## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Know Your Authors</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Appreciation</td>
<td>Sheila Green</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look What’s on the Road! —Holy Cows!</td>
<td>B. E. Weidman</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From an Indian Point of View</td>
<td>Ethel N. Roadarmel</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holiday in a Hectic Hurry</td>
<td>Robert R. Larsen</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Taste of India</td>
<td>Sulata Garnaik</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>People of the Way</td>
<td>Louis Kau</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Favorite Things</td>
<td>Norma Larsen</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Prayer Corner</td>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>News Items</td>
<td></td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Cover Page</td>
<td></td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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DIRECTORY OF THE BENGAL-ORISSA-BIHAR
MISSIONARY FELLOWSHIP

of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Societies
in Co-operation with the Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Baptist Convention

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Mrs. Patricia Weidman

Nekursini, W. Bengal
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KNOW YOUR AUTHORS

Sheila Green: Sheila worked for many years as a nursing sister in the Kharagpur railway hospital. After she retired from work in the railway hospital, Sheila was of unmeasurable help in setting up and starting the Nekursini Christian hospital. She and her husband are active participants in the union Baptist Church, Kharagpur.

B. E. Weidman: Officially out as an educational missionary, Burt finds his interest turn to such diversified activities as youth work, literature and all that is involved from printing to selling, village uplift and more recently distribution of relief supplies.

Ethel Roadarmel: En route to the States for retirement, Ethel and Roady are enjoying three months with their son Norman and his family. Norman is a missionary in Northern Thailand under the Presbyterian Mission Board.

Robert R. Larsen: A very busy Medical Supt., of the Nekursini Christian Hospital and Medical Advisor for all B-O-B missionaries, Bob, in addition to sharing the heavy load of seeing approx 250 out-patients daily, oversees construction of new buildings and supervises the medical work of the five village dispensaries.

Sulata Garnaik: Sulata has been the lady doctor at Nekursini for approx two years. She will be taking a study leave for advanced work in obstetrics and gynecology at, Ludhiana from January 1967. Ludhiana is a Christian Medical School in Punjab often referred to as “The Vellore of the North”. Sulata hopes to return to Nekursini at the completion of her two year course.

Louis Kau: Louis is the newly elected field secretary of Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Missionary Fellowship. Louis keeps busy
not only with administrative tasks but spends much time in the village counselling and helping village pastors.

**Norma Larsen:** Norma, wife of Bob Larsen, finds herself often busy with work relating to the hospital. Even with her many activities, Norma reserves time to teach the eldest of three daughters every morning. Miki Jo is enjoying her “school” very much.

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**AN APPRECIATION**

by **Mrs Sheila Green**

The greatest thing one can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children. Success is never an accident, it comes to those who obey God’s ordained principles.

It was in 1935, I was introduced by Dr Chowdhury, a Hindu, to Mrs Roadarmel as a lady “so concerned for others”. The words, “In as much as ye have done for the least of these, ye have done it unto me”, flashed through my mind and roused my curiosity in her and her work.

Mr and Mrs Roadarmel were then missionaries working among Oriya, Hindustani, Bengali, Telegu and English-speaking people worshipping at Ward Memorial Church, Kharida, at a Church at Nimpura, a suburb of Kharagpur, and at Union Church on the South side of town. He was responsible for different phases of local and general mission work. He organized and helped at the Sunday schools held at the Church and in various homes, which helped in the Christian nurture of the children and young people; at Bible studies and Christian Endeavors; and he opened a hostel for young men. Mrs Roadarmel worked with the women and children, visiting at their homes and helping them all she could. She helped the women organize weekly
meetings at Kharida, New Settlement and Nimpura, three sections in the railroad town of Kharagpur. Thus it came about that many committed their lives to Christ and tried to live on a higher plane of closer fellowship with God and fitted into the life of their Churches with a deeper sense of responsibility and willingness to serve.

The day I met Mrs Roadarmel, she had brought in two young village men for chest X-rays. As long as I can remember she was always on some errand of mercy which naturally endeared her to doctors, nurses and the public. By the sheer contagion of her joy in helping others, especially the sick, the poor and the under-dog, she got others in turn desiring and willing to help her, and many a hard and fast rule was broken elsewhere and in the hospital to help solve some of her problems. Many lives were saved by room being made especially for them in an already overcrowded hospital.

There were times when she sat all night encouraging and helping women in labor or comforting the dying both in the hospital and at their homes. She was always busy bringing folk for medical check ups, for T.B. or maternity clinics, X-rays or eye examinations. She got T.B. and leprosy patients into hospitals for specialized treatment.

During the week she frequently visited the sick at hospitals. When she didn’t come, it was, “Where is the American lady; her prayers cheer me so?” When a person or family was sick, in trouble or dying, they thought first of sending for Mr and Mrs Roady and they always found time and a way to help. No matter how hectic their schedule they had time for transient callers, young men and women, some of whom were Roman Catholics, who came for spiritual and material needs. She gave advice on marriage problems and family planning. They made their pastoral calls a must and their flock, now scattered in different parts of India and the world, still remember those visits.
Mr and Mrs Roady arranged for many children to have some kind of education and helped young men to get livelihoods. They encouraged and assisted young people to take a career and today many are grateful for their advice and for their good positions of service; above all they are good Christians. Thus, the Roadys touched and transformed the existence of many others.

