TIDINGS

Baptist Women’s Society, Bhimpore, W.B. (See p. 37)

THIRD QUARTER 1965

AMERICAN BAPTIST BENGAL-ORISSA MISSION
Please note;

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P.S. If your ZIP appears on your mailing address with this TIDINGS, a reply to this effect is not needed.
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U.S.A. subscriptions to *Tidings* may be secured from Rev. C. Verner Johnson, 309 E. 7th St., Michigan City, Indiana. Yearly subscription (4 issues) $1.00.

Please send in renewals promptly as only one reminder can be sent.

Local subscriptions from Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel, Midnapore, W. Bengal.
NEW SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

After many years of devoted and faithful service as subscription manager for Tidings in the U.S.A. Mrs. J. A. Howard has turned over this responsibility to the Rev. C. Verner Johnson, 309 E. 7th St., Michigan City, Indiana. From now on the subscription price of $1.00 per year for the four issues should be sent to Mr. Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to India in November of 1948 and were located at Balasore, Orissa, for language study. Instead of taking a vacation their first hot season they supplied for Rev. Arthur Sanford and his wife in the English speaking work at Kharagpur during April and May. Due to Mr. Johnson's not keeping good health the family returned to the U.S.A. in September 1950. This short period in our midst, however, gave them an insight into the needs and opportunities in our Mission area and they have been ardent supporters of the missionary enterprise ever since. We appreciate Mr. Johnson's willingness to take over the responsibility for subscriptions to Tidings in the U.S.A., and trust that both he and his wife will find joy in this service for our Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Mission.

Ever since Tidings was begun as a quarterly, small magazine to deepen interest in the work of the Bengal-Orissa field there have been willing helpers to care for subscriptions in the U.S.A. Unfortunately, a letter from Mrs. Howard giving information as to who has served us in this way in the past, has failed to arrive. Therefore, our appreciation for their service is impersonal, but nonetheless great.

Words are inadequate on the part of the present editor to express appreciation for all that Mrs. Howard has done, ever since she and her husband retired from Bengal, in creating
interest in the work of this part of God's kingdom. Long hours have been involved in addressing and mailing individual copies to subscribers, in notifying people when renewals were due, in keeping careful accounts, and in sending balances of subscription money to the editor in India to make possible payments here for printing. We would like to garland her with flowers from India and say thank you.

The Editor

CYCLING AND TREKKING IN HIS SERVICE

By Ruth Filmer, Hatigarh

In Luke 9:2 we read that Christ sent forth His disciples "to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick." Since that time these two ministries have been inseparably linked, and in obedience to that command the four medical-evangelistic centres, each with a nurse and Bible-woman in residence, were established in the Orissa-Bihar area. There are tremendous opportunities in these somewhat isolated centres, but what disappointments and discouragements our nurses and Bible-women often face both in the medical and evangelistic work!

I try to visit each of these places at regular intervals, fitting my visits between Tuesdays and Saturdays, for on these two days I must attend at the Hatigarh Leper Clinic. On each visit I am challenged and ashamed because of my lack of prayer for this vital work.

Panchkhaharnia

My last visit to this centre was a one day visit only, as I had gone for a special reason. Panchkhaharnia is about 19 miles
from Hatigarh. Part of the road is good, part otherwise, and part lies through jungle where thieves ply their trade. Hence my reason for taking a companion with me.

Setting out very early on cycles, we reached our destination before the heat of the day set in, and I arrived to find usually cheerful Nurse Joba discouraged. She had tried to persuade a young mother to come for treatment at the first signs of trouble, but the girl had listened to village advice instead and the result had proved tragic. She had seized this opportunity to speak to the group of women who gathered of the benefit which could be obtained from seeking medical help, and also to give other simple teaching, but one old woman had spoken for the group saying, “I’m a grandmother, and I’ve never heard this”,—that being sufficient proof that it couldn’t be believed. “It’s no good trying”, she said, “they’ll never believe”. “Keep trying”, I told her, “one day they will.”

She then announced that she and the two Bible women were going to a village about five miles distant to start the first women’s group in that area—at midday! I rejoiced, and shuddered inwardly. Rejoiced, because this was something I had been longing to see, and shuddered as I thought of the heat at that hour. After a hastily eaten lunch of curry and rice, we set out in what seemed like furnace heat beating down from the sky and rising up from the ground. It was two o’clock before the women gathered, seven of them, mostly illiterate. Sitting on mats on the mud floor they joined in the simple service conducted by the young Bible woman. It was, of course, in Santali, so I understood very little. Perhaps it was that fact, in combination with the heat and 3 a.m. rising that morning, but with shame I have to confess that in the first meeting of a new group which I was so privileged to attend, I had to exert all my will power to keep my eyes open. At 3.30 p.m. we said farewell, and leaving nurse and the two Bible women to take a short-cut home, we pushed our cycles over the fields till we reached the road and turned
south, to find a strong hot south wind blowing. Opportunities and adversities, even an adverse wind!

*Ujurda* is also about twenty miles from Hatigarh, but with a difference. I usually try to set out on Tuesday afternoon after closing the leper clinic, cycle the first ten miles alone and spend the night at Jaleswar mission house where I enjoy a few hours of the all too rare fellowship with Dr. and Mrs. Osgood.

As I am one of those people who can get lost on a straight road I know it is hopeless for me to attempt to find my own way over the winding field roads to Ujurda village. On my last visit the Ujurda Pastor had also come to Jaleswar on Tuesday evening, and we arranged to start out very early next morning. At about 10 p.m. I slipped into bed on the screened veranda of the mission house, sparing a last glance for the sparkling stars which seemed to be swinging down from a cloudless sky. But at 2 a.m. I awoke to the sound of crashing thunder, vivid lightning and wind which seemed to be tossing torrents of water through the screening. Beating a hasty retreat inside, I spent the rest of the night thinking about the road to Ujurda. We set out as planned, and were able to ride the first five miles without too much difficulty. Then we struck off across field roads where cycling was impossible. It wasn’t long before I realised that, if I didn’t want to attend the centre as a patient, I’d better discard my shoes, so plodded barefoot through the mud. We arrived, but at 11.30 a.m., not at 7 a.m., as planned.

Next day the sun shone, and among the patients who came to the centre was a man who asked help for his wife who had been ill for two months. “Why didn’t you come before?” asked our nurse. Later when we visited her we found out. She was terror-stricken about the evil spirit which she thought was causing her illness. It was good to learn later from nurse that the medicine had proved effective. Pray that she may come to know the power of the One in whose name it was given.
The next morning I again awoke to the sound of rain! The Pastor found someone to carry my cycle. With my shoes in hand and with much help from the Pastor the field roads were at last behind us, and in front more clouds!

**Salgodia**

We are one nurse short, so this centre has been closed from the 1st of January this year. I try to visit on the first Wednesday and Thursday of each month. This centre is about twelve miles from Hatigarh and whether or not it will be possible to continue these visits during the monsoons remains to be seen. Pray that for all these centres God will send us skilful dedicated nurses, with a concern to heal the sick, and with a great concern to preach the kingdom of our all-glorious Lord.

