugees, we yielded to the urgent invitation of Misses Lila Watson and Alma Graves to come to their already crowded little apartment, 281 Ponahawai Street.

Where our home stood, there is now only lava rock and concrete. The garage and residence were completely swept away. The home, which had become a pancake, was thrown into the low front yard of a home three doors up the highway. From this and other wreckage I have been able to salvage our sewing machine, camera and projector, silverware, and some clothing; but the clothing and bed are ruined. Among the things lost besides clothing are books, stationery, tracts, Bibles, Testaments, typewriter, a radio, public address system, dishes, furniture and trunks. Although we seldom find time for fishing or hunting, the loss of valuable fishing tackle and sporting guns goes hard. Then, too, we have lost addresses of friends and acquaintances, for whom circular and personal letters had been prepared. We rejoice that the car was saved, for it is the most useful of our worldly possessions, and I had paid out \$200 or more on it for repairs the past few months.

We are going ahead with our Bible conference, which begins the evening of the 17th and continues until Saturday morning—only a few days, but everyone seems unusually busy. The Chinese Language School building will be used.



CHARLES A. LEONARD  
Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.

# Friendship Box

One way to encourage friendship and understanding between the youth of America and the youth of liberated Europe is recommended by American Women's Voluntary Services, Inc. It is the mailing of "friendship boxes" through the relief agencies.

**The Box** Preferably, an empty wooden cigar box. In Europe it is useful. It may be painted, lacquered, covered with fancy paper or cloth, cut-outs, and the like. It also makes a sturdy package for handling in the mails.

**A Letter** A friendship letter must be enclosed. A snapshot may be sent if you care to include it. Due to the scarcity of paper abroad, two sheets of writing paper and self-addressed envelope should be included for reply. You may select your own country, age group, boy or girl.

**Contents** The following are "must" articles: school supplies (pencils, pen holders, pen points, erasers, small pad or notebook); sewing kit with needles, thread, thimble, pins; socks or mittens, preferably of wool; tooth brush; tooth powder in strong container; band aids; soap.

The following may be used as fillers: shoe laces, combs, safety pins, bobby pins, hairpins, hair ribbons for girls, neckties for boys, nail file, handkerchiefs, scissors, pen knife, small games (chess, checkers, or dominoes), small toy or ball, lipstick for older sister or mother.

**Wrapping** No glass containers, please. Use heavy brown paper with strong string and wrap securely. On outside of package, list contents; state also country, age group, and whether box is for boy or girl. Send box to any authorized foreign relief agency:

Greek War Relief Association, 420 East 54th Street;

American Relief for Italy, Inc., 92 11th Avenue;

United Yugoslav Relief Fund of America, 877 Broadway;

Polish War Relief, Inc., 33 Union Square;

United China Relief, Inc., 1790 Broadway;

All of New York City.

## Goodfellow Baptists Near Goodfellow Field

Goodfellow Field at San Angelo, Texas, trains flying cadets from overseas. Chinese cadets train there. Harris Avenue Baptist Church in San Angelo recently became interested in some effort to know them and be good neighbors to these strangers in America.

Through Chaplain Aaron Backus, the church issued an invitation to the 220 Chinese cadets and their officers. Sixty-nine responded to the invitation to a banquet at the church. A few of them came in advance to help prepare the meal, which was to be a real Chinese feast, one as nearly as possible like the banquets they have at home.

Missionary Buford L. Nichols, just home from China, came to speak at the banquet. He addressed the cadets in their own language, and each received as a souvenir of the occasion a Chinese New Testament, a quantity of which were secured from the American Bible Society.

The interest shown at the social affair was so keen, we announced that Dr. Nichols would speak at the post chapel the next morning. Ninety cadets showed up, and services were announced for the next evening at the chapel. Attendance totaled 120 cadets. On the succeeding night, the attendance was reduced by the fact that two entire barracks were in classes, but the interest was good.