Serving lives bore fruit and the attendance at the Churches, Union Church and Sunday schools increased. The Sunday school registered over 100 children. Even non-Christian children attended. Young and old enjoyed meeting at the parsonage and had wonderful times there in worship, Bible study and prayer meetings. Recreational and social life was encouraged by the tennis and badminton clubs, by the monthly meetings of the W.C.T.U., by the annual Church dinner and the Sunday school picnic which drew 200 or more. The Junior Christian Endeavor organized by Mrs Roadarmel gave boys and girls training in self expression.

Mr and Mrs Roadarmel attended and planned with their parishioners all activities of the Church. They came up with new ideas for Youth Fellowship, one of which was the showing of religious sound movies which many non-Christians attended, and kept up the zeal for an evangelistic outreach to the youth of the town. A spirit of love and happiness permeated through Union Church and the Parsonage. The spiritual lives of Christians were deepened and many of these have stood the test of time. Some have since joined the ministry and great has been God’s mercies to them. Others who had strayed away, gave in to God and had come to live nearer the Cross.

At one time during the war years, Mr Roady worked among British and American troops who made the parsonage their second home, and regularly attended Sunday service and Bible study.

Through the years, Mrs Roady has been a great help to her husband and the main stay of a happy home. It was her devotion
and care that helped him through 3½ months of illness last year. She is known as a faithful friend, and although she valued friendship, she never made concessions of principles in order to be thought well of by others.

Much was accomplished in their forty years of faithful service in Bengal, Orissa, Bihar mission field. Their lives, like those of so many other mission workers, is a masterpiece of “A shining, fruitful and serving life”. May God grant them a retirement wanting in nothing.

LOOK WHAT’S ON THE ROAD!
HOLY COWS!

by B. E. Weidman

Two lines of women were walking along, one on either side of the road. The driver of the jeep sounded his horn and reduced speed appropriate for the situation. The women kept on their way and all seemed normal. Suddenly, as if the women had heard some order from another world, the line on one side moved over to join the line on the other side. The innocent and obviously neophyte driver in India, who had read only the big city driving manual and not the village driving manual, could hardly cope with this crisis. For my own peace of mind, and in the interest of a more informed general public, I wish to set forth some simple rules learned from that greatest of all teachers—personal experience.

The first thing for you, as a driver, to remember is that the road tax that you pay both in hard cash with a lump sum once a year, and through the gas tax does not mean that the road is for the use of cars, trucks and buses. One must bear in mind at all times that the road is first and foremost to be put to the following uses:
1. A place for people to assemble and carry on conversation, settle family disputes or village quarrels. The favourite occupation is to squat just far enough on the road so that, if hit and knocked off the road, in the ensuing court case you can say you were sitting beside the road and not on it. In the cold season, the shepherd boys find it a warm place to lay down and take a little rest, especially if it is a black top road. It is, of course, the favourite place to watch the passing scene and hordes of people do so. In the evening time, especially between the hours of 6 p.m., and 7 p.m., the road magically becomes Central Park and Times Square all in the same moment. As if by some inner homing instinct, at the stroke of 6 the whole family, with dogs, cycles, toddlers, the aged and infirm descends on the main road to meet friends and discuss the news of the day. The side of the road is shunned like the plague while side roads and any other less thrilling open spaces are discarded as unwanted clothing. Everyone knows that cars, trucks and buses seldom travel in such places.

2. The center of the road, of course, belongs to those who own cycles. For a cyclist to travel in a straight line on one side of the road is unheard of. It is the unwritten rule of cyclists to travel two abreast at all times and if you must seek the side of the road to preserve life, the following rules are to be followed: (1) At the sound of the horn, never believe that a car is coming and turn off the road immediately, but always turn around to stare at the oncoming offender. If you can manage to wobble your cycle as you do so, all the better. (2) Never turn off to the side till the last second and then never to the same side as your companion for this would cause you to slow your speed and interrupt your conversation. (3) Never actually turn all the way off the hard surface on to the gravel as this would give the impression that you are not as important as the driver of the vehicle asking for the use of some of the road. (4) If you do have to move over to let a vehicle pass, never ever check for a second
vehicle but always assume there is only one and turn back onto the road immediately. After all, everyone knows it is the driver’s fault if he hits you. If travelling abreast, it is advisable for both cyclists to make this move as one man so that you can make a double claim against “the speeding driver who had no thought for human life and safety”.