**Chordiha**

This is the centre farthest from Hatigarh, and again the way lies via Jaleswar. From there by train to Bhadrak is about 60 miles, then bus to Chandbali and a walk of ten miles to Chordiha. The day I arrived was the weekly market day, so I sat waiting somewhat impatiently while the two Christian men who had come to accompany me to the village made their purchases. “Are you a Christian?” a man asked me, and when I replied in the affirmative, asked, “How does one become a Christian?” By this time a group had gathered, and it was an opportunity to tell, not of a religion, but of new life in Jesus Christ. The proud, sad, seeking expression on the face of the man who had asked the question was something I shall long remember. At last we were ready and set out, arriving just in time for the women’s meeting.

That night I slept on the floor in the dispensary room. “Close the door and window,” advised nurse, “we’ve often had snakes in this room.” I followed her advice, then decided I must choose between dying from snake bite or suffocation, so after opening
the window tucked my mosquito net in firmly under the mattress and went to sleep. Some time later I was awakened by a sound close to my head, and instantly remembered the remark about the snakes. Cautiously, being very careful not to touch the net, I found my torch and shone it in the direction of the sound. What a relief it was to see the pink-nosed, bright-eyed face of a mere rat peering through the net!

Next day, taking a supply of books, tracts, and health flash cards, the Pastor, nurse, Bible-women and I visited a nearby village. Spreading our books on a mat on the ground we had just entered into conversation with a group of villagers when a well-dressed obviously educated young man approached. Joined by two others, he denounced and derided Christ and Christianity with such bitterness and force that the small group of listeners cowered into silence. This too, is one of the discouragements which our workers have to face, and how much they need our prayers that they themselves may be firmly rooted and grounded in Jesus Christ, and thus able to withstand all the fiery darts of the devil.

My return trip began at 4 a.m., next morning. On the walk to Chandbali it is necessary to cross by boat a river notable for its grease-like mud at all seasons of the year. Shoes in hand, I descended the slippery bank to the 20 inch wide boat, perhaps too swiftly and incautiously, for I suddenly found myself lying flat on my back in the spongy mud. For the rest of the hike I enjoyed the luxury of mud-starched clothing till I sought the refuge of the Chandbali Pastor’s house for a quick change before catching the bus for the next stage of my journey. It was 8.30 p.m. before I finally alighted at the Jaleswar station, considering without pleasure the idea of a rickshaw ride along the dark road to Jaleswar. Then I noticed a familiar station wagon parked and as I dragged my belongings from a crowded train compartment Mrs. Osgood was beside me. “So glad I could come to meet you”, she said. So was I! “There’s a meal and a hot bath wait-
ing for you.” I felt the latter much more needful than the former.

It was 11 p.m., before I had finally removed the dust and dirt
collected on the journey—well, most of it anyway—and tumbled
into bed. In the very brief interval before sleep came, there
passed through my mind a procession of people: the Pastor,
Bible-women and nurses with their opportunities and problems,
the man with the sad seeking face, the three who spoke with such
force against Christianity, the many in fear of evil spirits, Mrs.
Osgood with her loving hospitality, and for all these the Lord
has but one desire, that “these shall be Mine, in that day, when
I make up My jewels.”

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHERUBS

By Norma Larsen

There are no little tables, or chairs, no vases of flowers, no
walls on which to hang Bible pictures, but it’s Sunday School
nonetheless.

Anyone who has ever taught young children knows the thrill
of their unguarded enthusiasm and their refreshingly honest
reactions. One can imagine then the thrill for me, when, on the
brown faces of the little ones seated about me on Sunday after­
noons I see glimmers of comprehension and appreciation in
spite of my limping Bengali! It is even more gratifying to see
some response from the three or four who understand little
Bengali even if from the lips of a Bengali. One of the nurses,
Aroti Biswas, who teaches with me (and teaches me!) translates
a bit for these Santal children when my Bengali is not under­
stood.

Following the weekly compound service conducted by a
young minister, who also has services at a village church, our
10 to 12 little Sunday School cherubs (age 3-7) share a big grass
mat on the cement floor of our open-on-three-sides chapel.
Anxious and proud to recite the simple Bible verses they have memorized, they are usually too shy to answer simple questions about the story, but occasionally can be prodded into a bit of play-acting. Never having seen a crayon in their lives, they nevertheless quickly learned to color the Bible pictures pertaining to the day’s story which I carbon-copy for them.

Like all children everywhere, singing is their greatest joy. Translated into Bengali they love “Fishers of Men” and when the foolish man’s house upon the sand goes “smash” the violent clapping of their hands leaves no question as to the fate of that house.

The joy of this hour is marred only by this persistent and haunting thought—these children are all from Christian families and will learn to know the Master even without my meagre efforts to guide them. But what of the millions of children throughout this populous land who will never hear about Him? The only hope for our mission in India is to train well the few within our reach and challenge them to meet the opportunities to give the Good News of Jesus Christ to others beyond our ability to influence.

BUILDING THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

By William C. Osgood

The Lay Training Conference, in the beautiful Jaleswar compound, has always brought much of inspiration and blessing as we meet together for 11½ days of fellowship around the Word. The growth one sees in those of varied ages, who come back from year to year, is a constant thrill. The session this year, from March 29th through April 9th, was no exception. Over sixty delegates, from three church backgrounds: English Methodist, Canadian Mennonite and American Baptist, with at
least four Indian racial groups among the students and their leaders, were again welded into a fellowship that changed lives. More than thirty-six of the delegates, and some from the Christian village, counselled with various leaders regarding decisions for Christ, new dedications, or responses to Christ’s call. A dozen received their leadership training certificates for having completed three years of study. These will go back to their churches or places of work, as will others, with new enthusiasm to serve Christ and His church and equipped with a knowledge and training that will greatly multiply their effectiveness.

The morning-watch this year was conducted in room groups in the camp, with strong emphasis on God and what He has done for us as Creator, Sustainer, Redeemer, etc., and our proper response to His love. The thoughtful comments on passages read, and earnest prayer in the group I personally attended, gave me encouraging insight into the depth of spiritual experience of some of the young people.

Miss Dhira Sinha, Miss Suhar Basriar and Rev. Bhupati K. Sahu gave ten lessons on Christian Stewardship, using notes prepared by Dr. R. R. Lindholm, and available in Bengali. A second Bible class on Christian doctrines based on a book recently published in Bengali, called *Enter Into Life*, emphasized the re-birth, regeneration and other important doctrines. These ten classes were divided between Rev. C. L. Kau and Rev. Bahadur Kisku.

Rev. Subodh Sahu’s beautiful voice and musical skill enriched the morning period of music and song.

The work period was divided between cleaning our large pond, fishing, and building some new steps.

Rev. Srinath Marandi, Mennonite, led a class on “How to Know the Will of God for One’s Life Work.” Rev. John Hastings, English Methodist, dramatized some of the ethical problems Christian young people face in new industrial and other work situations in a non-Christian environment.
Miss Satyabati Behera, in her ten sessions, helped these eager Christian lay people to learn how to prepare for and lead a Bible study class and a Worship service.

Recreation is always a large part of such a meeting. Volleyball is a game the boys specially like to play and the girls enjoy watching.

Library facilities and the chance to purchase good books proved so popular that two of the Bible-women in charge had little leisure outside of actual class periods.

