TIDINGS

An Adopted Family (See Page 3)

1957 FOURTH QUARTER

AMERICAN BAPTIST BENGAL-ORISSA MISSION

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Local subscriptions from Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel, P. O. Bhimpore, Dt. Midnapore, Bengal.
For several months Parul Tudu and I prayed earnestly that we might know God’s will before venturing to take the six children offered to us, and who the doctor said should be segregated from their leper parents. It was a problem which needed careful and prayerful consideration. True, the doctor pronounced them all “healthy children”, but we know the disease can lie dormant for many years. And though they might never have the disease, the stigma of having leper parents would not be easily overcome. The responsibility for six young lives, when once accepted, could not be laid aside until the children should reach maturity and be able to care for themselves. The Mission budget provided no financial support for such a project. Would Specific Gifts, sent as over and above love gifts by friends in the homeland, provide adequately for their needs over a period of from twelve to fifteen years? Who would mother these little ones? So the burden of our prayer became, “Lord, if it is thy will that these children be spared to a life of usefulness, direct us to the person who is willing to be a mother to them and we will rest assured that you will provide all else for them.” In November, 1951, that person was found, Anandini Behera, an earnest Christian widow, accepted the responsibility as a call from God.

The first Sunday morning in December, Parul and I attended the morning worship service at the little chapel in the leper colony, a mile
from Hatigarh. After the service there was a stir of excitement among the adults who knew the purpose of our visit that morning. The boys readily joined in a game of ball with us and the promise of a ride in the Landrover was all that was needed to entice them from their parents. More reluctantly the two little girls accepted the offer of a doll and finally, with fear and a few tears, came with us for their first car ride. At home Anandini awaited us. Soon they were all bathed, their old clothes disposed of and the six of them dressed in bright new clothes from the White Cross supply sent by church women in America. A good meal of rice and curry was enjoyed by all except 22 month old Raimoni, who could not bear the separation from her mother and cried herself to sleep.

We were hardly prepared for the opposition of members of the community who, lacking understanding and sympathy, opposed the coming of this little family into our village. The doctor spent many hours seeking to convince people that the segregation of these children was a means of combatting the disease. We are grateful to him for constantly keeping a watchful eye on them. They count the doctor among their best friends.

But it is time that I should introduce you to each member of our little family. As you see them in the cover picture, Haradhan Mahata heads the line. He is a very serious minded boy who early learned to accept the role of "big brother" to the younger children. He takes his school work very seriously and, though Haradhan will never be a brilliant student, he works hard and has passed his grade in school each year until he is now in class five. Next in line is Pratap Chandra Giri, whose nickname is Budhia, or wise-one. He is a very temperamental child who soon proved himself as the problem-child of the group. Though he is quick to learn what he wishes to learn, he refuses to apply himself to his lessons and consequently has spent two years in class two and two years in class three. He has tried the patience of all of us and yet he can be
most lovable. The other two boys came to us with impossible names, so Parul re-named them Joseph and Reuben. The bright smile of Joseph Murmu warms my heart.

Two months after these little ones came to us, while bathing the children, Anandini called to my attention a suspicious looking spot on Joseph’s leg. When the doctor saw it that evening he said we must send him away at once. It was heart-breaking to have to leave him with his badly deformed uncle at the leper colony for a month until a place was secured for him in the large Leper Home and Hospital of the “Mission to Lepers” in Purulia. There he had to adjust himself to entirely new surroundings. What School work he had there was in Bengali, so he had to learn a new script, entirely different from the Oriya alphabet which he had learned in Hatigarh. For four years our little family was reduced to five children. What a happy day when Joseph was able to return with a “symptom free” certificate! He at once felt at home in our little family circle, but there was a period of readjustment to be made at school, where he again had to change from the Bengali to the Oriya language. But I am not so concerned for Joseph’s future. He is a hard working, straight-forward child with a winsome smile which will carry him far.