3. Everyone knows that there are more oxcarts than other vehicles in India. The following rules are for oxcart drivers. (1) Travel together in a long line, but don’t turn out for other vehicles till that vehicle actually gets behind you. (2) Do not under any conditions, waste money on any kind of a light for your oxcart. When travelling at night, it is best for the bullocks if you travel in complete darkness or by moonlight if there is a moon. (3) Under no conditions must you break the chain of oxcarts. If you need to relieve yourself, leave the cart under the control of your faithful bullocks who will keep to the middle of the road or turn off sharply at the approach of a car thus penetrating the left headlight of the ear with the long bamboo cart frame sticking out behind. (4) If you need to park your vehicle, be it oxcart, truck or bus for any reason at all, you shall never under any conditions move it from the exact center of the road. If repairs are needed, major or minor, the exact center of the road is obviously the clearest and most level spot to do the job. If you plan your move just right, you can actually have the joy of watching the drivers of heavily loaded trucks and buses build a small detour with rocks, since they don’t dare turn out onto the soft muddy shoulders in order to pass you. Since you are having difficulty, why should others go sailing past you without so much as a glance? Think of all the entertainment you would cause if a heavily loaded truck should bog down on the soft shoulder, thus blocking the whole road.

4. The asphalt road surface is an ideal place to dry unhusked rice after dunking it in boiling water to make the husks come off easier. All the ladies in the homes along the way know that
the road was built at least partly for this purpose. The trick is to stay near the rice to keep the crows from eating it, plus chickens, goats, cows and whoever else is hungry. If one can get out of the way at the last second, the drivers are forced to slow down to a crawl, and at such speed the rice will not be scattered. One must be sure to get out of the way in the nick of time as the driver’s brakes will not hold the car when the wheels are moving over a long stretch of unhusked rice. A sliding wheel scatters more rice than a rolling wheel. If you cannot keep the crows out of the rice yourself, station one of your small children in the road for they are especially good at making drivers slow their vehicles to a mere crawl. The best time to dry rice is when the road is just the right temperature and this is the rush hour for traffic. The real genius can cause the traffic to slow down just enough not to scatter the rice but still keep enough speed to husk most of it so you don’t have to do it by hand.

5. There are many favourite forms of recreation for folks living along the roads. There are the traditional ones of rock and mud-throwing at passing vehicles, but a recent innovation by the young village folk is to wait till the driver just gets opposite them as they ‘play’ beside the road, and then to cry out as if just hit by the car. The first time this happens to a driver, he will slam on the brakes and go back to see who is hit. Then the adults and children alike can sit with smiling faces and say “kids will be kids”.

Drinking while walking or walking after drinking is another favourite past-time. The middle of the road is a very appropriate spot for a meeting of the “Committee for More Freedom for Village Drinkers”.

6. If there is to be any kind of celebration at all, be it private, public, religious, social or anti-social, the best place to hold the meeting is on the public road. The very best set up is to build the platform or tent or whatever in such a way that part of it (or better all of it) arches over the road. If a loud speaker
can be arranged to blare as loudly as possible from dawn till dusk, then people will be “entertained”. This will also make it nigh impossible for any car, truck or bus horn to be heard by anyone so the vehicles will be forced to inch their way through your domicile and give all a chance to get a better look at the occupants.

7. The most sacred use of the public road is by the “holy cow”. Many people think that the shepherd boy and the owner are the only ones responsible for these millions of cows. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The function of the shepherd boy seems to be to drive the cows in front of the cars at the ideal moment or to stand beside the road staring at the silly driver who is in a hurry. The owner of the livestock is the man who materializes out of nowhere if there is an accident to demand 3 or 4 times the value of whatever has jumped, flown, run or been driven in front of the offending vehicle. Although the driver in India is confronted with a vast horde of obstacles such as chickens, goats, ducks, pigs, drunkards, small children, adults, crowling babies, sleeping shepherd boys, parked vehicles with no lights, stones piled across the road and the local Saturday market (almost always on the road or very near it), the greatest obstacle is the cow.

The Indian driving manual is very hard to master because the general public keeps changing the rules.
FROM AN INDIAN POINT OF VIEW

by Ethel N. Roadarmel

One discovers soon after coming to India that some ways of doing things which are acceptable in the U.S.A. are not approved of or not customary, due to differences of attitudes and customs. Gradually, through observation, associations and friendship with nationals one learns many different customs, some of which it is well to follow. Understanding the differences and adapting to them adds to the interest and pleasure of life in a different setting from what one has hitherto known. This does not mean that we who live in India cannot follow American ways of doing things, but it does mean that we learn to appreciate the Indian point of view and where the American way would be misunderstood, or give offence, we respect and practice the Indian way.

When our son Gordon was in India on a Fulbright scholarship, he voluntarily wrote a paper on "Cultural Cues and Clues for the American in India" based on comments and suggestions he received from other Fulbright students and Indian friends living in different parts of the country, and on his own experience of growing up in India and then returning for two years after an absence of twelve. After reading his paper, I thought it might be of interest to readers of Tidings to learn some of the different attitudes and customs to which missionaries become accustomed.

From an Indian point of view, it is unsanitary to lick postage stamps, or to seal envelopes by licking them, as these have been handled by others. A wet sponge or water is provided at the writing tables or stamp windows in post offices.