Miss Iris Schlitt, Mennonite, and Sri P. S. Khatua shared in the vesper services by the riverside. This is always an inspiring time for all of us as we sit in a large circle while the sun slowly sinks below the horizon.

Following the evening music, led by the local pastor, Sri Krishna P. Soren, the teaching, evangelistic ministry of Rev. Subodh Sahu, Secretary for Evangelism of the Utkal (Orissa) Christian Council, in the evening sessions, deepened the assurance of many in their Christian experience and brought a number, who had no previous experience, to the feet of the Master.

A MISSIONARY LOOKS AT HIS WORK

By C. C. Roadarmel

At the end of last year I wrote the Field Secretary's report on the work in our Mission area in the three states of Bengal, Orissa and Bihar, for the official records of our A.B.F.M.S. at Valley Forge, but my usual personal record for the year was not written. In the Annual Report Number of Tidings the editor promised that this would appear in a subsequent issue. Perhaps right after a summer holiday is a good time to look back on 1964.

Field Secretary. The Bengal-Orissa Missionary Fellowship, with its Reference Committee, deals with the more personal
phases of the work carried on by our missionaries. I have had the usual responsibility, as secretary, for the minutes of meetings, budgets, special information, correspondence with the Boards and others, and counselling, as needed, with missionaries. A large part of the work now, however, is done in the framework of the Christian Service Society. As an ex-officio member, and Treasurer, I serve on the Executive Committee which meets several times a year and also on Standing Committees such as Education, Christian Training, Medical, Rural Life, and Property. Then there are the special sub-committees for Revising Standing Rules, Budget, Administrative Office, and for implementing Proposals made at the Consultation held with home secretaries and others at Hong Kong in 1963. In all of the work of these committees I am in consultation with Rev. S. K. Bepari, the Executive Secretary of the Society.

The setting up of itineraries for visitors always provides its own variety when the unexpected can be expected. The visit of Rev. and Mrs. Robert L. Weaver and of Rev. and Mrs. Newton E. Woodbury from Valley Forge reminded us of the approaching Baptist World Mission Campaign. Hours were spent in trying to look as clearly as possible at our needs and opportunities so they could be presented for support during this campaign. Mrs. M. B. Hodges and Miss Elizabeth Thomas of Portland, Oregon also came with a keen interest in the work of our area. Dr. and Mrs. L. C. Kitchen of Canada, and former missionaries, continued their visit into 1964 for some further training conferences with village workers.

Of our pending requests to Central Government for new visas those for Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Skillman were granted and they arrived in November; those for Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Bass were refused and they went to Thailand. Visas were approved for Rev. and Mrs. Robert Warnersbach, but this couple found it necessary to withdraw. We are now looking forward to the coming of Mrs. Evelyn Medley on a two year term appointment.
as assistant to the Mission Treasurer. As a citizen of the British Commonwealth there is no difficulty with her obtaining an entrance permit.

**Mission Treasurer**: Besides the usual routine of payments and book-keeping, there are always plenty of special problems in connection with the sale or purchase of even small pieces of property, applications for compensation for forest land taken over by Government, income tax complications, arrangements for travel and freight of missionaries going on furlough or returning, rental of property not immediately required by us, attempts to clear up title questions, etc. Much of what needs to be done in preparation for the turning over of property to the Christian Service Society has had to be held pending as there was simply no time to do it.

**Christian Service Society Treasurer**: From about the middle of the year, when it became apparent that the Treasurer of the Christian Service Society was not coming back to his office after his summer vacation, I was requested to take over as Acting Treasurer. Besides the mass of detailed work usually involved in this office, we faced the necessity of working without part of the records. A national for this work is urgently needed, but although we have been anxious to employ someone, as yet we have not found anyone with the ability and also stability needed to take up this important responsibility.

**Inter-denominational.** "JAM" (Joint Action for Mission) is a much discussed subject with its emphasis on co-operative planning for the most effective use of all the available resources for our Christian witness. I shared in special conferences regarding this with both the Utkal (Orissa) and the Bengal Christian Councils. One of the most urgent needs for cooperation is in meeting the rapidly developing new industrial areas. I have continued through the year to serve on the

As a member of the Governing Body of the Union Christian Training College, W. Bengal, I have helped face the increased demands for teacher training and the difficulties in keeping up with the demands. Mrs. Kisku, wife of the Principal and herself a member of the staff, took a year's leave of absence and gained valuable experience by teaching under an exchange plan in a school in Connecticut, U.S.A.

While on vacation in Darjeeling I was able to visit the Language School of which I am a member of the Governing Body. Dr. and Mrs. Larsen were studying there. We appreciate the efforts of those who take leave from their regular duties elsewhere to furnish this three month's service, but we wish that there might be more continuity in the staff arrangements to build up a greater body of experience in the teaching of the Bengali language to foreigners.

I have continued during the year as Treasurer of the Church History Association of India, an organization to encourage the preservation and the publication of historical materials connected with the Christian movement in India.

As a Missionary. The foregoing list of responsibilities is definitely missionary service, but as one of the members of our Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Baptist Convention, I have had certain duties assigned to me. At the annual meeting of the C.S.S. in December, 1964 I was elected Chairman for the coming year. Careful planning is required to combine considered thought and efficient action in the meetings of the Society and of the Executive.

I have served through the year as President of the managing Committee of the Midnapore Mission Girls' School and as a member of the Managing Committee of the Bhimpore Boys' Santal High School.
My work as Supervisor of churches in the Jamshedpur Branch Society has been difficult. For some months it was necessary to padlock the church premises at Beldih, Jamshedpur, when the local pastor of the English-speaking Church of Christ and principal of the Church School refused to accept the action of the Church Committee in terminating his services and took the matter to Court. The church premises were later opened, but court action continues in the effort to get him to vacate the parsonage. We all regret having to spend so much effort and time on this type of quarrel when the expanding industrial communities call for concentrated witness and constructive building of the Christian enterprise.

For the Kharagpur-Midnapore Branch Society my work as church Supervisor has involved some property work and help in an election dispute in the Ward Memorial Church. In the Midnapore Church, of which we are members, I have served as a locally elected member of the Church Council. Rev. Hiralal Singh has continued his devoted service as pastor.

My wife has been an invaluable companion and helper in all my work. As Editor of Tidings, our Mission quarterly magazine, in Woman's Society activities, as the center of an amazing volume of correspondence and counselling, she has a fulltime task of her own, but with it keeps a happy home, with an open door to missionaries and others, and helps in times of special need in the office work of typing and compiling of reports.

Within these official relationships and outside them, as an individual Christian, there have been innumerable personal contacts and opportunities for helpfulness. Only by God's help has any of this been possible and there is always the consciousness of much left undone. We continue to pray that we may be Christian enough to make each contact an opportunity to share the good news of our Christ and His love. The need is great and the laborers are few. Pray with us that the Lord may use our feeble efforts to bring honor to His name.
The bacon was sizzling in the frying pan, the cool mountain stream was gurgling and splashing on its way down to the Jamna River, and all of us were anticipating a fine day of fishing, swimming and exploring. The previous day, with packs on our backs, four fathers and ten boys had descended by means of a steep, rugged trail from 7,500 ft. (the highest point in Mussoorie, Uttar Pradesh) to 3,005 ft. to the camp beside this small stream called the Uglar River. That morning all of us were grateful for family and for what it means to share as families in the vacation experiences. We were a general missionary, a medical missionary, a seminary professor and an educational missionary, among whom were Louis Kau and his boys, Ricky, David and Larry, and myself and my son David of the American Baptist Mission. The others were from four other mission groups.

