

M E M O I R S

of

A N O L D D I C K I N S O N I A N

by

Harry Smithson Henck, 1920

[924]

M E M O I R S O F A N O L D D I C K I N S O N I A N

(With a chapter on the Author's ancestors)

G E N E R A T I O N T O G E N E R A T I O N

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CHAPTER I: ANCESTORS

Dear Dickinsonians Old and New, Take little stock in the adage, "Here today and gone tomorrow." Those are words that speak only of mortality. Consider rather the miracle of microfilm that preserves the content of newsprint too bulky and too fragile to survive on its own. Through such a medium some of my ancestors live again, as vibrant as if forever walking side by side with us.

There is reason to believe that my early European forebears were involved with the Hanseatic League, a medieval mercantile society dating from the year 1358. The Henck surname could possibly be a variation of "Hanse," an overall term for places all across the continent (Hanse cities) where the cartel functioned. The Hanseatic League disbanded in 1669, due largely to the break-up of the Holy Roman Empire and the rising tide of nationalism.

My own greatgrandfather Frederick William Henck was born in Germany in 1784, the youngest of a physician's three

children and the only male. Tradition has it that he was so named in honor of his Prussian Emperor, Frederick William, (Frederick the Great). But there was very little honor shown toward the boy himself. He felt the same strict discipline at home as was prevalent throughout the empire. So, finally in late youth, tiring of restraint under his father, he fled to America. For that act he was promptly disinherited.

The young immigrant landed in Baltimore in 1803 where there was already a sizeable German community. But sensitive to the language barrier in the New World, and unwilling to learn English on the streets, he employed a tutor. Frederick wanted to refute the notion held by many Europeans, that Americans were backwoodsmen.

Bitter over the defection, Frederick's father soon died in Germany. Although the prodigal had been punished, his two older sisters had evidently forgiven him for leaving home, for they sent him his portion of the patrimony. It must have been a fairly large amount, judging from what he did with it.

On January 7, 1807 Greatgrandfather Henck, at the age of twenty-three, established or reestablished the Hanseatic Hotel at 4 North Gay Street in Baltimore. That name was definitely reminiscent of the family's interest in the old Hanseatic cartel. I have a facsimile of ads that the owner placed in THE HERALD in Frederick (Maryland), THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER in Washington and THE AURORA in Philadelphia,

(Maryland Historical Society)

HANSEATIC HOTEL,

*No. 4, North Gay-street, near Market-street,
Baltimore*

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has re-established the above-mentioned house, which is large and commodious, in a central and healthy part of the city, contiguous to the Banks, Auctions, Customhouse and public Wharves, and which he has fitted up (and will always endeavor to keep) in a state of neatness and conveniency, adapted to the entertainment & accommodation of travellers, and agreeable to gentlemen who may occasionally resort to the house.

The bed chambers are clean and airy—the back building is provided with good Stables—a roomy shed for carriages, with the entrance from Frederick street.

The best Wines and Liquors will always be kept.

Gentlemen will be accommodated with Board and Lodging, or board only, by the week or quarter.

Oysters of the best quality may be had, dressed in a variety of ways, suited to every taste, on the shortest notice.

F. W. HENCK

The Editors of the National Intelligencer at Washington City, the Aurora at Philadelphia, and the Herald at Frederickstown, will please to insert the above advertisement twice a week four times, and send in their accounts to the subscriber. F.W.H.

January 7, 1807

in which he offered the finest accommodations and services.

Frederick William Henck was married to Sarah Pugh (1789-1866) by Pastor Daniel Kurtz, a Lutheran minister, on February 9, 1809. The wedding was announced in the BALTIMORE AMERICAN on February 15, 1809.

Prominent citizens are often given the title, "Esquire." The record lists F.W. Henck, Esq., as a sergeant in Capt. Philip B. Sadtler's Company of Baltimore Yagers, a civilian volunteer unit during the War of 1812. The Yagers were called to action when the British invaded Maryland in 1814. They were stationed at the mouth of the Patapsco River, and took part in the Battle of North Point at Bear Creek on September 12, 1814. So our first American ancestor had reached a point of note by the time he was thirty.

Greatgrandfather Henck died on February 18, 1832. A death notice states that, "He died on Saturday at 12 noon in the 49th year of his age. Long a resident of this place, he left an affectionate wife and seven children to deplore his irreparable loss." Burial was in the Baltimore Cemetery.

The death of F.W. Henck seems to have been sudden. The opulence of former years probably went with him. A widow was left with a large family, most of whom were juveniles.

Who were those seven children of Frederick and Sarah Henck? The U.S. Census, 1820 and 1830, gives little help. Sex is stated, but names and exact ages are omitted. Children are referred to as under ten or between ten and twenty

years. Baltimore directories supplement the Census by giving the names and years of birth: Probably Ruth, 1810; William, 1813; Caroline, 1815; Lewis, 1818; Frederick W. II, 1820; Margaret Ann, 1821; Joseph, 1825.

Further reports state that Margaret Ann died on August 2, 1832 in her twelfth year. Lewis, a schoolteacher, had a son George Lewis who became a poet of note. The latter, an admirer and friend of William Cullen Bryant, published a volume of poems in 1870. The work, dedicated to Bryant, is beautifully preserved at the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore. Sarah Pugh Henck united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1862 at the age of 73.

The second Frederick William Henck was my grandfather. His role in the ancestral line was apparently less dramatic than that of his father, which I attribute to financial limitations. The record states that he was a carpenter and that he married Sarah Andrews, a nineteen-year-old girl of Harford County, Maryland, on June 2, 1853.

Sarah Andrews, (6-27-1833 to 12-17-1916), eleventh in a family of fourteen children, came from a long line of pioneers. Her parents were Robert Andrews, (1787-1873), and Susannah Groff, (1792-1872). Robert served during the War of 1812 under Captain James Buchanan (later President Buchanan). Sarah's grandfather was Humphrey Andrews, (1750-1795), who served with Washington in the Revolution, and with Anthony Wayne to put down the Whisky Rebellion. Her great-

The volume of poems was dedicated to William Cullen Bryant,
whose genius "Placed him in the vanguard of American Poets."

POEMS

BY

GEORGE LEWIS HENCK.

No sword

Of wrath her right arm whirled,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with its word
She shook the world.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BALTIMORE, . . . JOHN W. WOODS, PRINTER,

12 South Street.

1870.

PREFACE.

Not every poet is as fortunate as Lord Byron was, who is reported to have said, that he went to sleep one night, and on waking the next morning found himself famous—for even he was so severely handled by the critics, that they stung him into a poet. Keats, than whom a finer, and more original genius has never lived, was killed by a criticism. Tennyson, perhaps the world's most imaginative bard, had his second volume covered with the dust of ten long years before he obtained any extended notoriety. Wordsworth was an old man when the world lauded him with the title of its greatest metaphysical poet, and so on through the whole round of the poetical world. If these—along side of whose brilliant efforts, mine are like the faint glimmerings of a rush-light, in comparison with the effulgence of the sun—found the road to fame paved with such difficulties, as almost to make a seraph's heart despair, it would be sheer folly for the author, to come before the reader, for the purpose of securing a reputation with the annexed fugitive, and unpretending effusions.

With Edgar Allan Poe, he feels poetry to be with him a passion; consequently he has not made it so much of a study, as a means of delightful recreation; a something upon which he has almost spontaneously poured out the overflowings of his soul; hence, he is not blind to the fact, that the verses to which he has given publicity, lacking the touches of an experienced and masterly hand, and written, many of them, under the impulses of the moment, are defective. Yet he begs the critic, to whom he has given fresh material for literary persecution, to spare him this time, and if he cannot find anything in this humble volume which will recommend itself favorably to his notice, to pass silently over its contents, and leave the author to enjoy the gratification which the publication of the same may bring him.

Poems written between the ages of 14 and 21, except the following two that were written later.

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O love, for one brief, pleasant hour,
From jest, and wine, and mirth, and song,
We've stolen to this sequestered bower,
To breathe its star-gilt leaves among,—
With hands enclasped, and cheek impressed,—
The language of each glowing breast.

Ah well! you thought I did prefer
Another, as the wine went round;
And that my heart was linked to her,
While Love, o'er each, his arms had wound!
Nay, darling, from thy sweetest lip,
My own the dew of love would sip.

Dost love me, my own little maid,
With bluest eye, and softest hair?
Full well I know it, as I read
The sparkles which thy glances bear.
O press me to thy own true heart!
But once—and then we must depart.

Hark! they are calling to us; how
The echoes glide, from grot to grot;—
We're coming! and the trees that bow
Their coronals above the spot
We tread, fling back the answering call
To those who throng the festival.

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LINES ON A COQUETTE.

By L. HENCK.

Can Beauty linger where Deceit
Has reared her empire in the mind;
And exercise her charms to cheat,—
The unsuspecting heart to blind?

Ah sure, 'tis cruel thus to deal
With holiest feelings entertained!
First every fond affection steal,
Then leave them droop and die enchained.

Though Beauty dwell where Folly reigns,
Where grace seems ever to reside,
O shun her fairy silken chains;—
To wound affection is her pride.

Trust not the most enchanting charm
Which false ones weave for thy disgrace,
So shall each wile, devoid of harm,
But spread the blush on Beauty's face.



Rev. Frederick W. Henck III
and Family, about 1890



Robert A. and Louis Henck
Salvation Army, about 1890



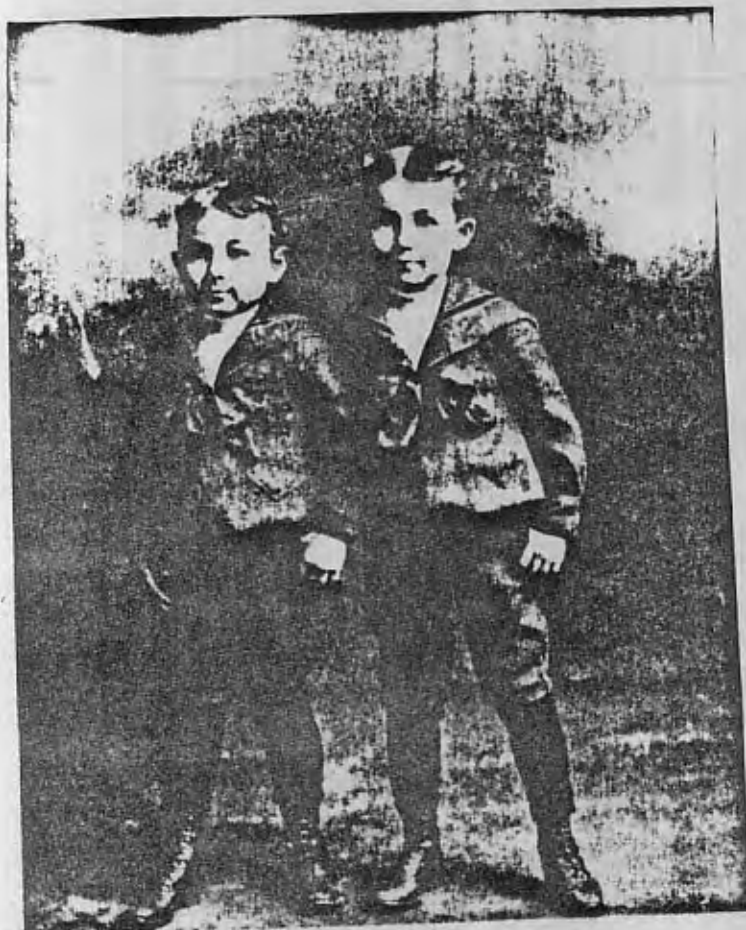
Freddie Henck, my half
brother at age seven



Rev. Louis Henck and Pearl Virts Henck
On their Wedding Trip in New York City, 1896



Myself at age 10 months



Myself at 4 years and Louis at $5\frac{1}{4}$



Bertha Henck Haskard

and Husband
about 1910



Frank Haskard



Robert A. Henck
about 1910



Augustus Henck
about 1910

grandfather was Robert Andrews of Londonderry, Ireland, (1705-1762), who migrated with his father, John Andrews, and settled in York County, Pennsylvania in 1737.

Grandfather Frederick W. Henck, II, died November 8, 1864, the same day that Abraham Lincoln was elected President for a second term. While at work on the new Baltimore and Ohio Station, a scaffold collapsed. The only married man among those who fell, Grandfather was the only one killed. He was 44 at the time of his death, and his widow of 31 years was left with a large family of small children. My father, Louis Henck, was born six weeks later on December 26, 1864.

The family of Frederick W. Henck, II, consisted of five boys and one girl. They were: Walton, (3-10-1854 to 12-20-1932); Frederick W., III, (7-14-1856 to 9-28-1893); Bertha Amelia, (9-11-1857 to 4-6-1934); Robert A., (9-22-1859 to 5-21-1931); Augustus, (10-9-1861 to 10-26-1940; Louis (my father), 12-26-1864 to 8-10-1898).

I have a more intimate knowledge of this, the third generation of my American ancestors. They continued to live in Baltimore until the middle of the 1880s. Fred W., III, a minister in Tennessee, had enrolled in Boston University, School of Theology in 1883. Then Bertha, a Baltimore music teacher, enrolled for further study at the New England Conservatory of Music. Walton, a wheelright and musician was directing a choir in Boston. So in an apparent effort to keep the family together, Grandmother Sarah Henck moved to Boston, taking

along her remaining sons, Robert, Augustus and Louis.'

But the unit soon broke up. Frederick returned to Tennessee as an evangelist with his wife, Mary Curry and family in 1885. Bertha Married Frank Haskard, a Boston merchant in 1886. Robert went to New York and married Frances Naylor. Walton Returned to Baltimore as an organ builder and church organist. Louis (my father) joined the Salvation Army in Lewiston, Maine in 1886. Later he was sent to Lonaconing, Maryland. There he married Ella R. Shue. One son Freddie, came of that union, my half brother whom I never met. The Haskards were the only ones left in New England.

City directories of Baltimore of the early 1890^s list Sarah Andrews Henck living there again with her son Augustus. Old family letters indicate that Sarah and the Haskards were visiting in Tennessee when Frederick W., III, died in September, 1893. The Haskards' eldest daughter, Sarah was born there in Tennessee on October 2, 1893.

Grandmother Sarah Henck returned to New England about 1895 and bought a home at Bellingham, Massachusetts. My great Uncle William Henck, a Baltimore pharmacist, helped with the purchase money. It was a big house, and the Haskards then moved from Boston with their family to occupy part of it.

Father's wife Ella died of tuberculosis early in 1894. Later that year, Father became a supply Methodist Episcopal pastor at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. There were three churches on his circuit, one across the Shenandoah River in

Virginia, another beyond the Potomac in Maryland, and a central one, with parsonage, in Harpers Ferry. He could walk the width of his circuit across two bridges in an hour.

On Wednesday, July 6, 1896, Father married my mother, Pearl Estelle Mae Virts, his second wife. Mother was the daughter of Cornelius and Catherine Ennis Virts, and was a member of Father's Washington County church in Maryland. The Reverend Fred B. Harvey united them in marriage.

Grandfather Virts was a native of Loudoun County, Virginia, (12-22-1825 to 4-24-1906), one of at least three children of Bochus Virts: Jane, Cornelius and Charles. Cornelius married Catherine Ennis, (1-28-1834 to 10-31-1892), in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1853.

Ten children were born to Cornelius and Catherine Ennis Virts. Clarence T. died at birth, (10-13-1854); Molly Ennis, (9-10-1859 to 11-2-1941); John F., (8-1-1860 to 8-18-1860); Emma McClellan, (11-12-1862 to 8-6-1937); Sarah Lillian, (12-15-1863 to 1-14-1901); Cornelius William, (5-31-1865 to 1-17-1941); Pearl Estelle, (11-5-1870 to 12-30-1959); Charles Edgar, (12-31-1873 to 5-14-1955); Ella Gertrude, (7-6-1875 to 2-8-1945); Grace G., (1-28-1878 to 11-18-1954).

I had a close association with my uncles and aunts on Mother's side of the family. Molly married Joseph Johnson, (a general store proprietor in Sandy Hook); Emma married Samuel Williams, (a grain operator in Martinsburg, West Virginia); Lillian married John Eldridge, (a Hagerstown salesman):

William and Charles were farmers and married sisters, Mary Sophie and Martha Virginia Grimm; Ella Gertrude married Lewis Hargett, (a farmer of Frederick County); Grace married Luther Nash, (a Washington business man).

Mother (Pearl) idolized my father. Their honeymoon to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and New England opened vistas for this country girl that she never forgot. She met Grandmother Sarah Henck in Bellingham for the first and only time. My half brother Freddie spent the last of his youth with the family in New England, but he must still have been with his other grandparents in Lonaconing in 1896. Mother did not see him in Bellingham and never met him later. He died in an Army hospital in New Mexico, after being gassed during World War I.

As a minister's helpmate, Mother was an enthusiastic supporter. She said Father was an excellent preacher, a lover of people and a surprisingly good student. He became proficient in Greek without ever darkening the door of a classroom. Every musical instrument, including violin, trumpet and organ, yielded to his touch. All three of the churches on his circuit welcomed him back for the fifth year as they had when he first arrived. Father had applied for membership in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and would have been received in 1899. But he died during an epidemic of typhoid fever, August 10, 1898. Mother's devotion was certainly deepened by the brief period

of her wedded life.

At Father's death, Grandmother Henck took over the guardianship of my half brother Freddie until he was fully grown. Then she sold the Bellingham property and moved to Worcester, Massachusetts, to live with her son Augustus until her death there, December 17, 1916. Augustus never married. He died, last of his own generation, on October 26, 1940. His grave is beside that of his mother in a Worcester cemetery.

I was born on December 12, 1898, four months after my father's death. Brother Louis, fourteen months older, had arrived in the Harpers Ferry parsonage on October 23, 1897. Tragedies happen in threes. Both Father and I were posthumous babies. So I should have died before my son's birth. But I am now two-and-a-half times Father's age at his death.

Family names fascinate me. It is easy to understand how the Millers and Bakers got started. But how did the Hencks come about? Our name is neither pretty nor high-sounding. However, in its translation to the New World it did not become objectionable. There are ugly names. We entertained an exchange student from India in our home. Her ancestors had migrated from Iran. She said that their surname in the adopted country would have sounded repulsive. So they took the name of their native land for their family name. They became the Irani family. Diana Irani, our young India friend, intrigued us. Perhaps the Hencks will someday be able to trace both the origin and the meaning of their name.

CHAPTER II: EARLY YEARS

My first recollections are associated with my home in Sandy Hook, Maryland, across the Potomac River from Harpers Ferry. We moved there when I was two years old. Grandfather Cornelius Virts' farm was nearby, an estate that has remained in the Virts family for five generations. On that farm General George McClellan fought the Battle of South Mountain in 1862. He moved the family out of the homestead for safety; and to commemorate the event, my Aunt Emma, born during the battle, was named Emma McClellan. As a child, how I enjoyed hearing the stories of that battle! Trophies of decaying battle gear which I dug up in the fields were also a mute reminder of that bloody encounter.

Life was not easy in Sandy Hook, but with extra frugality we managed to survive. I can hardly remember when there was not a school teacher boarding with us. There was no baker in town except my mother who supplied bread for her customers at five cents a loaf. Sandy Hook was on the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and employment by that company provided jobs for most of the citizens. But there were three saloons in our tiny village; so that in spite of the good wages of our neighbors, we seemed to live as well or better than they.

Every boy needs a father. There was already one boy in our family, so I was intended to be a girl. When I disappointed expectations, Mother kept me in dresses during my

childhood until it left me with a psychic complex. Several amusing examples come to mind.

Laura was a towering third-grade classmate whose torso leaned forward and whose shoulders extended even farther. To my wonderment, I was Laura's prime target for a beating. Finally, I asked Mother to explain why Laura hated me so. "It's because she loves you," Mother replied. How ill prepared I was for that interpretation!

Companions tried me on every nickname imaginable. At last they began calling me "Preacher." It was not meant as a taunt, but I resented it. So the appellation stuck. Later my aunt Emma Williams told me she was praying that God would call me into the ministry. My reply was that God didn't have a chance. I'd be anything else but a preacher!

This account is being written in one of the most inflationary periods in American history. Prices at the beginning of the twentieth century sound amazing now. Five cents as a reward during my childhood was worth a month of waiting. But even then there were disparities. Some children had much more spending money, and the comparison tended to lower my self-image.

It was amazing how life went on then without refrigeration. We drank from a well. Mother hung the perishable foods in a container near the water line to keep them cool. I was always fearful that the rope would break or that she would spill the contents. But it never once happened.

There was no ice cream parlor in town. So the church occasionally held Saturday night festivals in the town hall. A nickel was the limit of my allowance, but the pretense of other kids hurt me, and I often went home early.

Independence Day was different, an ice-cream holiday. Mother would mail her order early. Then on the big day Lou and I would wait at the railroad station until the train arrived with the delicacy. One helping was served at lunch; then the keg, with its slowly melting ice, was stored in the cellar. We waited and talked about the final treat all afternoon. That came at supper time, just before the ice cream turned to milk.

Let no one think that I was a shrinking violet. Inferiority at one point was matched with audacity at another. Alton Payne, a man next door, often dumped off left-over ice from empty refrigerator cars going west. One Saturday there was some extra ice for us as the train passed our house. Next day in Sunday School we urged the class to make ice cream. We all kept our S.S. collection that day. One boy toured the country for milk; another brought sugar and another got extract from his home. I supplied our one-gallon freezer. The product was finished, and one boy tasted it, saying, "It's good and strong." I was second, and what a familiar taste! We had a gallon of paregoric ice cream, an opium extract. Its sweet-anise taste wasn't bad, and we ate it and slept well that night. Boys will be boys!

One day I gathered a couple of torpedoes from the railroad track. Torpedoes were used as warnings by trains following one another closely. Two blasts were for caution and one for a dead stop. I decided to use them one at a time. To my amazement, the first train that came along was the Capital Limited, an extra fare train for Chicago. What a treat it was to peer into those luxurious Pullman cars stalled right in front of our house! The railroad company demanded a penanty for the culprit. We had no policemen in town, so Uncle Joe Johnson, manager of the general store, was given the assignment. He questioned every boy in Sandy Hook, finally coming to me. "Did you do it?" I haven't yet confessed by word, but my face betrayed me.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the Potomac River ran past our village. Mother was terribly afraid of water and forbade us ever to go near the canal. One hot spring day she went on a shopping trip to Frederick, Maryland. Her last word on boarding the train was, "Just stay away from the canal!" But the urge was too great. We spent all day in the water, for which I got the worst sunburn on my back in a lifetime. The only comfort I found was from the rope swing on our porch. Mother became suspicious about my activity, then horrified at my condition. Confession brought no other punishment when I vowed that on that very day I had learned to swim. Neighbor boys confirmed my testimony.

Every boy likes to experiment with tobacco. A visitor

in our home left a partly crumpled cigar on the bedroom stand. *I was the first to discover it and enjoyed a leisurely puff in the garden house.* It would have been better to have saved some for another day, but I finished it. At dinner Mother commented that somebody was going by smoking an awfully strong cigar. Finally, she looked at me -- I was green with agony. Early to bed was meant as punishment, but it was more welcome than finishing the meal.

A similar experience came from a plug of Brown's Mule that a careless laborer had left in Grandfather's kitchen. The effect soon laid me low, and I had to be carried home.

I faced numerous dangers during those childhood years. One day Lou and I lost our way in the mountain while picking blueberries. We followed the slope of the ridge toward the river, but finally panicked at a cliff over the railroad. A trackman espied us before we tumbled to certain death, and guided us to where we could climb down in safety.

My love and respect for the mountains began at Sandy Hook. The Blue Ridge rose abruptly back of town. Sometimes great fires raged for days and even threatened to destroy our homes. At such times there were no distinctions between men and boys. We were fire-fighters, one and all.

No child of the twenty-first century will be able to appreciate the fascination of the canal system that was part of my boyhood. There was mystery in raising and lowering of boats at the locks. Mules with bells on their collars

moved gracefully along the towpath, feeling little of their burden of a hundred tons or more. The boats were homes as well as the headquarters for the canal men.

Bathing in the nude was all we knew. We usually swam in the Potomac where the water flowed fast and clear. But once I was riding a canal boat as it passed our area at supper time. Realizing the possible loss of the meal, I plunged overboard. Eating in wet clothes seemed very little punishment for riding free on a canal boat.

There was also an element of mystery in the railroad. Nearly every morning there were long trains of antiquated passenger coaches, crowded with immigrants that passed our village. One day a train stopped, and a man got off. The coach door slammed shut, and the man was left behind. Nobody in town could understand or communicate with him. He was part of the great influx from Europe, for whom there were fame and fortune waiting beyond a far horizon. Language would be a minor barrier in our great American Melting Pot. Children of that stranded immigrant would soon be talking our language and making their way in our land.

Mother was thrifty, so she convinced Uncle Joe Johnson to hire us as newsboys. Lou and I covered the entire village at a total wage of five cents a day, hardly the cost of shoelather. Of course, we went barefoot in summer. In winter it kept us hustling to deliver the papers before breakfast, after which we raced off to school.

Grandfather Virts died in the spring of 1906, and Uncle Charlie took over the farm. He hired Lou and me as junior laborers. We were acceptable while piling hay in the field and poking it back in the mow. The latter job almost stifled us, and the beards itched our sweaty necks. But trouble followed when we were set to picking raspberries. We ate our way from one end of the patch to the other. When Uncle Charlie fired us, Mother was furious; although I felt that Uncle Charlie had a good point.

I liked to visit Aunt Gertie and Uncle Lewis Hargett on their farm near Frederick, Maryland. My cousins Edgar, Wilbur and Earl Hargett were practical jokers, but I liked them just the same. It was a treat in the early morning to watch them milk the cows -- and what a dairy farm it was! One morning they let me try my hand at milking. Pronto, the cow kicked me over, pail and all! The boys had a good laugh. "You milk cows from the right side," they said. But they had deliberately seated me on the left.

In mid-winter farmers near Frederick had a schedule for their dinner parties. Neighbors and special guests from Frederick attended. Each family tried to outdo the others in lavishness. I shall never forget traveling from Washington County to stay a day or two at the Hargett's.

One year the Hargett dinner came between Christmas and New Year's. Mother had determined to get us back home for the opening of school, but I had determined to get sick

and stay longer. It must have been a case of mind over matter, for on the night before we were to leave, I became deliriously ill. The doctor called it a severe case of measles, but my cousins laughed over the way I had hoodooed my mother. School attendance had to wait.

Mother had a gentleman friend, Mr. Elwood Chambers, who operated the local railroad telegraph office. An avid fisherman, he objected to the way Lou and I leaped from rock to rock as anglers in the Potomac. Pointing out the danger, he sometimes took us fishing with him in his boat. One day he said, "How would you like to fish in the ocean?" We yelled our approval, and soon after that, Mr. Chambers and Mother were on their way to Atlantic City, with us two kids serving as chaperones.

The Delaware River ferry in Philadelphia was the largest boat I had ever seen. Then, the Atlantic City boardwalk, especially at night was like the road to fairyland. We frolicked at the Steeplechase Pier and rode the ocean breakers in bathing suits. What a surprise we'd have for our naked swim buddies back home in the Potomac!

We took two Atlantic City trips, (1909 and 1910). Mother and Mr. Chambers liked each other, but they never married. It disappointed me, but I realize that Mother had faced the world alone for so long, that dependence upon another would have meant too much of an adjustment.

I now began to reach for the stars. My companions in

Sandy Hook seemed to look only toward employment on the railroad. Books challenged me. If Shakespeare was the greatest of all poets, then I'd be another Shakespeare!

Uncle Lewis Hargett knew the Principal of the Frederick Boys' High School. He convinced Mother that educational facilities in Frederick at that time were better than at Harpers Ferry. Lou and I should spend a year in the grades of the larger town in preparation for high school.

Before leaving the scenes of my childhood, I owe a word of appreciation for the beauty and rich history of Harpers Ferry. Both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson loved the area and left their names written there. Jefferson County, West Virginia, stands opposite Washington County, Maryland. John Brown's Raid at Harpers Ferry was part of my childhood diet. I visited the mountain hideaway where Brown planned his raid. Then a hundred years later to the day, I was present to help in reviewing the abortive act and to cover the event for THE HAGERSTOWN DAILY MAIL.

Mother sold our home in Sandy Hook in late summer of 1911. The railroad company dropped off a box car on the village siding, the customary moving van of the period; and our belongings were loaded on for a new home and a new life in the city.

CHAPTER III: HIGH SCHOOL

I think Mother's greatest plunge ever was in buying a home in Frederick. She never made a full accounting to us, but her resources must have been very limited.

Our house was located at 114 East Third Street. It was one unit in a block of brand new row houses. All of them were built of white brick and differed from the usual pattern, having large front porches that faced on greenswards of twenty feet to the sidewalk.

There was another difference in the row of homes. The whole block was the site of the former Roman Catholic Cemetery. I was not pleased on hearing that piece of information, even when a neighbor informed us that our house stood on the previous burial plot of Roger Brooke Taney (pronounced Tawney), brother-in-law of Francis Scott Key. And I hated Taney when I learned that, as United States Chief Justice, he had been responsible for the Dred Scott Decision, an act that had helped to bring on the Civil War. Every time I went into our cellar I expected to be clobbered by old Taney's ghost.

Each summer until the end of high school I worked at the beautiful Mount Olivet Cemetery. There, surrounded by an acre or more of formal garden, the State of Maryland had erected a magnificent monument over the grave of Francis Scott Key. What a thrill it was for me each morning to raise The Star Spangled Banner before that heroic statue!

Key seemed always unhappy pointing his finger until I had put up the flag.

School opened almost simultaneously with our arrival in Frederick. The North Market Street building was used entirely for boys. Lou and I were still in the grades that occupied the entire first floor, while the four high school classes took over the second floor. I was not strongly impressed with the facilities, but the educational requirements were excellent. In fact, I had so much trouble keeping up that first year that my dubious teacher threatened to flunk me.