Sitting in a tub of water to bathe is a queer, foreign custom, even unsanitary. One does find tubs in many upper class
homes, and also in hotels which are patronized by Indians as well as foreigners, but above them there is usually a shower and, no doubt, that is more often used. In most missionary homes one takes a pouring bath. One American visitor who stayed with us in Midnapore, called it "bathing in a tea cup". But his travelling companion said he rather liked this method, using a large aluminum cup for pouring. We did provide them with a pitcher of hot water from the cook house, as we have no running water, and only cold water is in the large clay containers in the bathrooms. Unless a shower is available, this method surely is the most satisfactory for the several baths a day which are needed in the hot weather.

Another unsanitary habit Americans have is carrying around a used handkerchief, but tissue hankies are costly, as is all paper in India, so we still use hankies. Some things are excusable in a foreigner! Yet, here again, we do see nationals who find handkerchiefs useful.

The left hand is used for toilet purposes and work that soils, so only the right hand is used when one is eating with fingers. It is impolite to give or receive anything with the left hand. If an article or parcel is heavy or large, both hands may be used. I asked if there were no left-handed children and was told that a left-handed child may be allowed to do things with his left hand in the home, but when in company must always use the right. So, this is what we followed for our older son, who is left-handed.

Contact with shoes is generally considered defiling or degrading. People of status may not want to polish their own shoes, or to be seen carrying them to a repair shop. An apology is needed if one accidentally touches a person’s feet with his shoes. One must always remove shoes or sandals before putting one’s feet up on a chair, stool, or seat in a train. Many Christian congregations remove their shoes before entering church just as is done before entering a Hindu temple or Muslim mosque.
Indian people consider it essential to brush their teeth before taking any food or beverage in the morning, and before the first main meal of the day a bath is customary.

Some of our customs seem strange to our Indian friends, such as drinking tea or coffee without milk and sugar. I prefer only milk in tea, and black coffee, but I have learned to accept and enjoy both drinks with the sugar and milk already added when served by Indian friends. Using cold milk in hot beverages seems queer. Since milk has to be boiled to make it safe, it is all right to buy tea or coffee at railway stations and in restaurants for, of course, the water also has to be boiled before preparing either tea or coffee. Water is not usually served with hot beverages unless you request it, and ice cold water is seldom enjoyed, although ice cream has become popular for those who can afford it.

After visiting in an Indian home, the polite thing is to ask permission to leave. Our American way of saying, “Well, I must be going” sounds crude. So it is polite for the host or hostess to suggest that you may leave if you wish. Recently, after I had spent some time calling on a family, the grandmother said, “It is getting hot and I know you are busy”. This indicated her willingness for me to leave.

Conversation usually precedes dining, so generally a meal is not served as soon as invited guests arrive. In many homes it is the custom for the host and hostess to serve the guests and not to eat with them. Continuous conversation at meal times is not expected. There is no need to stay after eating, unless requested to do so.

An American lady, well past middle-age, newly arrived in India, was on the train with her husband for four hours or more before being welcomed at our Mission Conference. “I was stared at all the time!” she complained. She was wearing a hat and gloves which made it clear to her fellow-travellers that she was likely a tourist and new to the country. I explained to
her that the foreigner must get used to being stared at, as this is not considered impolite and is only an indication of interest and curiosity. However, it could be thought rude for a man to stare at an Indian girl or woman. I recall being the only woman in a restaurant car on a short train journey. I became conscious of young men at other tables staring at me (why, I wouldn't know). After awhile I put the palms of my hands together, bowing my head over them, in the customary gesture of greeting. They smiled, and thereafter there was no more staring or interest in me; I was not a newcomer.

There are many other customs which are different from those practiced in the U.S.A. Come to this fascinating, and as one tourist said, “astounding” land, and learn for yourself how missionaries become adapted to quite a different way of life, and enjoy it. In concluding his “Cues and Clues”, Gordon says; “The sensitive person who sees people as individuals, respect their feelings, and tries to understand why people feel and act as they do, and why conditions are as they are, will soon find adjustments occurring quite naturally in his speech and behavior. Remember that visitors coming to the United States have to make many adaptations also. Although people do not expect foreigners to imitate them exactly, they naturally appreciate interest in and consideration for their way of life. Some Americans in India, when faced with any awkward situation, have found it helpful to say, ‘I’m sorry, that’s not our custom’. Indians appreciate the importance of custom”. The “foreigners” who are happiest in India are those who appreciate the Indian point of view.
Since the hospital is so busy during the hot months, we’ll vacation in August or September, we had been telling our colleagues. Actually this was only partly true, for probably the main reason for vacationing later was that we were unable to find any vacation housing for the May-June season. For Americans the two most popular vacation places are Kodaikanal in the south and Mussoorie (Landour) in the north, because there is an American school at both places and families can be together, even while children are in school. We had never visited either school and wanted to see both before we selected one for our children, so we applied for Baptist housing at both places. Both were booked years ahead for the usual vacation season so we had made up our minds to go to Landour for the second season in August and September.

In America there is a grand vacation exodus during the months of July and August. Frequently it is impossible to get an answer to a letter during these months. In India the situation is similar from mid-May to late June. Day after day of scorching heat is hard on any form of life, animal or vegetable, but especially for the temperate-zone sahib. However, it is possible to survive it. Last year at the hospital we kept quite busy with outpatients and obstetrical patients. Surgery and in-patients in general fell off during that time because it is too hot to be immobilized in a hospital bed.