The distance to the Uglar River by means of the "Childers' trail" has been estimated at from 5 to 7 miles. As we went around the path by the church, we could look off toward Tibet and see the snow covered mountains which seemed close enough to touch. Since we were still fresh and rested, we felt sorry for the people who pay others to push and pull them up and down the paths of Mussoorie in rickshaws with men at the front and back. However, we knew from previous pack trips and from the presence of the three coolies we had hired to help us carry the food and cooking utensils that we could not cast any stones. As we wound our way down the narrow trail, we began to meet the dudh-wallas (milkmen), on their way up from the valley, bringing milk to the shops and summer residents. With each step downward from rock ledge to rock ledge, or on slipping stones,
we came to appreciate the position of the milkmen in regard to the cost of milk and the temptation to thin it down a bit with water to make it go farther. Needless to say, if you carry three quarts of milk from seven to ten miles up a steep trail and then add one quart of water and still get the same price for it, you are not only saving your own back, but being paid extra for being smart. If these strange foreign missionaries would stop testing the milk with lactometers, they could keep on with just adding plain water without having to resort to other addictaments such as chalk and flour to maintain the specific gravity of whole milk. The round trip to the neighborhood of the milkmen at least helped me to appreciate the effort involved in getting a quart of milk from the cow to us. Also, the milkmen seemed very happy to see that we were not afraid to expend some energy to walk their trails with loads on our backs. As we met them they were all smiles as they chatted with each of us until out of hearing as is the custom in India, i.e., not only as you are meeting but as you walk away from one another.

It was a real joy to watch our boys have fun. I have never seen kids so wild over clear water. Clear streams and lakes in India are few and far between. The tanks or ponds on the plains are always muddy and the rivers are not really what we would call clear. The Uglar River is shallow, yet clear, and the water is cool, but not icy cold. The river is not very clean. Water from it must be boiled before drinking it, but it is clean enough for swimming. The boys did what they called "shooting the rapids"—lying on their backs they would float downstream bumping their rumps over the small rocks. They would float leisurely down for a hundred yards or so, as if dead, and then they would jump up and race upstream to jump in and do it all over again. Then there was the joy of catching tad-poles in a quiet pool. David spent three hours catching tad-poles to bring home to his little brother, Timmy. These carried in a tin of river water by the coolie, and David's choice
stones carried up the mountain by father, were adequate proof to all our peers that we had really been to the river. The proud announcement to little brother and neighbor children was well worth the six miles and 4,500 feet.

In India, high altitude fish are fickle just as in America, although 3,000 ft. is not considered high altitude. Apparently, due to the temperature of the water and the presence of what we would call trash fish (suckers, etc.), trout do not stay in the Uglar. Higher up in the lakes at six to nine thousand feet some nice Eastern Brook trout can be had, but at present permits are not being issued for foreigners to go into these forward areas close to the border of Tibet.

The fishing was not very good this time in the Uglar due to the fact that it had not rained for many days. The fish feed better after a heavy thundershower, i.e., after the river has raised and is dropping back to normal. We did manage to get 18 or 20 small fish—6 to 7 inches is the largest one ever gets. These fish are similar to trout in that they hit the bait very fast and only when it is moving in swift water. It is real sport to catch them as they are so fast and particular. Another fish with a sucker mouth was also available. It hit like a trout but is a bit larger. We got some of these as long as ten inches.

Fishing was hard work but fun. We had to turn over just the right rocks in just the right places to find the right bait. I don’t know the long-hair name for the larvae we used, but we always used to call them Perry Winkels. We discovered the best way to keep boys out of trouble is to have fun with them. We even had fun watching the dudh-wallas (milkmen) fish. They had circular throw-nets weighted to the edges with lead. It was fun to watch them stare at the current for a while, then slowly and hopefully pull in their nets. Once in a while they did get a fish. Next year we plan to take a net with us and try the “easy” way.
On the third day, David and I came home as I was due to keep a date with the cook and bottle washer (my wife) for a trip to New Delhi. Having fun with the whole family keeps a person very busy as you will soon see.

We made the six mile climb straight up in five and a half hours and the next morning, bright and early, Pat and I were on our way to New Delhi by bus. Women are fearfully and wonderfully made and a bit different from men. I had just come from a baking hot valley where I had happily fished hour after hour wading up to my arm pits with all my clothes on to keep cool. I can feel that coolness now as the hot wind evaporated the water from my shirt and trousers. Again and again I sat down in the river just for the joy of being cool for a few minutes. On the bus, seated beside that wonderful companion the Lord had given me, where was the clear cool river? As we wound our way over the switch backs from Mussoorie to Dehra Doon getting closer and closer to the fierce heat of the plains, I saw the stars in her eyes. I could almost read her thoughts, “What a good chance to see Delhi and go out with friends!” “Let’s see what dress would be good for the dinner date?” “But Doris will have on the latest styles.” With memories of the cool river, I was thinking, “Thank goodness their hotel dining room will be air-conditioned.” As we got below Dehra Doon and into the real heat, dodging the cows, goats, bullock carts and “enjoying” the ten minute stops at the bus depots, I saw the stars go out of her eyes and, alas, she no doubt saw the river fading out of mine. But, then just as our plastic bottle was giving up its last tepid, but wet drops of precious boiled water, we were there. One hundred and sixty-five miles in nine hours; not bad considering the traffic, the road, the facilities at the bus depots, and the early warning system (the bus horn in competition with other bus horns) to bring relief-seeking passengers back for another joyful two hours of bounce up the mountain. “Surely this cannot be the New Delhi bus depot?” But, yes it was, and by taxi within a few minutes, as
If by magic, India was washed in the fountain of youth and a thousand years had fallen off—wide streets, no cows and no cow manure on the streets, no open drains, no one squatting down to relieve himself beside the sidewalk, no squatters’ homes on the sidewalk, no dirty little tea shops with grey-green scum on black drain boards. This was New Delhi! What a contrast to Calcutta! Not one bit of garbage in the streets. We went quickly to our little room on Janpath Street. A fellow missionary had told us of this room just off the sales rooms of a Christian book depot. We were glad to get this double room for what we later found out was dirt cheap, Rs 14.00 (about $3.00) per night without meals. In Calcutta we pay only Rs 10.00 per person per day with excellent meals at the Lee Memorial Mission (American Methodist).