Mother had started her two boys in the same class in school. Lou had complained at being held back, and I had suffered from being pushed ahead beyond my ability. My grades were always lower than my brother's until I arrived in high school. Then I forged ahead of Lou, graduating ninth in a class of fifty. That achievement was a complete surprise to the grade school teacher who had wanted to flunk me. His interest had followed me through the years.

A brand new building welcomed me next year as a freshman at the Frederick Boys' High School. Segregation of the sexes had always prevailed in the upper classes, and I now became increasingly conscious of what it meant. Not until 1922, years after my graduation, did the old system give way to modernism. Frederick finally agreed that coeducation was part of the preparation for adult life.

The Frederick Boys' High School was run like a military camp. My homeroom teacher was a major in the National Guard, and there was only one woman teacher for the entire curriculum. Students were required to buy uniforms, in which we drilled twice weekly on the school field. We were divided into three companies and were made to compete under the scrutiny of professional military authorities.

Each of the above companies was a scholastic unit (a society) competing also for grades. Friday afternoons were devoted to literary programs; debates, essays and orations within the individual societies. Then once each month there was a general debate between two of the three societies. What rivalry attended those debates, with prominent citizens of Frederick serving as judges! At the year's end high honors, both military and scholastic, were awarded.

Too much military instruction in high school turned me against enlisting later in the army when our country was at war. Many college students then enrolled in the Student Army Training Corps, hoping thereafter for commissions. There was a national draft, but if I were finally drafted, so be it.

A number of my classmates lived on our street and even in our block. We played together, explored the surrounding country together on our bikes and made unusual experiments. Telegraphy had charmed me from childhood, so I interested a classmate across the street to operate a line with me. Power was supplied from a wet battery for a line high above

the street. After about a year the electric power company removed the line without our permission.

The financial strain of keeping two boys in high school taxed Mother heavily. There were always roomers in our home, most of them very interesting people. At one time we had a Swedish artist and his Italian helper who were decorating the lodge room of the new Pythian castle. Their work illustrated the friendship between Pythias and Damon. At another time a silversmith at a local jewelry shop carved the initial "H" on all our silverware while he was with us.

My first lesson in electronics came from a roomer who was installing a generator at the Frederick Iron Works Foundry. That knowledge tempted me to a sinful act. In those days the electric power line came to our home through the cellars of our neighbors. I made wire "jumpers" that temporarily detoured the electric meter. Perhaps it was the occasional use of those jumpers that kept the electric company from detecting the theft. Honesty had to be learned in the rough and tumble of life. I confessed my guilt to Mother and to God, saving Mother from innocent involvement.

Lou and I became the breadwinners of the family. Not only did we work at Mount Olivet Cemetery during the summer, but also on Saturdays in the winter. Our daily wage at first was forty cents for ten hours of work. As students, our versatility exceeded that of adult hands, for we were given jobs that were quite intricate. A few of those as-

signments were indoor and outdoor painting, electronics, architecture and gardening. Caring for the formal gardens about the Key monument was especially welcome.

We were a bit too proficient as painters. The president of the cemetery board owned a business in Frederick. He was unusually thrifty and decided to use us to paint the roof of his establishment. Next door was a dentist who knew Mother. Watching from his office, he cringed to see us working at a dangerous pitch high above the third floor. There was no resulting tragedy, but that dentist made it rather uncomfortable for our employer.

Religious life and activity in the early decades of the twentieth century were in the hands of adults. What a change has come about as I approach the end of this century! More and more the children seem to be having their own way. Permissiveness seems to be the social standard. My view is that children should be seen and also heard. But our society has not yet arrived at the happy medium that respects the personality of all concerned.

Everybody went to Sunday School during my childhood. There were large adult Bible classes taught by able leaders. Our boys' class was in charge of a young man whose personal charm made up for the lack of content in his presentation.

High school years were for me a time of continuing struggle for identity. I accepted a passive role in the corporate worship services of the church and submitted to

teacher domination in school. But I needed self-expression. Nearing the end of my high school years I began to over-compensate, becoming argumentative and intolerant. I thought I was a pretty good debater, but I lost the only such inter-society contest in which I ever took part.

Music appealed to me. I played the violin in the school orchestra and in a similar community organization. The latter group flattered me with the title of leader. In the opening exercises at school we sang from a book that I still cherish. There was a balance in that songbook between beautiful music, imaginative words and homely philosophy that I have never forgotten.

One experience climaxed my career as a high school violinist. It was in the city opera house on class night, the day before my graduation. For two years Mother had sacrificed at fifty cents a lesson, allowing me to take lessons from a teacher who himself had studied under eminent masters in Germany. I wanted to play something difficult -- there would be 1,500 people crowding the theater to the top of the second balcony. But Mother loved Schubert's "Ave Maria," and would have me play nothing else. Well, I satisfied my overweening ego by announcing that I would play my number altogether on one string. Sad to say, in my early parishes as a minister, there were so few pianists who could accompany me, that I laid my violin aside and have not played for over fifty years.

I have always missed the companionship of sisters. During my youthful years all girls seemed angelic, making it almost impossible for me to be natural in their presence. On summer mornings Genevieve Smith, across the street from our home, played the piano with perfection and beauty. Listening through opened doors, I secretly worshiped her.

As we neared commencement time each year, the girls' and boys' high schools alternated weekly, practicing the music that would be presented jointly at graduation. How I enjoyed peeking at those gals in their own building or welcoming them at our assembly hour!

Junior year in high school was a time of great decision for me. Both Lou and I took the college preparatory course, causing mother great unhappiness. Paying for our college education was as impossible for her as "flying to the moon." She had envisaged for us a business course in high school, which would speedily be followed by secretarial employment. How little she realized that the jobs then open to us would soon be taken almost entirely by women!

There were two reasons why my brother and I finally went to separate colleges. Lou received a Maryland State Senatorial Scholarship to Johns Hopkins University. That grant paid nearly all his expenses. I wasn't so lucky. Hopkins was one of the most expensive universities in the country, and without that kind of help, I wouldn't have had the least chance.

There was a more personal reason for my choosing a separate college. I had a younger brother complex. Lou had always overshadowed me. He was free with the girls; I was reticent. My dates always amused him, or if attractive, they became his own dates. We liked each other in a way, but we quarreled constantly.

Dickinson was reported to me as a good but inexpensive college. It was not too far from home and was Methodist-related. I became sold on Dickinson when a graduate of the previous year at our high school returned home from that college with a glowing account of his experience.

CHAPTER IV: COLLEGE

We lived directly across the street from the Smiths. There had been a close friendship, because Mervin had been a classmate and a real buddy through the years. Furthermore, Mervin's father was the passenger conductor on the railroad line that ran between Frederick and Lancaster, Pennsylvania. So, early in September of 1916, Mother committed me to the care of Conductor Smith on the first leg of my journey to college. At Lancaster he would see that I would transfer to the train for Harrisburg. From there I would go by a third train to Carlisle and Dickinson College. It was the first and last time by that circuitous route. Henceforth I would go from Carlisle to Hagerstown by train, then on to Frederick by trolley.

As a breadwinner, I had always been glad to bring home my pay envelope. But the practice had laid no financial foundation for four demanding years in college. If Dickinson had investigated my resources, I would never have been allowed to matriculate. However, what I lacked in money I made up in confidence and enthusiasm.

Dickinson, founded in 1773, is the oldest college in America west of the Susquehanna River. My room was in West College Hall, a building dating from 1803. I soon discovered that I could not forget Roger Brooke Taney. He had occupied a room opposite mine 120 years earlier. Down the hall was the room of former President James Buchanan, another enemy.

Willy-nilly, I was in famous company.

Mother paid for my first semester in college. Where she got the money is a mystery. I suspect that Aunt Emma Williams came to the rescue, although she never admitted that she was bribing the Almighty to make me a minister. At any rate, I survived those first crucial months.

"Rushing" by the fraternities was one of my first experiences at Dickinson. We were invited by one or more of those Greek letter clubs to shake hands and consume their refreshments. I had no objection to that part; but when I was asked to join and share the expense of the organization, I felt like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve.

Later on when I had more money, I decided to remain a non-frat man. Without trying to be unduly critical, it seemed that the fraternities were a divisive and competitive element in college life. In more recent years the various fraternity houses fell into such disrepair, that the Carlisle fire code would have closed them. It was then that the college saved them by renting each organization a space in the newly-built quadrangle.

Why did Dickinson befriend the fraternities? So many of the alumni were fraternity men, that the college feared the possible dollar loss at the annual roundup for the Dickinson Fund. Thus an antiquated system continues here as in a number of the older colleges of the country.

There was an active student YMCA at Dickinson. I joined

the YMCA and participated in one of the two literary societies. The latter groups antedated the fraternities and cut across the divisive element in our college life.

Although Dickinson was co-educational, the girls seemed almost as faraway and untouchable as they were in high school. Metzger, the girls' dormitory, was at the opposite edge of town, and the atmosphere for dates was unattractive. I preferred some alternative to meeting in the parlor, but even that was not always rewarding, illustrated by the following experience.

One Saturday afternoon I had a canoeing date with a co-ed. She said she had to be back very early. After returning her to her dormitory, I met a classmate who said he was hurrying along for a canoe date. It turned out to be a date with the girl who had just been canoeing with me.

In my time Carlisle was the site of the famous Indian School. As students, the Indians were not permitted to compete athletically with other schools. There was one exception for Indians who were studying at Dickinson Law School. That privilege provided my first encounter with Indians.

Gus Welsh and Bill Swope, outstanding Indian athletes, were on the Dickinson football squad during my freshman year. The opening game was with Navy, an engagement that has never been repeated. Dickinson tied the score, nothing to nothing; we considered it a victory. To help celebrate

the victory, the Indian School band met the returning football squad at the railroad station. Torches illuminated those dusky faces as they marched down the street. All I could think of was that they each had tomahawks and were about to rush to the sidewalk to finish off our group.

Dickinson was still in the classic age back then. There were no major or minor courses. Greek, Latin, German, French and English made up the language diet during my freshman year. The binomial theorem in math was over my head, so that I never went any further in that department. Economics and Ancient History rounded out my studies.

Freshmen were humiliated and made to wear little green caps with yellow buttons on top. We were not allowed off campus after dark until the Thanksgiving holiday. Whether or not this was a rule of the administration, it was enforced by the sophomores.

But even freshmen take unusual privileges. On the night after Thanksgiving we were corralled by some of our classmates to form a snake line for a march through town. Such a demonstration in pajamas would have been considered an innocent prank in this college town.

But suddenly on that memorable night of the pajama parade, the leaders of our crowd rushed into the local movie house, and the most of us followed. It was said that we shouted a fire alarm. At any rate, a general panic followed. Police captured two of our group and rushed them

off for sentencing. Eight others who followed into the court room were arrested there, and each of the ten was fined twenty-five dollars. Luckily, I was not one of those caught on the inside. It would have been the end of my college career.

My class included a large number of big boys. The sophomores began challenging us to a fight on mornings after chapel. However, they were so badly beaten that we soon had everything our way. There was the late fall tug of war at which we gave the sophomores a soaking by pulling them into Carlisle Creek.

It was customary for classes to hold an annual dinner. We cancelled our affair as a result of our heavy fine, much to the disgust of the women members of the class. But we vented our frustration on the sophomores at the time of their banquet. One fellow, imprisoned in his room, tried to get out by climbing from window to window. I was stationed with a pail of water on the floor above, and at the right moment I soaked his formal clothing beyond hope.

Morning chapel attendance was required. There were several ways of protesting the ruling. On one occasion the piano was stuffed with hymnals. Unable to play, the pianist took several minutes digging the books from inside the instrument. Then, just as he finished, alarm clocks began sounding in succession high up in the beams. Hilarity took over as we were promptly dismissed.

But in spite of the protests and childish pranks, these student assemblies had their place. World renowned persons were frequent visitors on the campus, and the chapel period gave us the chance to hear them speak. I remember men like John F. Goucher, patron of Goucher College, and John R. Mott, founder of the World Student Volunteer Movement for Christian Missions. Then there were times when eminent musicians inspired us with short recitals.

Our faculty included not only great teachers but outstanding Christian leaders. I never missed the Sunday morning class in the local church, conducted by Dr. Mervin G. Filler. He was Dean of the College at the time, but later he became President and guided the institution safely through the great Depression.

It was during this first year in college that I really found myself as a Christian. A fellow student invited me to attend a weekly meeting of sharing at the Methodist Church. The majority of the group were townspeople who had gone through very meaningful experiences. Their insight and radiant testimony so impressed me that all my problems became challenges. I was being prepared for what was to follow.

My second semester was the beginning of real financial depression. Not only was the weather extremely cold and stormy in January 1917, but I returned to Carlisle not knowing where I would get the money to pay my college bills.

I applied to the Student Loan Fund of the Methodist Church, and received a modest grant. Mother had to sign for the note, and the very month of my graduation she was pressed for repayment under threat. As it was, I could have paid the interest until the end of my education, and I do not think that the warning was as serious as Mother interpreted it. But she repaid it to her complete disillusionment regarding the integrity of the denominational loan fund.

Another student was the agent for a Carlisle laundry. But his attitude was rather indifferent and the charges were not competitive. I took the agency for an out-of-town laundry and worked it to the limit. Each Monday evening I collected orders and stacked the bags in the halls. The preliminary work had to be done before ten o'clock, retirement time for the students. Then from ten to two I assembled the bags into hampers and marked them for the express man. From two to four I tried to do my homework in a room from which the heat had long been shut off. Friday night was the time when I returned the laundry bundles and collected my fee. Without that help the college would have fired me.

My financial status continued serious. Toward the end of the scholastic year the President called me in for an interview. I owed the final \$100. on tuition which he grudgingly cancelled. The year ended in my favor, but the work schedule had taken its toll on my academic standing. Then and ever afterward I was branded as a "C" student.

Social life in our dormitory was warm and sometimes too jolly. A classmate on our floor had received a barrel of apples from home, and I was helping to eat them. The host did not resent my presence, but during the festivity he opened a container of shoe polish and blacked my face. One favor deserved another, so after a while I secretly blacked his face. In triumph I ran for the darkened stairway, caught my heel on the top step and plunged headlong to the lower floor. Rushing to my assistance, the men on that floor were shocked at my appearance. In the dim light they mistook the black on my face to be that of blood.

A doctor's bill following an injury was out of question, even when the trouble was a dislocated shoulder. For several days I tried to decrease the pain by standing under a hot shower. One good result was a complete change in my handwriting. Before that I used a pinch-finger backhand movement. Then I changed to an attractive forward flow controlled from the elbow. A bad result was that thereafter I was unable to throw a ball with power or stroke a tennis racquet with finesse.

In the spring of 1917 the United States entered the First World War. Labor immediately became scarce and pay became plentiful. Mother begged brother Lou and me to come back to Frederick for employment again at Mount Olivet Cemetery. Men's wages had been increased, and the two of us were now to be classified as men. We followed through, but

were bitterly disappointed all summer in receiving less than the other employees. It would be the last of six years of faithful service toward an ungrateful employer, and our last bit of home life together.

I went back to Carlisle a few days before the opening of college. If I was to stay in school another year, it was up to me now to provide the needed funds. By renting a horse and an old slat wagon, I succeeded in hauling students' luggage from the railroad station to the campus. My charge was 25¢ per trunk for the hundred or more pieces handled.

Mother had allowed me to keep most of my summer earnings, but bills again began staring ominously before me. My laundry agency was still intact, and I began working it again with a will, especially among the new students.

The college provided no food service during my time there. As a freshman I had boarded with Miss Ella Staub, a quaint and kindly Pennsylvania Dutch spinster. I finally convinced her of my dire financial situation, to the extent that she employed me to dry dishes for fifty guests, in exchange for three meals each day. Often it was a matter of going without food after my stint in the kitchen or bolting my meal on the run.

The fall of 1917 further deepened my Christian life and my attitude as a Christian servant. Raymond Brewer who had been a missionary-minded senior during my freshman year, was now being sent out to teach in Chengtu University in West China. Our college YMCA quickly assumed partial responsi-

bility for his support. What I could not contribute financially I made up in morale.

There was a local band of Student Volunteers on the campus. I joined the group and learned some of the disciplines that would be required of missionaries. One had to learn first whether he fitted the pattern, but the fellowship of the local aggregation was truly inspiring.

All during the winter of 1917 and the following spring, our Student Volunteer band arranged weekend deputation visits to churches in the area. The churches paid transportation charges and entertained the group, usually two or three in number. What enthusiasm these visits created among our young advocates on behalf of Christian missions! My work at the boardinghouse kept me from taking part at first; but by April I gave up dishwashing. On the surface it looked like a foolish move. However, I thoroughly enjoyed taking part in one or two of those missionary safaris.

It was a time of upheaval. Many students were leaving college for the armed services. On giving up my meal ticket at the boardinghouse, there was a strong likelihood that I too would be out of the classroom for the duration of the war. Those who did not join the colors were being employed in industry at lucrative wages. Perhaps the college would not even be operating in the fall of 1918.

In looking around for a job, I was attracted to railroad-ing. The Cumberland Valley Railroad allowed me to learn the

interlocking plant at the tower one mile east of town. I received no pay, but the apprenticeship put me in line for work during the summer. Miss Staub kindly trusted me for several weeks of board until I became a wage earner.

In May I was placed in charge of a small tower near Martinsburg, West Virginia. It was a simple job working trains both ways on single track. I was fascinated, however, watching long lines of coal cars climbing the grade from the Potomac River to my tower. There were often three engines on the front with three other locomotives pushing at the rear. Sometimes they got stalled on the hill, which necessitated doubling part of the train into the siding until the other part could be brought up.

That summer was a joy, living in the open on my free hours. One evening after work (midnight), I started canoeing on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal from Williamsport to Harpers Ferry. The distance on the map appeared to be fifteen miles. But I found from experience that the "U" turns through the mountains made the trip more than forty miles long. My companion, Harold Baker, agreed to put up our canoe at Sharpsburg. We hurried back to Hagerstown and to Williamsport, just in time for me to go to work at four o'clock. Two days later we paddled our way to Harpers Ferry. A canal boat returned our canoe to Williamsport as freight.

At the end of August I received a surprise order to report to Chambersburg for questioning. Chambersburg was

the railroad's center of authority, and the chief dispatcher, L.S. Barber, was a tall disciplinarian resembling Abraham Lincoln. Barber faced me, saying, "We don't allow our operators to read newspapers on the job."

"Sir, I haven't been reading newspapers on the job," I replied. "In fact, it's hard to find a newspaper down where I'm located."

Barber smiled. "How would you like to go back to Carlisle?" he asked..

"I'm trying to get through college, so I'll have to say no to your offer."

"We'll put faith in you regarding any time you can find for study while on duty."

The very next night I went back to the intricate, interlocking system at Q N Tower in Carlisle. I had gotten hazy during the summer over the handling of the plant, one that was so tricky that a routeboard would refuse to respond if a mere latch on a switchlock was not fully seated. And no train was allowed to proceed if the routeboard did not indicate that the way was clear. Undue delay of a passenger train usually brought a reprimand or even a suspension. There were butterflies in my stomach that first night, but happily without incident.

Q N Tower was a proud achievement for dispatching railroad traffic. Twenty-three giant levers operated switches, some of them almost 1500 feet distant. The operator had to

throw himself at those levers for an adequate response. By doing so, he shifted trains from double to single tracks, sending passenger trains through the center of Carlisle, and freights back of town to the north. He controlled also the junction between the Reading Railway from Gettysburg and the Cumberland Valley line. Single tracks required specific train orders (permits) for extra trains (freight tramps without regular schedules). Those train orders were clipped to the handle of a hoop. The attendant on a moving locomotive was expected to run his arm through the hoop, then remove the order and throw the hoop aside. I remember standing by the track at night and handing those orders to the trainmen, extending the hoop in one hand and illuminating it from a lantern held in the other hand. As operator, I was the middleman between the central dispatcher in Chambersburg for controlling the movement of those trains.

Meanwhile, the war had brought great changes on the campus. The Student Army Training Corps (S.A.T.C.) had taken over. One night I returned from work to find that all the personal belongings in my dormitory room had been tossed out the window and scattered on the ground. It was necessary immediately to find a room nearby in town.

The majority of the students who had returned for the fall semester now joined the S.A.T.C. For that they were given a half promise of an army commission later on. I had gotten such a bad taste for military training in high school that I decided to have nothing to do with the system until

such time when I would be called in the draft.

In theory Dickinson was still a college. Army trainees and civilian students attended classes together, but the parallel ended there. The atmosphere was that of a military camp, with the campus a parade ground. In civilian life a semblance of personal morality is maintained, a quality reflected in the student body the previous years. It seems that when the country requires one form of discipline during war time, it permits a measure of personal freedom at another. Stories began to circulate about the moral laxity in the S.A.T.C.

I enjoyed rooming at a fine home close to the campus. My landlady was a widow whose husband had been a local judge, and my fellow roomers were a Law School professor (a former judge from Massachusetts) and a blind law student who was paying a colleague to read the required studies. What a company for me to be in!

The salary at Q N Tower was splendid, although the schedule was exacting and the responsibility greater than my nineteen years should have carried. My work day covered the evening from four o'clock until midnight. College class periods extended from 8:25 A.M. to 3:25 P.M., allowing about seven hours for sleep. But wartime shortages allowed no relief periods -- I worked a seven-day week.

Our fall semester was only about three weeks old when the Spanish Influenza of 1918 swept the country and the

entire world. College activity was suspended immediately. People were dying everywhere after no more than a day of illness. Students were afraid even to venture home or to come into contact with other individuals. One of those who remained in Carlisle was my classmate sweetheart, Marvie Boice. She was heroically making use of the time as a nurse for local citizens, a situation where neither love nor money was otherwise available.

Marvie had a keen sense of humor. She twitted me for having a date with her one morning, knowing full well that my evenings were not free. Little did I realize that it was the last time that I would ever see her alive. The next evening I forwarded a telegram to Harrisburg announcing that a corpse would be transferred there for a destination beyond Philadelphia. What a shock the following morning to learn that the body I had helped to dispatch was that of Marvie Boice! Years later as a New Jersey citizen, I was driving one day toward Wildwood. At the little village of Green Creek I noticed the name of Boice on a rural mailbox. Sure enough, Marvie's parents were still living there, a modest couple who had sacrificed much to send their only daughter to college. Such are the ironies of life.

Orders came a day or two after Marvie's death for me to work a twelve-hour shift from noon to midnight. But the third day finished me. By late afternoon my head was swimming. I notified headquarters in Chambersburg that I was

too ill to remain on duty and was told that there could be no possible relief under a few hours. Then I called the ticket agent in town to ask for a fellow student on the campus to come and stay with me. The worst that could happen in the meanwhile would be the stopping of a passenger train. My relief operator finally arrived, and the student walked me home. How I covered the distance to town was a complete mental blank.

During the next couple of days I remained in a coma. The landlady telephoned my mother that I was dying. Mother had been doing nursing in Frederick, but she hurried to Carlisle expecting the worst. A third of the population was being laid low, and the majority of those who caught the flu did not survive. However, it is superfluous to say now that Mother and the doctor pulled me through. In three weeks I was back on the job. An early frost brought a sharp drop in the number of sufferers, and winter ended the epidemic.

The war ended with the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918. College classes were soon back on regular schedule, happily without the presence of the S.A.T.C. I continued on as an operator at Q N Tower until early spring when former employees began returning and claiming their jobs. But the railroad company kept me on in an extra capacity, admitting that not every man was able to handle the interlocking plant without special training. Several times I was called on the spur of the moment to work the evening or midnight shift.

In the spring of 1919 a Methodist district superintendent appeared on the campus earnestly appealing for a student to accept a small nearby two-point charge. Perhaps it was Aunt Emma's prayer for my call to the ministry that prompted me to respond. It was well that I did not realize at the time the magnitude of the challenge for which I was to receive an annual salary of three hundred dollars.

Following is a description of my first parish. Hickorytown was four miles east of town, and Salem Church at Hoagstown was eleven miles north-east of Carlisle toward Harrisburg. I began as an embryo minister to know the agony of preaching every Sunday. Furthermore, the church at Hickorytown was falling down, and the officials drafted me bodily to help build a new sanctuary. Once for two long evenings I unloaded bricks from a car in Carlisle until my hands were torn and bleeding. Rental of a horse and buggy was an out-of-pocket cost for the preacher each week.

A humorous experience followed from my service at Hoagstown. During the winter I usually walked to the church from the railroad station two miles distant. Soft snow lay deep one March night as I plodded along. A spring beside a water-cress pond tempted me to stop for a drink. Suddenly, my footing gave way, plunging me into the pond. At church the people jollied me for not inviting them to the baptizing. They waited patiently for an extra hour until I was able to go on with the service in borrowed clothing.

While serving as a minister, I was still being called occasionally to work for the railroad. Once while conducting nightly evangelistic meetings (it was expected of all ministers in those days), I arrived home late in the evening to find a summons to work the midnight shift at Q N Tower. How I remained awake for two nights in a row, or how I finished the year at college without failing, is a mystery.

In 1919 the Cumberland Valley Railroad was adding double tracks on a section near Shippensburg. The worktrain operated out of Carlisle each morning. So, when college closed for the summer, I applied for a transfer, and along with my church work, I was given a berth on the worktrain.

One of my duties as a railroad builder was to lay a foundation for new tracks. We hauled carloads of hot cinders from electric generators near Harrisburg and spread them for a new roadbed. An event that summer almost ended my life. I was atop a carload of cinders that was being pulled along slowly on the temporary rails. The boss, standing on the ground below, ordered me to go to the other end of the gondola. At that moment, a workman who didn't hear the order, opened the vent. The hot cinders rushed out below, pulling me downward with them to my armpits. Almost roasted and near suffocation, I was rescued by a fellow workman who reached out the handle of his shovel for me to grasp. The gang considered my experience as par for the course.

Two memorable trips in 1919 became a widening part of my education. I had asked for and was accepted on the staff of the Methodist Centenary Exposition at Columbus, Ohio. The Centenary was a cultural and promotional display for raising several millions of dollars for reconstruction in war-torn Europe. My assignment was in the Russian department where the Methodist Church had a mission work. The Bolsheviks had not yet driven us out of that country.

Later on between Christmas and New Years that same year I attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, Iowa. Because I was still on the extra employment roster of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, I was able to obtain a pass for my transportation to Des Moines, as had been the case on the trip to Columbus. World-renowned missionaries were present and fired my imagination for work on foreign fields. I became personally friendly with Elizabeth Zwehmer, daughter of the famous missionary to the Moslem world. Elizabeth was then a student at Hope College in Holland, Michigan.

Four years of college life were exciting, but also physically exacting. The strain was taking a toll on my grades. I was not in any immediate danger of flunking, yet I tried to avoid discussing my scholastic standing in public. At least, graduation now began to appear as a possibility, an attainment that had seemed so impossible during the freshman and even sophomore years.

Seniors feel mature, and are even considered so by others.

Our minister in Frederick thought highly enough of my influence that he sent his son to Dickinson in the hope that I might serve as a kind of shepherd. It was too much for one to expect. The young freshman was tugging against home restraints, and from the beginning he considered me a hurdle deliberately placed in his path. Our relationship was allowed to go no further than a passing salute on the campus. Whatever it did to satisfy his ego, it did nothing to enhance my feeling of maturity as a senior.

Nor did I demonstrate much maturity even after graduation. On commencement day I boarded a train for New Jersey, armed only with my diploma and a railroad ticket. I missed the train for the seashore, and without money for a night's lodging, I slept in old Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. A policeman poked me awake every hour and delayed ejecting me as a hobo only at the sight of the ticket waving in my hand. Neither the glory of the previous day nor the satisfaction of a college degree made me appear any different that night than the lowest denizen on skid row.

Years later I watched Broad Street Station being demolished to make way for the present Penn Central area. The sprawling terminal was no architectural prize, but as I witnessed its demise, a nostalgic lump formed in my throat. It was like the loss of an old friend.

CHAPTER V: POST COLLEGE

At the age of twenty-one, fifteen years of which had been spent in school, I was still not sure what I should do with my life. There had been a halfway decision for the mission field, but I was already a preacher of sorts. Perhaps there was no real difference between the two types of service.

Near the end of my senior year at Dickinson I had written to eight Methodist district superintendents in Northern and Southern New Jersey. Did they have any pastoral appointments available for a student who was planning to enter Drew Theological Seminary? Only two from South Jersey replied, Alexander Corson of the Camden District and James Bills of the New Brunswick District. Corson had nothing to offer, but a telegram from Bills stated that he had appointed me to the Bayville and Ocean Gate charge, and that my appearance there on weekends was expected immediately.

For ten weeks I traveled from Carlisle to the seashore and back each weekend in order to conduct the Sunday services. How well I remember arriving in Ocean Gate on that first Sunday morning. A dear spinster lady, Aunt Etta Danley, backed up against the depot, saying, "Lord, have you sent us this kid?" She had gone through the train several times on the way from Camden to the shore, trying to identify her new minister by sight. Later I shall tell how I repaid Aunt Etta with kindness for her snide remark.

At first I seemed to be in real trouble trying to keep

my pastoral appointment. In order to graduate I could not cut classes that ended at noon on Saturday. The earliest that I could leave Carlisle after that would land me in Philadelphia too late to catch the last train of the day to the seashore. Little did I realize that the eleven o'clock train that I had dispatched past Q N Tower for so many months would be the answer to my problem. The local ticket agent pointed out that the train carried a sleeping car to be transferred to the Pennsylvania Line at Harrisburg and dropped at Broad Street Station each morning at four o'clock.

Late each Saturday night I settled into a berth at Carlisle and was awakened at seven by the Pullman porter in Philadelphia. It was a dead expense in proportion to my monthly salary of \$60. However, it was no worse than staying at Hickorytown and Hoagstown for another year at the magnificent annual salary of \$300. Thereafter I mixed in with the merrymakers on the train out of Camden each Sunday morning, they to fish and frolick, I to witness for the Lord.