So, as April drew to an end, we were preparing our minds for the hot days and sleepless nights ahead—just like storing up fuel for a long cold winter. There would be diversions. We were anticipating the wedding of two of our nurses, and there
would be trips with the mobile clinic. We'd just come back, a bit refreshed, from an Easter week trip to Puri, a lovely Bay of Bengal resort.

Then at the very end of April a letter came saying "Due to some change in plans we will have one of our Baptist houses available at Kodaikanal from May 1. Are you interested?" What a surprise! We'd nearly given up on seeing Kodai school because the housing is so tight. That same afternoon I had a conference with the other two doctors. "You'll have 200 out-patients a day and many complicated deliveries. Furthermore, all the other missionaries will be vacationing at the same time so you'll have to handle any administrative problems yourselves. Do you think you can do it?" Their answer was an unhesitant "yes."

Then Norma and I made a hurried, harried, hot trip to Calcutta for train reservations and supplies for the hospital. We informed the staff of our change in plans. It was especially hard to know that we would miss the wedding of the two nurses who meant so much to us.

On the afternoon before we left we finished clinic early and I was able to get home to help Norma pack. It was unusually hot and for three days the temperature exceeded 110° with humidity so thick you could see it. We packed the suitcases on the beds out on the open verandah and by 5 p.m. the job was finished. Because it looked like a dust strom was coming we closed the doors opening to the verandah. Within minutes, with only the warning of banging doors and windows, the storm hit. It was not only blowing dust off the sun-baked, freshly plowed paddy fields, but was even blowing stones and trees. A few seconds later the rain and hail descended. I found the one door from the verandah which wasn't bolted, grabbed the open suitcases and shifted them inside. But returning I found the wind stronger than I was and couldn't close the door against the rain which was blowing across the verandah, through our bedroom
and across the opposite verandah. Norma arrived just as I managed to get the door shut.

“Our mattresses and suitcases!” she cried over the thunder. The suitcases were safe, but not the mattresses, which by this time held puddles of water, nor the bed roll packed for travelling. So I opened the just-closed doors and we started all over again. Everything (including ourselves) was soaked, but at least there were two of us to close the door this time.

While we stood laughing at our luck and our own appearance it all suddenly stopped, as quickly as it had come. Then in the silence I remembered the chicks. We had just yesterday transferred 70 baby chicks from the indoor brooder to the large chicken house, which was partly open on two sides. In my wet clothes and bare feet I ran out and met the gardener also on his way to the chicken house.

Slipping through the muddy doorway we found a pile of 70 birds in one corner. They were pathetic. Down provides little protection against water, and they all looked naked to the skin. Many were lying on their backs with their feet straight up in the air. All were shivering as violently as a 3-week-old chick can. A few had suffocated in the pile-up. I fetched a rag and tried to wipe them dry, but just then a nurse came running from the hospital saying that one of the patients was dying. I left the chicks to the gardener and ran to the hospital in my still bare feet and wet, muddy clothes.

During the previous night Dr Garnaik had done a Caesarian section on a woman who had bled so much at home that she arrived in advanced shock. After the operation, however, she had looked better. It didn’t last though and the lab technician had been hunting all day for a blood donor who would match types. As I arrived he was taking blood from a staff member who did match. But before the transfusion was finished the patient was gone and all attempts at resuscitating her failed.
So it was back to the chicken house where I found things under better control. A fire had been built in the middle of the room to dry out the shivering critters. I guess the bamboo and thatch house was too wet to burn down. The electrician had put up a temporary line and some boys brought the brooder. The birds were then warm, dry and happy and we were more than ready for our late dinner.

In the noon mail the next day we received a letter from the Bob Carman’s who were already at Kodaikanal. It was welcome, for it told us what to bring and not to bring. “Oh no!” Norma cried as she read. “We leave in two hours and I now have to repack almost everything—clothes, kitchen utensils, food and bedding!” So in last minute haste, we started all over again.

Train travel in India has to be experienced to be understood. 2nd Class is not so bad when you’re alone but with three little girls it is just a little less than a nightmare. We were able to have berths the first two nights of the trip, lined up with 25 other men and women, but the third night we spent sitting up, or stretched out on the floor and luggage racks. Three days and nights after we’d left home we finally began the climb by bus to Kodaikanal. Although the bus stopped for breakdowns four times, it was a pleasant drive as we climbed out of the 110° hot plain to the coolness of 7,500 ft.

The day after arrival at Kodai our middle daughter came down with measles, and two weeks later the remaining two succumbed.

Some people say that half the fun of a vacation is the preparation and anticipation. In this case we didn’t have much time for either and what little time we had was too hectic to be much fun, but the holiday itself was well worth it all with lots of golf, hiking, boating, reading, talking, and much-needed rest!
Many women have asked their missionaries for recipes which can be made with ingredients available in the U.S. These might be used for teas or dinners where a church group is featuring India. The following recipe is an excellent one for a tea or light refreshment.