New Delhi is a beautiful city, although the terrific heat (108° to 113° the three days we were there) and the limited funds did not allow us to see much. Since our friends from America were delayed, we never did make contact with them, but we sure had fun trying. Due to an error here and there, we had the joy of tracing them—what travel agency they would have used, what airlines would they arrive on, what hotel would they stay in, etc. Using all the techniques of the private eye, we eliminated all the suspects, but the Claridges Hotel. Perhaps the most economical taxis in New Delhi are the scooter rickshaws which we promptly named putt-putties. They are open air, cheap, and informal. At the risk of pouring even more cold water on the flickering stars in Pat’s eyes, and armed with the common knowledge of the hole in the budget caused by taking a pucca (real) taxi from the bus depot, I hailed one of these putt-putties for our trip out to the Claridges Hotel. The driver seemed to blink when I said in my most star-filled voice, “Claridges Hotel, please”. When he gulped and questioned, “Claridges Hotel?”, I didn’t dare trust the stars in my voice, so Pat bravely came through with her best missionary budget bluff and said, “That’s what he said,
Claridges Hotel”. Off we bounced in a cloud of blue smoke with the very best thrashing machine sound. As we bounced along the wide boulevard farther and farther out from the center of town, we got higher and higher into the upper brackets. As we sped past the residence of Major Gen. So-and-So, and that of General Sq-and-So, we smiled at each other and the stars came out to shine. By the time we got to the residence of the Austrian Ambassador, the milkyway was all around us. Then came the shattering blow. As we pulled joyfully into the Hotel entrance, we had the scooter driver convinced we were really rich tourists out for a joy ride. Then the door man saw us coming. He was a great big man with a beautiful turban and a full beard. I could vouch for the fact that, as he whirled at the noise of our machine and saw the blue smoke, his beard stood out straight. We read only disbelief in his eyes as our putt-puttie roared in closer. Finally, with one hand over his mouth to stifle a shout and the other raised like a traffic cop, he jumped down from his post at the door in glad abandon to prevent this infernal machine from damaging the name of his Hotel beyond repair. The driver was then embarrassed for us and tried to ease his way up to the door to save the prestige of his paying customers. The clouds began to form on the doorman’s face and before he wiped us all away with one sweep of the Hotel welcome mat, we got down and made our way the remaining 30 ft. on foot. By this time, we were laughing so hard we didn’t notice that the stars had gotten brighter rather than dimmer. When we asked for our friends at the desk, we learned that they would be arriving two days late. However, up till the time of our departure from New Delhi, they had not appeared. For the sake of comparing prices, I asked at the Hotel desk what their rates were for a double room. I was expecting the clerk to say they start at about Rs 50 to Rs. 60, since it is a new Hotel. When he said they started at Rs. 85, (about $18.50) we understood why the doorman nearly lost his turban waving us away from the front entrance.
However, for the most part, we were astonished at the reasonable prices in the city. We found that in the moderately priced restaurants we could get a good chicken dinner with rolls, coffee and dessert for about Rs. 5.00 ($1.00) per person. In Wenger’s Restaurant we found the food to be clean, very well cooked and the restaurant and the waiters themselves were very clean. While enjoying our Sunday meal we did see one poor little mouse try to climb the leg of a table next to ours. After several attempts to climb up, the people began to stare, and of course the poor man at that table thought “Great Scott!, what am I doing so wrong that everyone should stare and smile at me?” Finally, the little mouse crawled up the leg of an adjacent chair and into his house in the upholstery. Much banging by the waiters did not dislodge him, and we could almost hear the little creature say to her family—“Be quiet children and they will give up and go away”, and so they did.

We found people to be much more courteous and disciplined in New Delhi than in Calcutta. Very seldom did we see people rush across the streets against the traffic lights, or crowd in ahead in a waiting line. One taxi driver actually made a man get out of his taxi to make room for us, since we had hailed the cab first. This is something that would never happen in Calcutta. We did give way to the man who had come in ahead of us, since he was obviously on business and we were in no special rush. We did not see one instance of arguing or fighting in the streets and no wild processions. People everywhere were very friendly and helpful. Of course, most people did not understand our Bengali, but many of them knew English, and on Sunday at the Free Church (Methodist) we met a couple from Calcutta and had a nice chat with them in Bengali.

On Monday morning we caught the 8 a.m. bus for Dehra Doon and after a sweltering ride we arrived at our Baptist apartment in the Himalayas in time for supper. We trust that
we left as favorable an impression on the people of New Delhi as New Delhi and its people had left with us.

The fun with the family still goes on and we love every minute of it since we are away from our children from 5 to 6 months of each year while they are in Boarding School. This morning we got up late. We had been to see a Moody film at the church the previous night. Pat heard a noise out in the kitchen and asked me to investigate. Just as I got to the kitchen I saw a big rat heading for our bedroom. It was not long until the whole family was on the chase, for we wanted to catch the rat alive for Timmy—age 3 years and David—age 8 years. We finally ended up in the children's bedroom. The whole hillside must have heard us as we tried to catch the rat with empty waste baskets. It was a wild time when the rat started his run straight across the floor towards mother, or tried to climb up on the bed with Timmy or David. We were lucky to be living in the same duplex with the C. L. Kau family who are not squeamish and are old-timers at the business of "family fun". Finally the chase ended when Dad made a bull's eye and trapped the rat with a well aimed waste basket. We will manage to see stars in each other's eyes as we have fun as a family, and the closing comment of our son David brings the promise of more to come for he said—"Gee Dad, that was fun. Let's do it again."

A DAUGHTER COMES HOME

By Jane G. Osgood

One day in 1961 when we were living temporarily in Balasore one of our "daughters", Panamoni Marndy, came "home" to be married. She had been working as Nurses' Aid in a Mission Hospital for some years and the medical superintendent had reluctantly let her go, for she was such a good worker. The two weeks before her marriage to a fine Santal young man who works in a Government Medical Stores in Calcutta, were busy
ones. Panamoni had had no time for sewing before she returned home. Some of her sewing we gave to the darzi (tailor), some she did herself, and with some the boarding girls helped. We had fun together buying her wedding and other saris, and getting blouse pieces to match. She was so surprised that I would spend so much time finding just the right matching piece of cloth for the wedding blouse. But weddings are important events in the lives of girls in India just as they are in other countries.

After an Indian daughter is married it is customary for the parents to invite her and her husband home for a visit, and new cloth for both is expected from the parents. Panamoni was busy keeping house in Calcutta for her husband and there never seemed an appropriate time for her to come. Knowing we expect to go home to the States to stay next year, I felt I must somehow arrange a time when Panamoni and her husband, Christo, could come. Inviting them for our Lay Training Conference of ten days, and a few days for extra visiting seemed good. Panamoni gladly accepted the invitation, but had to come alone as her husband couldn’t get time off from his work. He put her on the train in Calcutta and we met her at Jaleswar, a distance of about 116 miles.

She brought very simple saris, but clean and well cared for as her clothes always were when she lived in the School Hostel at Hatigarh. She laughed and asked me if I remembered how I used to let her choose the sari she wanted sometimes, before I gave the rest out to the other girls. I had forgotten, but I remembered I had done this to reward her for taking such good care of her clothes, for oftentimes the other girls’ clothes were in shreds while hers were neatly washed and stacked in her own little corner in the temporary hostel we had for girls in Hatigarh after the famine of 1943. Girls brought up in the same home, the world around, will react so differently to teaching. One will keep her room neat, and her clothes will always be pressed and
in order while another will drop her clothes wherever she happens to take them off, and nothing is pressed or ready for wearing. The same was true in our hostel.