Even during those first weeks in New Jersey a wanderlust was gnawing at my mind. At first, the preaching and pastoral work were routine. Then an offer from the International YMCA baited me to teach English in Japan. A contract never materialized, but it was then too late for me to turn back. In August I registered as a delegate to the World Sunday School Convention to be held that fall in Tokyo.

My district superintendent agreed to my going and seemed

pleased that one of his boys would be representing the Conference at the international convention. He very kindly agreed to care for my parish while I was away on condition that I return to his district in a few months.

Mother bought my liberty bonds at full maturity value, and two friends each loaned me one hundred dollars. With those amounts I left for the west coast after Labor Day. I had no passport at the time, and the agent of the Cook Tours in California advised that my funds were rather meager for such a trip.

The vastness of our country appeared to me only as I traveled over it. I arrived in Denver almost in a daze. From the steps of the State House I viewed the Rocky Mountains eighty miles away and felt almost that I could reach out and touch them. A day tour to Estes Park was followed by a stopover at Colorado Springs. There was a washout on the intended Royal Gorge route, allowing time at Colorado Springs for a cograil trip to the top of Pike's Peak.

Returning to Denver, our route led north and west through Cheyenne and Salt Lake City to Ogden, Utah. From there the Western Pacific Railroad led through the scenic Feather River Canyon, then over the High Sierras and finally through the very hot Sacramento Valley.

It felt like springtime standing out front on the ferry, cooling off from Oakland to San Francisco. A severe cold was the price I paid for that refreshing ride. I lay for

two days at the San Francisco YMCA, hardly caring whether I should live or die. Half starved on the third day, I dragged myself to the cafeteria where a fellow-transient persuaded me to go with him to Los Angeles to look for work.

On Friday afternoon we took passage on a coastwise vessel going south. We were surprised at the modest cost of the trip until we went aboard. Our sleeping quarters were in the hold, which was reached through a narrow corridor piled high with railroad crossties. It was impossible, and we were about to surrender the cost of our tickets.

The situation brightened when we found how amenable the ship's purser was to a bribe. He whispered for us to be patient and settled for a modest tip. There had been no call for the finest first-class stateroom. So, after clearing port, we were placed in the nicest room on the boat. What a delightful voyage in spite of my miserable cold! I sat all the next day beside the ship's funnel watching the whales frolick nearby.

Early on Sunday morning we arrived at the Los Angeles harbor of San Pedro. My new acquaintance proved to be a globetrotter like myself, picking up enough work here and there to carry us to the next port. He was honest, and I enjoyed rooming with him during my six-week stay in Los Angeles. We were in the fastest-growing city in America, one in which work was plentiful and wages were high.

One morning I was sitting in an employment agency when

an employer entered and complained bitterly that nobody had responded to his request for help. He looked the crowd over and asked whether any of us wanted work. There was silence all around until I spoke up timidly and accepted his offer. At that, he whisked me out of the place before I could pay the employment agent her expected fee. Others sitting there were looking for top jobs without having to work.

My work was that of a pipe fitter's helper installing dry kilns at lumber yards. Most lumber dealers were unwilling to shut down their total plants for extensions or repairs. The result was a bit of work here and a bit there, allowing us to explore the city in a topless Model T Ford.

The Orient still beckoned. Back home Mother contacted the doctor (now long retired) who had officiated at my birth. He had kept no records, but he took Mother's word about my birthday, and signed an affidavit. Mother's statement was incorrect by two days, but I was glad for the certificate, for there was no other evidence that I was an American citizen. Now with the proper document in hand, I applied to the Thomas Cook Travel Agency there in Los Angeles and paid for my passage to the Orient and return. And what a financial lift those weeks of employment had given me! My employer appreciated my work and shared my enthusiasm for travel. He took time to drive me to the railroad station on the day that I left. Bidding me farewell, he said, "Always tell people that you helped to build Los Angeles."

What a beautiful trip the 500 miles of California coastline from Los Angeles to San Francisco! Most of the time the Southern Pacific Railway overlooks the ocean. At Ventura the oil pumps were even then working offshore, a procedure that has since become so commonplace. I looked out at the broad Pacific, dreaming that the very next day I would be on my way to the unknown lands beyond its horizons. In fact, I had only time enough in San Francisco to repack bare essentials, leaving the rest in the Thomas Cook store room.

Awaiting in San Francisco was the Persia Maru, a 9,000 ton vessel of the Japanese Toyo Kishen Kaisha (Eastern Passenger Line). There were only two classes on such a small vessel, cabin and steerage, but I found the cabin accommodations attractive and the food excellent. Several missionaries and business agents provided interesting companionship. Never to be forgotten were the bright moonlight nights, the strong, balmy breezes and the phosphorescent glow of the water as we plowed forward through the giant swells.

The Persia Maru made a dawn-to-dark call at Honolulu, allowing enough time for a tour of the city. Nuana Pali on the nearby mountain was impressive both because of the never-ending gale of wind blowing there, but also because the last local chieftain and his army refused to surrender to King Kamehameha. They leaped over the 1,500 foot cliff to their death instead. Our taxi stopped long enough for us to pick ripe guava, a perishable fruit, for a taste of which, King

Edward VII of England unsuccessfully offered a high reward.

Naturally, on a Japanese ship there were numerous Japanese natives returning home after absences in America. As the boat was docking in Yokahama, crowds of people on the pier waited to welcome relatives and friends. In America the participants would have rushed into one another's arms; not so in Japan. Greeters there merely bowed low, drew in their breath and hissed loudly through their teeth. Japanese neither hugged nor kissed in those days, emphasizing that kissing was unsanitary. I was being introduced early to one of many different customs between East and West.

I took the tram to Tokyo and registered for my first night in the Orient at the Tokyo Station Hotel. The desk clerk must have thought I was a diplomat. In spite of my protest, he assigned me to the most expensive lodging of all my previous life, nineteen dollars (nearly twice that value in Japanese yens). I shouldn't complain, for I actually landed in a three-room suite, one room of which opened on a balcony overlooking the human scene in the massive railway station. Equal accommodations would have cost much more in America.

The desk clerk next morning understood my situation much better. He spoke fluent English and agreed to call the Aoyama Gacquin (Methodist College) for a possible visit. The school had been founded through the gift of Dr. John F. Goucher (patron also of Goucher College in Baltimore).

I was now on friendly ground. Aoyama Gacquin welcomed

me like a long-lost brother. Professor Charles Berry, a bachelor, insisted that I stay in his home, refusing to let me pay for my visit. A Japanese couple served as his housekeeper and care-taker, to whom I paid a gratuity. Dr Berry called it a generous amount, but it was so much less than the hotel rate that I began to breathe more freely about my trip through the Orient.

Several incidents stand out in memory during my stay with Dr. Berry. A monkey and a cat were prize pets in the home, subjects of endless amusement to the owner. Loving friends most of the time, the monkey was like a tiger always at mealtime. He could be full to the neck, but he fought to prevent the cat from ever getting his share. "Isn't it just like people?" Berry laughingly asked.

One day I took a train trip north to the beautiful shrine city of Nikko. Dr. Berry urged me to stay at night in a particular Japanese hotel to get a taste of native accommodations. I found that nobody there could speak English; in fact, they hesitated to receive me for fear I would not be satisfied. The weather was cold, and I left my shoes outdoors, parked beside the clogs of other guests. My room had no furniture, and the only heat was a charcoal brazier for warming the fingers. A waitress sat opposite me during the entire time of my dinner, although I tried to dismiss her several times in good English. What a menu: baked seaweed which tasted like mica, cuttlefish full of ground-

up bones and steamed rice which I was supposed to eat with chopsticks. The girl did rush out and get me a teaspoon, a thing that was never used in good company.

Bedtime was a horror scene in that hotel. The proprietor himself came in to oversee the act. A maid rolled up one blanket for me to lie on and then covered me with another, pushing a round block under my head for a pillow. To have sat up all night, I would have pushed my back through the paper wall to the next room. It was a relief to be on my way next morning, but back in Tokyo Dr. Berry almost rolled on the floor laughing at my first experience in a Japanese hotel.

The inexpressible beauty of Nikko's Shinto temples and shrines will be a lifelong memory. I saw there the original wood carving of the three monkeys: "See No Evil; hear no evil; speak no evil." Back of the town lay the beautiful Lake Chuzengi on the very top of a verdant mountain. Nikko and Nara, both famous for their religious atmosphere, were towns that enriched my appreciation of Shinto worship while making Tokyo my headquarters.

Floyd Shacklock, very near my age, was a brand new missionary to Japan. President Asano of the Toyo Kishen Line always invited passengers to a reception at his home in Tokyo. Floyd Shacklock went with me that afternoon while we drank formal tea (a colored paste of powdered tea leaves) and watched lovely geisha girls perform.

It was helpful to have Shacklock as a friend. He encouraged me to venture on a long tour through Korea, Manchuria and China. But how about the cost? "Stay with missionaries as much as you can," he advised. "They will enjoy seeing you, and the expected pay will be modest." So with the assurance that my money would hold out, Shacklock arranged for the 2,500 mile trip that would end at Shanghai. I said good-bye, expecting never to see Floyd again. But the world isn't so large as it seems. Many years later we were able to renew friendship at Silver Bay, N.Y., where Floyd was serving as housefather for male employees of college age.

From Tokyo my tour led first to Kyoto. A letter of introduction put me in the hands of the President of Doshisha University, a very plain and gracious host. But because of the demands on his time, I insisted on seeing Kyoto on my own (Kyoto means that it was the Capital of Japan before the removal to Tokyo, Eastern Capital).

One evening I was browsing in a gift shop when a man approached to help me. In the interview he said he was the secretary to the city's mayor and that he was trying to improve his command of English. Would I be willing for him to escort me on a special tour of Kyoto in the mayor's car the following day? **Sorrowfully** I declined, because I was already behind schedule and was planning to leave Kyoto the next day to end up in the seaport town of Shimorosiki.

It was a long and tedious trip across the lower flat part of Honshu (largest of the Japanese islands) to Shimonosiki. The railroads were all narrow gage, and the seats were lengthwise like some of our trolley cars. Japanese women preferred the arrangement, for they sat curled up on their feet with their backs to the aisle. At Shimonosiki I said good-bye to Japan proper, crossing the Sea of Japan by ship to Korea.

Korea was in sharp contrast to what I had seen in Japan. Pusan, the seaport, was sluggish and ugly. Dress there seemed even more Oriental than in Japan. Men there wore black stovepipe hats. The color of the gown indicated marital status, black or white (I think white indicated single).

There were other differences that one soon noticed. Korea was largely arid and barren, Japan green and fertile, with much rainfall. The one is rural and relatively poor, the other industrial and relatively prosperous. Perhaps the proximity to Manchuria, Mongolia and China has given the Koreans a resemblance to the people of the mainland that is not shared by the Japanese.

My first real stop was in Seoul, the Capital. I was entertained in the home of Dr. Morris, a Methodist missionary. Korea was then under the military control of Japan, and Morris warned me that I would be under strong surveillance by the army on my further progress. Morris took me hiking on a mountain suburb of the city where we looked

down on a camp that held 1,500 Korean political prisoners. But the land was no longer called Korea. It was Japan's new province, and the conquerors had given it the name Chosen. Why the Japanese should want such an unpromising land was a mystery to me. Yet proud and militaristic countries always seem hungry for more territory. My attitude toward Japan changed as I progressed farther north, an attitude soon backed up by experience.

Before leaving Seoul I had lunch one day with Bishop Welch and Mrs. Welch in the Chosen Hotel. The bishop was surprised to find that I was just a globetrotter, but when he learned that I had graduated from college, he insisted that I stay on in Korea. It would be easy, he said, to convince the mission board in New York to list me as a missionary. Yet the mission work as I was seeing it in Japan and Korea troubled me. It was too paternalistic. Natives were mostly onlookers while the missionaries did the work. Home leadership was progressing too slowly. I simply told Bishop Welch that I was too immature to be a missionary.

As I said, my suspicion of the Japanese military was soon confirmed. A soldier removed me from the train in what is now the Northern Capital, Ping Yang. He took my passport and travelers' checks and left me stranded in the cold, dreary railroad station at night. All I could think of at the time was that it would require a lifetime for me to earn enough money to get back home.

Japanese place much emphasis on "saving face." Next day the soldier came back from headquarters with two of his buddies. Instead of apologizing for the inconvenience they had caused me, they yelled as if I were a criminal while pushing me on the train for Manchuria.

Mukden, Manchuria, was a bitterly cold city. At no other time have I suffered so severely as I did that day for two hours in a rickshaw. My only protection was a topcoat without a lining. Yet the poor rickshaw man was stripped to the waist with sweat dripping from his face and body. I felt ashamed for being such a burden. Travelers report that the human horse for the rickshaw has disappeared in that part of the Orient, all of which makes me glad.

The city of Mukden seemed as bleak as the weather. I kept calling to the rickshaw man to take me to a bank. My travelers' checks were of no value on the street, and I had no money for the area. But the fellow didn't understand a word that I said. His only reaction was to run faster. Perhaps my only reason for being in Manchuria was that I might see the eastern part of China like a person exploring America from Maine to Florida. Finally, my driver dropped me unceremoniously at a Presbyterian hospital.

How surprised those doctors in the hospital were to see me! I was different from the kind of patients they were accustomed to receiving, but they treated me with as much solicitude as if I were a foundling. One of them asked how

well my vaccinations had taken. When I replied that I had received no vaccinations before leaving America, he promptly announced that I was a dead duck. Smallpox was so rampant there and in China proper, that without immunization Westerners were prime targets for the disease. I offered to be immunized then and there, but they said it was too late for any real protection.

My new friends in Mukden loaded me up with Chinese silver dollars. They said it was impossible to avoid counterfeits altogether, but that silver coins, heavy though they were, provided the greatest protection.

My train south from Mukden stopped late at night at Shanhaikwan where the Great Wall runs into the sea. Despite the possibility of being stranded without shelter, I got off, stumbled through the darkness behind a group of men and landed at a third rate hotel. The clerk bounced some of my silver dollars on the counter to test their genuineness. Then he led me to a heatless bedroom where I slept in my clothing to keep from freezing.

Next morning the clerk was ready for me, having ordered a rickshaw in order to free himself of any further responsibility. I protested that I wanted to walk on the Great Wall instead of riding around town, but his knowledge of English was zero.

Shanhaikwan was a lucky town at that, turning out to be a city of 80,000 people. I arrived at a Methodist mission

compound in charge of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Keehler. They were Canadians from Hartley, Manitoba, who had gone out under our American mission board, and were the only foreign Christian workers serving the entire city. Keehler was a medical doctor and an ordained minister serving as a district superintendent. Mrs. Keehler was a teacher and the founder of the local high school.

It was our Thanksgiving Day, and the Keehlers were observing it as adopted Yankees. Instead of turkey, our dinner consisted of wild bustard. I was grateful for the treat, but kept thinking that I was eating turkey buzzard. What a day it was! When I apologized for imposing on their time, Dr. Keehler replied that eternity was theirs, words that I shall never forget.

A larger compound was then being built at Shanhai-kwan under the direction of a German named Granzau. Mr. Granzau and I rode donkey-back that first afternoon on top of the Great Wall. Then we followed the Wall on foot where the mountain rises abruptly from the plain. My companion kept prying out boulders and rolling them down the mountain in spite of my warning that he might injure somebody down below. He just roared with laughter, seeming to confirm my notion of German destructiveness.

The Great Wall, about thirty feet wide on top, winds 1,500 miles westward along the Mongolian border. It was built of brick; but stone blocks, dovetailed together,

form a barrier against the sea, one that has withstood the pounding of the waves for 2,000 years.

Living with missionaries in China probable saved my life. Food, especially raw food, was always sterilized against the possibility of cholera. The large, luscious persimmons at street markets were a great temptation, but I was warned never to buy or eat anything there.

Peking is the jewel of the Far East. It was Marco Polo who spent many years there as friend and counselor of Kublai Khan. He helped the emperor to glorify the city, giving it the name Cambuluc. When polo finally returned to Italy with a story of splendor surrounding the court at Peking, nobody would believe him. I found that the intervening centuries had done nothing to dim the luster so vividly described by Polo in his notes.

Our Methodist compound in Peking was also an illustration of grandeur. Dr. Keehler had given me a letter of introduction which allowed me to stay in a very charming home. A son, an early teen-ager, was practicing on the violin from the same course that I had followed during my high school years. He and his parents appreciated my help on one of the very early lessons in his book.

No less generous was the superintendent of the mission who provided me with an escort for a two-day tour of the city. My companion was a native who spoke English quite well. He had a fine appreciation of history,

but not of politics. Thinking that it would help his son, then studying in America, he had changed his good Chinese name of Teng (pronounced Tung) to American "Thomas."

There was evident emotion in Mr. Teng-Thomas' voice as we visited the Forbidden City. He said that for centuries the penalty was death for anybody but royalty entering that sacred area. The golden tiles on the imperial palace still seemed to give a warning, especially to foreigners like me. Nearby was the Altar of Agriculture and the Temple of Heaven. At the latter shrine the royal family worshipped twice yearly on the equinoctial dates.

Such was the popular fear in the time of the empire that nobody dared to look at royalty. We went through the street that the late Dowager Empress had traveled on her semi-annual visit to the Temple of Heaven. On those occasions the street became deserted, every shop emptied and every shutter secured, lest one should accidentally be exposed to divinity and be struck dead.

The Ming tombs outside the city spoke a melancholy message. Beginning with power and promise, the Ming dynasty gradually degenerated and were finally conquered by the fierce Manchus from the North. As a humiliation, every Chinaman was compelled to shave his head and to wear only a pigtail. This practice became a symbol of pride later on, for without a pigtail you were not a Chinaman.

But the Manchus also weakened after several generations.

The people were tiring of this very human type of divinity. Sun Yat-sen, a Christian doctor, educated in America, finally deposed the Ch'ing (last of the Manchu dynasty) and proclaimed China a republic in 1912. I think the boy emperor was still living when I was there in 1920, but he was a virtual prisoner.

My guide and I rode in separate rickshaws. Once after talking with another man beyond my hearing, he came back laughing. "That fellow wanted to know what part of China you came from," he said. So, with my urging, he gave me a Chinese name, Han for Henck, and Hung-lee for Harry. I became Han Hung-lee (surname always first).

I traveled eastward again from Peking to Tientsin. The latter city is on the main north-south rail line from Manchuria. Although I had not stopped there on my way to Peking, I had a special reason for including it in my tour. For centuries the Chinese had cut away their forests to provide fuel and building material. The result was the loss of valuable topsoil during floods. Then after the floods came drought and famine. In 1920 the country was having one of the worst floods in its history.

Trainloads of famine sufferers were being brought to Tientsin from the devastated area to the south. As a seaport city, it was receiving what bounty the rest of the world could send in. I have a vivid recollection of the bitter protest from one of the victims when I photographed

her standing before her mud hut. She was probably thinking that anybody with a white face, with no food to offer, and ready to shoot her with a strange gun, was certainly one of those foreign devils.

It took me two days southward by train through that same devastated area to arrive at Pukow. I shall never forget being awakened at night by pounding on our sleeping car -- people begging for food. During daylight I discovered an added cause for the famine, ancestor worship. Instead of reforestation, the land was covered with thousands of beehive graves as far as one could see. What a waste in the presence of agricultural possibility! The present communist regime has probably reversed the emphasis with greater concern for the needs of the living.

Pukow on the Yangtse River is directly opposite the old Chinese Capital of Nanking. It was raining when I arrived at Pukow, and the mighty river was as brown as chocolate, still carrying away soil from the inland fields.

That Yangtse crossing was another terrifying experience. Waves tossed our open tender back and forth as we stood in the rain. Worse yet, I stood shoulder-to-shoulder with a man whose face was covered with the open sores of smallpox. At that moment my thought of reaching home alive vanished completely.

Dr. Morris, President of Nanking University, welcomed me into his home. We were in the Advent Season in a land

where there was no Christmas. How good it was to gather around the piano on a Sunday evening singing the carols so dear to our hearts! Incidentally, at that songfest I met Elizabeth Robinson, a young missionary, and carried back her greeting to the delight of her sister still a student in Dickinson College.

Nanking is the vestige of an ancient city that tried to be self-sufficient during siege. It was surrounded by an almost endless wall that enclosed several towns and many square miles of farm land. But Nanking that could withstand siege from without, fell to corruption from within, and finally lost its central spot as Capital of the Empire.

Shanghai was my last point of call in China. As the chief seaport, it was also the country's most progressive city. A wide promenade called The Bund was faced on one side by numerous business establishments. On the other side it was open to the Yangtse River that flowed by on its last seven miles to the sea.

My first stroll on The Bund brought a happy surprise. A shop was actually advertising ice cream, the first hint of that delicacy since my leaving the ship in Japan. Ignoring all previous warnings against buying food on the street, I bought and ate one helping. Yes, it was the real thing, so I ordered another portion and still remain alive to tell about it.

It would have been welcome to see our ocean liner come

steaming up the river to take us on board. But Shanghai, in the tidewater zone, was paying a penalty for allowing the river to unload useless mud at its doorstep. How pitiful, the soil that was so desperately needed hundreds of miles upstream for farming! A tender was needed to take us those final seven miles to where "The China Mail" was waiting to take us home.

How would I feel if some imaginary corporation were to plaster the Palisades of the Hudson with a giant foreign sign advertising "The China Tea Company?" Yet the Standard Oil Company of New York picked those entire seven miles to disfigure the beauty of the mountainside and dishonor China with its blatant commercial.

Crossing the Yellow Sea toward Japan was a harrowing experience. Storms almost sank the ship. The majority of our passengers were seasick all the way. Those of us who escaped that torture almost froze unless wrapped in blankets as we sat in the lobby or library.

At Nagasaki, Japan, our ship was coaled up for the long trip across the Pacific. It required only eight hours for Japanese women, working like bees in sampans to do what a crane working twice that time would do. The military had classified Nagasaki a strategic port, and would have confiscated cameras if one were caught taking pictures. But I ventured a successful shot of those busy little women while the soldiers were not looking.

A short stop at Yokahama reminded me that I had not once felt an earthquake tremor in the land where such disturbances occur almost daily. I went ashore and spent my last spare cash for two beautiful silk kimonos for folks back home. It was a source of pride that my funds had carried me successfully through this Oriental trip, something that has never happened on any foreign venture since then.

How pleasant was the sensation to wake up one morning and find our ship anchored on Christmas eve at Honolulu! There was none of the bitter cold that had punished me in Mukden. I went swimming at Waikiki Beach in the afternoon and then enjoyed the most delicious pineapple sundae of my life. Church bells were ringing and carillons were chiming the familiar Christmas music, but without snow and cold winds it all seemed unreal. Fresh fruit and vegetables now appeared on the tables to brighten up our menu.

Christmas day at sea was just what it should be. The Oriental children were invited up from the steerage quarter. Each one was served ice cream and given an orange in the main diningroom. Watching from the balcony, I noted that none of them touched the ice cream, but they all took the orange away with them. Well, they wouldn't be long in America without learning to eat ice cream.

Facilities and appointments on the China Mail convinced me of the inevitable death of our American Merchant Marine. Table sets and bed linen still bore the name of

the defunct Pacific Mail. In meeting the requirement for high pay for American seamen, the company had gone bankrupt. A new company under Chinese registration was operating the line with Chinese seamen at low wages.

I had gone to the Orient partly to discover whether I should become a missionary. Now I was returning home confused. The strident impact of Western commerce and culture on China disappointed me. Surely the people were increasingly identifying our religion with our business ethic. Perhaps my immaturity was the cause of impatience rather than calm faith in divine power. But no less confusing was the outlook in Japan. We could not be accused of forcing progress on that country -- they were grabbing our Western ways at their worst. Outside a store in Tokyo a sign read, "American Fabricators." A beautiful country, Japan was being poisoned by a chauvinistic militarism.

Then there were the language barriers. On that point I have often objected unfairly to foreign preachers and teachers in America handicapped in their enunciations. A missionary son born in Japan heard me speak the words that carried me safely through that country, namely, "I do not speak Japanese." He stood in my pulpit and said that I spoke beautiful Japanese. When I chided him, he replied saying, "Oh, the Japanese consider it more important to be courteous than to be truthful." I caught the point.

It is encouraging to hear that our Christian workers

have changed in the approach to their work in foreign lands. Natives have been encouraged to assume positions of leadership while our missionaries remain in the background as co-workers or advisers. Students and other nationals who come here are subject, of course, to the good and the bad in our society. However, in the intervening years I have considered myself as a Christian missionary on trial here, instead of going again to other lands. Later I shall tell how I was able to implement that resolve in a limited way.

Our voyage from Shanghai to San Francisco took 23 days. We would have saved a day, but our ship lay befogged outside the Golden Gate for 24 hours, the foghorn blowing every minute to keep us from being rammed. Luckily for me, it was only New Years eve. I had traveled west at clergy half-fare rate by train, and my certificate was good only through December 31. How happy I was when the ticket agent honored my privilege, even though it would be four days in the new year until I arrived home. Although overcharged a dollar by mistake, I made no complaint. Otherwise, I would have been stranded halfway across the continent.

CHAPTER VI: EARLY MINISTRY

My parish was waiting for me on my return from the Orient. I had almost forgotten that I had promised the district superintendent to come back, but he hadn't forgotten. He had placed a close friend of mine (one already a student in seminary) temporarily in charge at Bayville and Ocean Gate. The Conference year would end in two months, and I suggested that my substitute continue on. Then, suddenly, another church became available on the district, and there was no loss to either of us when the superintendent offered him that appointment.

The Southern New Jersey Conference held its annual session early in March of 1921. Dr. Bills insisted that I apply for admission to membership in the Conference. I hesitated, stating that I planned to enter Drew Theological Seminary in September, and that after graduation I would most likely be going back to my home area in the Baltimore Conference. However, he prevailed while admitting the probability of a later transfer.

In 1921 the Conference met in Asbury Park. The examinations for admission were rather simple, testing our ability within an hour to write a paper on one of the Old Testament characters. As I had written about Moses at Dickinson during the previous year, the facts were still fresh in mind. Within the hour I rounded out so complete a story that my examiners were pleased enough to list me first in the class.

Bayville was one long community stretched out along the New York-Atlantic City Highway. Cars rushed by on the way to the big resort, but local life was very informal. I had never heard the term dominie applied to ministers before, but one day a workman along the road asked whether I was the dominie. Being the only stranger in the community, and unwilling to show my ignorance, I answered that I was.

Ocean Gate was different. A limited number of modest townsmen lived there all year, but on weekends and during the summer the place swarmed with pleasure seekers. I lived halfway between the two communities and walked altogether to church and to do pastoral work. Mother came to visit me briefly during that second summer without realizing the fury of Jersey mosquitos. The little pests soon had her in agony.

For two years I boarded at the Lewis home. Uncle Jim and Aunt Lizzie Lewis provided reasonable fare and interesting fellowship. Aunt Etta Danley (sister of Mrs. Lewis) lived there also, the spinster lady who had called me a "kid" on my first trip from college. Following was the way I repaid her for that remark.

Aunt Etta and Uncle Wesley Falkenberg had been keeping company for 22 years. They had never married because Wesley ran a small hotel for fishermen at Barnegat Pier. He sold beer, but was himself a total abstainer. Aunt Etta refused to marry on principle. But when National Pro-

hibition ended all traffic in liquor, Aunt Etta accepted Uncle Wesley's proposal of marriage without reservation. I married the couple and sent them on foot along the railroad track to Barnegat Pier for their honeymoon. The community refused to believe what had happened; then awoke gradually to accord me a place of fame.

Verna Danley, Mrs. Lewis' orphaned niece, taught in the grade school at Pemberton. Suddenly, Verna gave up her teaching and enrolled for graduate study at Teachers College, Columbia University. Aunt Lizzie Lewis accused me of responsibility for the girl sacrificing her bread and butter. Although I had very little to do with it, I almost got put out of the house. I am glad that Aunt Lizzie lived to see Verna become the State Supervisor of Home Economics for the entire public school system of New Jersey.

A minister, I must have appeared more of an entrepreneur than a calm servant of the Holy Spirit. Even the district superintendent shook his head in unbelief when I held evangelistic services outdoors at Ocean Gate in competition with the mosquitos. There were evangelists all over the place in nearby Ocean Grove, so I made use of them, along with deluges of insect repellent for the suffering people.

A fine Presbyterian couple moved to Bayville from Newark for health reasons. They wanted to join our fellowship, ours being the only church in the community. But they were not familiar with our loose Methodist ritual, for

they insisted on being received during a service of Holy Communion. I was not yet fully ordained and could not administer the Communion. So I bundled up a retired Methodist minister in Island Heights and brought him to Bayville in my open Model T Ford. The sanctuary was well heated, and when the old minister got warmed up, he preached a powerful sermon. He stated that he had little respect for those denominations whose members were too lazy to come forward for the Communion. I squirmed and perspired, confident that our Presbyterian friends would refuse to join with us. In fact, the wife became the church's delegate to the Annual Conference. Meeting her often later at the annual sessions of the Conference, she would refresh my memory, saying, "Here is that lazy Presbyterian again."

As a student pastor I was required to travel back and forth each week from the seminary a distance of 160 miles round trip. Saturdays were given to pastoral visitation. There was Church School and Sunday morning worship at Bayville, followed by Church School at Ocean Gate in the afternoon. Then back to Ocean Gate for worship at seven, I would run from there to Bayville for a final service.

During the winter my week began on Monday morning at four o'clock. I would get up, eat cold cereal and walk four miles to the train at Toms River (often in stormy weather). Then I would arrive back at Drew too late for lunch, but just in time to hear the bell ring for afternoon

classes. How I hated the sound of that bell! Only basic good health and financial need kept me going.

Once after arriving back at Drew on Monday, a telephone call informed me that scarlet fever had quarantined the Lewis home. The next weekend I spent sleeping in an unheated room in Ocean Gate, further handicapped by an inadequate supply of clothing. Thereafter, for my final year in the community, a dear old widow, Mrs. Laura Brockway entertained me each weekend.