Coconut Turnovers (Pitha)

Pastry

Sift together:

- $2 \frac{1}{2}$ cups flour (all-purpose)
- 1 teaspoon salt.

Cut in 1 Tablespoon shortening or margarine

Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water and mix well

Add 1 to 2 Tablespoons cooking oil, to keep the dough from being too sticky to knead.

Knead well.

Filling

Melt in skillet:

- 3 Tablespoons cooking oil or shortening

Fry in it:

- 2 cups shredded coconut (fresh coconut is best)
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar

Brown to a golden color.
Make walnut-size balls of the pastry and roll each to a thin, flat pancake about 4-5" in diameter.
Place about 3 Tablespoons of coconut mixture on each round. Fold in half to form a half-moon, seal and crimp the edges firmly.
Fry as doughnuts in deep, hot fat until golden brown. Drain and serve hot. Makes about 2 dozen turnovers.
For variety you may add to the filling peanuts, cashew nuts, raisins, a bit of cardamom seed, cinnamon.

Recipe of Dr Sulata GarnaiK

PEOPLE OF THE WAY

by C. L. Kau

About twelve years ago pastor Dukhina Hansda of Bamunda Church quietly entered my office. He came to talk about a man named Pandu and some of his friends from Dunapur village who were seriously thinking about the “Way”! They had thought together to the point where they were ready to make an open decision to follow Jesus. We agreed upon a time when we could meet with these people. The pastor and I cycled over to Dunapur that day and went to Pandu’s house. He was the head man and was taking the lead in this decision. We asked for him and someone within the thatched house said, “He is not in”. Then we asked, “Where is he?” “He has gone out”. “When will he return?” “We can’t say”. This sort of conversation was obviously leading us nowhere and was the first indication that something wasn’t quite in order. We went in search of the other families on the opposite side of the village. They were at home and welcomed us cordially. We soon learned that Pandu was not just accidently away and unavailable but that he
had completely changed his mind and was threatening any of the other families if they should become Christians. These were not hollow threats because Pandu dealt with familiar spirits. He could divine the spirits who were causing sickness and all kinds of troubles. He knew the incantations to bring curses on a person. He could divine who was secretly practicing witchcraft. We may pass all of this off as a high degree of fakery but to these illiterate people steeped in ages of superstition there was no question about his powers. In his hands was life and death.

After we had shared a pot of tea and puffed rice, we had a long talk with these families about their decision and responsibilities as Christians. In the end, we decided to wait a few days to see if Pandu would have a change of heart. He didn’t change and repeated efforts to meet him failed. The others were baptized and Pandu continued his activities as diviner and witch hunter. His services were in demand and there was always a good fee in chickens and all the rice beer he could drink.

As the years passed, Pandu never troubled this small group and stayed aloof. The new Christians sponsored adult literacy classes at night for their benefit as well as for anyone in the village who was interested. Later a teacher was secured on a regular basis for a primary day school. After a few years, one of their own young men finished high school and has continued the school for the village. Gradually their testimony reached others until in a mile radius around Dunapur, in seven villages, twelve families have become Christian.

When we were attending an associational meeting of the churches at Dunapur, a few of us visited a home where one young man was a Christian. Other members of the family persistently refused to hear and seriously threatened the life of their son if he should come back to the village. Hopon stayed away for several years and lived with the pastor when he was not staying in the school boarding. He managed to maintain himself by working part time on a construction project and with
some assistance from friends. When he finally left high school, he began teaching a group of children in a village only a few miles from his home just for his board and room. Hopon’s infectious witness soon convinced these relatives. They too wanted to know this real Jesus whom Hopon had met. After a time, two more families joined with this growing group. Later Hopon went on to Bible School and is now the pastor of the largest church in the Kora field. This church asked for him because of his compelling testimony. In his rather quiet humble way he has been able to help many people to know Christ.

Other young men from this church are studying in a nearby high school. They have a faith to share and do so in distributing gospels in the markets and at the annual fairs. In the evenings they visit other village homes. Around a flickering lamp through song and story they tell how Jesus is particularly real to them. These people have something to say and their words are moving the hearts of their friends and relatives to think seriously about Jesus’ way. They are not aware of the winds of change in theology or the impact of science or philosophy on religion, nor are they too concerned about the how and why. Rather they are concerned that Jesus has come for them and their lives are filled with hope instead of fear. When we are asked why people in this area are responding to the Gospel, the answer is simply that someone who knows Jesus has told someone else. This personal testimony is penetrating and compelling.

A few weeks ago pastor Dukhina had some good news to share. He hardly supressed his joy over it. At such times I rather enjoy the bubbling effervescence that comes to the surface of these otherwise stoic people. Pandu had sought out the pastor in a secret meeting and taking him by the feet asked if he could become a Christian. This was such a sudden and unannounced change that the evangelistic supervisor was not inclined to believe it until he could meet Pandu. But Pandu was persistent. He had decided that it was time to forsake all his practice in deception.
He cleared out of his house the charms and equipment of his trade to indicate that he was done with this old way of life. In time, we will know how deep this experience has cut. We simply accepted him on his expression of faith and will help him to grow in holiness and truth.