Dr. Nichols was an excellent choice for these services. During the war he served both the Chinese and the United States Governments. His service in this capacity, added to his service as a missionary, made his fund of experiences varied and interesting. His prestige as a former liaison officer and as an honorary



Chinese cadets welcomed a chance to have a good Chinese feast at Harris Avenue Baptist Church while they were stationed at Goodfellow Field, San Angelo, Texas.

colonel in the Chinese army, his command of the language, and his attractive personality won the attention of the cadets.

Pictures of China in slides and filmstrips were shown at two of the services in the post chapel, as well as to the Harris Avenue congregation.

The value of the service rendered the cadets can be guessed from comments that have come to the church.

One young trainee said that, of all the things he has experienced since coming to America, this contact with a Christian church had made him happiest. One of the Army officers stated that it is the most significant religious effort he has seen since he has been with the armed forces.

Dr. Nichols believes that the permanent effect of this effort on foreign missions is inestimable. "When these choice young men return to the Orient," he said, "they will help in creating a place of good will for our missionaries in the hearts and minds of their people."

The Harris Avenue Baptist Church made a liberal offering to Dr. Nichols for his contribution to their church program for the cadets. The Baptist Association has recognized the significance of the effort, and has named a committee to foster a permanent program for all foreign cadets stationed at Goodfellow Field.

This project is vital, we believe, to an increased understanding of Christian missions and the responsibility Americans have to support at home the work that foreign missionaries do abroad.

LEE RAMSOUR  
San Angelo, Texas



The church invited the trainees to a service in their post chapel to hear Missionary Buford L. Nichols, just back from China, and to see pictures of their homeland projected on a screen. Seated right is Dr. Nichols. Pastor Lee Ramsour and Sunday School Superintendent E. A. Dawson share the front row with him.

# BOOKS

Any book mentioned may be had from the Baptist Book Store serving your state.

Whatever Kenneth Scott Latourette writes is worth reading. The latest volume by this renowned authority on world missions is *The United States Moves Across the Pacific* (Harper, \$2.00). It shows clearly that for more than a century events have forecast the involvement of the United States in the Far East. Then he gives us a clearer understanding of the problems and possibilities of the Orient and closes with concrete suggestions concerning policy in the years immediately ahead. It is a book which every world-minded Christian should read. He expresses the opinion that war between the United States and Russia is unlikely.

Here are two recent books on Russia, *The Great Retreat* by Nicholas S. Timasheff (Dutton, \$5.00) and *Religion in Russia* by Pierce Casey (Harper, \$2.00).

*The Great Retreat* is a clear and comprehensive story of the growth and decline of communism in Russia. The author, a native of Russia, now a naturalized American, a member of Fordham University staff, shows in this new book how Soviet Russia has been compelled to retreat from radical positions with reference to world revolution, economic programs, the family, the school, and the church. The Government of Russia learned especially during the war that they could not neglect fundamental relationships and attitudes if they would win a war and build a united nation. The policy of the Government in respect to family life, education, and religion has been greatly modified. As a result, literacy has increased at an amazing rate, the divorce rate has been reduced, and the necessity for religion has been recognized.

*Religion in Russia*, the substance of the Lowell Institute Lectures of Harvard University, is an illuminating survey of the varied fortunes and prospects of religion in Russia. This book will help the student of missions to interpret the present situation in Russia.

*For a Literate West Africa* (Friendship, 25 cents) by Margaret Wrong, is the story of a journey through the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, French Cameroun, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone in the interest of literacy and literature. Miss Wrong, who was a recent visitor to the offices of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, is an authority on matters pertaining to West Africa, especially in the field of literature.

For its compass, we know of no clearer statement on modern India than *Restless India*, Headline Series (Foreign Policy Association, 35 cents), by Lawrence K. Rosinger with an introductory statement by the Earl of Halifax. The policy of Britain is to create a new Indian Union, which will constitute a dominion on the basis of other dominions. The situation in India is complicated by the antagonism that exists between Hindus, constituting two-thirds of the population, and Moslems, representing almost one-fourth of the total population of 400,000,000.