There are differing opinions as to the advisability of student pastorates. I am sure that we young clergymen shortchanged our congregations. Likewise, we were robbed of time for study and sharing experiences on the campus. However, life on difficult fields certainly left us with no illusions about the requirements of the ministry.

Theological education in itself was an inspiration. My studies gave a reasonable foundation for the faith that I already had. And the mutual support of fellow students prepared me for the long years ahead as a Christian leader.

Why, then, did I shorten my education at Drew? The usual time needed for receiving a degree is three years. I made the mistake of finishing in two years, and grieved for it many times afterward. In order to meet all requirements I had to take a six-week summer course. But funds were so limited that I had to serve in the dining hall along with my studies. It was no wonder that I became

physically exhausted during one of the warmest periods that I had ever known.

On the very weekend that I finished the summer session I took a vacation. Another student who was remaining in Madison until the fall semester agreed to serve the Bayville and Ocean Gate churches in my absence.

Niagara Falls seemed like a good place for a rest. Samuel Lee, a graduate student from China, was on his way to Evanston, Illinois, for further graduate work. So Lee and I boarded the train for Buffalo in Morristown. What a sight to go through the Delaware Water Gap on the rear platform of an observation car! Then at Buffalo I persuaded Sam to spend a day with me at Niagara Falls.

One of the attractions at Niagara is the trolley ride around the falls on the Canadian side. With little forethought we both took that trip. On the way back a U.S. emigration officer hopped on the side step and demanded Sam's credentials. A woman nearest the officer threw up her hands, saying, "Oh, but I'm a British subject!" At that, the woman became the problem -- Sam Lee was forgotten, spared of a humiliation. He had left his passport at Drew, with all possible complications in the meanwhile.

What fun for me, that week at Niagara Falls! I took advantage of The Shredded Wheat Factory in getting one free meal a day. Of course, I had to join the conducted tour through the plant each day, but at the end there was a

large free helping of cereal with bananas and cream.

It was a great relief from the warm days at Drew to stretch out on the greensward at Goat Island. The roar of the falls soon lulled me to sleep. Only the pressure of a policeman's shoe disturbed my nap. The officer was on the lookout for hoboes and drunks.

I made the mistake of writing a couple of greetings to folks at Bayville and Ocean Gate. To my surprise, there was a wedding reception waiting for me when I arrived home. My parishioners were thoroughly disappointed. "Who but newlyweds ever go to Niagara Falls?" they asked.

Mother attended my graduation at Drew. She was troubled to find me underweight and suffering from a persistent cough. Her immediate prescription for tuberculosis was a large bottle of codliver oil. Two doses of that were enough to start me vomiting. The trouble turned out to be whooping cough, not tuberculosis. One night during the recent Annual Conference I had returned to Bayville with a couple whose child had whooping cough. Immediately climbing on my lap, the boy gave me the malady before his parents could intervene.

Like a proud father, my district superintendent decided that a theological graduate should have a promotion. So in the afterglow of Commencement, I was assigned to Cliffwood, a church that boasted a real parsonage and paid \$100 more than what I had been getting at Bayville and

Ocean Gate. But the only advantage in having a parsonage was that I had a bit of isolation for doing my whooping. I would awake at night, convulsed by coughing spells almost to the point of suffocation. It wasn't enough privacy at that, for the next day my neighbors would embarrass me, saying, "We heard you coughing last night." Relief came only with the arrival of cool weather.

Dr. James Bills, my beloved district superintendent, died shortly after my arrival in Cliffwood. His successor wrote me announcing the date for our church conference. I replied, inviting him to dinner, almost certain that he would decline. But he accepted. A black woman had been doing my laundry, and she agreed to come and prepare the meal. As we sat down at the table, the superintendent looked at me painfully, saying, "Isn't your wife going to have dinner with us?" At first I thought he was referring to the cook. We both had a good laugh when I finally brought him up to date.

Time hung heavily on me in the pocket-sized parish of Cliffwood. I could visit all my congregation in two weeks. Finally, I decided to take advantage of the good commuter service to New York for some graduate work at Teachers College, Columbia University. The resolve made a heavy inroad on my finances, but I never regretted the outlay, for it gave me contact with great minds like Dewey, Thorndike and Harry Fosdick. The latter taught at Union Seminary

where I took some of my work.

But whether because of, or in spite of the intellectual stimulus in New York, Cliffwood became the low spiritual point in my ministry. I lost my evangelistic zeal and became an agnostic. The Christian gospel seemed more on the defensive than on a forward march. My preaching must have sounded thin, but my social activity increased. As scout-master for the local troop, I became stranded at the shore with my boys and a broken-down car, while a funeral waited two hours at the Cliffwood Church for my appearance.

One of my activities on behalf of young people was the building of a tennis court on the site of my predecessor's garden. That incurred the wrath of most elderly folk in the parish. Some people were so religious that they objected to the young people playing basketball in the church social hall. There was scorn for a mock funeral that we conducted in midsummer in the following manner:

When the price of tomatoes dropped too low for marketing, we heaped a flat wagon with them and walked slowly toward the beach as mourners. Arriving there, we each took an armload of the ripe fruit as ammunition for a battle. After once using up my supply, I ran for safety toward the water. But before reaching there, a tomato hit me in the back with such force that I fell half stunned on the beach.

I had never learned to cook, a deficiency that soon became known in the community. Then one day a farmer left

a bag of fresh corn at my house. What fun it caused a neighbor, when I told her that I would can it! "It will all spoil," she assured me. But I accepted the challenge, following in detail the agricultural bulletin for the cold pack method. Not one portion spoiled, allowing me a respite during the following winter as I presented her twice with a jar of delicious corn.

Each of my diverse appointments has presented me with memorable experiences. A member of the Cliffwood Church was Superintendent of the New York & New Jersey Steamboat Line, a freight carrier between Keyport and Manhattan. His son who piloted one of the boats invited me to go on one of the trips to New York. We stopped at Perth Amboy to take on part of our cargo. I never again expect to see so much silver as I did that day. Black men, singing, "I Got Plenty o' Nothing," carried those great bars on board at The Anaconda Refinery, as if they were handling so much mud. Of course there was intense supervision of each act.

On that boat trip we landed on Lower East Side in New York. I was so impressed by tenement life and street activity, that I missed the boat back to Keyport. The news got around, and some of my friends were waiting at the railroad station to revile me when I arrived home by train.

Several times during what I call my venturesome years I have cheated death. One of those I included in an earlier chapter when Lou and I panicked and almost tumbled

from a cliff near Harpers Ferry. Another close call, related earlier, was my sinking in hot cinders on a railroad gondola near Carlisle. The third incident occurred during the years when I was taking advanced studies at Columbia University. One morning the commuter train was leaving Matawan station when I arrived to go aboard. Tossing my books on the front platform of a coach and grabbing the handrail, I stumbled on the ballast stones and was dragged along. By extreme effort I pulled myself to safety before falling beneath the moving car wheels. Did I cheat death on those occasions, or was the Almighty telling me that I needed further preparation for the next world? A member of my church witnessed my latest act with horror.

Cheesequake is a rural point three miles from Cliffwood. It is too sparsely settled to be called a village, but it boasted an historic church. For a hundred years or more that church resounded with the sermons of famous circuit riders. Galleries extended on three sides of the sanctuary, and a central stove sent long indoor pipes toward the chimney for maximum use of heat. No longer was the church used for worship, although the last minister lived in the building and cooked his meals in the balcony.

The Conference offered no remuneration, but it asked me to conduct an occasional service there to avoid taxation of the property. In spite of a newspaper notice and a large sign on the door, only one woman appeared for the

service. She was built large from head to foot, like El Capitan, but was the essence of sweetness. I was as a messenger from heaven, sent to preach her a sermon. Out of appreciation for my effort, she then invited me to her home for refreshments.

On arriving at the latter place, a sister, also built like El Capitan greeted me. She made no apology for her absence from the worship service, but suggested that the three of us take a ride in my car. Each sister wanted to ride in the front seat with me, but I explained that I needed the entire seat to manage a balky Model T Ford.

One experience with those dear, simple old women led to another. Back home for refreshments, they served me store cake and coffee. The room, dark and musty from need of ventilation, prevented me from looking closely at what I ate. Suddenly, an agitation in my mouth caused me to stare at the plate. Only then did I realize that I had already consumed numberless tiny red ants.

One day in New York I said bon voyage to a Drew classmate and his wife who were sailing as missionaries to Malaya. Then and there my hunger for far places returned. But where was I now to find the needed funds for another adventure abroad? Although nobody knew what was agitating my mind, it was not long until a way opened for turning a dream into a reality.

A politician in Cliffwood nominated me as Numerator

for Farm Census in Monmouth County. As a result, the remuneration from that service plus strict frugality during the next several months made me a tourist again. My Master's degree at Columbia could wait for another year.

Unaware, and probably unconcerned about my travel plans, the Conference transferred me to Highland Park, a New Brunswick suburb in the spring of 1925. It must have bewildered the officials when I confided that I would immediately absent myself; that I already had my ticket purchased for a European tour. There was no church building and no parsonage. In fact, I was to be the first minister in a fast-growing community where problems and opportunities crossed each other at right angles.

Just before sailing I learned of a Methodist Fellowship tour that would parallel most of my proposed itinerary. Thereupon, I agreed to meet the rest of the tourists in England. So on July 7, 1925, I sailed from New York on The Berengaria, the former Emperor that had been confiscated from the Germans during the First World War. It was the largest ship afloat at the time and one of the fastest. My tour group left New York a day earlier and landed in England a day behind me.

I landed at Southampton and took a night train for Liverpool. Not ever having met any of the others in our party, how little I realized at the time that these fellow Methodists were to make the trip one of the most fasci-

nating of my several tours abroad.

Our special interest in Methodist shrines took us first to the village of Epworth. There we visited the old St. Andrew's Rectory where John Wesley, founder of Methodism, was born. John was baptized by his father in St. Andrew's Church and later became a minister. However the Church of England concluded that he held "heretical views" and denied him access to any of their pulpits.

In London we visited the John Wesley Church on City Road. Across the street was Bunhill Field, the cemetery where Wesley's mother Susanna is buried. A marker on Aldersgate Street commemorates Wesley's "heartwarming experience" (springboard of the Methodist movement.)

Because of the following experience I got a personal view of Scotland Yard. Rushing to leave the bus at the Selfridge Department Store, I forgot to take my briefcase. The chief items left behind were my passport and a receipt for passage back to America. Our American Consul promised to get me back home, little comfort for one who had just arrived, and consternation for the rest of our group.

A very liberal reward for all valuables found in London encourages honesty. Scotland Yard is the clearing house. Next morning I identified my possessions, paid the required fee and arrived at the railway station by taxi a few seconds before the train left for Newcastle, carrying our tour group on their way to France.

In France the devastation caused by the First World War was still very evident. We visited the area along the Marne River and Belleau Woods where hundreds of white crosses tell the story of sacrifice by American soldiers to help "make the world safe for democracy." Rheims Cathedral was in partial ruin (later restored by funds from the Rockefeller Foundation.)

Our last two days in France were spent in Glorious Paris. I shall long remember our trip to Versailles. We visited the Louvre, Notre Dame Cathedral and climbed the Eiffel Tower. A superstitious waitress fled from the diningroom and would not serve us because we were thirteen in number.

Our itinerary carried us through Zurich and Luzerne in Switzerland and over the Alps by train to Italy. Milan with its cathedral of a thousand spires frozen in stone, was also a memorable sight. An evening by gondola on the Grand Canal was like a dream, while St. Mark's Cathedral and its promenade looked like a floating island. A hundred tunnels through the Apeninnea led to picturesque Florence and the Petti Galleries where the most famous of the paintings of Raphael and Michaelangelo are on display.

Rome is "The Eternal City." On a visit to the Coliseum by moonlight, I could still hear the roar of lions and the clash of gladiatorial swords after nearly two thousand years of silence. Yes, I walked the Appian Way as did

St. Paul, and visited the catacombs and St. Peter's Basilica with its ornate Sistine Chapel.

From Rome our party started north again past Genoa and Pisa. At the latter place the Leaning Tower reminded us of Galileo whose experiments challenged the theory that the earth was the center of the universe. Then at Geneva we visited The League of Nations that was still functioning after The First World War.

I left the tour group at Geneva because I wanted to see more of Northern Europe. Crossing Switzerland, I entered Bavaria from Lake Constance. Munich, a beautiful city, was still sensitive toward The United States because we entered the war against the Kaiser. Interesting enough, Munich became Hitler's starting point for his Nazi take-over of Germany.

It was only a short journey by train from Munich to Oberammergau. Although the Passion Play was not being presented that year, I had the privilege of visiting in the home of Anton Lang who had twice played the part of Christ. Herr Lang filled me in with much of the information that makes the town famous.

A horse-drawn carriage took us from Oberammergau to Linderhof. King Ludwig II, last of the Bavarian rulers, had built one of his palaces at Linderhof, and as a patron of Richard Wagner, he had entertained the famous musician there for the writing of the opera Lohengrin.

Crossing Southern Germany through Ulm and Stuttgart, I took the boat down the Rhine River from Mainz to Cologne. No description can convey the thrill of floating past such famous places as the Lorelei and the Mousetower.

Cologne's majestic cathedral was 700 years in building. It is an outstanding example of the kind of workmanship that succeeded before the time of concrete and structural steel. British and American airmen deserve great credit for saving the cathedral while bombing the city of Cologne into rubble during the Second World War.

I followed the Kaiser's path into Belgium through Liege. What a surprise it was to meet an old friend, my mother's beloved physician, Dr. Tom Johnson of Frederick, Maryland, while visiting a lace factory in Brussels! He lost no time informing Mother about her prodigal son who was wandering loose in Europe.

Antwerp attracted me as William Tyndale's hiding place while translating the Bible into English. Tyndale was apprehended and paid for his work with his life. But his scholarly achievement was never apprehended.

Money was running out, and my homeward-bound ship would be calling at Cherbourg, France, in two days. A group of Black men surprised me while waiting for the train for Paris. No, they were not Americans, they were from the Belgian Congo and were conversing in French.

I took the fourth-class coach instead of the sleeper.

There were wood benches for each compartment accommodating six persons, all of us dozing through the night to drown the monotony. Suddenly, the guard seized the man seated beside as if bent on killing him. Up to that moment, I had not said a word to anybody. However, the man opposite me spoke to the guard in French and then addressed me in English, saying, "I guess you and I will have to pay his way to Paris." How did he know that I was riding fourth-class just pretending to be poor? How did he know that I was not a Belgian or a Frenchman? Well, the offender had climbed over the fence at Antwerp, had taken the seat of a paying passenger, and was about to be ejected. Certainly I would not allow such a thing to happen; words framed for my reluctant tongue. In the end the trip was more costly than if I had taken a sleeper.

Another surprise awaited me in Paris. Cunard liners leaving Southampton always called at Cherbourg before crossing the Atlantic to New York. My ticket included passage from Southampton to New York, but I would be taxed for not going all the way back to England to go aboard. Breathlessly, I handed out my last traveler's check to meet the requirement. Why is it, that every time I have gone abroad I have always returned home penniless?

I needed all the happy memories of that European tour to sustain me during the months that followed. Never had the Conference assigned a man to a more difficult task

than when it appointed me as the first pastor of Trinity Church in Highland Park. The Mission Board had advanced \$8,000 as a loan several years earlier to buy a full block of land on Raritan Avenue (the main street). Trustees of First Church, New Brunswick were holding the property in escrow, allowing the interest and tax to accumulate over the years. All the financial backlog fell upon Trinity Church the moment of its organization.

My salary as the new pastor was to be \$1,500. Of this, the church was to pay \$1,000 and the Home Mission Board was to pay \$500. Although it appeared that I had been given a substantial increase, I was worse off financially than at Cliffwood, because I now had to pay for room and board. Furthermore, a new district superintendent who knew nothing about me and cared less, failed to honor the full promise of help from the Mission Board. During the first year he allowed only \$300. The local officials reluctantly made up the difference. Then during the second year he allowed nothing, which necessitated a re-duction in salary.

New Brunswick was a commuters' town for people working in Newark and New York City. Something had to be done quickly if Trinity Church was to survive with its handful of members. I had good reason for entertaining the idea of an apartment complex on one corner of our property, in connection with a church plant on the other corner.

As a student at Columbia I had made a passing acquaintance with Dr. Charles Riessner, Pastor of Broadway Temple, who had financed the building of his church in connection with a high-rise apartment.

Dr. Riessner gave me an entire morning and encouraged me to go ahead with such a plan in my town. He persuaded his master architect, Julius Gregory, to draw up tentative plans for the complex. Bonds were to be sold for retirement on a twenty-year basis. With both the apartments and the church paying rent during such a time, the church would finally become owner of both properties.

I submitted the plan to my district superintendent, but he expressed immediate hostility. He refused even to discuss the proposal with the bishop. From that time forward he seemed to transfer his hostility to me personally.

It is not hard to understand or explain the frustration of a congregation of sixty members saddled with eight years of back interest and back taxes. We worshipped in a dismal hall over a garage. The room was shared by the American Legion who left their Saturday night cigarette trays and the resultant odor of tobacco to inhibit the spirit of worship. Whether or not the church was short of funds, the treasurer often allowed my weekly pay check to lapse for two or three weeks at a time.

There were inspiring compensations, however, for a minister in a university community. I became friendly with

the President of Rutgers and the Dean of the New Jersey College for Women (Douglass). The Clergy Club, a literary society, invited me to membership, and the New Brunswick (Reformed) Theological Seminary extended numerous privileges. Meanwhile, I finished my studies at Columbia and was granted the Master's Degree in Education in 1926.

Our district superintendent, with little understanding or acknowledgment of our plight, insisted that we build on the Raritan Avenue site. But during my second year as pastor, the officials became restive and decided to sell the entire block of ground and to build the church elsewhere. The value of the land during the intervening years had increased from the purchase price of eight thousand to forty thousand dollars. With that amount in hand they could meet the cost of a less prominent site, plus part of the cost of a building.

I had very little to do with the trustees' decision to make the change, although I understood their problem and was sympathetic toward their conclusion. However, as a kind of punishment to me the superintendent decided to transfer me elsewhere. The new appointment would bring a further decrease in salary.

It is embarrassing to deal in personalities and to dwell on such matters as salary here in my life story. But as a college and theological graduate with a further advanced degree, the promised demotion was a challenge to my

self-respect. I responded with a determination to take a sabbatical year, a temporary leave of absence from the pastorate. This was a privilege that I, as a member of the Conference, was entitled to take; my hope of gaining release from the power of an unreasonable, unhappy man. All my relationships with spiritual overseers had previously been so inspiring, that I was bewildered by the present clash of personalities.

Just before I requested the sabbatical privilege during the Annual Conference, one of my officials approached me with surprising news. He said that the district superintendent had called a joint meeting of our officials and those of another church. Neither pastor had been informed (an illegal act in Methodism). However, it was his desire to effect a merger of the two churches with a fine pastorate in Highland Park which he personally would hope to serve on leaving the superintendency.

I recall the evening when that unusual meeting was held. The officials and congregation were invited to attend while I organized the Ladies' Aid Society. Surprisingly, the officials all walked out before the refreshments were served. Little did I realize at the time the real reason for their going.

Other superintendents in the Conference were aware of the kind of planning that was taking place in Highland Park and New Brunswick. They especially raised their

eyebrows over the illegal meeting of the two church boards without the presence of the pastors. Dr. Charles Fitz-George, Superintendent of Camden District, approached me and invited me to his district rather than have me sustain the loss of a sabbatical year. He admitted his surprise over the actions of my superintendent, stating that the latter deserved a spanking. With tears of gratitude I accepted his invitation. Then and there all bitterness over two years in Highland Park vanished.

In the spring of 1927 I arrived in the South Jersey community of Wenonah. Three pastorates on the New Brunswick District had comprised my entire ministry so far in New Jersey. Now Wenonah, a typical suburban community with electric train service to Camden, boasted the saying that not even a male dog could be found on the streets during the day. How welcome the calm and the relief from the financial strain that I had been under in Highland Park!

There was a fine parsonage awaiting me in Wenonah. However, I sensed that the congregation was not at ease with a bachelor minister being his own housekeeper and doing his own cooking. Two dear old ladies, daughters of a Methodist minister, lived nearby and agreed to board me, they said, "temporarily" until I should marry.

The salary was not sufficient for me to employ a housekeeper. So I advertised for an elderly couple to help solve the problem in the next best way. They could

live there **free of rent**. I promised to pay all utilities, to board with them at their rate and to occupy only my study and bedroom portion of a large house.

On the recommendation of her pastor, a woman (ostensibly a widow) with a grown son applied and was accepted. But on arrival, I found that the woman was bringing a teen-aged daughter, that she had a son away in college, and that she was separated from her husband. I should have rejected the woman on the spot. Only my inexperience and the desire to have a presentable house, caused me to admit her.

Soon I was paying not only board but rent. There were evenings when the mother would be out while the daughter was left alone with me in the parsonage. My remonstrance brought only a "tut-tut." Finally, she stayed away all night to nurse a neighbor's sick child. I thought that by dismissing her, the trouble would end. Not so, for she persuaded a much older man, the widowed pastor of a neighboring church to take her in. Thereby I received the wrath of his entire congregation.

Apart from a turbulent period with a housekeeper, I had a normal pastorate in Wenonah. On my arrival, the Church School Superintendent passed to me a class of obstreperous boys that nobody else would touch. By taking the boys on hikes and serving as referee for their games, I soon had them worshiping at my shrine. No less was the appreciation of the parents when I received the class into

church membership.

Superintendent FitzGeorge went the second mile in being kind. Because his wife was in poor health, he invited me several times to accompany him to the seashore churches where he conducted annual meetings. Those long trips at night across the state brought us a close fellowship that lasted until death finally separated us.

One evening Sir Wilfred Grenfell came to town to tell about his heroic mission in Labrador. As one of the three Protestant ministers in Wenonah, I was invited to have dinner with him. Dr. Grenfell had brought along his slides without a projector. What a privilege it was when I offered my projector, to be asked to be the operator! It was the only time that nobility ever deferred to me.

I appeared to be getting nowhere in the ministry. As a single man, I felt that the Conference was deliberately keeping me from advancing. There were those beyond my parish who appreciated my training and made use of my service. The Gloucester County Council of Christian Education elected me one of its officers and made me a resource person in my field of Released Time and Vacation Church School Administration. With all of that, I felt that God wanted me to stay in the ministry.

But if this was a time of soul searching, much worse was to follow. In 1929 the Great Depression hit the nation like an earthquake. Wenonah was made up of white

collar workers who began losing their jobs right and left. With the financial backing of the local church in danger, the first sacrifice to be considered was the minister. I was unanimously invited to return for the fourth year because the congregation was becoming sensitive over a succession of short pastorates. I would be setting a record for Wenonah Methodism by staying on. However, there would have to be a reduction in the pastor's salary.

The effort to establish myself with dignity had failed. Now, with the prospect of less income, there would be even less chance for establishing a self-respecting home. Then in the midst of such gloom, an amazing thing happened. In spite of my determination to spare another the privation that I was suffering, I fell suddenly and helplessly in love. Looking back now over a period of more than fifty years, I am convinced that it was divine intervention.

As District superintendent, Dr. FitzGeorge offered a helping hand. Gibbstown, as different in cultural level from Wenonah as night from day, was proposed at the same salary level as I had been getting. It would require adjustment on my part to feel at home there, but as a married man I would appreciate the financial leverage it offered. I accepted the offer, and the Conference transferred me to Gibbstown in the spring of 1930.

CHAPTER VII: MARRIAGE

Romance had been an elusive factor in my early ministry. I had said that without a good girl for a wife, a man in my position would be unfair to his calling and to his congregation. And unless marrying for romance, he would be unfair to himself. Perhaps the two things mean the same, although I consider romance far more important.

But a youthful romance had been shattered by death during the great flu epidemic of 1918. A bit later, a budding romance that could have sent us to the foreign mission field had been defeated by tuberculosis. The mission board in New York rejected the girl and warned that it would be cruel for me to marry her under any circumstance. Meanwhile, there were other good girls. One Sunday night I accepted a woman's invitation to be driven home from church. On the way she proposed to me for another good girl, her daughter. All I could think of at the time was, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

During the exacting years in Highland Park I accepted frequent invitations to dinner from my parishioners, parents who had good, marriageable daughters. I had to consider them as appeals to the stomach rather than to the head and heart. Finally, in order to have a married man occupy their parsonage, some dear parishioners in Wenonah almost chose a wife for me. But the girl was frank enough to say that my salary was below what she would expect in

a husband.

Then, when it seemed that there was to be no genuine romance, the glorious thing happened. I was attending a clergy meeting in Camden when a fellow pastor, the Rev. Niles Poff of Brooklawn, asked me to pinch-hit that evening as a speaker in his church. The County Superintendent of Schools was to have been the speaker at a training session for Church School teachers, but he had reneged that very morning.

It was too short a notice, I said, for adequate preparation. But the petitioner was insistent, reminding me that my background of training was sufficient for the occasion and that I should be putting it to practice. So, quickly falling for flattery, I agreed to fill in for him.

A torrential rain that evening compensated for my lack of preparation. A mere handful of teachers and leaders braved the storm in order to attend. The pastor introduced each one separately. As I took the hand and looked into one particularly lovely face, Destiny suddenly whispered, "Your life partner -- never let her go!"

Next morning I was on the telephone. The minister enumerated all of those who were present the night before. I would remember the name with his help. Yes, Mary Hawthorne was the one. Would he be so kind as to invite Mary Hawthorne and me to his parsonage some evening soon?

"She won't accept," Poff assured me.

"She's certainly not married, is she?"

"Of course, not! But..."

"Listen, my friend; I helped you out last night," I reminded him. "Now you can at least try to help me!"

"Mary already has a boy friend."

"Then she'll have two boy friends!"

The minister laughed. "Why are you so sure?"

"Destiny has struck. I'm sure of it!"

He laughed heartily this time; but must have thought that I had lost my balance, for he hesitated a while. Finally he agreed to try. The evening was set, and I heard nothing more to the contrary.

Rev. Poff was sitting alone when I called at his parsonage for the important meeting. "Where is Mary?" I asked quite directly.

"Oh, I forgot to ask her."

I never discovered for sure what his attitude was. At first I thought he meant to be non-cooperative. Maybe he didn't want to lose a good Church School teacher, but I suspended judgment when he said that Mary was out that evening with Mrs. Poff. She might step in on their return. At ten o'clock I was about to return home in disgust when the two arrived in the presence of an older gentleman. Was this Mary's boy friend? It just couldn't be!

"Now or never!" Destiny thundered in my throbbing heart.

"Miss Hawthorne, may I take you home?" I asked.

"But, Harry, you said it was time for your bus," the minister insisted.

At that, Mrs. Poff tried to push her husband into the clothes closet.

I still didn't understand the significance of the older man who had already offered Mary his service. But if I was trying to be the second boy friend in the presence of my rival, there was no immediate evidence of a challenge. The man backed off without a word and allowed me to take Mary home. Destiny hadn't forsaken me!

Sigmund Romberg's The New Moon was playing at the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia. Not knowing whether there would be any tickets available, I asked Mary for a date for a couple nights later. She accepted -- everything was going my way! The next morning I walked breathlessly up to the ticket window on Walnut Street. Yes, two good reservations had just been cancelled, and the tickets were mine.

First, I had to face Mary's mother. Mrs. Hawthorne came into the living room when I called for my date. She faced me critically and fired a couple very personal questions. I thought she was going to dash my hopes. Shifting from one foot to another, I must have appeared licked. But then, Mary suddenly came down the stairs with glowing countenance and said that she was ready to go.

One should be excused for being a bit out of his head on that first night out with Mary. She said the show was enjoyable, but for me the performance was only a setting. I knew that I was in love at first sight.

Mrs. Hawthorne had good reason for questioning her daughter's new boy friend. Mary was the only girl in a family of seven children. Five older brothers had been born in Belfast, Ireland, and Mary and her youngest brother were natives of Canada. Mr. Hawthorne died following an injury in Toronto. Now the family were living in New Jersey so as to be near Mrs. Hawthorne's sister, Mrs. James McCleave. What a thrilling story! In spite of tragedy, they were a happy family and were supporting themselves now in America with dignity. Words failed me that night, although I wanted to tell Mary then and there that I loved her.

It was to be what seemed like a long winter of courtship. I had no car at the time, and more than once I missed the last bus home, a distance of seven or eight miles to Wenonah. Mary's other boy friend called on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Those times were out for me -- Wednesday was prayer meeting night and Saturday was special time for physical, mental and spiritual preparation for service to God and to my congregation. But Monday and Thursday evenings were high points in the week for which I could hardly wait. How tiring it must have

been for Mary who never complained.

But duplicity could not last long. The six brothers were friendly toward the other boy friend and would not promise to keep quiet. A substitute conducted the Wednesday evening prayer meeting for me one week, allowing me to call at the Hawthorne home quite early. Mary saw me coming and ran out the back door. Mrs. Hawthorne smiled and said that I might find Mary at the minister's home. It was an unworthy ploy on my part, and it ended the cat and mouse game. Mary's brothers were not hostile toward me, but they spoke frankly to my rival. They warned me that he was after "that guy from Wenonah," and that he had promised to kill me. Luckily, my rival and I never met; so he failed to carry out his threat.

My Wenonah congregation were not meddlers. They must have known that I was out of the parsonage and out of the community many evenings. But they never questioned my whereabouts. Even to the end of my pastorate there I moved freely among young people and adults, and everybody respected me as pastor and friend.

The climax of courtship is supposed to be gallant and heroic. I don't think it ever is. My attitude toward Mary had outwardly been too folksy, uncertain about how I stood beside the other fellow. Her Scottish nature kept me guessing. We were returning by bus one night from the movies. "Mary, dear," I probably said, "I must have you for myself! Please say yes!"