Reuben Soren, with his friendly disposition, can readily win his way to anyone’s heart. Due to considerable illness, he has been detained in school, but with constant care and nourishing food he is now making progress. Lockmi Mahata, a left-handed child, was extremely tense and in school found it very difficult to make adjustments. Since the two little girls have been transferred to the Mission Girls’ Boarding School in Balasore, Lockmi seems to have made a new beginning and is doing well in school. Our youngest, Raimoni Murmu, has a most lovable disposition. There have been many anxious days when she suffered long illnesses. We are grateful for God’s healing power in her life. She is now happy in her new surroundings in Balasore.
Though the boys and girls are now cared for in separate homes and schools, I believe they will always feel a common bond of fellowship for having lived together as one little family for five and a half years. At all times, but especially at Christmas time, we have tried in our little family circle to emphasize the joy of sharing with others. How happy the children have been to learn new hymns, portions of Scripture, and Bible stories in order to give a special Christmas program at the leper colony, or to share in a Christmas program at the Hatigarh Church. With what eagerness they wrote Bible verses on Christmas cards and made other gifts that they might share the joy of Christmas with relatives and friends!

How marvelously the Lord has provided for these little ones in every detail! May He continue to bless them, that at an early age each one may accept Jesus Christ as his personal Savior, grow daily in grace and knowledge of Him, and fill a place of service in God’s Kingdom. Join us in prayer on their behalf.

KUMUDAS’ FIRST CHRISTMAS

By Susanne Powers

Kumuda had never heard of Christmas until she came to our Mission hostel and school in Balasore. Watching her “watch” the Christmas happenings was a real thrill. Kumuda’s curiosity, surprise, and joy at all events was unbounded. Because she was in class eight and knew some English, she was among the girls who sang the English Christmas carols in the school Christmas cantata directed by Elsie Kittlitz and Promodha Mohapatra, an Indian teacher. Kumuda sang heartily along with the others and when she watched the Christmas play at the school program her eyes were riveted attentively on all the action. At the hostel she had heard the story of the birth of Christ several times but,
watching the play, she was seeing the portrayal of that wonderful event. The prophets telling of Christ’s birth, the star, the shepherds, the angel, and even the little sheep all impressed themselves on Kumuda’s mind.

Kumuda easily realized, too, that Christmas was a time of giving. At school the girls gave presents to their class teachers and they all received sweets, and a pretty Christmas card with a Bible verse written on it in Oriya from the school staff. Then the hostel program was another time of giving. Each hostel girl had drawn a peanut shell several weeks’ before and in this shell was her “secret friend’s” name. For this girl, she bought a pencil or mirror or some inexpensive article or else made a garland of flowers or of puffed rice. At any rate, each girl gave to at least one other girl and each girl in turn received. Unwrapping the presents in the small living room of the missionaries’ cottage was really exciting for Kumuda and for the others. What joy she found in the celebration of the birth of the Lord Jesus! How different this celebration was from the celebration of the Hindu gods which Kumuda had so often worshipped!

Soon Kumuda will be celebrating another Christmas and as the Christmas story is given in the hostel, the Sunday School, the Christian Endeavour, and the school, it will be impressed upon her by word, song, and drama. Three new girls in the hostel this year will experience the Christmas celebration for the first time this December. Truly as God’s Word is presented His Spirit will work. God’s great joy of a Saviour is to all people.

AN UNUSUAL NIGHT SCHOOL

BY C. L. KAU

We had an unprecedented opportunity last night in demonstrating the spirit of Christ’s love to people who knew nothing of Him. This was
in a hall where non-Christians usually burn incense and dance before their idols.

Last week a Bengali gentleman came to my door with two petitions. One was for powdered milk, which we receive from Church World Service and distribute in this area. I couldn’t let him have any because the 47 centers we serve had already taken the entire stock of 13 tons within three weeks of its arrival. Food is scarce at this time of the year and the milk is a big help in the diet of several thousand people. The other petition, signed by 40 thumb impressions, was for an adult literacy school in his village about two miles northwest of us. I was somewhat surprised that a Bengali would bring such a petition on behalf of tribal people. Usually they vehemently oppose us in any attempt to teach these people to read. This man is the headman of the village and quite well to-do and has been known for his kindness to the poor. We talked with him about the conditions upon which we undertake such projects and he was surprisingly eager to have us teach the Word of God. Of course he fell back on a common expression that we often get when we try to talk with people about Jesus, when he said, “God is one, but there are many ways to get to Him.” We pray that, as he hears the Word, the Holy Spirit will convict him of the Truth until he bows his will to Jesus.