*The United Nations Economic and Social Council*, by Herman Finer (World Peace Foundation, 50 cents) is an exposition of that part of the United Nations Charter relating to economic and social problems.

We are indebted to Dr. George A. Buttrick, pastor of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, for a very timely volume, *Christ and Man's Dilemma* (Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00). In stating the dilemma, he says: "There can be no overcoming of human ignorance without a higher Light; no cleansing of the hatreds and abysmal cruelties of war without a pardon better than our own; no real hope in death unless there is some resurrection truth. Our gadgets will not save us." With rare understanding of human sin and sorrow, he discusses such vital questions as "Christ and Our Ignorance," "Christ and Our Wickedness," "Christ and Our Mortality," "Christ and Business," "Christ and Education," "Christ and the Machine," and "Man's Response." He concludes that all roads must lead to Christ and to his Cross. "There is a Light for our ignorance, Pardon for our sins, Life for our mortality. 'These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.'"

*The Return to Japan* (Friendship, 25 cents) is a report of the Christian deputation to Japan October and November, 1945, consisting of Douglas Horton, Bishop James C. Baker, Luman J. Shafer, and Walter W. Van Kirk.

Through his service for a third of a century as head of the Bible department of Baylor University, J. B. Tidwell, who died March 17, touched the whole world. One of his students, Robert A. Baker, a graduate of Baylor University and of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, and a member of the faculty of the latter institution, has gathered up the high points in the life of Dr. Tidwell and given them to us in the book, *J. B. Tidwell Plus God* (Broadman, \$1.50). "His monument is in the hearts of thousands of lives around the world."

One of the most stimulating books published recently is *Foundations for Reconstruction* by Elton Trueblood (Harper, \$1.00), reminding thoughtful people that the major problem of our time is the ethical problem, that the only answer to atomic power is moral power. The author gives an incisive study of the Ten Commandments. In these brief chapters he goes to the heart of the greatest need of a shattered world. Here are a few sentences which give us a glimpse of the prophetic spirit: "If we want to have *one world* the only way to begin is by the recognition of our dependence on *one God*. . . . We cannot make a decent civilization by following the modern fashion. . . . There can be no cutting edge that is not narrow. . . . Idolatry is the worship of the products of the human mind in place of the worship of the living God. . . . The cultivation of the uneasy conscience is a major plank in the platform of reconstruction."

Many who read Dr. Seagrave's *Burma Surgeon* will welcome the sequel, *Burma Surgeon Returns* (Norton, \$3.00). The experiences described in this significant volume relate largely to the Ledo Road which was constructed to join up with the Burma Road into China. Gordon Seagrave came out of the grueling service more convinced than ever that missionaries must be practical and incarnate the teachings of Jesus who came not to be ministered unto but to minister

(Please turn the page)

unto others. Dr. Seagrave says, "It was about 115 years ago that my two great-grandfathers came out to Burma as missionaries, and some twenty-eight members of our family have since been missionaries in Burma. There is no more satisfying job in the world." But he adds that he has not urged his children to return to Burma as missionaries unless missionary work is broadened to include more practical help to the people of the East. All through the book are improvised hospitals and operating tables and the wonderful "Seagrave's Burmese nurses"—nurses who have elicited the admiration of the world. This is not a pretty story—war is not pretty—but once you begin the book you will not want to put it down until you read it through.

The stories of seventeen eminent Americans, chosen by a poll of editorial writers of newspapers throughout the country, are told in *Americans: A Book of Lives* by Hermann Hagedorn (John Day, \$4.00). All are lives which have touched the present century. Here are sketched the activities and achievements of Mark Twain, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas A. Edison, Luther Burbank, Booker T. Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Jane Addams, John Dewey, Louis D. Brandeis, George Washington Carver, Henry Ford, Helen Keller, Will Rogers, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Wendell L. Willkie. An appropriate gift for young people especially, it is also a good book for libraries.