The plea shocked me after it was out. It just seemed like

someone else was talking -- I couldn't identify my own voice. But she apparently heard what I said, for her casual reply shocked me even more.

Mary laughed. "What a strange place for such a speech!"

"But I want you -- I love you!" I said.

"I'll have to wait till I get home to tell you."

My heart sank. Was she saying it only to be kind? "I can't wait -- I want you now!"

"You've said it before in nicer ways," she said.

Destiny was torturing me. I'd been out with her several times. In parting I'd just kissed her and said, "This was the best time ever." It wasn't convincing enough. "Darling, why did you say No to those finer ways?"

"I didn't."

"Do you think I wiped away those kisses?"

"Did you?"

"I've loved you beyond all words. Every kiss remains!"

Mary didn't wait to get home. She pressed my hand and whispered above the rumble of the bus, "I love you too!"

I wanted Mary to have something better than my poor words. However, I couldn't tell the difference between a diamond and a piece of glass. So we chose excellent jewelers, Bailey, Banks and Biddle in Philadelphia. A very kindly man waited on us. Incidentally, we walked into the establishment twenty-five years later and found the same man helping two of our young friends make the very decision

that we made.

It was now time for gallantry on my part. Of all the beautiful rings, I finally suggested a platinum ring with filigree work on either side of a central diamond. Two smaller diamonds were counterpoised on the delicately woven metal. Mary gasped, but I knew she was pleased. I must have looked honest, for the man accepted my check. Mary was wearing the ring as we left the store. A little later a corresponding wedding band with chip diamonds completed our purchases.

We went to the Bachrach Studio for photographs. Mary didn't need a special artist to enhance her looks. However, that distinguished name had appeared on photos of many prominent brides-to-be in the Philadelphia area, so I decided on picking the very best.

Why did I go to such extra lengths? An incident remained in my mind. Before our engagement I dashed home to visit my mother. At Elkton, Maryland, a frightened couple left the train and were grabbed by a taxi driver who rushed them off to a marriage mill. Were they running away from home? Perhaps there were disappointed parents who would gladly have given a beautiful wedding. Even if their marriage should turn out to be a happy one, there was no romance in their wedding day upon which they could look back. It was not my cup of tea. Engagement for me was a joy so compelling that I determined that nothing but a beautiful

ceremony among family and friends should climax our romance.

Ministers in the Conference had apparently classified me a perennial bachelor. One bachelor colleague phoned to tell me his disappointment at losing my moral support. He had seen Mary's picture and the announcement of our engagement in the newspaper. Then at the Conference session in the spring, with Mary attending, there was constant whispering among ministers as they passed us on the boardwalk or in the hotel lobby at Ocean City.

Between April and early September I lived alone in the Gibbstown parsonage. The dear old boardinghouse ladies in Wenonah had spoiled me. Not having prepared my own food since the years in Cliffwood, I was definitely out of practice. Furthermore, there was no adequate restaurant in Gibbstown, and I had no car with which to go elsewhere for food service. Toward the end of August Mother came to be my temporary housekeeper. But five lonely months had made me yearn for the chance to dine with a wife at home.

Marriage is like two rivers flowing together. The name of one stream usually prevails. Sometimes both rivers lose their identity, as do the Allegheny and Monongahela that meet and form the Ohio River. Anglo-Saxon custom usually designates the masculine line. I have given my ancestral heritage through the Henck-Virts to the present Henck-Hawthorne marriage. But the Hawthorne family is worth writing about, perhaps more so than the Henck

saga. The most that I can do here is to record names.

On her maternal side, Mary's grandfather George Robinson married Jane Martin in Paisley, Scotland. Their children were Mary, Samuel, Jeanne and Georgia. Mary (my wife's mother) married David Hawthorne in Belfast, Ireland. Their children: George, David, Samuel, James, Frederick, (born in Belfast), Mary and Victor (born in Toronto, Canada.) Then on her paternal side, Mary's grandfather, William Hawthorne married Jane Anderson (probably in Scotland); and their children were David and Nina. David married my wife's mother, Mary Robinson.

Mary's ancestors certainly had meaningful experiences, as much so as those of us who live in our day. It seems pathetic, however, that most stories of our earthly journey must be buried with us in the grave. My simple comment is to add part of a poem by an unknown author as he mused before a skeleton in some dark and dingy museum:

"Behold this ruin, 'tis a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This space was life's mysterious seat;
This cell was thought's secure retreat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot;
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
No hope, nor grief, nor joy, nor fear,
Has left one trace on record here.

Beneath this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
If mild to speak whenever blamed,
And when it could not praise, was chained,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity."

On the day before the wedding the parsonage was filled with my brother's family. I agreed to sleep in the attic on a very warm night, but I was not prepared for what I found. Mother, who knew nothing of the fury of Jersey mosquitoes, had ventilated the area during the day without window screens. Instead of swatting the pests all night, I should have gone and made my bed on the cellar floor. Next morning the sheets looked as if there had been bloody murder.

We had agreed to go to The Walt Whitman Hotel in Camden following the wedding and reception. To simplify matters I took our luggage there and parked it in the morning. But I must have appeared frazzled and incoherent after my sleepless night. My hand trembled when I registered as Mr. and Mrs. "It's the first time in my life that I ever did this," I said.

The desk clerk looked at me knowingly, "You mean it's the first time you ever stayed in a hotel?"

I laughed, but didn't answer him.

Mary Hawthorne became my bride on September 3, 1930. District Superintendent FitzGeorge married us in my own church, Clonmell Methodist in Gibbstown. My brother Lou came down from Vermont to be my best man, and Mary's six brothers served as ushers. Her uncle James McCleave gave her away, and three young women and a flower girl were the members of her entourage. It was said that we were

the first couple ever to be married in that church.

Because Mary was a Canadian, we decided to visit her native area. The clerk of the United States District Court in Philadelphia declared that there would be no problem if we took along our marriage certificate.

One of our church members, a captive train traveler, learned that we were about to go by rail. The thought was so objectionable that he put his partially idle car at our disposal. No hesitance on our part could dissuade him.

We made a sly get-away in spite of the vow of six brothers to hold on to their only sister. But the cavalcade caught up with us and disturbed the peace all the way to the center of Camden.

The itinerary led north on a leisurely trip through the Adirondacks. We stopped at Saranac Lake to visit one of our Gibbstown members who was convalescing at the Trudeau Sanitarium. Continuing on to Montreal and Quebec, we reached the latter city over Canada's scenic Number One Highway along the St. Lawrence River.

Our trip home was not so happy. We tried to re-enter the States through Vermont. There we were intercepted by the U.S. Immigration Service who ignored our marriage certificate and held us for five hours while making their own investigation. They must have been suspicious that I was transporting girls for profit across the border. My bride was near tears when we were finally allowed to pass. "Do

you think a little white lie that I was an American would have been wrong?" she asked me.

There were two fine days of sight-seeing in Boston. We made a hello call on my cousins in Woonsocket, Rhode Island. But it was getting too near Sunday (in Gibbstown) for us to stay over with them. The final leg of the journey included an all-night drive. Mary looked very tired, and I was ashamed for not stopping at a motel.

Safely back home, we were both carried out bodily one night and placed on an old hay wagon. Lanterns hung on props at the corners, while a Boy Scout Drum Corps followed on a noisy trip around town. How different Gibbstown was to be from Wenonah!

That fall was like a continuing honeymoon. Mary had no interest in baseball, but she had promised that if The Philadelphia Athletics should win the pennant that year, she would go with me to the World Series. The A's won the pennant, and we were in the stands for one of the big games. I was out of Mary's sight only briefly, but on my return, she said, "A news photographer just took my picture." "You're joking," I replied. However, next morning her picture was on the front page of THE INQUIRER as "A Fair Rooter for The A's." Of all the thousands of fair rooters in the stands, they had picked the one who cared least for the fortunes of the "A's."

CHAPTER VIII: DEPRESSION YEARS

The term depression refers only to the economic blight that swept the country in the 1930's. Our home life was the very opposite. Mary enjoyed being a minister's wife, and I enjoyed and appreciated her ability as a housekeeper. Domestic happiness was what I needed, so that when I say that Mary is a good cook, it carried more weight in those early times than she fully realized.

But there was no economic depression in Gibbstown. Two industrial giants located in the community, the DuPont Dynamite Works and the Socony Oil Refinery, ran at full capacity and employed the majority of our citizens. Wages were good and were paid every two weeks. Nobody worried about bills until payday. Property tax was minimal, with industry paying the township's chief demands. Even the new grade school, with its large auditorium and stage, was as spacious as the average high school.

Mary and I both put our hearts to work in our new parish. We taught in the Sunday School and conducted a Vacation Bible School. There was a fine youth group who accepted our leadership, especially in dramatic performances. Our Christmas Morning pageants became an attraction for people as far away as Woodbury.

Part of the dedication program for the new public school was a Broadway play sponsored by the American Legion. The director had done work in Hollywood, and to my

surprise he picked me for the leading role. I was the simple-minded office boy of a manufacturer who had no heir to succeed him. The man tried to groom me for a son-in-law, but his wife would have none of me, saying, "He's such a nobody, the moment he comes into the room, you think somebody has just gone out!" It was said afterward that I fitted the role to perfection.

Who would have thought that I, coming directly from Wenonah, could have made such an adjustment? When I visited my parishioners, they laughed and said, "Are you our Minister?" But I knew that my informality was what they wanted. I joined the fire company and supported the local ball club. Finding it useless to be a crusader for Prohibition in this Delaware River town, the community's leading bootlegger paid me the doubtful honor by saying that I was "the best d---d preacher who ever came to town." But I tried to witness for Christ in other ways.

Our Everyman's Bible Class was a real challenge. In a mimeographed bulletin mailed out each week, I kept daring the town's stragglers to attend. And the number grew and grew, so much so that we attracted the notice of similar classes in other towns.

At that time, The Gloucester County Association of Men's Bible Classes, a laymen's organization, held rallies monthly on Sunday afternoons. They met occasionally in our town, but our attendance was always so impressive

that I, a minister, was soon elected as the Association's Vice President. The office elevated me to the platform each month where I was often designated to introduce the main speaker.

In the summer of 1931 we bought a car, not an unusual item for other citizens, but certainly one for us. I could do all my pastoral work on foot. However, we were inconvenienced whenever we left town, both because of the time element and uncertainty of bus connections. What a difference our Model A Ford Coupe made! One Wednesday evening after prayer meeting we left for a visit with my mother and arrived in Frederick, Maryland by midnight. Our car had a rumble seat, but neighbors twitted that we didn't appear to be expecting a family.

One day a notice came summoning Mary up for jury duty. The local deputy sheriff frightened her over the resultant penalty if she refused to serve. On the first day in court she was chosen without question for a murder trial, although numerous others were challenged and excluded.

When the above trial was three days in progress, I received a phone call from a Woodbury newspaper. The question of my wife's citizenship was broached, to which I refused any comment. Rushing to Woodbury, I consulted a lawyer who confirmed that when a foreigner is once sworn in as a juror, there can be no further challenge.

At the court house I found the trial in recess. Both

Mary and the two opposing lawyers were bent over the judge's bench in solemn conversation. The trial finally proceeded, but Mary said that from then on the other jurors treated her as one who was deliberately planted there to spy on their decisions. The trouble had arisen in county politics. Our Gloucester County Sheriff had never heard of Mary, but he was being accused by the opposite party of picking illegal jurors. My fear concerned the added cost to the State in case of a new trial.

Those were years of almost unlimited physical vitality, prompting me to assume any cultural or educational activity that came my way. I continued to serve as a director of the Gloucester County Religious Education Association. The office brought the association and friendship of a prominent educator, Dr. Howard Savitz, President of Grassboro State College. Perhaps the quality level of Protestant Church Schools in Gloucester County was never higher than during those years of economic depression.

Our marriage in Gibbstown's Clonmell Methodist Church really started a procession of church weddings. (Clonmell, it seems, was the original Indian name for the area.) Informality in the industrial community had dictated that the nuptial vows be given in the bride's home. But our church, built of ornate Bridesburg Granite was yearning to be the locale of a more meaningful ceremony. It won out.

There were two types of outlook in this tight, manu-

facturing community. I classify them, perhaps too generally, as the godly and the ungodly. Plant managers at both the DuPont and Socony works usually chose to live elsewhere. Among our residents, the godly seemed to gravitate toward the church. Others raised unexpected problems.

In our effort to minister to the whole community, certain lascivious characters began making Mary the object of their attention. One particular fellow descended on the parsonage at all hours. He would stand on the church steps and stare at our home, particularly at night. The DuPont plant guard finally caught him one evening and administered a physical warning. However, the problem did not end. Even some men whom we should ordinarily have trusted made it impossible for us to accept their favors.

During these four-and-a-half years in Gibbstown Mary and I were still on a kind of honeymoon. Only toward the last did we discover that the ministry is not altogether a bed of roses.

Shortly before our arrival in town, the church had installed a pipe organ. That addition had been the gift of a former sexton as a memorial to his wife. But just prior to the final delivery of the instrument, the builder informed the trustees that there was not room for it in the sanctuary. The church, constructed of massive stone, could not have the sanctuary extended without incurring greater cost than the value of the organ. After

deliberation, the trustees refused the gift, with the result that the donor became mentally ill and had to be institutionalized. Then, on recommendation of the psychiatrists that the man's health would be restored if the trustees would accept the gift, the organ was finally installed.

As pastor at Gibbstown, I was given the job of raising the money needed for extending the size of the sanctuary. Churches all over the Conference, hit by the depression, were lowering ministers' salaries. It was different in Gibbstown, for the two large industries had neither dismissed any employees nor reduced their wages. We had liquidated the debt on the church, but in the process our officials had caught the fever of the time and had rewarded their pastor by reducing his salary.

The Conference probably considered that it was doing us a favor by transferring us to another church. We were expecting to become parents in two months, and were therefore planning to stay on in town at a lower income. Only a half hour before the reading of the appointments the bishop informed us that he was sending us to St. James Church in New Brunswick. Familiar ground to me, New Brunswick was like a foreign land to Mary. She broke down and wept.

Could Mary bear to travel the rough road of the Ministry? I could endure anything now, because she was the

plus factor in my life. It was relatively easy to face storms on the outside when there was a pretty face across the diningroom table from me at home. Mary had promised me her love -- now she was being challenged to widen her love to include my calling.

One fall morning in 1934 a van arrived to take our belongings to New Brunswick. It has always been the custom for the new parish to pay the moving expenses of the pastor. But the mover said that no such arrangement had been made, and that he would follow through only on condition that we pay in advance.

Fearful that we would not be welcomed at all in New Brunswick, we were surprised by a group of St. James women who greeted us warmly. But the officials had a different story. They claimed that they had not asked for a minister, and that they were not obligated to pay any salary. Two blocks away was the Theological Seminary of The Reformed Church in America where a ministerial student could be secured to address the congregation at St. James Church at a cost of five dollars each Sunday.

The situation, although desperate at the time, is humorous now in retrospect. We had been promised a salary equivalent to what I had received five years earlier in Wenonah. And we were thankful that the depression had not treated us any worse. However, two bad failures in New Brunswick's banks had left our congregation dismayed,

demoralized and, in some cases penniless. Our people did not need the preaching of a theological student quite so much as they needed the comfort and encouragement of a pastor. By ringing doorbells, I had hoped to improve congregational morale and also to put a few dollars in the church treasury. However, whatever improvement there was in morale, benefit to the church treasury was nil. All members who were in a position to contribute liberally had paid their subscriptions three months in advance so that my predecessor could receive his full salary.

With the prospect of no income from October to January, I appealed to The Presbyterian Ministers' Fund of Philadelphia and received a loan on my life insurance policy. Dr. J. Harris Underwood, a devout Quaker, heading the Underwood Hospital in Woodbury, had treated Mary during her pregnancy. So on Thanksgiving Day we drove to the Hawthorne home in Brooklawn in order to be near the Underwood Hospital. There, at the latter place our daughter, Mary Anne was born on December 6, 1934. Dr. Underwood refused to accept any remuneration for his service. He probably never realized what a favor it was.

A variety of problems faced St. James Church in the fall of 1934. The heating equipment was worn out, making it necessary for me to conduct services while the worshippers kept wrapped in their overcoats. In addition, a mortgage of long standing embarrassed our officials at

the local savings bank.

Urgency made me a financier. I designed a small, wooden bank in the form of a church. A millwright following my pattern, sawed out the component parts. Then I glued and nailed them together and placed ornate "go-to-church" stamps on them for windows. One hundred families took those little banks, promised to say grace at the table and to drop in a penny at each meal. Twenty women collected the money each month, so that at the end of a year the total amount provided the difference between survival and disaster.

Life is full of paradoxes. Our little daughter, born in Woodbury, sixty miles away, had to be brought home in very cold weather. Miss Linette Lee, a high school teacher from our congregation, offered her service and her car. That car, a Pierce Arrow, had just been purchased from the Governor of New Jersey. So whatever privation awaited the child in St. James parsonage, she at least came home with distinction.

I was blamed with little imagination when I insisted that she be named Mary Anne. Although her grandmother and mother were Mary, sentiment to me was preferable to imagination. We use both given names for identity at home, but in her own family she prefers only Mary. That makes me happy.

It was impossible to assemble a sizeable congregation

in a frigid church. One of my first demands was that we install a new furnace. "But we can't borrow any money," was the official reply. I insisted that we pay cash. "Pastor, why don't you talk sense?" they said.

Mary says that whenever I have a challenge, I always react, sometimes not in good grace. Regarding the new furnace I went to work with a vengeance. Our choir director's husband, although not a Methodist, was friendly toward me. Another friend, a lawyer, had withdrawn his membership from the church. Each man promised \$100. on condition that the full amount for the new furnace be subscribed. The challenge worked, and a new oil-burning furnace was installed. Never have I seen such improvement in the attitude of a church. The congregation was at last regaining its self-respect.

As the first year drew to a close, St. James Church had a current deficit of \$1,000. Our treasurer was also at the head of the Department of Mathematics at both Rutgers University and the New Jersey College for Women (later Douglass). Having been the one to inform the Conference that St. James could not afford a minister, our treasurer went off to a mathematics convention in early September, certain that he had proved his point.

I must have revealed my desperation during the service. At the close I stated that it was time for the members to rally if they wanted to save their church. A

blackboard was brought in, and subscriptions for immediate cash were taken. The total shortage was covered on that historic Sunday morning.

When the church treasurer returned from his convention and found what had happened, he immediately resigned. I begged the district superintendent to move me, certain that I would now be crucified. Whether the Conference was planning to sacrifice me, or determining to save St. James Church, the superintendent just smiled at my request and said, "We are returning you to your charge for another year."

A pastorate in New Brunswick had its inspirations and advantages. First, our parsonage home was one of the finest that we have ever occupied. Although crowded city conditions surrounded us, an elm-shaded lawn covered the area between the parsonage and the church.

Several societies and agencies received us back in town, not as strangers, but as friends. I was particularly happy to be invited again into membership in The Clergy Club. At my installation the President introduced me, saying, "This is the first time in our club's history that any man has been received as a member for the second time."

A further word should be said about the Clergy Club. Membership was limited to about a dozen (the number that could be entertained in a member's home.) Nearly half of

the participants were professors in the Theological Seminary. The rest were Protestant ministers of the city and environs. Each took his turn presenting a paper on some special topic or entertaining at the monthly meeting. I was never more proud of Mary whose finesse was attested by those men of discernment, as she served at the dinner in our home. We had to skimp on food for several days before and after, but it was a worthwhile price to pay.

But while the depression allowed only a narrow margin between plenty and shortage at home, it brought a stream of beggars to our door. Mary made our kitchen into a short-order restaurant, providing handouts to strangers at whatever hour. It was amazing how Mary made a little go a long way.

There was one compensation for our belt tightening on the budget. One block away the Rutgers cafeteria served the students almost at cost. A privilege to dine there was offered us as part of the college community. How welcome it was to be served there, especially after a hard day!

Ministering in a university town was a constant stimulus. There were exciting football games, lecture series and thrilling musical performances, such as those by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Vienna Boys' Choir.

But the uplifting privileges were balanced by some depressing surprises. One day during my second year at St. James, the cashier at the Savings Bank called me in.

"You people up at St. James Church are a bunch of crooks," he said.

"Are we?" I replied with a grin.

"Yes, you ignore every request on our part that you reduce your mortgage. That makes us the culprit before the State Banking Commission."

"But we're paying the interest." I didn't dare tell him how complaining our members were when asked for extra cash for that purpose.

"You're a frozen asset! You've got to pay something on the mortgage as well as interest!" he shouted.

"What interest rate would you allow if we started to liquidate the debt?"

"You name it!" he said.

"Two percent?" I was sure he would refuse.

"It's a promise!" he said, pounding his fist.

From that moment I was on a hook. The \$6,000 mortgage was 29 years old, less by far than the interest we had paid through the years. Worse yet, the congregation now refused to act when I faced them with the challenge. Their reason was that they had contributed earlier toward the debt, but the money had been used for other purposes. I should have left the ministry then and there.

Again, Mary declared that I was too stubborn to acknowledge defeat. In desperation, I appealed to a number of friends in the city. Robert W. Johnson, President of

the Johnson and Johnson Company, offered \$300. on condition that the entire amount of the debt be subscribed. Many others made pledges with similar conditions. Now the congregation had to act. The Eightieth Anniversary of the church was eighteen months off, and we set that date for the burning of the mortgage.

It was good that Mary Anne knew nothing of our anguish. One hot summer day, dressed only in a diaper, she was enjoying the traffic from her playpen on our shaded front lawn. Presently, we noticed that she had attracted a crowd of admirers. She had taken off her diaper and, in naked innocence was waving it triumphantly over her head.

In the spring of 1938, six months before the church was to observe its Eightieth Anniversary, an eight-man committee from the Haddon Heights Church came and invited me to be their pastor. At no other time in my life had I been caught in such a dilemma. Nearly all of the St. James mortgage money had been pledged, and the critical period was at hand. I told the Haddon Heights committee that I was honored by their invitation, and that I was leaving the final decision with them and the Conference Cabinet. From that time on I have never been able to accept the decisions of the Conference as God's will.

At the Annual Conference a district superintendent had a favorite whom he wanted to place in Haddon Heights. Both he and the Haddon Heights committee remained adamant,

the latter flattering me by the way they chose to work on my behalf. But I did not know that they were holding the trump card. The retiring minister at Haddon Heights had agreed to stay on for another year if the church could not have its choice of a successor. So on the night before the appointments were published, the committee walked out of the Conference at Ocean City, announcing their final decision. Foiling the appointing power was of little consolation for me -- I had been robbed.

St. James observed its Eightieth Anniversary in December of 1938. All but \$1,000. had been paid on the mortgage, and pledges for the remainder were good. So in trying to keep a promise, I announced the mortgage burning in the press. Sunday would be the important day.

The Court House would be closed on Saturday. So on Friday morning I requested that the church trustees sign a note for the remaining amount. They refused. But a dear member, a retired schoolteacher, provided the needed cash. As we emerged from the bank, one of our trustees was waiting with a promise that his board had reconsidered. I assured him that the offer was too late, but that I needed his help in lifting the mortgage from the County offices. Retiring our long-standing obligation made everybody happy, including the cashier at the local bank.

On April 10, 1940 our second child was born. With further lack of imagination we named him Harry Hawthorne,

at least determining that he should not be a Junior. Bishop Ernest G. Richardson came up from Philadelphia and baptized him along with the dedication of a needed renovation within the sanctuary. Harry was such a big baby that our church organist nicknamed him Spike, an appellation that has remained with him through the years.

Our country was now at war, and the depression had ended. It distressed me that we had to pay such a price for prosperity. Money had become plentiful, so that our officials had been favorable toward the renovations mentioned above. Within two years after the retiring of the mortgage our congregation opened their eyes one Sunday late in 1940 on a beautiful new chancel.

Our church became also one of the first in the country to amplify recorded chimes from the belfrey. What a picture on a winter's night to see the snow filter down over a steep roof, illuminated by an electric cross, while the chimes played some beloved Christian hymn!

We were thankful for a healthy family. Dr. Ralph J. Falkingham was our family physician during our entire pastorate in New Brunswick. He refused all remuneration, because, as he said, he made more money in one month than his own minister brother in Maine could earn in a year.

Beginning in 1942 the Second Reformed Church (known as The College Church) and St. James Church held union services during July and August on alternate months. So

my vacation alternated also each year between July and August. What a challenge it was to preach before a congregation including the President of Rutgers University and several of the professors from the Theological Seminary! The Lord stood by me after I had done a solid week of preparation in my study.

During that same year the intensity of the Second World War became very visible in our community. Camp Kilmer, on the edge of the city, became the jumping-off place for men on their way overseas. I was compelled to perform marriages between frantic couples, many of whom would never see each other again. Being in the coastal area, our city was dimmed out at night. Even in our home every window blind bore an official seal of approval. There was to be no tell-tale glare for bombing from German U-boats. Pedestrians were almost prohibited from appearing on the streets after dark.

Long ago, by God's grace, I had won the friendship of our former treasurer, the man who could have crucified me for helping to save his church. Now the Conference, following my earnest appeal, granted him Local Elders' Orders without further study and without a written examination. He already held the Ph. D. degree.

Few things stirred me more deeply at the time than the transfer of Everett Palmer to Camden from my former Trinity Church in Highland Park. Our local pastorates

had paralleled each other for eight years, and our friendship had been mutually stimulating. The close relationship continued after Everett's transfer to the West Coast and his election as Bishop of the Seattle Area.

Methodist pastorates in New Brunswick were relatively short in comparison with other denominations. A year or so after I went to St. James, the Annual Conference appointments were greeted by an editorial in THE NEW BRUNSWICK HOME NEWS. The heading stated that, "The Methodist Shuffle Is Over." During my stay in the city I saw most other denominations either retire their pastors or lose them. I knew the editor, a former Methodist, and reminded him of the fact, stating my disappointment over his former article about "The Methodist Shuffle." As a result, he did his homework, stating that the Methodists do not shuffle so much now. He embarrassed me also by announcing that my ministry at St. James had been the longest in any Methodist Church in New Brunswick history.

The war had brought a sudden inflation in prices, especially in the cost of living. In ten years my salary had remained almost stationary. Churches elsewhere had raised pastoral salaries that in some instances seemed highly inflationary. I now began getting suggestions for a transfer at equal salary to some of those inflated and less desirable parishes.

One reaction to the above type of offer proved quite

humorous. Mary Anne was fond of her teachers at school, and the fondness was mutual. One day her teacher, living in another town, told the child that she and her home congregation were looking forward to having Rev. Henck as their pastor. Innocently reporting what had been discussed at home, Mary Anne declared that her father would much rather stay at St. James than go to her church.

Should I stay in New Brunswick forever? Indeed, as a church in a stimulating environment, St. James was being sought after by other ministers, apart from any financial consideration, especially those who had already received generous increases in salary where they were. Try as I might, I could not help concluding that my parish was taking me for granted, and that the Conference had forgotten me.

Then in 1944 Fred Pierce Corson, President of Dickinson College, was elected as a bishop and assigned to our area. On September 15, the Southern New Jersey Conference gave Corson a reception, which was a kind of reunion for two Dickinsonians. Fred had been a senior when I was a freshman.

During an aside at the reception the bishop said, "Harry, you have been in New Brunswick a long time."

"You can say that again," I replied with a grin.

"And that city appreciates you."

"Perhaps they appreciate my family more that they do

me," I suggested, showing him the current United Fund brochure with Mary Anne, a happy Brownie, as the cover girl.

"I'm glad to see this," he said; "but let's keep to the point. A prophet can be honored both in his own country and abroad. The committee down in Merchantville are after you."

"Fred, I've heard a half dozen ministers say that they're going to Merchantville."

"That's why I'm asking that committee to lie low. And I'm asking you also to lie low. If the committee want you, and you're willing to go, then they'll get you."

I went to the Annual Conference in Ocean City two weeks later. Sure enough, several ministers confided to me that they were slated for Merchantville. Then suddenly, I found myself walking down the boardwalk, with the wives of two district superintendents locking my arms right and left. The news was out; I was going to Merchantville! Everett Palmer greeted me, saying that he had heard all the others' claims, but that Merchantville had fallen right into my lap.

The week following Conference was a physically exhausting time for both Mary and me. We prayed for St. James to give us one night for a farewell, but to no avail. Both our congregation and our friends throughout the city came in one by one to bid us farewell. We determined to leave the house spotlessly clean, but could

not during wartime secure domestic help, either for love or money. After the well-wishers left, we worked each night cleaning and packing until three in the morning.

According to custom, I went to Merchantville on the Sunday following Conference to conduct services. Mary was too tired to accompany me. Indeed, my own supreme urge on that occasion was to lie down in the pulpit and sleep. Then the chairman of the Pastoral Committee and his wife entertained me for dinner and toured me over the community all afternoon in their car. Supper and evening church service ended the day's "work."

At one point on the way back to New Brunswick I lost consciousness. When I awoke sometime later, I was sitting quietly in my car by the roadside. There had been no accident, for the dear Lord had guided my hand to turn off the motor to avoid tragedy.

The moving van with our belongings left New Brunswick shortly after dawn one morning in early October 1944. Little Spike, four years old, looked back and said, "Aren't we taking our house along?" How necessary St. James parsonage seemed to him, the only home he had ever known! The house next door was almost as precious. It was there that Spike had often been fondled by our Roman Catholic neighbors. And it was there that we were invited for breakfast at this, our last meal in New Brunswick.

CHAPTER IX: MERCHANTVILLE

On Thursday, October 5, 1944 we arrived in Merchantville in mid-afternoon and found several Trinity ladies still waiting lunch for us at the church. There is always a man present in such a group, and on that occasion it was dear Jimmy North. Mr. and Mrs. North were already known to us, for we had met them several times as Trinity's representatives at the Annual Conference. For dessert, Mr. North offered to go to the store and buy ice cream, but Spike said, "I'd rather have some more apple sauce." One lady had made the apple sauce from a tree in her yard. So, ever afterward, Spike was popular with that lady.