There are many Pandus, men and women, who have come near to the truth but because of society, family, culture, position or other strong constraining ties which they are unable to break, they are not able to step across the line and completely commit themselves to Jesus.

MY FAVORITE THINGS

by Norma Larsen

A for my AYAH, truly my right hand
    if not my left hand too.
She frees me from cleaning chores,
    clothes washing, ironing,
Brass sparkles, shoes shine,
    seems there's nought for me to do!

B for BRASS, hand-hammered and shimmering, practical,
    but even in the humblest household utensil,
never without beauty of form or detail.

for BAZAAR—oft hard on the nose and the foreigner's eye,
    yet a delightful excursion
    if to throngs you've no aversion.
You may even have to push aside a few cows
    and kick a few dogs before you find the right stall
but so worth the effort when you spot
    succulent oranges in a pyramid tall.
Basket boys pleading,
vendors their bargains screaming,
rejected animals howling,
and burden-bearers heave-ho'ing
create a chorus unforgettable.

C for CURRY, a rare food that really has zest
it's spicy life cannot be contained in
that foreigner's powder.
Fresh spices, fresh ground may be a chore at best,
but you'll ne'er find a dish
of which you can be prouder.

D for tribal DANCING—to the bong of a drum, in crescent-line formation, arm-linked smiling women sing, dip, and straighten, moving ever slightly forward to complete a circle and then again. Involving seemingly simple footwork, it demands much more—both of body and of voice. The same pattern with equal grace is matched by the men.

E for you, ELEPHANT
Tho' not an everyday sight, you are nonetheless about
And for your lovely shape in teak and ivory so pure
To you I'm grateful, have no doubt.

for ELECTRICITY
Till you've sometime been deprived
it's a never ceasing fount
And a very real blessing
that we seldom even count.

F for FANS
Three-bladed ugly monsters which require high ceilings
and ruin the decor; noisy; paper-scattering,
But ah what an illusion of coolness they can bestow
When that mercury soars I’d succumb but for their blow.

for FOOT-WASHING
Even if you live next door or have travelled there by jeep,
it is nonetheless assumed that your feet are weary from a
long hot journey. Arriving at a Santal home, your hostess
meets you with a basin of water and towel. After washing
away the real or supposed dust she rubs on a fragrant, re-
freshing oil, then greets you with the traditional bowing
gesture. I’m sure there exists nowhere a more humble or
sincere expression of hospitality.

G for GARLANDS
Those fragrant blossom necklaces
say more than words can tell
Of welcome and friendship, they cast a magic spell.

H for the HILLS, welcome relief from the plain’s heat, and
opportunity for oft-neglected recreation.

I for INDIA herself, contradictory, diverse, in people and in clime
her slow and sleepy villages
her hectic steaming cities
her crumbling ancient temples
and, not least, her mountain peaks sublime.

J for JEEPS—not for their comfort,
when it comes to that they’re sordid
but for the euphoric confidence they bestow
when one faces a deepish stream to be forded.
K for my KIDS, while I have them—it won’t be for long.  
Distant classrooms and schoolmates soon will be calling  
And how can I keep them?  
For friendship, good teaching, that’s where they belong.

L for the LIGHTS Of Devali  
Mustard-oil-soaked wicks in hundreds of  
tiny clay cups sparkle and sputter  
to create ribbons of candle-bright light  
on verandah ledges, over roofs,  
atop posts, on windowsills, even in the gutter.

M for MATS  
Hang as divider, spread for a feast  
Stand up for a playhouse;  
These uses are but a few of the least.

N for “NOMOSKAR”  
“Hello”, “Goodbye”, “Thank you”, “Pardon me”  
Hands joined, palms-pressed,  
raised towards face  
head bowed toward hands.  
As gracious a gesture as any can be.

O for the OCEAN  
for its breath of cool air felt o’er 50 miles of plain  
for it’s delightful setting for family outings,  
splashing, and raising Cain.

P for PAPAYA  
to be picked from my tree (if I beat the crows!)  
at the first blush of pink.
When golden and juicy, and sparked with bit of lime and sugar,
it will be gone in a wink.

Q for the QUIET of country living
No roar of jet, crunch of brakes, rattle of street drill,
cacophony of air conditioners, blare of TV commercial.

Only the whisper of breeze in the trees, the call of a bird
from the bamboo, the distant bark of an underfed dog, the
gentle swishing of a neighbor’s broom, occasional strains
of the coolie women’s chant-like working song, and now
and then the far-away cry of a child who would rather
not have had to endure that injection.

R for RICKSHAWS
with their seats too narrow for two,
their perambulator-style drop roof too low
they’re certainly not designed for western folk.

Dusty, bumpy, pushed off the road by larger vehicles,
they oft give me a fright.

Why do I like them? I guess because they’re open and slow,
I see so much of life, and smell the cook-fire smoke.

S for the SARI with its graceful flowing lines,
tho’ cumbersome at first to the foreigner
and warm in a clime so sticky
’tis most practical, no matter the change in one’s figure.
With no fit involved, for color and texture
one can afford to be “picky”.