Human geography—an introduction to the peoples of a vast section of the world—is the purpose of *Oceania* (Holiday House, \$1.00), which is one of a children's series including Turkey, India, China, Russia, Australia, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines, and Mexico and the Inca Lands. Charles A. Borden shows the natives of Oceania as a likeable, intelligent people. He indicates the effects of the intrusion of the white man into their peaceful world, and states the significance of the islands in terms of future world history. Raffaello Busoni's illustrations, in four-color printing, make the book attractive as background material for missions.

# Studying Missions

By Mary M. Hunter

The Department of Literature and Exhibits is a special channel through which current foreign mission information will be available this summer to students of missions by means of the printed page. Through the Department and THE COMMISSION (subscription price, 50 cents a year) the Foreign Mission Board speaks to mission study groups concerning the successes and needs of foreign missions. The scarcity of paper is still a problem, but this fact will not impair the effectiveness of the magazine or the literature which we hope to send out during the season.

To assist mission study classes, one of the chief summer methods for disseminating missionary information, we have for free distribution to teachers of foreign mission textbooks, in addition to the promotional material, helps to leaders, and material which will be serviceable to members of classes.

For schools of missions, another great method of missionary education, a specially prepared church school of missions manual is offered for the pastors and other leaders.

We rejoice in the belief that the study of foreign mission literature is a means to the one great end—the advancement of the kingdom of Christ around the world.

## Promotional Literature

"Centennial Survey," a table of statistics reprinted from the Foreign Mission Board's centennial publication, "That They May Have Life."

"Your Foreign Mission Board—How It Works!" a chart showing how gifts to foreign missions are disbursed through the foreign board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

"Lifetime Jobs for Peacemakers," a pamphlet prepared by the Department of Missionary Personnel, presenting the needs for recruits.

"Schools of Missions"—pamphlet describing this form of missionary education for the entire church family (Revised. 1946).

"Missionaries Are Headline News," by Edward H. Dowdy, newspaper publicity story.

"See Today's World with Our Missionaries," four-color poster.

"% Postmaster," directory of Baptist churches throughout the world.

Order from the Department of Literature and Exhibits.

From your Baptist Book Store, you may secure copies of the centennial publication "That They May Have Life."

## Foreign Mission Pictures

### SOUND FILMS

"New Life for China." Running time—14 minutes. Rental—\$2.50.

"Here is China." Running time—28 minutes. Rental—\$ .50.

"Western Front." Running time—22 minutes. Rental—\$ .50.

"The Forgotten Village." Running time—60 minutes. Rental—\$12.00.

"Mexico." Reel 1—"They Shall Inherit the Earth." Reel 2—"Our Nearest Foreign Mission Field." Running time—30 minutes. Rental—\$6.00.

"An American Mission." Running time—25 minutes. Rental—\$6.00.

"We Too Receive." Running time—20 minutes. Rental—\$4.00.

### SILENT FILMS

"The Story of Bamba." Running time—45 minutes. Rental—\$3.75.

"The Healing of M'Vondo." Running time—30 minutes. Rental—\$2.00.

### SLIDES

"Mexico." Set 1—"Bridges To Tomorrow." Set 2—"A Letter Home." Running time—40 minutes. Rental—\$2.00. Accompanied by recorded narration.

For the annotated catalogue of films in the library of the Foreign Mission Board, write to the Department of Literature and Exhibits.



By Vivian A. Bruner

# Pedro's Investment

Jesus loves the little children,  
All the children of the world—

Pedro sang softly as he led his donkey toward the public market one bright summer morning.

"Clippety - clap! Clippety - clap!" sounded Hobo's tiny hoofs on the rough cobble stones.

Pedro stroked the donkey's silky ears with a brown chubby hand. There were tears in Pedro's eyes but he brushed them away.