We found Trinity a strong church in a tiny borough. The reason was that Merchantville had grown up along the Camden & Amboy Railroad. Philadelphia merchants (thus the name Merchantville) had made the town one of the first for commuters in the country. Men could attend business in the city by rail and ferryboat in the morning, and then be with their families in sylvan surroundings in the evening.

But Trinity Church serves a large community. By the time Merchantville was incorporated in the early seventies, burgeoning townships made it impossible for the borough to expand. Trinity, the oldest church in the area, draws its strength more from Pennsauken Township and Cherry Hill than it does from local constituents.

Harold Stephenson, the undertaker across the street, was also our church treasurer. On our first evening in town he came over with a paycheck. "Trinity pays by the month in advance," he said. "I understand that the salary is \$3,000."

"What shall we do with so much money?" Mary Anne asked when we were alone.

"Let's just hope and pray that we don't get paid at the end of the month when we move to the next church," her mother replied.

In thinking of the new pastorate, I had hoped to put major emphasis on preaching and pastoral work. That had been my goal in New Brunswick, but the burden of church finance resting on my shoulders helped to wreck the dream. Yet, with the sound of the appointments still ringing in my ears, the bishop said, "Harry, I'm sending you to Merchantville to build an educational facility."

Sure enough, I found that the Sunday School part was like a thumb tacked to the sanctuary. Actually, the sanctuary was filled on Sunday morning with classes of small children, one group annoying another while the teacher was trying to impart lessons on Christian charity. For thirty years my predecessors had watched young parents take their children elsewhere to a fine educational plant, and had done nothing about it.

Other financial matters soon combined to destroy my

chance for becoming the Lord's preacher man. Trinity had just contracted for a new chancel to be installed shortly after my arrival. I welcomed the beautiful renovation as an incentive toward deeper reverence in worship. But nothing had been raised to pay for it. The church was about to tackle the \$9,000 debt when another demand loomed up.

Our country was nearing the end of another World War. Europe lay in poverty and desolation. As we had helped to bring about the ruin, Christian charity now impelled us to help rebuild. Methodism's multi-million-dollar campaign was called "The Crusade for Christ." Trinity, one of the stronger churches of the Conference, was asked to raise an amount that terrified me. At our local church conference the district superintendent announced our quota and was about to close the meeting.

There have been times when the Spirit of God has taken full possession of me. I take no credit for what happened on that night, for I made an unthought motion to approach the "Crusade" and the local debt on a fifty-fifty basis. The motion prevailed, and to my joy both obligations were met in full within a year.

Trinity had a list of 125 men in the armed services. Many, especially those who were overseas, were complaining that they had been forgotten at home. They resented pious pamphlets and mimeographed messages. In trying to meet the challenge, I visited every home, heard family

concerns and admired photographs of their loved ones in uniform. Then I wrote in longhand each month to every one of those boys. In one year my letters totaled 1,300. Some men replied, but when they finally got out of the service, very few ever found their way back into the church. War is generally not a good preparation for churchmanship.

The family soon adjusted to a new community. Mary Anne had entered the fifth grade in New Brunswick, and immediately informed her Merchantville teacher that the class was five lessons behind New Brunswick in the same textbook. Spike had entered kindergarten, but was glad to be free as the wind with no corresponding class in the Merchantville school.

Too much freedom got Spike and his parents into a hassle. He and a neighbor boy decided to play barbers in a nearby thicket called "Witches' Hollow." Spike was the first to get a haircut. The other boy was so frightened by his handiwork that he refused to be shorn. Mary Anne, shocked at her brother's appearance, determined to tell the other boy's parents. Despite all our efforts to restrain her, she disobeyed, saying that Spike would never again play with the other boy. That evening my neighbor phoned me, stating that a blankety-blank minister who thinks himself better than other people should stop preaching his g-- d-- sermons. No effort to explain could quiet his rage.

At Trinity I was able to test a theory about church growth that had long been a deep concern. If a congregation could not grow in an attractive, suburban community, then there was little hope for a church anywhere. To prove my point, I drove to the limit in pastoral service. Every visitor at church on Sunday was followed up immediately. The postman, the realtor and the Welcome Wagon lady all proved helpful. I did not aim primarily for numbers, but during my twelve years in Merchantville there were more than 700 new members added to Trinity's roll.

Following a practice begun in New Brunswick, I made use of a church directory at Trinity. A mimeographed booklet listed the names and addresses of all members. Families were urged to become acquainted with other member families on their block or street. I suggested that different family groups sit together at the worship services to prove that our fellowship was like a family.

Birthdays were another one of my hobbies. In my visits I recorded birthdays of entire families. Mail was cheap in those years, as were picture-birthday postcards. How surprised many were to receive greeting on their birthdays, especially the small children.

Trinity placed no restriction on the length of my work days. Without secretarial help I published a weekly TIDINGS with the Sunday order of services and all the activities of the following week. I delivered copy to

the printer each Monday morning. Then on Tuesdays a volunteer lady addressed and mailed out the finished product. It was near-perfect publicity for our church members.

One bit of editing led to another. In 1945, Everett Palmer, then Dean of Pennington Youth Fellowship Institute, "drafted" me to edit the Daily Institute Echoes. I was already overworked, but summertime allowed a little breather. So, for four years I became "Sir Echo," working with a remarkably fine editorial committee.

It was a rare privilege to be the pastor of the church that gave Children's Day to the Protestant world. Trinity's first pastor, Robert Harris, had begun the observance on June 10, 1866. The practice was immediately taken up by other churches across the country. But in 1940 Methodism dropped Children's Day from its calendar.

In 1946 THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE (then Methodism's great mouthpiece) published my story about the origin of Children's Day. It was the recounting of a beautifully pathetic story in which a father adopted all children of the world following the death of his only child.

The year 1948 brought the beginning of my effort to restore Children's Day to Methodism. Our New Jersey Conference adopted Trinity's recommendation and sent a petition to the General Conference. Letters to all Annual Conferences regarding New Jersey's action brought concurring resolutions (called Memorials) from 41 other

annual conferences. The measure was so opposed by the General Board of Education in Nashville, that it was never allowed out of committee at the General Conference.

Then again, prior to the 1952 General Conference, our Trinity Women's Society financed the cost of sending 3,600 letters to Methodist churches throughout the United States. The request was that those churches petition the General Conference to restore Children's Day. Hundreds of them followed through, for 110 notified us of their action. During the week before the opening of the General Conference in Minneapolis, I sent letters to all 900 General Conference delegates, reminding them of the many petitions, and urging them to vote to re-establish Children's Day to the denomination. But on the night before the Conference opened, the Convention Hall in Minneapolis was ransacked for money in the mail. I received queries from all over the country, asking about the contents of the letters and any information regarding the thieves. Thus, my single-handed effort had ended in disappointment.

For confidential reasons Trinity ministers had always handled the Steward's Fund (money for the needy). It was the only financial account that was not audited. I was so conscious of the responsibility, that I insisted that a layman be a co-handler of the money. The church board voted favorably on the request, an arrangement that has continued to the present.

As a shepherd of the parish flock, was I neglecting my family at home? Our children had received free tickets to the Philadelphia Zoo through the public school. As the final date for honoring the tickets approached, Mary agreed to be the escort. However, on Thursday she came down with a cold, and on Friday at dinner we had "roast preacher."

"Daddy, you never take us anywhere," the children complained.

It was not the time to make excuses. So, on Saturday morning after breakfast I said, "Come on, kids, we're going to the zoo."

"Oh, Daddy," Mary Anne replied, "you've got your sermon to get ready for tomorrow!"

"Come on; we're going to the zoo!" We went, and what a fine outing it was for all three of us!

During the last year of Junior High, Mary Anne went out for high school hockey. There was a week of training at the Merion Cricket Club in Philadelphia; and near the end of that week Mary Anne said that attendance was required all day on Sunday.

"Daughter, you've had perfect attendance in Sunday School ever since you started," we said. "Would you want to break that record?"

"But if I miss hockey practice on Sunday, I'll never make the team," she explained. "Sunday's the big day!"

"Then we'll not stand in your way," I said. But on Sunday morning we were awakened by loud crying.

"Now I know I'll not be on the team," Mary Anne wailed. "Why do I have to be a minister's daughter?"

"Honey, we told you to decide whether to go today for practice."

She decided to stay home that Sunday. But in the end Mary Anne was the only ninth grade girl picked for the varsity team. It was an honor she held all through high school. In her senior year she served as captain.

Our children were not angelic. Mary Anne had access to the church keys. One mischief night before Halloween she and a couple other girls rang the church bell and then hid in the outdoor steps to the church basement. A police car was passing by, and the officers soon found the culprits. "Come on out, boys," they said, pointing their flashlight down the area. "It's the first time that bell has been rung on mischief night since I rang it as a kid," one of the officers said on the way to the police station. His honesty encouraged the girls, who immediately soaped the car windows from the inside.

Late in our years at Merchantville Spike got a newspaper route. He became also a swimmer. One Saturday he was slated for a swim match at the Pennsylvania Farm School. A friend had agreed to serve his paper route that day, but he backed out at the last moment. Spike

refused to deliver the papers, involving himself with both the publishers and his customers. I became the paper boy, pulling an old cap over my eyes so that townspeople would not recognize me. But the route book was so illegible, that twenty minutes before I was due at the church for a wedding, I was ringing doorbells, asking people whether they were Spike's customers. Attendants at the wedding never realized that after changing my clothing, I reached the church just in the nick of time, sharing world honors with Cinderella.

One day I received a long questionnaire, hinting of my possible communist connections. I had been accused by fundamentalist elements of having a red stripe and had only shrugged, considering the source. Now I was being questioned by The National Council of Churches. Immediately, I demanded of the committee, headed by Dr. Charles Parlin, the reason for the inquiry. His reply was that I was on the list of 7,000 Protestant ministers accused by Senator Joseph McCarthy of preaching communist doctrines.

While I have never used the pulpit to air my political views, there are those who would deny me this privilege as a citizen in the community. In the early 1950s Western Europe was again flattened as a result of the Second World War. I had signed a Friends' Service petition to give economic, rather than military aid to the area during the Russian occupation of the region. Russian

presence in Western Europe had the full approval of our government.

The McCarthy period was a terrifying time in America. Brother was made to suspect brother in an effort to divide the country right down the middle. Our Methodist Bishop of the Washington Area, Bromley Oxnam was made the chief object for sacrifice. What an amazing association it was for Charles Parlin, a Methodist, a co-President of the World Council of Churches, a Wall Street corporation lawyer, to represent Bishop Oxnam successfully before the McCarthy investigation in the United States Senate! From then on the communist witch-hunt in America was broken. But it had left a scar even in Trinity Church where a couple members had questioned the patriotism of their pastor.

Six years of my pastorate in Merchantville had passed, and we were still without our new church school plant. Twice in the fall of 1950 the Official Board had tabled a recommendation to build. That body was about to turn down a third proposal at the December meeting when I announced that a new addition was the reason for my appointment to Trinity.

Our denomination has a Department of Finance that gives expert direction to local churches in raising funds. At no expense, Trinity officials agreed to invite one such representative to attend the January meeting in 1951. His suggestion was for several 100 week campaigns, each aiming

at 35 or 40 thousand dollars. One member shook his finger, saying that Trinity could not raise \$2,000, but the others voted to proceed with the campaign.

Our church membership was made up of five groups. One older classification wanted nothing done. Another wanted to go ahead with no money in hand. Still another wanted to raise all the money in advance. Some favored building only if their specifications would be incorporated. A fifth group said, "We're with you all the way on any basis." My job of keeping all segments happy resulted in our raising the first \$35,000 with a song. Then at the end of the second campaign we began building.

Bishop Corson consecrated our church school plant on Sunday, January 10, 1954 in the presence of a congregation totaling 426. It was a joyous occasion with overtones of sorrow. During construction the contractor had died, the sub-contractor was killed in an accident on his way to work, and Harold Stephenson, our Building Committee Chairman, had died. At that time the total cost of \$110,000 had been subscribed and almost fully paid.

I have always regretted that one whole floor of the new building was located below ground level. Because of existing water seepage in a deep, basement room, the new plans, apart from the heating system, called for all construction to be above ground. But during my vacation the plans were changed. The top floor, now only slightly

above ground, is out of proportion with the height of the sanctuary. It gives a viewer the impression of a tail on a large kite.

It was not strange now that Bishop Corson decided to move me. He knew how tired I was physically after three financial campaigns. Perhaps he considered it a reward to switch me with the pastor of the High Street Church in Binghamton, N.Y. Mary and I were entertained in that city overnight by the district superintendent. But at the New Jersey Conference session two weeks later, the bishop informed me that the Binghamton man had refused to move.

I had told Trinity officials that I was leaving. But all comparable appointments in New Jersey had already been made. While Trinity stood by me and had me return as pastor, I felt from then on that I was imposing on their kindness.

About the time of our building program, the church decided to provide me with an assistant. John Tate, a personable theological student with an attractive, Atlanta way of speaking, was appointed primarily to work with the youth. Tate did good work during his short time with us, but he had fallen in love with a girl in Washington. Thereafter, Trinity lost him.

Meanwhile, on my way to Washington for the Tate wedding, I was arrested on the Delaware Memorial Bridge. A police car was idling in the left lane, allowing traffic

to pass on the right. I was the only one charged with an offense. Then in Newcastle, the Justice was out and could not be located for an hour. Near the end of the trial I was forced to declare my profession. "Why didn't you tell me you were a minister?" the policeman whined. The minimum fine of \$19.00 was levied, and the name of my profession was not recorded. The delay almost made me miss the wedding; and when I returned home and Mary saw the carbon copy of the trial, she said, "You go right back and make them list that you are a minister!"

During a long pastorate one cannot avoid involvement in local and regional causes. Little by little I was "drafted" by the Camden Methodist Missionary Society and by the Philadelphia-New Jersey Methodist Radio Society. Then the Merchantville-Pennsauken Y Committee conquered me, and that was followed by a directorship in the Camden County Y Committee. At the County Y Fiftieth Anniversary dinner program, I served as Chairman. Drew University also elected me on the committee for their capital Fund Campaign. Finally, I participated in the Fiftieth Anniversary Capital Funds Campaign of the Silver Bay Association in 1952. O, for a transfer to the Binghamton church!

Our children had grown up in Merchantville. Mary Anne had won both the Junior Essay award and the Senior Oratorical contest. Then in 1952 she graduated from Merchantville High sharing Salutatorian honors. Spike was now

in junior high, and his sister was on her way as a student at Drew University.

A funny thing happened the night that Mary Anne arrived home from college for her first Christmas recess. We were sitting at dinner, and broccoli, of all things, was on the menu.

"My Dear, this is not a nice atmosphere for a wedding ceremony," I said.

"They won't notice the odor on your clothing by the time you reach the church," Mary assured.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! They changed their minds at the last minute and asked to be married here, instead of at the church."

Mary gasped. We all grabbed up our dinner plates and rushed to the kitchen. I threw a few loose pine boughs into a metal tub in the back yard, lit them and carried my flaming torch through the house. The doorbell rang as I reached the foyer. Spike opened the front door.

"We arrived early," a spokesman said.

"Yes,...you...did," I stammered.

The couple had been divorced more than twenty years earlier, and now they were remarrying each other. Their grown son and daughter were serving as their attendants.

I tried to make the ceremony beautifully solemn, but periodic bursts of laughter from Mary Anne in the kitchen almost ruined my effort.

Mother Hawthorne died on Saturday, July 9, 1955. She had been the fifth member of our household for so long that the children hardly realized she had ever lived elsewhere. When her last two sons living at home had been drafted during the Second World War, she sold out and came to live with us in New Brunswick. Now at 82 her health was failing, and her mind was troubled over the difficulty of burial in Toronto where her husband's remains had rested for 38 years. Son Victor solved the problem by providing space on his lot in beautiful Eglington Cemetery in Clarksboro, N.J.

Two more years had passed since the Binghamton opening had failed to materialize. Why did not the New Jersey Conference do something for me? Haddon Heights Church was again open, and a couple of the officials there favored my appointment. But again, someone on the Conference Cabinet had a favorite being pushed forward.

In April, 1956, Bishop Corson called me from Kingston, Pennsylvania. The Conference there was about to open. Would I agree to a transfer to West Pittston on the Wilkes-Barre District?

I accepted the offer without hesitation. It was unfair to Mary to do so without consultation. And it was unfair to myself that I was stepping blindly into the unknown. Our daughter would be graduating from college on the same week that I would be moving. Why, then had I

acted so rashly? The only possible explanation is that I was physically and emotionally tired. At my coming to Trinity the salary was eighth from the highest in the Conference. In going all out for the building program, I had forgotten that twelve years make a difference, and that I was partially responsible for the salary at the end standing twentieth in the Conference.

Within four days Trinity Church gave us a farewell party. During that time a silver set had been purchased in Philadelphia and appropriately engraved. A handsome monetary gift had also been raised. Some group must have contacted all the congregation. One official said, "If we had known before this how the people feel, we would have made you and the bishop change your minds."

What a busy week it was! How we were able to attend Mary Anne's graduation at Drew and to pack up our belongings is a mystery. On June 6, 1956, we said farewell to Merchantville and headed toward West Pittston, a place we had never seen before and of which we knew nothing. The moving van reached there before we did.

CHAPTER X: TRANSFER YEARS

Seldom are ministers moved from one conference to another. In those instances there is usually a double switch; and in my case it was a mutual swap. Rev. George Howe and I just exchanged churches. But what a difference there was in outlook! The district superintendent, a former pastor at West Pittston, had induced the officials to increase the salary \$1,000. Even so, that amount was \$100 less than the salary I was leaving at Trinity.

We arrived at West Pittston Church late in the afternoon and were entertained at dinner in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jennings. That name sounded like a good omen, for the Joseph Jennings of Trinity Church had been among our close friends. But if our hosts had realized how tired we were, they would have sent us home to sleep instead of entertaining us all evening.

Next morning we were awakened in the parsonage by loud knocking and shouting. Parishioners had come to help us unpack. One lady brought our lunch, while the church sexton fired up the pail-a-day stove for hot water. Mary had to serve as interpreter between him, a Scot, and the chief lady who had a strong Welsh accent.

I did my best to visit throughout the parish for the first six weeks. A few of the members seemed to blame me for the loss of their previous pastor. Furthermore, the salary appeared to be so inflated, that I feared a sharp

decrease after my arrival or at the end of the year. But Rev. Howe soon let his friends in West Pittston know that he needed no pity. Trinity Church was all that he could have desired. And our efforts to fit into the new parish quickly silenced any of our potential opponents.

Hard work during those early weeks concealed my loneliness from the congregation, but not from myself. Spike remained in Merchantville to finish the school year. Although Mary Anne was with us for the first week, she returned to South Jersey to accept a position with the Camden County Girl Scout Organization. On the day that her mother drove her back to Merchantville, I fought off desolation with long hours of visitation.

But on that night of deepest depression, I received an unexpected lift. I had rung doorbells in the parish until it got dark. Then back at the parsonage, I was staring at the walls when the telephone rang.

"Hello; this is Curtis Weller," a voice said. "How are things with you?"

"Curt, the family are all down in your area," I replied, "and I'm a little blue right now."

"Well, I just wanted to say hello and to wish you a lot of success."

Weller had been one of my inspiring officials at Trinity Church. So, after that greeting I was able to go to bed happy and to sleep soundly.

Mary returned with news that our daughter was soon to be married. She had become engaged to Richard Sharp when he was home on a brief military leave while serving in Alaska. No definite plans had been made then for the wedding. However, our sudden exit from Merchantville left Mary Anne too much on her own. Now that Dick was out of the army, they both had decided on getting married in the fall.

Mary Anne insisted that the wedding take place in Merchantville where most of the friends of both families were located. We were to be on vacation in the Adirondacks throughout August, and could be of little help in preparing for the ceremony there or in West Pittston. As a result, I was left again several times during July to manage the parish alone.

But it was a comfort now to have Spike with me as he prepared to enter West Pittston High as a Junior. The area intrigued him, for our town was sitting at the center of the anthracite coal fields of Northeastern Pennsylvania. He went into the cellar at the parsonage, surveyed the huge fuel bin, and asked, "Why don't we dig our own coal right here?" But he did not realize that a hundred years earlier all underground rights had been bought up by large corporations, and that private property ownership now referred only to the surface level.

Our daughter's marriage was solemnized at Trinity,

home church of the groom, Richard Glenn Sharp, on Saturday, September 22, 1956. Spike led his sister to the altar, but I gave her away and then assisted Rev. George Howe in the marriage ritual. The Clarence Madaras had entertained Mary and me over the previous night, and the Russell Mutschlers had opened their home for the bride and her attendants to dress there before the wedding.

We arrived back in West Pittston, a distance of 140 miles, at 4:00 a.m. on Sunday. But what a contrast was facing me within so few hours! A note with a telephone number was hanging on the parsonage door. "Whatever time you get home, please call this number," the note said. In a few minutes a messenger arrived with word that a woman, a heart patient, was in the Pittston Hospital. Her husband had visited her in the afternoon and had died on his way home. I was being drafted to break the news to the suffering wife. Nurses were peeking at the door when I entered the hospital room, expecting another heart attack.

"O tell me about that lovely wedding!" the patient said.

God helped me to use the right words, for the woman did not die. Perhaps at the moment she was spared the full consciousness of her loss.

I learned that several of my predecessors had been members of the Pittston Rotary Club. In a couple weeks after my arrival two Rotarians visited and solicited me

for membership. I recognized the spokesman as a member of West Pittston Methodist Church (our official name).

"Are any other of my parishioners Rotarians?" I asked.

"Yes, several. But we limit our membership to one from each profession, so as to avoid conflict of interests within the organization."

"Do you already have any ministers?"

The man laughed. "Yes, we have just one. It's the only category where we make exceptions. You fellows are not expected to fall out with each other."

He had given me a challenge. So I joined to prove my ecumenical spirit. The two ministers became friends. I never repented my decision to become a Rotarian. Three times I became the speaker at the weekly luncheon meetings, and was finally elected to the governing board.

Pittston and West Pittston faced each other across the Susquehanna River. The latter town, a residential community, provided much of the civic leadership for the area. I was soon singled out and elected on the Pittston YMCA Board. However, I retaliated by getting the Y Secretary, Chester Narvel, elected as our Church School Superintendent.

I tried to keep from becoming too involved in civic matters, but could not dodge membership on the Red Cross Board. Ours was the largest church building between Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. The Red Cross used our fine

social hall regularly for the bloodmobile program. They thanked the church by electing me over my protest to the Pittston Red Cross Executive Board.

Spike graduated from West Pittston High in the spring of 1958. The Supervisor, the Principal and three of his teachers were members of our church. They all liked Spike and he liked them, but he was allergic to bookwork. In order to graduate, he had to take Spanish again in his senior year. Halfway through the translating of a Spanish story the teacher asked the class to suggest how the story would end. Some had one answer; some, another.

"I think it will end this way," Spike finally said.

"Why do you think so?"

"That's the way it ended last year," he said dryly.

Spike was not ready for college, and we were not exactly ready financially to send him. So he took a post-graduate year of study at Wyoming Seminary in nearby Kingston. His interests seemed to be in trees and flowers. Temple University's Junior College at Ambler (formerly a horticultural school) accepted him in the fall of 1960. There was no trouble now in memorizing all the Latin names for trees and shrubs, words that he just could not master in a language class. The student body, mostly women, elected him as their president in his senior year.

Our national involvement in Vietnam was a cloud hanging over every young man in the early 1960s. Spike

was disappointed in transferring to New York State University of Forestry at Syracuse. Accepted there only as a sophomore, he dropped out before graduating to enlist in the army's six-month training program. It was preferable to being drafted for the duration of the war.

Bishop Corson's episcopal area included the Puerto Rico Conference, along with the Wyoming, the Philadelphia and South Jersey Conferences. Beginning in 1958, the bishop each year invited, at their own expense, certain mainland ministers to visit Puerto Rico while he was presiding there at the Annual Conference. I felt guilty as one of those who accepted the invitation, for Spike was in Wyoming Seminary at the time, uncertain of enough funds for entering college the next year. Then surmising that some mysterious Conference fund was paying for my trip, the West Pittston congregation chipped in and paid for Mary to go along with me.

Our first plane trip ever, took us from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico. The Candada Beach Hotel was one of several gems of luxury. Only a few blocks away, on props over an estuary, were the most miserable dwellings of humans that I had ever seen. We traveled across the mountains to Ponce on the South, and then back to Arecibo on the North. All over the island were heroic Methodist churches ministering as best they could to a depressed constituency. But on one small neighboring island was

Vieques where the United States maintained a large military base. Such an outlay, plus our elaborate hotel accommodations, seemed out of place in the midst of grinding poverty.

One of the memorable Sunday night services in our church was the Gamanfa Gani (Welsh song fest). This being a mining region, many Welsh or those of Welsh descent lived here. The real Welshman who led the Gamanfa Gani would have the people sing an occasional hymn in Welsh. Then he would turn toward me, saying, "Isn't that beautiful?" "Yes," I replied, "it sounds just like Iroquois."

We paid dearly for living over those hollowed-out mines. One day a nearby home sank right into a pit, ruining the house and destroying most of the equipment. There is a story that a local wag went to Philadelphia and sold cheap tours to the "holey land." Then he brought the dupes here and showed them our subsidences.

Burning anthracite as a fuel was almost a religion when we went to West Pittston. A man who had converted to oil was written up editorially as a "traitor." Then the tragic Knox disaster flooded all mines for miles around. Fly-by-night outfits had bought the nearly-worked-out veins from the big corporations and had dug away the rich, anthracite posts that supported the roof under the river. During a flood in the Susquehanna, the river bed gave way, drowning many miners and limiting production to

an inferior quality of surface coal from strip mining. Each preceding year I had stoked the furnace by hand and removed the ashes from twenty-two tons of coal. Then during our last two years in the parsonage we enjoyed the luxury of an oil burner.

West Pittston's program of Released Time Christian Education was the finest that I had ever witnessed. The classes convened each Wednesday morning at 8:30, splitting the next hour with the public school, the latter opening at nine o'clock. Teachers in the local Christian program were required to attend special courses for training at Wyoming Seminary. They were then paid for their service. Protestant children met in nearby churches according to grade, rather than by denomination. Disciplinary problems were at a minimum, due to the early morning hour.

For years the Greater Pittston Protestant Laymen's Association had been meeting in our church for an early morning Communion service and breakfast on the second Sunday before Easter (Passion Sunday). A congregation of men, usually 400 in number, was an impressive sight. I marveled also at the ability of the women of our congregation who served breakfast for the entire group with ease and dispatch, clearing the social hall by nine o'clock.

Mother Henck died in Frederick, Maryland, on December 30, 1959, at the age of 89. She had enjoyed the comfort and companionship of Frederick's non-sectarian Home for

Aged for ten years. During that time she had visited us on several occasions in Merchantville, but never in West Pittston. Trivial things to us seemed now like mountains to her. The thought of a winter funeral was troubling her because of possible ice on the steep approach to the Harpers Ferry Cemetery. How Mother would have smiled at the spring-like weather on the day of the funeral! We placed her grave beside that of Father on that lovely height overlooking two rivers, the Potomac and Shenandoah, as they flow together.

In my early ministry I had decided to be a foreign missionary here at home. When Rotary International began conducting an Exchange Student Program, I took it as a personal challenge. Although the majority of our local club were cool toward the idea, we finally accepted our responsibility. Each year a foreign student was to be entertained in our homes, to which the club added \$15.00 each month as spending money for our guest.

For parts of three years Mary helped to carry my missionary dream to fulfillment. Our first guest, referred to earlier, was Diana Irani from India. She spoke beautiful English, having been educated in a Catholic convent. However, her religious background was Parsi from Iran, like that of the Wise Men at the birth of Christ. We did not urge Diana to go to church, but one Sunday she ventured in late, dressed in her beautiful sari.

America was a revelation to Diana. From our western movies her home friends had warned that bandits would catch her as soon as she landed here. She was fascinated with our many gadgets, especially our two-minute car-wash establishments. Never having seen snow before, she was mystified. Once she asked me to criticize a letter she was writing to the Bangalore Rotary Club. In it she had said that America is the greatest country in the world. "How do you know that?" I asked. "They may think we have brain-washed you here." Then she said that America is great because of its religion. How that statement shamed me because of the poor witness that we give to our Lord!

Our next year's exchange student was Hans Christian, from Norway. He was at the mercy of our American slang. A bank teller commented that he had a friend in Norway, but he "kicked the bucket." Hans thought the term referred to one of our sports. "No," I said. "That teller was just trying to get your goat." To which another Rotarian said: "Don't believe Harry Henck. He's a nut."

Our final exchange was from Argentina, a Roman Catholic named Juan. We called him John. On the first evening in our home he said, "This is the first time in my life that I ever stayed in the home of a Protestant priest." We assured him that we loved him and wouldn't hurt him. Warm and friendly by nature, so different from Hans, John brought his American mother a corsage for

"Mother's Day." It was a way of saying that he felt at home with us. He and all of our foreign friends taught us how to live our religion a bit more devoutly.

One day in 1963 I offered condolence to a Roman Catholic neighbor whose sister had died. It was a natural act, for the man's wife and family were members of my church. Out of appreciation, he asked whether he might be allowed to take the Holy Communion in our sanctuary, a privilege that his church had long denied him. It was not the Communion, but a later request to join our fellowship that troubled me. My Catholic friend was a salesman in a State liquor store. The law of my denomination forbade receiving a person engaged in such a traffic.

Although I was fully in accord with our Methodist position, my problem continued. The man had a good voice and was soon singing in our adult choir. The wife pled his cause, vowing that he was a total abstainer, and that his age made employment elsewhere almost impossible.

I began to see that God had called me to a ministry of redemption. The Lord would confirm a new member -- there would be no formal appearance before the congregation. It was a mystery for my successor at West Pittston to find the man's name among our members with no date for his reception. But succeeding years proved that the Master made no mistake in receiving such a one into his Kingdom.