I have never seen a more appreciative girl than Panamoni. When I gave her the pretty, fine white sari, with the lovely red border, and red cloth to match for the blouse she was so delighted and reminded me again how we had matched blouses for her wedding saris.

How did Panamoni come into our lives? The first time I remember seeing her was when we were visiting one evening in the homes at the Leper Colony in Hatigarh after we returned from furlough following World War II. In one room we discovered several children being mothered by Panamoni. When we found them symptom free we brought them up to our compound to the well children’s hostel. I later discovered she was the youngest of six children, and that her parents and other five children all had leprosy. She had lost her parents, her mother dying when she was born. That is how she was saved from leprosy as an aunt took her to raise. They apparently weren’t able to continue her care so had left her at the Leper Colony.

During our absence on furlough the missionary in charge had sent her to Balasore for a mastoid operation. A large cavity had been left in the bone back of her ear. Panamoni never went far in school for she spent years in and out of hospitals. She spent nearly two years in a Disciples’ Hospital, having five plastic surgical operations performed hoping to completely close the cavity. But a tiny pin point was left which didn’t seem to respond to treatment. During the two years she spent in Bilaspur Hospital she made herself so useful, helping the nurses, helping in the kitchen, etc., that when she returned to us there was no board bill. She had earned her board, reported the doctor. Panamoni came back talking fluently in Hindi for neither her mother tongue, Santali, nor her second tongue Oriya, were known there. She could have gone a long way in school I believe had
not illness interfered. There were other hospital experiences, but we made our final try in the famous hospital at Vellore in South India. A very fine doctor from Vienna was sure she could successfully operate. What a disappointment it was to her and to us when the operation wasn’t successful! Panamoni came back from Vellore having learned some of the language of that area. During her years of service in the Mission hospital as a Nurses’ Aid she learned Bengali well. She is so thrilled that now she can address our letters in English as she has learned the Roman script for reading Santali. What a gal!

Panamoni never fails to express appreciation for all the money, time and love spent in trying to completely cure the mastoid trouble. Something that touched me very much was one Christmas after our hostel had closed and the older girls had gone to Balasore. We invited all the former orphans, both girls and boys, for two weeks at Christmas time to our home in Hatigarh. There was a large group of them and for two weeks we had fellowship and fun together. On Christmas day Panamoni handed me a little parcel wrapped in newspaper. Her pay as Nurses’ Aid barely covered her board and other essentials so I was most overcome to find a lovely silk sari in the parcel. When I exclaimed over the gift and said, “But, Panamoni, how could you afford to give me this?” her reply was, “When I left the Bilaspur hospital the nurses gave it to me in appreciation for the work I had done for them, and I wanted my ‘mother’ to have it”. She didn’t own a single, silk sari herself.

As we sat visiting together during her recent visit she told me of their little home, a room in a Mission compound in Calcutta, that they are very fortunate to have since rooms are at a premium in the city. I could see the spotless room and the shining kettles in the little kitchen on the veranda. She is the only wife in the compound who goes to the control shops to stand in line for their ration of rice, wheat, sugar, etc. every week. She knows exactly how much they spend a month for each item. The other
wives often chide her, she says, because she doesn’t go ahead and buy saris, which she can’t afford, but is content with what they can afford to buy. She is not only learning to read the Roman script, but is taking a three year sewing or tailoring course. She walks two miles each way, twice a week, in crowded Calcutta to take these lessons. She hopes when she gets her graduation certificate she can find a job to help on the soaring prices. Her keen desire to keep on learning thrills me for so few have this interest. Most are content with the status quo.

As the days of Lay Training continued I saw Panamoni growing. Boys greatly outnumbered girls, and girls in India are always shy around the men. But after a few days Panamoni started praying when opportunity was given in the evening vespers by the riverside, where we sat in a large circle. She told me later, “I’d not prayed in public for years. When I go back I’m going to start helping in our women’s meetings which I’ve not done before.”

We follow all our “daughters” with keen interest. We rejoice when they succeed and sorrow when they fail to live up to the high standards of Christian womanhood. I often wonder what Panamoni’s life would have been had she not come in contact with Christian Missions at work. You can rejoice with us in the opportunities given to her and her response, for you have had a share, through your gifts, in helping her and others. We thank God for her life and the inspiration she has been to us.
THE END OF A VACATION

By Ethel N. Roadarmel

“Never write about your vacations in your general letters to your home constituency.” So said the missionary instructor in a brief writers’ course given several years ago at a vacation spot in the Himalayas. “Some of the people in the U.S.A. who support you can’t afford vacations and have never seen a mountain.” I have never forgotten her advice. But when our Indian friends, who never get away from the gruelling heat of the plains, welcomed us back in mid-June with: “The heat has been awful. How thankful we are that you were not here! Never have we had it so hot, and the wells went dry. For three days we had almost no water. We lined up with the crowds at the Municipal taps with our pails and got what little we could. You would have died!” Bless their hearts! Not a word of envy that we could travel a thousand miles, fleeing in early May the heat that was already upon us, until we reached the 7,000 ft., elevation in the Nilgiri Hills of the south, which is Kodaikanal. The women wanted to hear all about it—how we slept under blankets, had a fire in the fireplace every evening, wore sweaters all day, etc. Today, they say it is cool, and I see that the thermometer on our veranda reads 95 degrees F. in the shade.

I must not tell you about our vacation! Let me tell you about its end. On a glorious sunshiny day, with a long look at the beautiful lake and the hills and trees beyond, we set out for the bus stand, 1 ½ miles to the market place. Ahead of us were our three helpers (coolies) pulling the cart which bore our luggage. The bus was due at 2:30 we were told. A number of fellow travellers had already arrived. Their mounds of luggage were
piled by the side of the road and ours was added to the lot. With the prospect of three nights on the train I had obtained a prescription for sleeping pills. The largest chemist shop (drug store) on the way to the bus stop, was closed and padlocked. I went on down the incline of the bazar (market place) only to find that the Co-operative Chemist Shop was also closed. Of course, this was siesta time and only a few enterprising merchants had their doors open. Well, the one capsule Dr. Marian Boehr of our Nellore Hospital had given me would suffice for a good night's sleep to Madras.

The bus was coming to a stop beside the luggage. "No hurry getting on", said my husband, as I dashed for the entrance along with some twenty others. "I'll check on our luggage." Our practical chief coolie had already placed brief case, transistor radio, and umbrellas on a double seat, second from the front, thus giving us a reservation. Other seats were in like manner "reserved", much to the consternation of some of the passengers. There was much yelling and arguing in Tamil and English, as hand luggage was being hoisted through the windows to be placed on seats, but finally everyone seemed satisfied.