Hobo nuzzled his cold nose against his master's tear-stained face. Up went one long donkey ear; down, the other. Pedro laughed his delight at this favorite donkey trick.

Throwing his arms about the pet, Pedro whispered seriously, "Hobo, the missionary told us that many children do not have food to eat because they live where bombs were dropped. It would not feel good to go without food, would it, Hobo?"

Just then a prosperous-looking gentleman approached.

"*Buenos días, Señor,*" Pedro bowed and tipped his broad-brimmed sombrero. "Would you care to buy a nice donkey?"

The gentleman stopped and looked carefully at Hobo. "He is small—" he mused.

"Oh, but Señor, he has a good heart and likes to work." Pedro looked anxiously into the man's face. "But you would be good to him?"

"Why do you wish to sell him?" the man asked, kindly.

Then Pedro told him of the mission school which he attended on week days . . . of starving children in other countries . . . of Jesus' love for them.

When he had finished the man gently stroked the donkey between the ears. "And how will

you ride to school without your donkey?" he asked.

Pedro lowered his eyes. "It is a long walk," he admitted, "but I am strong—and I have plenty to eat."

"Very well," agreed the gentleman, "I will buy your donkey, on one condition: that I be allowed to attend the mission school with you tomorrow."

Pedro was up with the sun the next morning. Chores were no task on this day, for his heart was light with singing. Long before the gentleman drove up in front of the humble house, Pedro was standing outside, his hair neatly combed, the new shining silver pieces clinking together in his pocket.

Introductions completed, Pedro ushered his new friend to a comfortable chair in the schoolroom. Then with hurried feet he made his way back to the missionary. Proudly he presented his newly-acquired wealth. "To help feed the war-children," he said simply.

Tears filled the missionary's eyes, but she looked into Pedro's shining face and said nothing. School work was resumed.

"Our memory verse this morning is found in Proverbs 19:17," said the teacher. "'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.'"

"May I say a word?" asked a deep voice from the back of the schoolroom. It was Pedro's friend. Coming to the front of the room, he faced the children.

"Yesterday morning a small boy offered to sell me a donkey—" he began. Pedro scarcely knew what he said after that, except that because of his, Pedro's, little gift the man was given his life and all to the Lord Jesus. He was going away to study and become a preacher.