I should have retired after eight years of service at

West Pittston. While the average ministry spans less than forty years, my active years now stood at forty-four. Mary certainly deserved a respite, and she said the same thing about me. Yet my health had never been better, so I just begged for a little more time.

The Wyoming Conference is not in the State of Wyoming. It sprawls across Northeastern Pennsylvania and to a point in New York State beyond Cooperstown. Ministers are appointed back and forth across state lines, often having to make adjustments that border on nuisance.

So in June, 1964, we were sent to St. Paul's Church in Endicott, N.Y. What an industrial community we found there! In fact, Binghamton, Johnson City and Endicott were one big manufacturing conglomerate, especially serving Uncle Sam's Vietnam adventure at the time. In Endicott alone we found the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company and the original plant of International Business Machines, together with the IBM worldwide training school.

George F. Johnson, President of Endicott-Johnson Shoes, was a paternalistic Methodist. He had personally given both St. Paul's Church and its parsonage, thereby causing the congregation to look to him forever for help. A number of our church members admitted that they owned their homes only because of Johnson's liberal financing.

The Wyoming Conference met in Endicott for its annual session the first year after my transfer from New Jersey.

George F. Johnson had died, but his nephew Charles came to the Conference one morning and handed out certificates for a free pair of shoes for each and every minister present. In response, the entire assembly stood impulsively and sang, "I got a shoe; You got a shoe; All God's chil'en got a shoe." Years later we met again in Endicott, but the gift was not repeated. By then the paternalistic spirit had vanished.

There were other surprises for us in Endicott. Norman Whittemore, an official at IBM, had literally carried along the ministry at St. Paul's Church during the long illness of my predecessor. I was looking forward to Norman's help. However, Whittemore Hill Church had asked him to be their minister, and the Conference had made that appointment.

Each minister is required to keep a statistical record of his members. Secretaries usually do the work under pastoral supervision. But St. Paul's membership roll had actually been lost, which I attribute to the minister's illness. It was necessary for me to take people's word regarding their church relationship. One woman chided me bitterly at the death of her husband for not knowing that he had been one of the charter members of the church.

As a new driver in New York State, it was necessary for me to take an immediate written test. My examination occurred on the warmest day of the summer, but I received a perfect score, and boasted about it at home. Then next

day I want back to pick up the registration plates for the car. A clerk recognized me and then pointed out a notation. "Look at that!" she said. "New York doesn't license people so tall!" I had stated my height as 8 feet, 8 inches, instead of 5 feet, 8 inches. Then at home, Mary said, "The heat must have gone to your head yesterday. Or was it pride?"

Spike came home from the army during our first fall months in Endicott. There were to be five years of reserve duty following his six-month tour, but he preferred that to the long enlistment for combat service. New York State Department of Transportation made him doubly happy with immediate employment as a landscape architect.

We had never kept pets because of the constant uncertainty of our whereabouts. But Spike, who had always wanted a dog, came home one night leading a beautiful Irish Setter. Why not? He had bought it with his own money. "This is an outdoor dog," he said, hoping to soften us up. "I'll tie him on the front porch."

Meanwhile, as we ate dinner, the rough edges of the brick steps cut the rope, and the dog ran away. Spike was frantic, walking the streets in vain to recover his pet. Mary suggested an appeal to the local radio station. A call over the air brought a reply in a few minutes. "We think we have your dog, rope and all," a voice said.

We soon fell in love with Dusty. Even Mary, who has a natural fear of canines, accepted him as a member of the family. He was no outdoor dog except late at night, serving then as my bodyguard while I exercised on the flood dyke back of town. Spike was soon moved from the Binghamton office to new headquarters in the upper Hudson Valley, and I hadn't seen Dusty for two years. But when I opened the car door at his new home, he ran up, put his head on my knee and cried. "You're not dog," I said. "You are people."

Our next door neighbor, Grandmother Aldrich, was approaching her hundredth birthday. I called the TV station in Binghamton. Sure enough, they came and taped the dear lady. On the evening of the anniversary she made her bow before thousands of viewers in the area.

Two doctors alternated their visits in Mrs. Aldrich's home each week. On the day that she observed her special anniversary, both of them arrived. With unusual wit, she looked up and said, "I hope you're not going to make me pay for two visits."

As the area increasingly became an arsenal for the Vietnam War, our church program fared in reverse proportion. Industrial plants forced their employees to work overtime, allowing little opportunity for leisure and for service as Christian laypersons. One man always slept in church on Sunday morning after working all night at his job.

While I was driven to assume more parish details on my own, I began also to devote more time for pulpit preparation. By memorizing sermons, I could look the congregation in the eye. It was an effective method for keeping the people awake.

A telephone call came one day telling that Trinity Church down in Merchantville was observing its Hundredth Anniversary. As a former pastor I was invited to participate and be honored with my wife. What a joy it was to share the occasion with so many warm friends!

Every section of the country has its own variation in ways of speaking. We were amused at the interior decorators in our home referring to the bureau drawers as draws, and to the baseboards around the room as mopboards. At the end of the day they went to home. They probably felt that we were the quaint ones by the way we talked.

In 1966 I enrolled as a delegate to the World Methodist Conference in London, England. The only trip that Mary had taken throughout our ministry had been to Puerto Rico. This was to be the big reward for her years of patience. I made reservations by international mail at 19 hotels in England and Scotland, contracting to rent a British car in London. Also I booked passage on the Cunard Queen Mary out of New York.

The family surprised us, meeting at the pier and giving us an enthusiastic send-off. Spike was single,

but Mary Anne and husband Dick had brought their three children. How Lynne and Bob enjoyed exploring our stateroom! When the ship's horn blew a first warning for visitors to go ashore, Bob grabbed Spike's hand and ran, pulling him along.

Finding Everett and Florence Palmer as fellow-passengers, we recounted all the old times we had shared in New Brunswick. Everett was my opponent at shuffleboard all the way across the Atlantic. As Bishop of the Seattle Area, he died a few years later, overtaxed with the financial responsibility of saving the Alaska Methodist University.

Methodist conferences are similar in nature wherever they meet. Mary and I attended a few sessions, but old London was more appealing. We filled in on the historic places, especially those that I had visited as a globetrotter in 1925.

Then we explored Britain in depth in our rented Vauxhaul. A leisurely trip took us through the Midlands to Scotland. There was Lincoln College in Oxford where John Wesley had taught. We attended a play in Stratford's Royal Shakespeare Theatre and spent a memorable over-night lodging in the Old Rectory at Epworth where Wesley was born. St. Andrews, the Wesley parish church in Epworth was close by.

Friends in Edinburgh, the Peter Andersons, who had called on us a month earlier in Endicott, came to dinner with us at the Royal Circus Hotel. Then they took us on a personally conducted tour of the city in their car. We didn't see the Scottish monster in Loch Ness, but were rewarded with a boat trip on

Loch Lomond and visited Wordsworth's birthplace at Cocker-mouth. Plymouth thrilled us as the port from which the Pilgrims sailed for America in 1620. In all, we had driven 2,300 miles without a mishap.

Our trip home from Southampton was another voyage, this time on the Queen Elizabeth I. It was one of the last voyages of a splendid ship. Soon sold to become a floating hotel in Hong Cong, it was destroyed there by fire.

I had learned different driving habits in England. For a while after returning home, my car seemed determined to keep to the left side of the highway and almost got me in trouble at the traffic circles (British "round-about"). I never quite learned which was the "near-side" and "far-side."

I must include here a kind of employment that had always involved us for many years. In 1940 I attended the Silver Bay Conference on The Christian World Mission. Both Mary and I fell in love with the beauty of Silver Bay, and with the cultural and religious program provided there. During each succeeding summer our family vacationed at Silver Bay on Lake George.

Then in the early 1950^s both Mary and I were invited to become August staff members by the Silver Bay Association. Mary was to serve in the gift shop, and I became the off-campus mountain guide for groups of climbers in the Adirondacks and White Mountains, especially Mt. Washington.

On learning of our possible retirement from the pas-

torate, Silver Bay's Executive Director offered us employment for the entire summer. In that case, Mary would continue in the gift shop and there would be an opening for me as Assistant Program Director. The arrangement would allow us time to plan for a permanent location.

Where should we live after retirement? We liked the mountains and hills, and Endicott had something nice to offer at that point. It reminded us of Ancient Rome on its seven hills. But our stay in the region had been rather short to make many friends, a factor that began to take greater meaning. Our ties were with South Jersey, especially because our daughter's family were there. Harry (Spike) was unsettled, although working now in New York State.

Daughter Mary and her husband Dick, knowing our inclination, looked at an available apartment in Haddon Heights, New Jersey. They insisted then that we retire. So, yielding to their wishes, we sent a check for a month's rent. If acceptable, it would give us a place to store our belongings for the summer, instead of living like gypsies.

Many and varied are the challenges that come to pastors, especially because of their vicarious identification with their congregation. Love prevails and confidences are held sacred. We loved our St. Paul's congregation -- parting wouldn't be easy. But I was unhappy. In preaching and in caring for the needs of the flock, I felt that I was as acceptable in Endicott and West Corners parish as in

any previous parish. And if physical stamina and domestic happiness had been deciding factors, I could have continued indefinitely. The industrial pressure had robbed me of the enthusiasm and cooperation that I deserved. But for other reasons that must be omitted, I resolved to make St. Paul's Church the end of my pastoral road.

The Wyoming Conference granted us honorable retirement at its annual session in Kingston, Pennsylvania in the spring of 1967. The next week, assured that the landlord had accepted us, we moved, at least temporarily, to a new home in Haddon Heights, New Jersey.

CHAPTER XI: RETIREMENT

What the Conference called retirement brought a sudden tinge of fear, the realization that I was facing a new life style. For nearly forty years we had occupied the parsonages at our various churches without much consideration of their importance in our lives. Now, for the first time, we were confronted with the necessity of finding our own living quarters, or else being left out in the cold. For an even longer time I had served as the "shepherd of the flock." I still tried to think of myself as a shepherd, but I would certainly miss the flock.

In Haddon Heights we became tenants, a situation that was new. Earl Denlinger, son of a former Methodist minister in town, and his wife Elva were our landlords. They treated us with the greatest of kindness, but for a time we approached them with awe.

Another problem that was caused indirectly by my retirement was the threat of losing my car insurance. The company threatened to discontinue me because of my age. When I discovered that no other company would accept me as a regular risk, I appealed to the agent in Endicott to become my advocate. He was finally able to get a one-year extension on the policy. Since then the same company in New Jersey has offered no resistance during any year. But I now drive defensively, not to save me money in an accident, but just to guarantee a profit for the insurer.

We had not confided to the Denlingers that we would be away all summer at Silver Bay. When they learned about it, they smilingly called us gypsies. Then during our absence their minister informed them that I had accepted an offer to become the Minister of Visitation in a nearby church. How effectively the grapevine works! Our landlords were sure now that we were gypsies and that we would be moving again.

The above rumor was due of course to ministerial chitchat. One day while serving as Assistant Program Director at Silver Bay, I received a phone call from the United Methodist Church in Audubon. I was offered the position of Parish Visitor. I explained that I had already contracted to work the following summer at Silver Bay. The arrangement satisfied the church officials, so that I served nearby Audubon Church for the following three years. There was no necessity of moving out of Haddon Heights.

The Montreal Exposition was in full swing in our first full summer at Silver Bay (1967). We had planned to attend, but were dissuaded when local groups returned disappointed. Intense heat, huge crowds and long lines at the exhibits made day trips almost futile.

But all during the early fall in South Jersey the Montreal Expo continued to tempt us. One clear, cool October weekend was all we needed. Silver Bay provided a stopover for the first night. The weather had turned cold

and windy, but next morning we drove on into Canada. All that day we battled the cold, staying at the Expo grounds until 10 o'clock, thinking to justify ourselves for our long journey.

How terrifying at that late hour to learn that every motel in the area was already filled to capacity! In a panic we drove into the heart of Montreal, there also to be turned away time and again. Finally, around midnight in the freezing temperature on a lonely street, we spotted a third-rate rooming house announced by a sign outside in French. Yes, there was just one room left, a stuffy one at that. But we had already had too much fresh air. So, we snuggled down, thankful to be without ventilation.

On Saturday morning we left our car parked on the street and went back to the Expo by taxi. A transportation strike was hampering Montreal at the time, and taxi service was available that would have been almost impossible on a business day. Most memorable on that second trip to the Expo was the privilege of standing before Michaelangelo's "Pieta," the famous sculpture that had been loaned by The Vatican Museum.

Near darkness on Saturday a taxi returned us to our car, and from there we headed back 125 miles toward Silver Bay. By Sunday night we were again in South Jersey. I was able to continue my church visitation in Audubon as if I had not been away. Montreal continued its Expo during

the summer of 1968 while we were serving again on the Silver Bay staff, but we felt no urge to attend.

Some of America's leading ministers are invited to preach on summer Sundays at Silver Bay. Why I preached there on a certain Sunday in 1968 must have been due to a cancellation by an important speaker. The real honor came when I was asked to repeat during the following summer. Due to weekday pressures during my active ministry, I had never been able to do satisfactory work in the pulpit. But in retirement I had promised never to preach without thorough preparation. Expository preaching, the use of Bible situations as vehicles for modern applications, had become my chief way of speaking. Here, at last, a man who was no pulpit giant, had become an interesting preacher.

Another happy occasion involving Silver Bay was Spike's marriage there to Sally Diehl in 1968. I had officiated at a beautiful church wedding for Sally's sister Julie while I was in West Pittston. But Julie and her military husband were now in Panama, and Sally balked at a church wedding without her sister's presence. Spike who had served several summers on the Silver Bay staff, finally persuaded Sally to have me perform the ceremony in Silver Bay's beautiful Helen Hughes Memorial Chapel.

It is amusing to look back on the hesitance of Sally's parents about the ability of Silver Bay to provide adequate facilities for a wedding. They had never been

on the Association's grounds before and they doubted the extent of its service. It was a surprise to them when the food department took full charge and served the dinner in the chaste rotunda of Payne Hall. The Silver Bay String Quartet played while we ate. They had refused at first, declaring that they would never be caught playing background music. However, I gave them a wink and promised not to publicize their humiliation. What a pleasant atmosphere their performance lent to the occasion!

All my life I had wanted to be a writer. The necessity of preparing sermons in nearly fifty years had been somewhat of a handicap in becoming an author. Yet THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE had spoiled me when I was pastor at Merchantville by publishing my Children's Day story. Thinking that writing was easy, I ventured on a long historical novel without realizing my technical shortcomings. The characters did not seem alive, several editors reported, and the motivation was implausible. Rejection of my manuscript was crushing.

But I was now retired, so I promised to do better as an author. I enrolled in an extensive three-year adventure at "The Famous Writers' School," and learned the value of precision. Beginning by reducing to 85 a paragraph of 300 words, I was surprised when my instructor indicated that I had used 20 words too many, and that I had left out an essential idea. Thus the danger of using

unnecessary words to waste the reader's time.

Fiction is a vehicle artfully used to portray human character. I learned much in my writer's course about characterization, setting, situation (problem) and theme (purpose). But a few efforts at such writing convinced me that the public was getting more satisfaction from the TV than from reading short stories. Established writers had the advantage in that department. Furthermore, it was too late in life for me to expend the necessary physical and nervous energy required for writing novels.

Little by little I began concentrating my efforts on historical and biographical subjects. The main Philadelphia Library provided ample resource material. Big anniversaries of famous people and major events apparently made my manuscripts acceptable to publishers. As a result, a number of my stories have appeared in prominent magazines throughout the country. It is fortunate that I do not have to depend on writing for a livelihood. But I have received several hundred dollars in pay. In addition, the challenge to mind and spirit is a reward more valuable than the dollars.

The Creative Writers' Workshop of South Jersey has stimulated me as a freelance author by accepting me as a member. More than once that group has helped me to arrange and unify my material. We hold a banquet each June and a party near Christmas in one of the homes of members.

Mary and I have entertained the club twice in recent years.

During my active ministry the glory of Christmas had impelled me to deliver special sermons. Each year I wove an imaginary message around one of the characters in the Christmas story. Henry VanDyke's "Story of The Other Wise Man" had so impressed me that I memorized it and occasionally gave an arrangement, allowing the characters in the story to speak for themselves. I have continued this latter presentation during retirement in various churches and in one of the Christmas gatherings for the district ministers and their families.

A terrifying experience followed one of those presentations in 1969. The Gibbstown Church had invited me to give "Herod's Soliloquy." I was posing as Herod, pouring out my lamentation in Hell for the cruelty and mistakes I had made on earth. Suddenly, a chill came over me, and I was hardly able to finish the message. Mary drove me home where I lay for several days, first in a raging fever, and then in chills so intense that every muscle ached.

At the end of the week following the Gibbstown experience, I dragged myself to the doctor. One look at me, and the doctor ordered hospitalization directly from his office. Antibiotics for one week preceded a prostate operation. For once in my life I was spending Christmas in the hospital.

The decade of the seventies was to prove one of the

most interesting and eventful periods in our lives. We had never visited Florida before. Many times in the past we had tentatively blocked off two weeks in February for a winter vacation, but when the time finally arrived, some parish responsibility had always intervened. It was different now. Although we were still serving on the staff at Silver Bay during the summer, I had given up my fall and winter work in Audubon. We were footloose in 1970, and Florida was wooing us for sure.

Torrential rain tried to stop us again on that October morning when we headed south. If it was meant to test our determination, it failed. After that, fair weather smiled on us during the entire month that we were away.

There was an overnight visit in Frederick, Maryland, with my cousins, Earl and Lorraine Hargett. Then, the fall foliage that was at its height, greeted us along the Skyline Drive in Virginia. We checked in for overnight at Roanoke and then phoned Dr. and Mrs. Cutter whom I had married many years earlier in Merchantville. They hurried around to our motel and took us to their home for dinner. In North Carolina the mile-high Blue Ridge Parkway was even more impressive in its autumn hues. And at Cherokee the Indians performed for us in full regalia. Mildred Smith, a fellow staff member at Silver Bay, invited us for lunch at her home in Decatur, Georgia. Finally, the Stephen Foster Museum at Sewanee, Florida, captivated us with music

and old, picturesque Fosterian tableaux and animations.

There was to be an overnight stop with Harold and Ruth Clark in St. Petersburg. Former parishioners in New Brunswick, the Clarks had been urging us for years to visit them in Florida. They were bubbling over with places to go and interesting things to show us when we arrived. From Wednesday on, they would consider nothing less than taking us to church with them on Sunday.

Alligator Alley was a direct eastward highway across the state. Hollywood became our headquarters for several day trips to Miami, Key West and the Everglades. The road up the Atlantic coast allowed for a visit with my cousins, Ruth Gelatt and Esther Haskard, in West Palm Beach, trips to Cypress Gardens, The Bok Singing Tower, Cape Canaveral, St. Augustine and a glorious two days in Williamsburg, Virginia. We brought back tape recordings of all friendly voices and famous places of that 3,500 mile safari.

Immediately after the Florida jaunt we were visited by a committee from Merchantville. The pastor of Trinity would be retiring the following June, and someone would be needed to fill the gap until the new pastor could get his feet on the ground. Because I knew the church pretty well, would I be willing to serve again, this time as Minister of Visitation? I thanked them for the apparent compliment and accepted on condition that I might begin in the late spring and that I might also fulfill a final 1971 summer

obligation at Silver Bay.

A wild idea was racing through my mind all during the time that the men from Trinity were speaking. I had enjoyed the year of freedom from work in Audubon. But if I was to begin serving Merchantville on a twelve-month basis, the wanderlust should have a final fling before it was too late. We must go to Hawaii as soon as possible! Mary was incredulous when she heard my suggestion, but from her smile I knew I had her approval.

West Pittston Church was observing a century of service in December 1970. We accepted an invitation to attend the anniversary dinner. But before that date arrived, we had signed up and paid a deposit on a Hawaiian tour with AARP (American Association of Retired Persons). Our trip was to begin in Los Angeles, and we were to bear the extra cost of the plane fare to the west coast.

We flew from Philadelphia to Los Angeles on March 16, 1971. Mary and Dick Sharp and young Kenneth (Moose) delivered us to the airport. As we went aboard, the pilot took our grandson aside and showed him how to fly the plane. The child took over and was quite disappointed when he found that it was not for real.

Spike and Sally were expecting their first child during our absence in Hawaii. We had intended to telephone them from the Islands, but on the night before leaving home, we got word that they had a little girl whose

name would be Heather.

Our itinerary took us first to the Island of Hawaii, "The Orchid Island," where we touched down at Hilo. Three days on the big island allowed us to visit Volcano Park and Kilauea (the active volcano), the town of Kona and a voyage along the island's South coast to Captain Cook's Memorial (the only spot in Hawaii owned by the British).

We next flew to Maui, "The Valley Island," and then to Kawaii, "The Garden Island." On Maui we were at the locale of Stephenson's "Treasure Island," and on Kawaii we visited Waimea Canyon (Grand Canyon of the Pacific) and the Fern Grotto.

Oahu, "The Capital Island," provided a climax to our progression of island hopping. From our headquarters in the impressive Honolulu Hilton Hotel on Waikiki Beach we explored the area for three days. There was Punchbowl National Cemetery in the crater of an ancient volcano (Ernie Pyle's burial ground), Bishop Museum, Nuuanu Pali (of the endless winds), the Polynesian Cultural Center, Pearl Harbor and Kodak Village. We welcomed a dip at famous Waikiki Beach even during the month of March.

The tour offered an alternate return route to the mainland by way of San Francisco. We jumped at the opportunity, both because a recent earthquake had rocked Los Angeles, and because we wanted a chance to ride Frisco's famous cable cars and to walk Fisherman's Wharf.

A final plane ride by night landed us in Philadelphia just at the break of dawn on the first of April. April Fools' Day -- how fitting! Although we called it journey's end at the time, we were fooling ourselves. Unlike the lonely globetrotting of my earlier years, traveling during marriage, and sharing the wonders of the world together had become a big plus for us. We could not forever suppress the hunger for more.

Beginning a relationship again with Trinity Church was like a dream. Many of the familiar faces and distinctive voices of yesteryear were no more. They haunted me. But those that remained and those that were new soon woke in me a new love and devotion. During the months of April and May of 1971 I visited every family in the parish and called on every Trinity constituent who was confined in a hospital or nursing home. When I left for Silver Bay in June, some members of the congregation thought that I had been on call all year.

This was to be my last summer of service at the Silver Bay Association. I had been on the staff in some capacity every year since 1948. For many seasons I was employed only during August as "mountain guide." I must have looked the part. One day on a distant and difficult climb on Mt. Mansfield in Vermont a young member of the party, with a touch of pity in her voice, asked how I stood it there in the winter; and didn't I almost die of

loneliness? When I replied that I was never there in the winter; that I was a minister in New Jersey, she eyed me up and down and said, "You're lying!"

Mary was employed also at Silver Bay, serving in the gift shop. She continued on into 1972. But left alone in South Jersey, I soon discovered how poor I was at house-keeping. Also my four trips to Silver Bay in two months on weekends convinced Mary that I needed her more than she needed a job.

But at the same time that we were saying farewell as Silver Bay staff members, the Sharps were buying a house just off of the Association grounds. Friends questioned their wisdom in owning property so far from home, a place that they could enjoy only at vacation time. However, real estate along Lake George has appreciated so greatly since 1973, that Dick and Mary now consider it a good investment. Maybe they had the Hencks in mind when they bought it, for they knew we would want some place to come back to during vacation.

In 1956 when I transferred to West Pittston, Pennsylvania, I found in the local church and throughout the entire Wyoming Conference a program of financial support for Bennett College. As a United Methodist school, located in Greensboro, North Carolina, Bennett was engaged entirely in educating Black female students. In the late 1960^s United Methodism created The Black College Fund, and most

support for that cause from Wyoming Conference began going to Bennett College. Through its president, the school acknowledged the gift and suggested that a young woman from Wyoming Conference come to Bennett as a student.

The above offer was a gesture for Christian sharing. It was clear that Bennett wanted more than money. A white girl in a Black college would become a pioneer. As to her own future, she would be heading into a career of national dimensions. I urged that the Conference Finance Committee recommend that a scholarship be provided out of our annual Black College Fund (in 1974 the Wyoming Conference gift was \$37,386). But three years passed and nothing was proposed. Our Conference was like the five foolish virgins.

Mary and I finally assumed the Bennett Scholarship responsibility ourselves. Although living in New Jersey, we felt that we owed our Conference a service. So during the years 1974 to 1978 we placed \$2,000 in escrow, covering the cost of a four-year scholarship (presumably for a white girl) from Wyoming Conference at Bennett College. Through the intervening years no college hopeful has applied for the grant, and very little publicity has been given in the Conference newspaper (THE SPARK). Interest accumulations keep adding to the fund, while the accusing finger of racism points increasingly our way.

Ever since childhood I had dreamed of visiting the Holy Land. At the end of the Hawaii trip I had decided

that extensive travel anywhere would have to remain in the realm of dreams. But in just three years I was to be on my way again to foreign parts. A World Methodist Conference on Evangelism was scheduled to meet in Jerusalem in 1974, and Elwood Perkins, a retired Methodist minister living near us, was organizing a party to attend the conference. He knew our weakness and worked every inductive stratagem on us until Mary and I agreed to sign up as fellow travelers. On the way home our group were to spend several days in Greece and Italy. However, when I looked at the intense Israeli itinerary, I rejected the extras.

Our plane flew from New York on the night of November 16, 1974. Exchanging in Rome to a smaller craft for the final flight to Tel Aviv, we had a frightening experience over the Mediterranean. Engine trouble made us return to Rome where ambulance and fire apparatus were waiting in case of further emergency. We arrived in Tel Aviv at midnight on November 17, Israeli time.

The new Hotel Diplomat was our group's headquarters in Jerusalem, its vast conference hall serving also as a meeting place for the entire world assembly. From there we left each morning at seven o'clock for long day trips, returning for meetings that extended almost to midnight. Monday's itinerary led north through Judea, Bethel, Samaria (including Jacob's Well), Megiddo and Caesarea.

On Tuesday, while the conference was in an all-day

session, I went off on an independent tour conducted by the City of Jerusalem. In twelve miles through the Wilderness of Judea, we descended to the Dead Sea from 2,200 feet above sea level to 1,300 below that level. Here in the deepest inhabitable place on earth were several reminders of the ancient past. Qum Ran is where the Essenes, a first century recluse fellowship, hid Bible sections that were recovered only in our century as The Dead Sea Scrolls. At the Oasis of En Geddî David had refrained from slaying the sleeping King Saul. Massada, a plateau of rock jutting 2,000 feet above the plain, provided the final defense for the Jews against Rome in 79 A.D. Finally, the tour group waited while I "swam" in The Dead Sea at Lot's Wife.

Wednesday was devoted to a tour of The Mount of Olives, Bethany, The Wailing Wall and the Moslem Section of Jerusalem. Most impressive were the Temple area and Golden Dome of The Rock.

On Thursday we toured north from Jericho through the Jordan Valley. Magdala, Capernaum and Tiberius were included, together with a sail on The Sea of Galilee. From Tiberius, our bus climbed over the mountain range to Nazareth. Weary and hungry we landed back in Jerusalem at eight o'clock.

Friday provided a walking tour about the Holy City, which included the Via Dolorosa, Garden of The Tomb and

The Church of The Holy Sepulchre. A late afternoon trip that same day took us to Bethlehem, to the Basilica of The Holy Nativity and its sacred Grotto. Then back at The Shepherds' Field at night, we ended the day there singing Christmas carols and listening to inspiring messages from all over the world.

Such was the climax of our stay in Israel. We had been given only five full days of waking hours to cover most of the land where Jesus Walked. There was both sadness that we could not tarry longer and joy that modern transportation had made it possible for us to experience so much. Fond memory would make up for what was ours to own so briefly in person. Early on Saturday morning we flew back to America from Tel Aviv, landing in New York just four hours less than a week from the night when we had left.

I had served churches named "Trinity" three times in my active ministry, Bayville, Highland Park and Merchantville. The Highland Park congregation was observing its Fiftieth Anniversary on the weekend of our return from Israel. We had promised tentatively to be on hand. So, making a stopover Saturday night with friends in the community, we were able to attend Sunday services and an evening reception. Our family arrived late in the day and brought us home to South Jersey from one of the most exhausting weeks of our lives.

By 1975 living in Haddon Heights and working in Merchantville was becoming rather inconvenient. Trinity's pastor, Charles Hankins, was doing part time study at Drew University for his doctor's degree in Ministry, and was also continuing his reserve officer's duty in the Navy. It meant that more parish work was falling to me. I was preaching oftener and conducting more funerals. There were times when three round trips from home were necessary during the day. Mary and I started looking for an apartment to rent in the Pennsauken-Merchantville area, but we found nothing that seemed to justify our moving. So as spring and daylight time came, we decided to stay in Haddon Heights. Earl Denlinger, our landlord, had died, and we felt reluctant after that to leave Elva.

Really the most influential thing at the time was our application for residence at Pitman Manor Methodist Home. It stopped us from looking for an apartment in Merchantville, but it did not stop us from dreaming up another trip. The waiting list at Pitman was too long for that.

In July of 1976 we started on a trip to Nova Scotia. There had been repair work on our car, and on the way we detected the odor of raw gas fumes. Near Bangor, Maine, Mary fell ill. After a night in a motel she was slightly improved, but we decided to cancel the rest of our trip. Mary flew home from Bangor, and I drove the car back to Haddon Heights with the car windows wide open. A vent

pipe from the gas tank had not been stuck through the trunk floor of the car, a matter that a mechanic remedied in five minutes. But the damage had been done. Mary never fully recovered from the attack and was hospitalized for treatment in September.

Philadelphia had frittered away its opportunity as the chief place for observing America's Bicentennial in 1976. No location in the city or nearby could be agreed upon as the site for a world's fair. New Jersey had offered Petty Island in the Delaware River as a location, but inter-state politics prevented its acceptance. Nothing unusual was happening in Philadelphia to keep us in the area. So in August we went back to Silver Bay where Mary was able to convalesce in the cool, mountain air.