28
T for the TANK, a lovely palm-fringed pond,  
its shady waters mid the dusty plain  
are a true oasis for the vagabond.

U for UMBRELLAS  
for sun's glare  
when rain's in the air  
when'er, where'er  
must prepare  
or have wet hair  
and know despair  
I swear.

V for VERANDAHS  
blest children's haven that spares the living room,  
storer of trunks, indoor garden, a place for games and  
birthday parties, scene of ping pong,  
and catcher of every breath of breeze  
when hot summer nights come along.

W for the WADING POOL  
cool with water freshly pumped from deep in the earth,  
darkly shaded by old brown bedspread canopy.  
When not overflowing with children laughing,  
(they're all still napping)  
a delightful toe-dipping retreat  
for sipping my afternoon caffeine.

X for X-RAYS  
"X-ray waiting for you, memsahib"  
is not always a welcome interruption in my day's routine  
but from the household's endless chores, a pleasant  
change of scene.
Y is for YOU
be you stranger, or friend whom we miss
Our thanks
for your cards, notes, and greetings,
for so patiently reading all this.

Z for the ZOO which we live in
Tho’ tigers and panthers long ago went,
of the insect family tree
every specie is quite evident.

Tho’ a nuisance without question,
as lizard chases ant up my wall
God’s plan and purpose for us ALL
they help me to recall.

OUR PRAYER CORNER

“... in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.” Phil. 4:6

Sunday: Pray for Christians young in their faith who often feel the pressures calling them back to the pagan practices they once followed. May God strengthen their faith and empower them to witness to their families and friends.

Monday: Pray for the staff of the Nekursini Christian Hospital. May Christian doctors be found to carry on the work so recently begun.
Tuesday: Remember the missionary families, particularly the families whose children are sent to boarding school. May this time of separation serve as a link binding them together in the tasks they have before them.

Wednesday: Pray for the searching people who come to buy literature from the "book van". May they be led through the printed page to seek after and commit their lives to Jesus Christ.

Thursday: Pray that the relief supplies and money now being distributed by Christians throughout India may be accepted as a token of the loving concern Christian people have for those in need.

Friday: Pray that young men and women may listen to the call from God and prepare themselves for Christian service. Many of our Churches are pastored by untrained men while others are without pastors because there is not enough trained leadership.

Saturday: Continue to pray that visas may be forthcoming for new missionaries to help in the work of this field. Pray especially for our new Missionary treasurer, Miss Florence English, who will join our staff in March.
NEWS ITEMS

Word has been received of the new work Glenn Hill has begun. He has moved his family to Denver where Glenn is the Mid-Western Representative of the M and M Board. Their new address is: 6525 East Virginia Avenue, Denver, Colorado.

Jan and Bill Osgood are now happily located in their spacious mobile home. Jane has a job in a bank in the special services dept. and Bill has recently taken a civil service position as a guidance counsellor for high school young people. Even amidst their many responsibilities, they both find many opportunities to talk to Church groups of the work so near to their hearts in India. Their address is: Space 108E, 1501 N. Hayden Island Drive, Portland, Oregon.

A hearty welcome to Mr and Mrs Alex Fry, the parents of Norma Larsen. Mr and Mrs Fry have been visiting in India for two months.

Art and Natalie Sanford have taken up the task of ministering to the Baptist Church of Ewa Beach, Hawaii. We all know there are many challenges as they minister to the needs of the congregation and the many service men stationed close by.

Kimberly Leah, daughter of Verlon and Clara Carlson, (the former Clara Dorn) is real happy in the new home their family has purchased. Their address is: 1516 W. 212th Street, Torrance, California.

We are all grateful for the safe arrival of Lynn and Marilyn Hunwick with their family. They are making their home in Balasore. They are all busy picking up the threads of their language study. It was a joyous day when their freight arrived and they could finally get settled in and the children begin school the Calvert way.
On Sept. 11, 1926, Rev. C. C. Roadarmel set sail for India. During the six months voyage, it was decided that he and a young woman he met at the outgoing missionaries conference would share their missionary career together. Roady and Ethel were married the following February in Gologhat, Assam.

Together Ethel and Roady have served in the Bengal-Orissa-Bihar mission almost forty years. Roady has participated in every form of work carried on in our field. They have lived in Kharagpur, Midnapur, Balasore, Jamshedpur, Contai and who knows how many other stations. Now in English work in the larger cities, then being sent to small villages to work among tribal people. In 1938 when the Brush family was on furlough, Roady became acting mission treasurer and field secretary. He and Ethel have continually served in whatever capacity they were requested by the mission or by the Christian Service Society, the national Christian organization.

Before the Roadarmels left India in Sept. 1966, the responsibilities of the field secretary were turned over to Rev. C. L. Kau. In his third term of service in Bengal, Louis enjoys most of all working with the village pastors, but he agreed to accept this additional administrative responsibility.

Our cover picture shows the deep concern of both Roady and Louis as they discuss future plans for the work in Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Mission.

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Mrs. B. E. Weidman

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