## JUNE BIRTHDAYS OF MISSIONARIES

- 1** Olive Riddell, 1712 Vineyard Street, Bluefield, West Virginia.
- 2** Cornelia Leavell, 3165 Oahu Avenue, Honolulu, T. H.
- 3** Ruth Howell Bryan (Mrs. E. K.), Box 6312, Seminary Hill Station, Fort Worth, Texas; Mabel Williams Woodward (Mrs. F. T. N.), Box 266, Phenix City, Alabama.
- 4** Berta Lou Tooms Maer (Mrs. W. Q.), Casilla 185, Temuco, Chile; Avis Chaffin McCullough (Mrs. C. W.), Apartado Aereo 1320, Cali, Colombia; Lou Segers Mein (Mrs. David), Caixa 213, Aracaju, Sergipe, Brazil.
- 5** Alice Speiden Moore (Mrs. W. Dewey), R. F. D. 1, Silver Springs, Maryland.
- 6** H. Glenn Walker, M.D., 2010 Marine Parkway, New Orleans, Louisiana; J. W. Richardson, Baptist Mission, Shaki, via Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa.
- 7** Mary R. McCormick (Mrs. Hugh P.), 340 West Congress Street, Brookhaven, Mississippi; Esther Bassett Congdon (Mrs. W. W.), Iwo, via Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa.
- 8** Leola Smith Brothers (Mrs. L. Raymon), Iwo, Nigeria, West Africa; Alma Ervin Reid (Mrs. O. W.), Independencia 657, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico.
- 10** L. E. Blackman, 1305 Heulu Street, Honolulu 54, T. H.; James H. Ware, 543 Jefferson Street, Tupelo, Mississippi.
- 11** Lewis M. Bratcher, % Ira J. Porter, Louisville Trust Company, Louisville, Kentucky; John Lake, 3924 Baltimore Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.
- 12** Thomas B. Stover, Caixa 320, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Kate Cox White (Mrs. Maxey G.), Caixa 184, Bahia, Brazil.
- 13** J. B. Adair, Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa; Inabelle G. Coleman, 918 Urban Avenue, Durham, North Carolina.
- 14** A. R. Dailey, 117 Johnston Boulevard, Lexington, Kentucky; W. Q. Maer, Casilla 185, Temuco, Chile.
- 15** Edith D. Larson (Mrs. Ivan V.), 2407 Parrott Street, Waco, Texas.
- 17** John L. Bice, Caixa 38, Maceio, Brazil; Bettie S. Lide (Mrs. F. P.), Box 223, Wake Forest, North Carolina; Minnie Lou Lanier, Caixa 320, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
- 18** F. Catharine Bryan, 65 Sheridan Drive, N. E., Atlanta, Georgia; C. O. Gillis, Rafaela 3936, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Anna Frances Todd, Apartado Aero 1320, Cali, Colombia.
- 20** Maxfield Garratt, 2421 Halelia Place, Honolulu, T. H.; Harriett L. King, 211½ South Illinois Avenue, Carbondale, Illinois; Virgie Mason Riddell (Mrs. Gerald), Apartado Nacional 298, Cartagena, Colombia.
- 21** Arthur S. Gillespie, Wake Forest, North Carolina.
- 24** Grace Boyd Sears (Mrs. W. H.), 27 Gloster Street, Subiaco, Western Australia.
- 25** Maurice E. Brantley, Box 48, Benin City, Nigeria, West Africa.
- 26** Charles A. Leonard, Box 1900, Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.; Ada Lois Newman, Baptist Mission, Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa.
- 27** Effie Roe Maddox (Mrs. O. P.), 1204 South Main Street, Carthage, Missouri.
- 28** Ruth Walden, American Baptist Mission, Agboa, Nigeria, West Africa.
- 29** Martha Jordan Gilliland, M.D. (Mrs. McKinley), 111 78th Street, Birmingham, Alabama; John H. Miller, M.D., Camden, Arkansas.
- 30** Katherine Cozzens, Caixa 178, Pernambuco, Brazil; Lettie S. Hamlett (Mrs. P. H.), 309 Collett Street, Morganton, North Carolina.

## The End of a Long Trail

(Continued from page 15)

first and greatest apostle of missions, God has ever given to the Baptists of America.

The story of the trail for this great, lonely, suffering servant of Christ is full of heart-breaking tragedy and pathos. The end of that path of service came in a lonely country place on September 28, 1836, when Luther Rice was in the fifty-third year of his life. He died quietly in his sleep, after two weeks of intense suffering, in the home of Dr. R. G. Mays, a devoted country pastor of the Edgefield District, South Carolina. A short while before the end, Mr. Rice directed friends to "send my sulky, horse, and baggage to Brother Brooks, with directions to send them to Brother Sherwood, and say they all belong to the college." He thus bequeathed to Columbian College—the institution he had established in Washington, D. C., for the training of pastors and missionaries—all of his earthly possessions.

His remains were laid to rest in the churchyard of Pine Pleasant Baptist Church. He sleeps by the roadside in this quiet country churchyard, far from the loved ones in the boyhood home in New England. He died as he had lived, with an unutterable longing in his heart that Burma might come to Christ.

God grant that the Baptists of America may show forth the same passion for a lost world that consumed the frail body of Luther Rice!

In 1837, the year after his death, the Baptist State Convention of South Carolina erected a monument to his memory.

♦ ♦ ♦

In an effort to solve the conflict between Jews and Arabs in Palestine, President Magnes of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem proposes a bi-national state, with the eventual numerical equality of Jews and Arabs. The proposal is made that Palestine be transferred to the United Nations Organization trusteeship.