"The typewriter!" "Where's the typewriter?" I called over the heads of people climbing into the bus. A look of dismay crossed my husband's face. "It must be under the seat." "No, it isn't," I called, but again made a search to confirm this. Alas! hadn't Pat Weidman had her typewriter stolen at Howrah station, Calcutta, when she was going to the hills in north India? "Here it is!" Smiling with satisfaction our chief coolie handed it to me through the window. He had hidden it safely under bedding rolls and suitcases. I left the bus to get a snapshot of the men hauling the luggage onto the top of the bus. Yes, ours was all there—four suitcases, a tin trunk (28" by 18" by 10") which contained a suitcase with broken locks in which my husband had packed part of his stamp collection, an accumulation of magazines and other mail forwarded from Midnapore, the
necessary business files of Treasurer and Secretary, etc.; two bedding rolls—one containing bedding and towels for the train journey of three nights; the other conveniently holding, along with bed linen and blankets and soiled clothes, a supply of flour, sugar, and suji (like cream o’ wheat) which we had obtained on the generous ration granted to us at Kodai. No white flour had been available on our ration cards at Midnapore, except for a small amount at Christmas, since last October. I also squeezed in Sears-Roebuck summer catalogue—it's such fun to look at all the lovely things one cannot buy!

“Did you take your Avamine?” I asked my husband. Yes, he had swallowed the pill without any water. I had taken this air-bus-sea-sickness preventative before I left the house. “The lunch basket (22” by 14” by 8”) is blocking the aisle”, I said. “No one will be getting out before Kodai Road”. True, but what a nuisance to carry it out the length of the bus. Our obliging helper moved it to a place under the very back seat and was then paid for his services which had been given with a smile. Off we started on the breathtaking drive of 4 hours for the fifty miles, around hair-pin curves and circling down the mountain from 7,000 ft. to 500 ft. above sea level. Marvelling again at the wonder of God’s creation, we gazed across to other mountains, to tumbling waterfalls, to the plains below. At 2000 ft. we took off our sweaters. At Kodai Road it was definitely warm. Once again we were on the plains.

According to regulation, we had applied for train reservations, preferably a coupé with only an upper and lower berth, on our round-trip ticket 20 days ahead. No word of confirmation had come for the Trivandrum Express to Madras, but only for the Mail train Madras to Kharagpur. However, the clerk at Kodaikanal had assured us we need not worry. At Kodai Road we were informed also that our names were on waiting list, but there had been no confirmation; perhaps because the phone was out of order! When the train pulled in at 7.20 p.m., for a
5 minute stop there were our names on the outside of a six berth, 1st Class compartment. Two Indian men already occupied two of the lower berths, and I took the third. The other three people never did turn up. Roady unrolled the bedding roll and made up his bed on the berth above mine, and then we arranged mine. Two of the four ceiling fans we shifted to a position where we would get a breeze. The train was making speed when we placed our lunch basket between us on my berth and prepared to eat our supper. Evidently our section was over the wheels. With difficulty we drank from our plastic glasses the water from our two-cup thermos and I hopefully downed my sleeping capsule.

I have long since given up any concern about appearing before strange men in my pajamas. Retiring to the combination washroom and lavatory, I prepared for the night. Roady made sure the window shutters at the head and foot of my bunk were closed and locked, and that the compartment doors were also locked before he climbed from my bunk to his without the aid of a ladder. Lights were turned off, but every now and then the glare from lights along the way flashed across my face through the windows opposite me where our Indian friend had not closed the shutters. The men were sleeping peacefully, oblivious to the noise, the whistle of the train, the lights coming through the windows. I felt I was on a galloping park bench, at times being lifted some inches off of my bunk. How hot! The upper berth effectively kept most of the breeze of the fan from reaching me. I was thirsty, but no safe water was to be had. Our six pint thermos was broken at Kodai. Ah! happy thought, the plums. I got up, found my way to the lunch basket on a shelf at the foot of my bunk and took out two juicy, red plums. I must have slept, for in the morning I discovered that the fans for our two berths were not running. Someone during the night must have turned them off, mistaking the switch as belonging to the lights. At 5.45 I retired to the steamy lavatory-
cum-washroom again to dress. My husband is the early bird, not I, but this morning I nudged him at 6.20 saying we were due at Egmore station in half an hour. With the bedding again rolled up in our canvas bedding roll and securely strapped we were ready to disembark.

Four coolies, with our luggage on their heads took us to the taxi stand and packed our eleven pieces of luggage in the trunk and around us. I checked to see that we also had our two umbrellas, the broken thermos, and my shoulder bag. At Central Station again 4 coolies trotted off with loads on their heads for the upstairs retiring rooms. “Occupied” was written after each room number. About face, and off to the Gents’ Waiting Room where we were greeted by two missionary ladies and one husband, all friends of ours. The smaller items we transferred to the Ladies’ Waiting Room, crowded with women and children, but there an attendant, knowing that she would be rewarded, promised to keep guard over radio, typewriter, thermos, brief case, umbrellas, and one of my suitcases. After cleaning up we had breakfast in the station restaurant. I then went shopping with our three friends, while Roady went to pick up keys to a filing cabinet. He had left one to have a duplicate made when we had stopped on our incoming journey 5 weeks before. He carried the six pint thermos, hoping to get a refill for it, but the price was too much. Later we bargained for a plastic water bottle holding a quart. He joined the four of us at noon at the Chung King Restaurant for a delicious Chinese meal.

There was opportunity for some rest, and supper at the station restaurant, a refilling there of our thermos and the plastic water bottle before time to board the train which started from Madras at 8.15 p.m. Once more our luggage was assembled and again on the heads of coolies taken to the train platform. As we walked by the air-conditioned coach, I momentarily envied those who could afford to travel in such comfort. The fare is
double that of First Class. We found our upper and lower berth in a four berth compartment where two men were already settled. This is a cozy arrangement and is conducive to making friends. "Where are you from? How long have you been in India? Thirty-eight years! Why, you came to India before I was born. You are more Indian than I am." These comments in excellent English. "How far are you going?" One would travel the two nights and day to Calcutta. The other would get off around 2 a.m. of the second morning.

A shower would make me more comfortable for the night, I thought. I managed to place my clothes out of the way of the spray. It was hot with no fan, but the water felt good, although the water flowing all over the floor of this combination toilet and bathroom bothered me. But that's the way it is done; some of the water draining off through a hole in the corner, but a wet floor does help in air-conditioning. The toilet arrangement with two raised surfaces of aluminium in the shape of a foot on either side of a hole leaves something to be desired from my point of view, but there is a handle to cling to for maintaining one's balance. I have yet to understand why the faucet for flushing by pushing a knob is so placed that the water flows over the floor before entering the intended place.

In Madras I had my sleeping pill prescription filled and that night I slept. No longer was I on a galloping park bench. During the day reading, resting, eating from our lunch box, having tea brought to our compartment, getting out to exercise at stops, buying fruit from vendors at railway platforms, conversing with those sharing our compartment—two additional men during the day—and playing Scrabble, all helped the time to pass pleasantly. But it was hot and during the afternoon I drenched a towel with water and tied it around my head—another form of air-conditioning. Our young friend remonstrated when he saw this, telling me it was dangerous, that I would surely catch a severe cold. I told him Americans were peculiar; that it wouldn't do
me any harm. The second night I slept through everything, not even hearing the guard call an hour before the 2 a.m. stop for our friend, nor his getting off, and another man coming in to take the vacated berth.