One day in the spring of 1977 we were driving by an attractive house in Merchantville, a rancher with a "for sale" sign on the lawn. The realtor happened to be Russell Mutschler, a member of Trinity Church. The place interested Mary because every convenience was on one level. Mutschler insisted that we buy it, but the price was terribly inflated. Our son-in-law (an officer in Inter-Boro S & L) advised us as to the property's market value. We made that offer, which was promptly rejected.

Mary had recovered sufficiently from the previous year's ailment. So in July we signed up for a September trip to the Canadian Rockies. Then in August the owner of

the Merchantville property agreed to sell at our price. The place had been vacant for more than a year, tying up his investment and costing heavily for tax and insurance.

We were now faced with part forfeiture of our payment for the tour, or showing bad faith for real estate finagling. In a final daring act we took on both projects. However, by rejecting our first offer, the seller was required to delay settlement to the first of October.

On September seven we began an eleven-day Canadian trip with more daring than wisdom. An early morning plane hop to Winnipeg allowed us to meet a Canadian National train that had left Montreal two days earlier. Mary had never before taken an over-night railroad trip, and slept fitfully. But how she enjoyed taking her meals in the dining car beside an ever-moving landscape!

Westward from Edmonton to Jasper, we rode in the dome car. Snow began appearing on the mountains, opening vistas that were to thrill us for the next seven days. At Jasper there was a visit to Mt. Edith Cavell, named for the Canadian nurse who was executed by the Germans during the First World War. Then a long bus tour took us south through The Columbian Glacier and the famous mountain chain to Banff.

Sunday worship was in the United Church of Canada. Staying in the Banff Springs Hotel was an experience in itself. It reminded us of the Spanish Alhambra; in fact,

one of its two spacious dining-rooms is called the Alhambra. Just back of the hotel is the beautiful Bow River Cascade, a creation resulting from an ancient earthquake.

Lake Louise is considered one of the most beautiful of its kind in the world. I thought that nearby Emerald Lake was equally attractive. From Lake Louise, our bus continued westward over the Continental Divide into British Columbia. Thompson and Fraser River valleys were breath-taking in their grandeur. After watching salmon negotiate the Fraser rapids at Hell's Gate, we were treated to a fresh salmon dinner there in the canyon.

Vancouver is a relatively new city, still partly in the possession of the Capilano Indians. North Vancouver boasts the Queen Elizabeth II Park and the unusual Sunken Garden (beautified from an old quarry).

Because of its longer history, the smaller city of Victoria on Victoria Island was chosen for the Capital of British Columbia. Its Heritage Museum is a graphic portrayal of life in the old West. Nearby Busch Gardens is a floral wonder that must be seen to be appreciated.

We flew home from Vancouver on September 17, to begin one of the busiest weeks of our lives. During the early summer I had promised to conduct a Trinity tour to Silver Bay by chartered bus on the last weekend of September. I could not honestly back out now. But in following through with it, I had the later privilege of seeing

the group make this an annual fall safari. They were impressed with the genuine hospitality of The Silver Bay Association. Mary did not go on the first trip, complaining that she had to stay home and pack for our moving. But I have a film, showing her sitting among the cartons, most of which we had filled before going on our Canadian trip.

On the first of October 1977 we took possession of our new home at 107 Oak Terrace, Merchantville. It was the first piece of real estate that we had ever owned. There was need of minor internal alterations, but the house had been constructed of the finest materials. Its former tenant, a building contractor, had designed and occupied it himself for twenty years.

There were ethical questions involved in our moving to Merchantville. Although I had been the Minister of Visitation at Trinity Church for six years, living in the parish would be different. Retired ministers are advised to settle elsewhere than in the confines of their former appointments. But the Merchantville congregation was disappointed that their pastor, Charles Hankins, was being transferred out in the middle of the Conference year. It would be hard to fill the gap at that unusual time. As a resident in the community, my presence seemed under those circumstances to pose no real problem.

For the first time in its history, Trinity Church received an interim pastor. He did only the preaching on

Sundays, after which he returned to his home in Trenton. The full responsibility of the parish fell to me during the first six months of 1978. I was glad when the Conference sent us a new pastor. Rev. William Moyer took the helm at Trinity in the latter part of June.

In the spring of 1979, Miss Dorothy Milhous, a member of Trinity Church, entered Pitman Manor Methodist Home. Her physical condition required that she be placed in the health care unit. As I had been her spiritual mentor at Trinity, she made a will naming me as her executor. At Pitman Manor I was also given power of attorney, the responsibility of managing her financial affairs. Miss Milhous died early in January 1980, leaving all her assets to charity, \$56,000 divided equally among Pitman Manor, our Trinity Church and the Scholarship Fund of the Southern New Jersey Conference. She left no relatives, so I had advised a benevolent distribution of money in her will.

The 1980^s were to open in a dark shadow compared with the thrill and excitement of the previous decade. For two years I had cared exclusively for the grooming and upkeep of our home, avoiding no physical task whatever. But in late January of 1980 I was suddenly stricken and hospitalized for four months. The diagnosis was multiple myeloma, a cancerous condition of the spine. The surgeons balked at operating for fear of paralysis below the waist. In intense pain, I finally persuaded them to take the chance.

They removed a lumbar vertebra and took one of my ribs, fusing it into the gap in my backbone. Faith, the prayers of many friends and the marvel of orthopedic skill brought me through without leaving me a paralytic from the ordeal. Since then, chemotherapy has either cured or arrested the deadly progress of myeloma.

During my stay at Camden's Cooper Medical Center we had almost abandoned the celebrating of our eventful fifty years of married life in 1980. Then the sudden death of Ann Sharp, Dick's mother, brought Mary Anne home from Silver Bay in midsummer. While here, the family decided to risk a Golden Wedding Anniversary, assuming my recovery.

On Saturday, September 13, 1980, Trinity's sanctuary was overflowing with friends and relatives, all sharing in the following Golden Wedding Anniversary program:

PRELUDE Harpist, Karin Fuller
 LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES . . . Heather and Edward Henck
 INVOCATION Rev. William Moyer
 HYMN TO JOY Robert Sharp and Susan Stone
 (Congregation, with trombone and organ)
 WELCOME Harry H. Henck
 DIALOGUE ABOUT GRANDPARENTS . Heather and Edward Henck
 (Sponsor, Mrs. Harry H. Henck (Sally))
 VOCAL SOLO (Bridal Song, Rosemaiden) Clayton Morrell
 SCRIPTURE . (I Corinthians, 13) Lynne Sharp
 PRAYER Rev. Stanley McCleave
 VOCAL SOLO (The Lord's Prayer) . . . David Korhammer
 REFLECTIONS Rev. Charles Marker
 TRIBUTES Russell Mutschler and William Weller
 (Local and Conference Lay Leaders)
 INTERLUDE Harpist, Karin Fuller
 RESPONSE Rev. Harry Henck
 HYMN OF THANKSGIVING . . Robert Sharp and Susan Stone
 (Congregation, with trombone and organ)
 A WORD FROM THE FAMILY Mary Henck Sharp
 PIANO SOLO (Benediction Nuptiale) . . . Kenneth Sharp
 A BROTHER'S COMMENT AND BENEDICTION) Rev. Louis Henck
 POSTLUDE (Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring) Susan Stone



Kate Bartine at the age of six

By **HARRY S. HENCK**
Minister of Trinity church, Merchantville, N. J.

and her schoolmates really sang "Little Sunbeams" on that day away back in 1866. But there were no drills, for as Miss Bartine explained, "That would have been the next thing to dancing."

The origin of Children's Day was both pathetic and beautiful. The first pastor of Trinity church, Rev. Robert S. Harris, had arrived with a wound in his heart. On a previous charge his only child, a son of six years, had suddenly died of pneumonia.

Instead of allowing bitterness to rule him, this devout man immediately adopted all children as his very own. His love expressed itself in "every possible effort and sacrifice for the education and moral culture of young folks."

Children's Day was a natural outgrowth of this prevailing sentiment.

He disagreed with the teaching of that day, that "children should be seen and not heard." He loved to hear children's voices, and he was sure that God loved to hear them too. He concluded that they should have a normal place in the life of the church. But how should this be accomplished?

He prayed and planned. He wanted a regular church service in which to present his innovation, and he had to do some diplomatic maneuvering to get it. But, when the service actually took place it proved so beautiful and natural, so stimulating and appealing, that Trinity church decided to adopt it as a permanent feature.

The news of Children's Day spread far and wide. Soon it was adopted by other religious bodies. The original day,

THE FIRST Children's Day-1866

IN the Methodist Home for Aged in Collingswood, N. J., lives Kate Sinex Bartine, a delightful personality now in her late eighties. Her many friends have good reason for associating her name with the early years of life. She is the sole survivor of the first Children's Day program, an observance instituted at Trinity Methodist church, Merchantville, N. J., on Sunday, June 10, 1866. That was 81 years ago, when Katie Bartine was a little girl of six years.

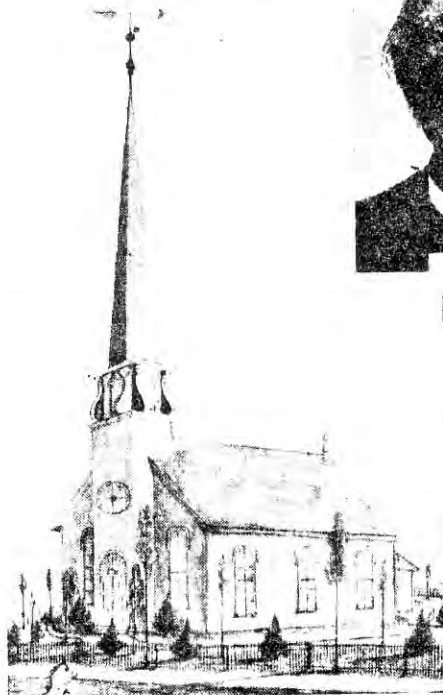
The Bartine family had been among the founders of Merchantville. When Children's Day began, Trinity chapel, as the church was then known, was in its infancy. It stood at the corner of Moorestown pike and Whisky road, the latter deriving its name from a large distillery which had once operated there. The cleansing power of the gospel was immediately felt, for Whisky road became Chapel avenue, the name it still retains today.

Katie Bartine was one of 18 little folks who took part in the first Children's Day program. She still remembers the lovely white dress she wore on that occasion, and her beautiful bouquet of "store flowers" brought her from Philadelphia by her uncle, Dr. David H. Bartine.

From the very first, it was the one day when little folks dared to climb the pulpit platform and be the center of attraction. There were recitations and dialogues and group singing. Yes, Katie

Kate Bartine is today the only surviving participant of Rev. Robert S. Harris's program for Trinity church that became a tradition

The original Trinity church and pastor, Robert S. Harris



the second Sunday of June, in time became universally established throughout the world as one of the beautiful observances of the Christian year.

Last year Trinity church observed the eightieth anniversary of this day. Through the massive window

"Christ and the Children" commemorating the event by the artist, Plockhorst, the light shone down on an original play in which the children of today dressed in the costumes of 1866 re-enacted the events of long ago and spoke the words that Katie Bartine and her companions spoke on that first Children's Day.

Although on the present church calendar the day has become "Methodist Student Day," it never will have for "those who can remember" the nostalgic delight of the original Children's Day.

5-8-47

A reception on the church lawn followed the program in the sanctuary. Medication had prepared me for the occasion; and the weather had cooperated, giving us a late summer afternoon that was balmy and bright. What a privilege it was to be able to greet so many friends from far and near! Bolivian missionaries Meredythe Scheflen and her mother were there.

Our Golden Wedding celebration might well have been the right time for ending this long story. My ailment was diagnosed in the hospital as multiple myeloma. Believing that time was running out, I had resigned as Trinity's Minister of Visitation. The relationship had continued for nine years. Added to that were twelve other years (1944 to 1956) that I had served as Trinity's pastor. In all, I had given the local church more than a third of my total ministerial career.

But my memoirs did not end here because a miracle happened. The surgeons had warned that I would probably not walk again if they operated. However, I have recovered sufficiently to walk and drive our car. My thankfulness to God must be expressed continually now in active Christian witness.

Trinity's pastor graciously allows me to do some parish visiting, including Communion service to the hospitalized and shut-ins. Service clubs, Trinity Men and Sr. Citizens have me speak on my historical and biographical magazine articles published nationally.

Perhaps the most far-reaching endeavor with which I have been associated concerned the Petition of Trinity Church's

Administrative Board to the 1984 General Conference, seeking the restoration of Children's Day to the United Methodist calendar. Children's Day is a tradition that began at Trinity Church in 1866. The pastor added a covering letter and a copy of The First Children's Day, a story that I had written several years ago for THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. The Petition failed to be approved by the General Conference. So, whatever success or failure may come to me in the future, I want my witness for the Lord to continue to the end of my earthly journey.

FAMILY

In mid 1984 I am nearly 86 years of age. My wife Mary, aged 73, and I live happily at 107 Oak Terrace, Merchantville, N.J. Brother Louis (also a Drewite B.D.) is 87, living in Saratoga (NY) Retirement Center. Our children are Mary (Mrs. Richard Sharp); and Harry H. Henck (wife Sally). Mary is A.B. Drew; Richard is Executive V.P. at Inter-Boro S & L in Cherry Hill. Harry (our son) is a Landscape Architect with N.Y. State. The Sharps have three children: Lynne (Mrs. Edward) Duffy, wife of a minister in Connecticut; Robert Sharp, a mechanical engineer in Virginia; Kenneth Sharp, now just entering his first year at Colgate University. Harry and Sally Henck have two grade school children, Heather and Edward. Sally teaches art in the Rhinebeck School System.

CHAPTER XII: LEGACY

In the previous narrative I included very little of my own philosophy. Reporting is the simplest kind of all writing. It is also very tempting for one to become a mere bystander at the kaleidoscope of passing scenes. But life's chief element is meaning or purpose. Without meaning, all other elements become only window dressing and end in futility. I must be an interpreter as well as a reporter. The following summary is therefore my evaluation of human life and destiny, of which I am a responsible part.

My political philosophy is in an area of bitter controversy. We live in a troubled and troubling world. For the first time in human history we have the power to destroy all life on our planet. The threat of nuclear war is a pall hanging over the entire world. But no nation seems to have either the will or the acumen to do anything about it. On the contrary, both America and Russia, the super powers, keep increasing their arsenals of potential over-kill. The assumption seems to be that in proliferation itself there is some special power to prevent a nuclear holocaust.

An entire American generation has grown up on a TV diet of violence as a form of entertainment. Because nobody is expected to do anything about it, brutality and entertainment have tended to become confused in our thinking. We know practically nothing about the real horror of nuclear war. Even when a simulated demonstration is presented on TV, the

message largely escapes us.

I am concerned that my government during the 1980^s is depending almost totally on nuclear proliferation for its safety. Hopefully, the policy will improve. But at this writing the power structure is using the confusion in most American minds between entertainment and violence in order to promote the deployment of its defense bombs in Europe.

A nuclear threat anywhere in the world is a sin against all humanity. In defying each other, Russia and America are violating the rights of all mankind. Their conflicting interests and actions brand them as international anarchists in the eyes of most other nations. Justice is a casualty where there is no concern for the rights of the innocent.

I do not believe that the super powers will ever agree either on parity or a reduction in armaments. There must be a disinterested arbiter, or at least one that speaks for the interests of all nations.

World federation is the wave of the future. I set neither a time schedule nor a condition under which world government will appear. It might come as a result of financial bankruptcy of one or both super powers. Or it could follow a desperation act by a third world power that had learned how to make a bomb.

During the last part of the twentieth century America has repeatedly belittled the United Nations. Our government has wrongly assumed that many third world countries

are hostile toward us. But any hostility is largely of our own making. At its inception, the program of the United Nations reflected almost completely the will of the United States. The majority of undeveloped countries that have since joined the world organization have brought along their hunger and social ills. Elimination of hunger and disease should have been our main political ploy, not simply a job left for religious and private agencies. Our government's effort to stop the spread of Marxism by spending horrendous amounts on the military, has done nothing to improve our image in the third world. Worse yet, when hungry nations object to our profligacy, we tend to label them as miscreants with a communist stripe. How strange that we who were the first to invest the common people with the vote, should renounce our faith at such a critical time!

International problems are more ominous at the end of the twentieth century than ever before. Speed of travel and electronic communication have shrunk our planet, crowding humanity into one tight neighborhood. I spent twenty-three days at sea on my way from Shanghai to San Francisco in 1920. But TV now allows me to be instantly present at events in Shanghai. Flying can land me there or anywhere else in the world within the day. In such a world there is too much neighborhood and too little community.

There is a way for keeping this world neighborhood from self-destruction while world community is coming to birth:

(1) A consensus is growing, based on history, that war does not settle international disputes.

(2) A basis for international justice can be found.

(3) By common consent, the United Nations must be given international police power, not just persuasion.

Our United States offers a shining example of the effectiveness of federal government. My state and its neighboring states each have their separate militias. The states are also allowed a certain amount of autonomy in government. But the power of the federal government, with its ability to enforce the peace, prevents armed warfare between the states. If the original colonies had decided to form separate countries, there would have been rivalry, resulting in warfare and carnage from the beginning.

I am an optimist who believes that world federation will develop along lines similar to those in America. The United Nations, expressing the will of the component states, would also limit sovereignty while granting a wide range for self-government. Any alternative that allows for international war also poses the threat of an atomic holocaust.

The second area of life that challenges my philosophy is that of economics. The field is so closely associated with nationalism, that the two areas might almost be considered as one. Their abuses have identical roots. Nations maintain large military establishments in order to control world resources. I am troubled that my country, already the

largest consumer of the fruits of the earth, is bent on getting more. This could be the real excuse for our present military build-up, using the Soviet menace to justify our act.

Two economic systems, Marxism (communism) and free enterprise, are struggling for worldwide acceptance. Each pretends to offer the highest possible benefits materially for the human race. But each system is hampered in its program by the powerful human instinct of selfishness.

I will make but one brief observation about Marxism. Soviet leaders assume that there will be communal sharing by the people. This is a misnomer, because those leaders find neither a desire to share, nor do they give sharing a fair chance to develop. Russian dictators control both the people and the distribution of that country's resources. So, without advancing the communal spirit at the grass level, they create covert rebellion against the system. Russia's inability to feed itself in the 1980's belies the people's will to work creatively under communism.

Both the strength and weakness of free enterprise deserve scrutiny. Like Marxism, the system fails to avoid or overcome human greed. However, it encourages motivation, which is a truly unique feature. In early America, the settlers built their cabins and tilled the land in competition with nature. They seldom encroached on their neighbors' land, because there was more than enough of that to go around.

Free enterprise as we know it in our industrial society

welcomes and encourages competition. The competitive element claims responsibility for increasing production and lowering the cost of goods to the consumer. Indeed, there can be no disputing that competition has given society more and better products at the lowest possible prices. The cost of a motor car in the absence of competition would prohibit the average family from owning one. What makes the difference is the manufacturer's urge to excel. So far, free enterprise seems to be a just and viable system.

But there are limitations as well as advantages that go along with the free enterprise economy. In trying to mitigate the evil of human selfishness, our society does less than a satisfactory job. Social Security is not an unmixed blessing. Its good intent still leaves large areas of poverty and degradation in the country.

Human nature is so complex that the advantages and disadvantages of free enterprise almost cancel one another out. Factors associated with chance, creative imagination and strength of will are so much in control on the human scene, that they can land one person in economic heaven and another in perdition.

As this LEGACY is meant to reflect my philosophy, I venture to make a personal observation. My mother was left with two small children. There was no widow's compensation and little insurance -- tough luck, to say the least. But chance favored her in raising two healthy boys. Through it all,

Mother decided to pay cash for what she bought. That was will power and creative imagination on her part. She sensed that cash payment was a good rule of thumb for measuring her economic safety; and she practiced it so thoroughly at home that it became a determinant in my life.

If everybody else had followed my mother's example, they would have been doing both their country and themselves a favor. There would have been no great depression in the early 1930s, and our national currency would have remained on the gold standard.

But a cash choice failed to impress the public. In an emerging debtor world, the people did not realize what an economic weapon they were putting in my hand. Deficit spending became the disease of free enterprise. Except among the opulent class, it destroyed motivation, the very gem that the system had discovered. Credit has its place, but deficit spending is the weapon that I hold against the borrower.

The cry of the destitute in the 1930s brought in the social relief programs of the Roosevelt administration. Whatever can be said in favor of those systems, they caused our government to join the parade of deficit spenders. It seemed like a good thing for Uncle Sam to begin taking care of the people. Those who had always been reaching up to touch bottom, so to speak, stopped worrying about debts. They were following the lead of the government. But in the 1980s deficit spending and inflation caused the national

debt to top the trillion-dollar mark.

It seems amusing for me to be labeled among the opulent class just because I pay cash. But I feel uneasy. I am tempted to praise the haves and blame the have-nots for their diverse life styles. However, I know there are deceptive forces at work in both classes. In spite of ever larger pal-
latives for the poor, crime and social separation are on the increase there. Contrariwise, the opulent are being lulled into believing that they will not have to pay the penalty for the national debt. Both prodigality and myopia threaten our social and economic life. But the hour is late, and our ability to meet either threat is more limited than we realize.

Economic self-discipline among the opulent seems overdue. But such tightening of the purse strings could lead directly to a depression rivaling that of the 1930^s. On the other hand, a continuation of deficit spending promises only greater inflation for the people and ultimate financial bankruptcy for the government. The trauma of a new monetary beginning is beyond my power to comprehend. But whatever the pain, it might atone in some measure for the ills that have infected the free enterprise system in America.

There is a third area, that of race, that makes its demands on my philosophy of life. Racism threatens our civilization almost as much as rampant nationalism and distorted economics. In fact, they are all related because they share a common root in human frailty and sin.

Lack of mobility was responsible for natural segregation in early human history. This was especially evident in racial division. Darkly pigmented groups were confined mostly to the tropics, while those of fair complexion lived in the temperate zone. Anybody of different color who wandered beyond his habitat became a curiosity. Even in the provincial village of my childhood, I laughed the first time that I ever saw a black man -- he had to be a freak.

In the middle ages the ancient bonds that had kept societies segregated were deliberately shattered. Arabs were responsible for the innovation. They were sitting astride the lucrative land routes to India. Markets for their goods were southern and eastern Europe. In such a favorable position they were able to take world leadership in culture and science. To those Arabs, my European ancestors were only half civilized. They had a derisive term for the people of northern and western Europe -- they called them "Franks."

But the Arabs had broken the barrier of segregation, and for that they paid an unexpected and lasting penalty. As desert rovers on camels, they were suddenly outflanked by the sea rovers from the West. The latter sailed their ships around Africa where the wealth of the Orient lay ready to be taken.

It was just one step away from ownership of the material world to the ownership of people. America was not the first to own black Africans as slaves, but it became the

most profitable market in the seventeenth century. Beginning in 1619, endless shiploads of African captives were brought to our shores. One result was the establishing of an agricultural empire in the Southern colonies.

Plantation society always placed slaves on a genetic level below that of their white masters. Although a successful Revolution won freedom for our people, the notion of white supremacy remained -- Blacks were not considered to be people. It took the bloodshed of a White Civil War to bring a token of political freedom for the slaves. But an Emancipation Proclamation was not enough to change our collective mind-set against Black inferiority.

It is hard to imagine that American society would have remained White apart from the addition of slavery. But the forced importation and ample reproduction of Blacks have made them the largest minority group in the country. This, together with the sordid background of history, confounds our racial problem today.

It needs to be pointed out that in the continued battle for superiority the White majority are losing out:

- (1) Whites are compromised in conscience by qualms over past sins.
- (2) Our representative democracy does not dare to interfere with the willful mixing of racial blood.
- (3) We stigmatize innocent children of mixed unions.
- (4) Blacks are made to increase in number by absorbing

mulattoes into their race.

- (5) Either through physical or economic fear, Whites move from large urban areas, giving political superiority there to the Blacks or other ethnic groups.

My complaint against White America has been overdrawn only to emphasize a deep problem. All minority groups, especially the Blacks, have been sinners along with ourselves. But we must come mutually to a higher understanding and practice of community, or the racial problem will remain to haunt us.

I do not know whether we can achieve community apart from the racial mixing of our blood. Certain parts of Latin America have apparently attained oneness at that point. We cannot ignore the private mingling of blood either between the White and Black groups, or between White Americans and other races on a worldwide scale. Our soldiers returning from foreign wars have increasingly brought along brides from Oriental countries.

There is no real evidence that the mingling of racial genes will lower either the physical or intellectual level of life. Blood transfusion across racial lines is an accepted practice. In a few centuries America may solve its racial problem by erasing the color line. The wheels of destiny grind slow but sure.

Finally, the area touching upon all my philosophy of life is that of religion. My observations in that field have purposely been kept for the last. I am an avowed

Christian, a claim that sounds boastful, but I risk making it here in order to establish a point of reference.

Christianity is both inward and outward in application. On the inward side believers live at varying spiritual levels. One person may remain below his potential level; another may experience such wholeness as to live triumphantly above persecution and even death. Jesus would say that the latter individual is born again. The more intense that pristine experience of spiritual rebirth, the more passionately one tries to crystallize the experience into words for safe keeping. Creed is the result of such an effort. But creed is for oneself; it seldom creates a spiritual experience in others.

In its outward application Christianity is a missionary religion. Soul saving provided motivation during the romantic era of Protestant outreach. But methods were often too simplistic, even to implying that Western culture was the divine product of Christianity. Acceptance of our creed and our customs came too near to being a sign of conversion. Some incidental by-products of Western culture that dulled the missionary impact were our communicable diseases and our commercial greed.

Sharing is the secret of true Christian evangelism. We do not make Christians out of unbelievers merely by impressing them with our beliefs. Hitler's holocaust against the Jews proved the shallowness of our Christian creeds in action. We share a common faith in God with Jews and Moslems.

For us to accuse those groups of being false worshipers destined for eternal punishment, would be to limit the nature of God to our own pattern.

But there is risk that goes with sharing. Christians must be willing to listen as well as to proclaim. Jesus said that the truth would make us free; but he said also that we are not yet able to bear all truth. As an evidence of the latter statement, consider our muddled probings into the nature and cause of human suffering. We are students, not professors in the school of ultimate truth. In an article in THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY, John Shelby Spong writes, "The evangelist must be capable of listening deeply, be enormously sensitive and be able to risk and embrace vulnerability from a life in Christ. The only reward that Christ offers is the life of vulnerability, risk and the wholeness of love." In sharing I am not authorized to impose my beliefs on others, because God does not speak through me alone. Herein lies the life of vulnerability.

But to admit that I do not possess the whole truth about God is not to say that I have no truth. As I grow in truth, I become increasingly free, an experience that I cannot keep to myself. I leave my Christian testimony suspended in the atmosphere of friendliness.

It is both my experience and my testimony that in Christ God is searching for me. I too am searching for God, but how confused are my efforts! God is like a perfect number. Let

us assume that the perfect number is seven, and that in our calculations we can reach only to six. A miss then is as good as a mile unless there can be an all-gracious gift of the extra digit. In searching for me, God found me; and in Christ I experience the fulfillment of God's plan for my salvation.

I know I am surrounded by other humans who are searching for God. Hunger and confusion indicate both the effort and the futility of self-help. As a Christian I preach redemption. Preaching has a place, but the measure of my success may be less than appears. Jesus made very few converts through preaching. The multitudes followed him, as he said, because they expected more loaves and fishes.. It was his death on the cross that satisfies humanity's greatest hunger. In Christ's sacrifice, God not only seeks but finds his estranged family.

Redemption is costly. For me to be involved in it is a costly and humbling experience. It requires that I be more than an avowed Christian. I cannot fulfill my mission by word alone, but rather by the total commitment of my life. Total commitment includes my prayer, my attitudes and insights. It includes especially my actions and the stewardship of my material resources.

My Christianity includes both faith and works. I have stated earlier my aversion to a sterile verbalism. As a Christian I should struggle for social justice. But I need

a vital faith in order to clarify issues and provide motivation for any cause that I can enter in Christ's name. To exclude either faith or works would be to destroy my religion.

Stewardship is an imperative in my life. The Christian emphasis on tithing, the giving of a tenth of one's income to God, has a foundation in Old Testament law. But as a Christian I consider all my assets to be God's property. The real owner receives one tenth for immediate use; then places the other nine tenths back in my hands for use in a way that will glorify him. There is a world of difference between my attitude toward those resources and what it would be if I were a pagan.

Last of all I want to state my view on the matter of human suffering. Throughout a long life I had known very little physical pain or suffering. But during my entire ministry sufferers had challenged me to explain why a loving God should send suffering and bereavement. The matter confused and embarrassed me because I could give no sensible or satisfying answer.

Then at the beginning of 1980 I was stricken with physical torture beyond my ability to describe. To increase the anguish, I was told that there was no cure. One of the Old Testament explanations of suffering was that it indicated God's punishment for sin. I acknowledge that I am a sinner; but punishment as repayment for sin mars the image of God that I find in the life and teachings of Christ.

Jesus taught that God sends his refreshing rain on the just and unjust. I believe that whatever the judgment in the next world, God's purposes concerning his earthly family are forgiveness and love, not vengeance.

Perhaps the mystery of suffering is the price we pay for being created in the image of God, whose Son died on a cross. We might have come into this world as trees or mollusks, but to what purpose? We are marvelously different from lower or inanimate creations. Billions of nerve cells are part of the equipment that makes us nearly divine. I am able to communicate, create and love, and am never able to get fully away from the consciousness that I am in the presence of a loving God.

So, if my earthly life should end in pain, I still believe that God is not the author of suffering. I think of it as an experience that God is sharing with me. It allows me to approach him more intimately, to trust him more confidently and to worship him more devoutly now and forever. Thus I end the story of my long earthly journey on a victorious note. God is LOVE.