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# MISSIONARY NEWS *Flashes*

## Hawaii Missionaries Safe

Missionary Victor Koon of Honolulu cabled the Board April 2 that none of the missionaries of the Southern Baptist Convention was injured by the tidal wave which did so much damage in the Islands April 1.

## Bereavement

Missionary Appointee Charles P. Cowherd of Ridgecrest, North Carolina, lost his father, the Rev. P. H. Cowherd of Orangeburg, South Carolina, April 17.

Dr. R. T. Bryan, missionary emeritus of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, died in San Antonio, Texas, April 3. Mrs. Bryan lives at 934 Drexel Avenue, San Antonio.

The Rev. Homer Littleton of Nigeria lost his mother March 16.

Alma Graves of Hawaii lost her mother April 13.

## Birth

The Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Lindsey of Palestine announce the birth of a daughter, Barbara Ann, at Jerusalem March 7.

## Departures

Fannie George Hurtt left New York City by air April 22 for Leopoldville, and Nigeria, West Africa.

Dr. H. M. Harris, Sophie Lanneau, and Mrs. J. T. Williams sailed from Seattle aboard the *Marine Falcon* for Shanghai, April 25.

Edith Chaney and Roberta Cox, M.D., left New York City May 1 by air for Leopoldville, and Nigeria, West Africa.

## Arrivals

Beatrice Glass of Argentina is now on furlough at 707 Bungalow Lane, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

The Rev. and Mrs. S. S. Stover of Brazil are at DeLeon, Texas.

The Rev. and Mrs. T. B. Hawkins of Argentina are at Marion, Alabama.

## Wedding

The Rev. and Mrs. George W. Sadler of Richmond announce the marriage of their daughter, Frances Henrietta, to Mr. Albert Thompson Ellwanger, Jr., Saturday evening, the thirteenth of April, at eight o'clock,

*Photos by Moore*



Frances Tally of Greensboro, North Carolina, missionary appointee for Japan, chats with a fellow North Carolinian on his seventieth birthday, April 10. Dr. Charles E. Maddry, executive secretary emeritus of the Foreign Mission Board, attended the meeting of the Board when forty-four new recruits were appointed.

Cannon Memorial Chapel, University of Richmond, Richmond, Virginia.

## Executive Visits Hawaii

Dr. M. Theron Rankin, executive secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, left Richmond April 13 for Hawaii. His travel arrangements allowed him to land in Honolulu April 15, and return to his office May 1.

## Resignation

Dr. and Mrs. J. Paul O'Neal of Nigeria have resigned as missionaries of the Foreign Mission Board. They live at 204 Virginia Drive, Birmingham, Alabama.

## Retirement

Alice Huey of China became missionary emeritus May 1. Her address is Route 1, Box 627, Bessemer, Alabama.

President L. Howard Jenkins of the Foreign Mission Board extends his congratulations to three of the Board's missionaries who recruited three others by marriage. The three couples, from left to right around Mr. Jenkins, are: Chaplain Charles P. Cowherd and Marian Gray Cowherd; Betty Ellis Galloway and Edward Davis Galloway; Mary Jones Quick and Oz Quick—all of China. The appointees, Chaplain Cowherd, Mrs. Galloway, and Mrs. Quick, stood rigid examinations before the Board on April 9.

***Because you gave . . .***

**to World Emergency Relief**

## The Southern Baptist Convention sent in April, 1946:

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\$ }

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[illegible]