We were due at Kharagpur, our destination, at 9:30 a.m. so there was no early rising. Early morning tea was brought to us at one of the stops. Roady again dealt with the bedding roll. We ate our last food from the lunch basket, had delicious mangoes, and coffee before we got off. We passed through the gates with our four coolies, down the stairs and through the underground passage, up to the exit. While Roady went in a cycle rickshaw (3 wheeler) to get our station wagon which we had left at the Baptist Mission house, I and one coolie stayed by the luggage. After reading most of the April Readers’ Digest and some 40 minutes later, I tore a page out of a notebook and left with the coolie a note for Roady in case he returned before I did. I then went to a gas station to telephone to the Mission house, but that phone is Government line which does not connect with the Railway controlled phones, so I went to a Government rest house, but my telephoning brought no response—the pastor and his wife had not yet returned from vacation. By 3-wheeler cycle rickshaw I went to the house only to find that Roady had been there and gone, but the car was still in the garage! On the way back to the station I met Roady in another rickshaw coming to find me, as he thought we had only 15 minutes to make the local train to Midnapore. I enlightened him on that point, for I had discovered that our watches were 20 minutes fast. He had had to go across town to get the car key. Then he discovered that the car would not start. He worked under the hood in the heat of the garage, cleaning the green goo off of the battery; the cable bolt broke. At that he gave up. Had there been men on hand he might have somehow gotten the car to start, but suppose we didn’t make the ten miles to Midnapore?
Again calling coolies, we had our luggage transferred to the Kharagpur platform. With time to spare, I sat under a ceiling fan in the restaurant, but Roady stood in the hot sun to keep an eye on our possessions. He had recovered from the head ticket clerk our 1st Class tickets for they were good up to Midnapore.

It was the end of a delightful vacation when we arrived at our door at 1 p.m., with four rickshaws, accommodating ourselves and our luggage. How good it was to see our faithful cook and our house-boy on the steps to welcome us and lend a hand to get things into the house! We were home and a lunch of rice and prawn curry awaited us. Lucky we, to have servants! And some day I'll tell you why we have them; it is not only travel that is different from the U.S.A.! With the thermometer at 95 degrees and the humidity at 90 we dripped as we unpacked. But that night there was a heavy rain. The monsoons had come, bringing precious water for the wells. Our water is muddy, but it is safe to drink for we have it boiled. Our clothes may be tattle-tale gray, but at least they can be washed.

Friends have been dropping in and there has been the church service. We take up afresh the work that falls to our hand, with its joys and its sorrows, its satisfactions and its frustrations, knowing that this is where the Lord would have us and that His grace and strength is sufficient for our every need. We have memories of the stimulating coolness of the mountain air and of the beauty that surrounded us at Kodaikanal. There is only one more hot season before retirement, but we think of that with mixed feelings, for India has been our home for nearly forty years. Here we were married, here our children were born and grew up, here are our many friends, and here we have known the joy of the Lord in doing the work to which He called us. It will not be easy to say farewell.
This picture was taken by Burt Weidman at Bhimpore during the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Carrol O. Morong, following the Womens' Society meeting. At the right, from front row to back are Mrs. Morong, Mrs. B. E. Weidman, and Miss Mau̇rėen Brians. Next to Mrs. Morong in front row is Mrs. Sarala Hansda, our oldest retired Bible-woman, and behind her is Miss Dhira Sinha, recently appointed Secretary of the Girls' School and evangelistic worker. The principal of the Girls' School, Miss Suha Basriar, is the smiling lady third to the left from Miss Brians. At left center, front row is Mrs. Ram Chandra Manndy, whose husband is a teacher in the Boy's School and whose only daughter is a doctor. To her right is Mrs. Premat Pal, the pastor's wife. Among the others are teachers, our Bhimpore nurse, Mrs. Probha Tudu, looking over the right shoulder of the pastor's wife, and home-makers. At the extreme left second row is Mrs. Dulal Murmu, the wife of the principal of the Boys' School.

OUR PRAYER CORNER

"If you are too busy to pray, you are too busy". Anon.

Sunday: Thanksgiving that the teacher who had a mental breakdown is greatly improved, following psychiatric treatment. Pray that she may find employment and keep in good health.

Monday: That Dr. Osgood may regain his full strength and that the difficulty of his hand tremor which has increased since his operation, may be overcome. This is the Osgoods' last year in India and they have heavy responsibilities for which wisdom is needed in turning over to others.
Tuesday: That the leaders in our churches may see the need for accepting greater responsibility for the whole work of our Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Baptist Convention, especially that the larger, self-supporting churches may want to help those churches unable to be self-supporting.

Wednesday: That Christians of all denominations in Jamshedpur face the task of reaching out to the new industrial areas of that city where thousands have no Christian ministry.

Thursday: That skilful, dedicated Christian nurses may be found for the rural medical-evangelistic centers. (See: *Cycling and Trekking in His Service* by Ruth Filmer.)

Friday: For Christian young men needing employment that the right work opportunities may open up to them.

Saturday: That court cases in which Christians and churches are involved may soon be settled in the way that will prevent such cases from being necessary in the future.

Sunday: Continued prayer that a qualified national may be found for the position of Christian Service Society Treasurer.
**NEWS ITEMS**

*Mrs. Evelyn Medley* was welcomed by a group of missionaries upon her arrival at Kharagpur railway station from Bombay on July 12th. We rejoice in her coming to assist in the Mission Treasurer’s office at Midnapore. Although she is under a short term appointment she is eager to learn something of the language of the area, and to help in every possible way. How thankful we are to have her in our Missionary Fellowship!

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*Rev. Sushil K. Bepari,* Executive Secretary of the Christian Service Society, left India by plane on June 1st as a delegate to the Baptist World Congress at Miami, Florida, June 25th to 30th. He had about 14 hours in Rangoon, Burma and was warmly welcomed by the local Christians. In the Philippines he had a radio interview which would be broadcast to the Filipino Christians. In Hong Kong he brought a message at the church service held at the Community Christian Center, New Settlement area. In California and across the U.S.A. he visited Baptist friends who have had special associations with India. Following the Congress at Miami, Mr. Bepari will share in a Consultation at Valley Forge, Pa. He will return to India in August.

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*Miss Maureen Brians* will leave for furlough in November. She and Dr. Marion Boehr of Nellore hope to make the trip on a freighter via the Pacific to Los Angeles.
If permits for Assam are obtained, Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Larsen with their three little girls will occupy one of the Baptist vacation apartments at Shillong for a holiday in August-September. Dr. and Mrs. Larry Norton of Gauhati, Assam will be their neighbours.

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Dr. W. C. Osgood had major surgery on May 19th at the Welsh Presbyterian Hospital, Shillong. Some three weeks in hospital is not the ideal way to spend a vacation, but Bill made good progress and having comfortable weather for convalescence was helpful. From the boarding house where they had been staying Jane was able to hike daily to see her husband.

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Gordon Roadarmel, son of Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel, having completed a year at Chicago University under a Rockefeller Internship programme, is again at Berkeley, Calif. This fall he will be Acting Assistant Professor in the Dept. of Near Eastern Languages at the University of California. His work towards a Ph.D. degree will be in contemporary Hindi Literature.

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Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Long, retired missionaries from Bengal-Orissa, now living in Pomona, Calif, attended the wedding of Miss Clara Dorn at Torrance, Calif, on May 15th. Clara's new address is: Mrs. Verlon R. Carlson, 3705 Artesia Blvd., Torrance, Calif, 90504.