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**\$ represents \$1,000**

***. . . that they may have life . . .***





# Postwar Missionary Opportunities *Call for* Greater Bible Distribution

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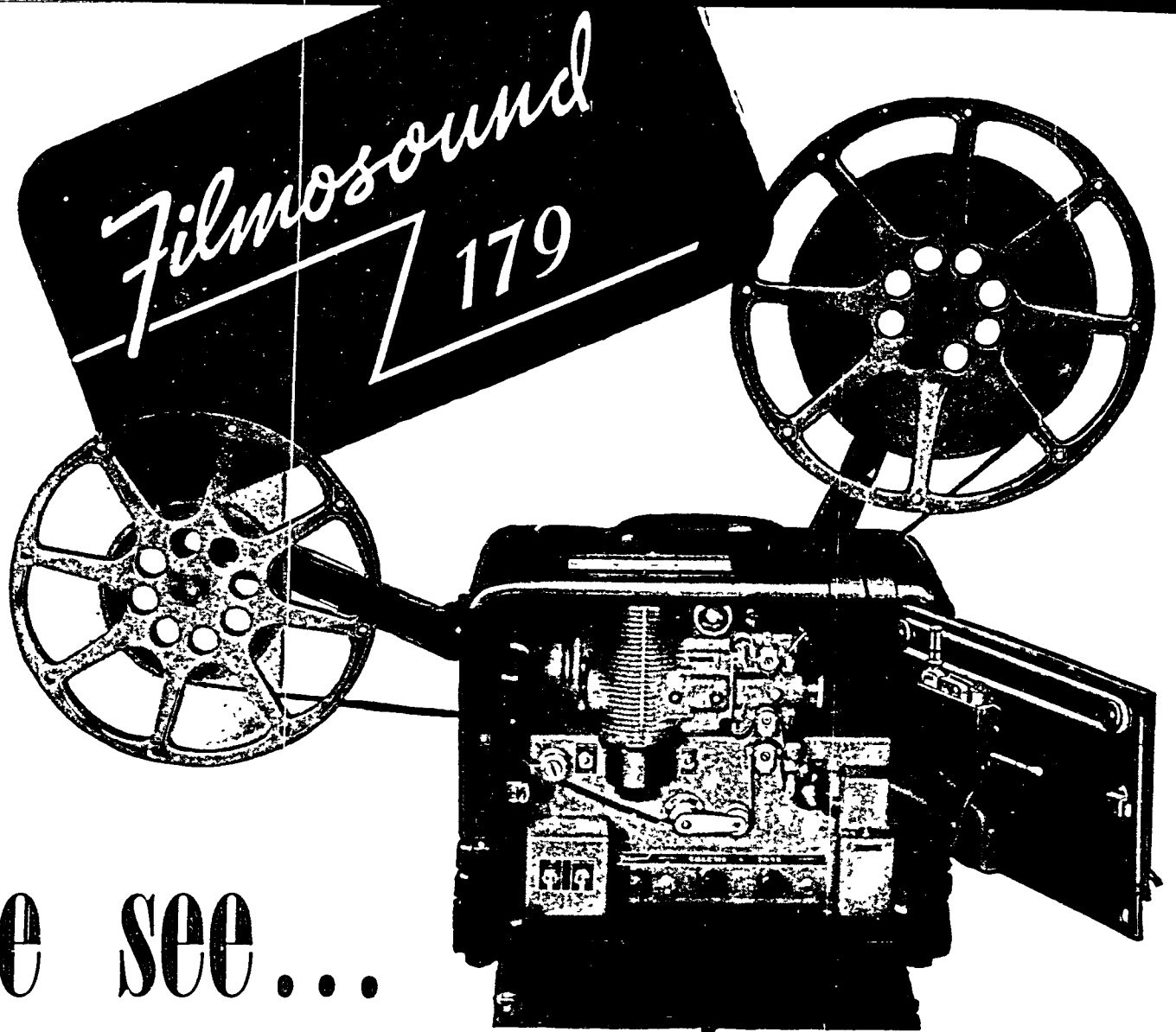
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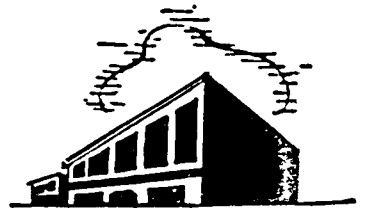
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