We arrived at the village at sundown, after sliding over a muddy, rain-drenched path which twisted its way between flooded fields of growing rice. As the evening darkened, shadowy figures padded silently along the village paths to the place where we were to read. It was a large open room with a thatch roof supported by heavy mud pillars. Upon a raised veranda of an adjoining building incense and an oil lamp burned before a closed door. This was the household’s evening worship to Vishnu whose image resided behind the doors. The followers of this deity are strict vegetarians. They do not believe in manual labor and will not plow. Most of the beggars of India hail this deity as their God.
As soon as the gas lantern was lighted we got down to the business of the evening and registered the names of all who wanted to read. Forty-five of them bought the literacy book for their first reading lesson. After Ruben explained the need for literacy, with the help of several charts we started on the first page. By dividing in groups, and then working with individuals, we managed in two hours to get most of them through the first page which consisted of three characters and combinations of these letters into words. Several couldn't grasp the relationship between the sound of a letter and the written form. It does take time and great patience to handle so many people who have such limited understanding. Many of them will learn, but some will drop out after a time. One of the disturbing problems of this school is that we have only one teacher and there will be, according to those present, at least 150 who will want to read. We hope they will wait until later when some of the first group will be prepared to help them.

As we closed the evening we sang a hymn about our Lord who suffered and died and rose again that all people including this literacy class might have salvation in Him. They joined in the singing with us and we pray that they will also join with us in accepting Him as their Saviour. We trust that through our word and deed they will come to know the love of God for them. We cannot teach people in the Spirit of Christ without also loving them in that same spirit, so that they may come to know Him. We need your prayers for these young men who are bringing the Gospel to minds which are darkened by ignorance and hearts that are closed by sin.

"YE GAVE ME DRINK, AND YE GAVE ME TO EAT."

BY NAOMI KNAPP

"Give me some milk for my child. He has been ill and is still very weak."
“My daughter died this week, leaving her baby motherless. We are feeding the baby barley water. May we have some milk for him?”

“We have nothing for our children to eat. None of us have eaten all day. Give us some milk, please.”

Words like the above we are hearing nearly every day. Our answer is: “Come to the dispensary on Thursday. Please ask the headman of your village to vouch for you that we may know that what you say is true.” This skimmed milk powder which has come to us as a gift of America through Church World Service we will distribute as long as it lasts.

Every year the time between the rice planting and the harvest is a very trying time. Most of the village people have difficulty in getting enough to eat. Many do not have even one adequate meal day. People come to us wanting to pawn their brass dishes, which they use daily, or jewelry, or a brass glass in order to get some money to buy rice. This year has been a bad one for the share-croppers. Each year, after the rice has been planted here, many of the laborers go to the eastern part of West Bengal to work for farmers there who are able to plant two crops a year. The rice there is planted later than in this part of Bengal. Often in the villages only the old people and children are left behind to guard the homes while the able-bodied men and women set out to earn enough for taxes and clothes and food. Most of them walk the weary miles; the women carrying a bundle of clothes on their heads, and a baby astride one hip, while the men often have a yoke on their shoulders with baskets hanging from it. In one basket may be the cooking utensils and some food, while in the other an almost naked little child rides happily along enjoying the scenery and unconscious of the load he makes for his father. This year the rains have not been sufficient in the eastern part of our state, so that means of livelihood has been cut off. Thus the pressure has
been very great to get milk from the supplies we have on hand through Church World Service.

For some time we have been giving milk to the children in our school. The milk powder is mixed up and given at the recess period for the children to drink. Some of the members of the Bhimpore Women’s Society volunteered to give out milk powder from their homes to village people once a week. Four places have been opened for people who live in Bhimpore itself. But when so many children began coming from outside villages, it was decided to give through the dispensary, hoping to keep a check on the health of the children and to note any gains in weight. Our faithful nurse, Mrs. Probhaboti Tudu, took the job on in her stride. She examined the children, found out their villages and issued cards to each telling how much milk each one was to have. Soon the number grew so large that she could not manage the distribution alone and we had to call in all the helpers we could get, including the women evangelistic workers and house servants. The nurse writes the new cards while the others mark the old cards and give out the milk.

Last Thursday it was raining so hard we thought very few would come, but more than ever turned out. Seven people were kept busy from 80'clock in the morning until 2 o’clock in the afternoon marking tickets and giving out the milk powder. 130 pounds were given out to over 500 people. On our lists are 567 people from 28 different villages. With many coming it has not been possible to do the thorough checking that was our ideal, but some of the children have been watched, and those in the worst condition have had the milk supplemented with other food. The girls in our orphanage have shared their food with two youngsters who were literally starving.

Our Bible women go to most of these villages sometime during the year in their travelling among the villages of this area. In most of these villages there are no Christians. Pray with us that this demonstration of
the love of Christ through the gifts of milk made possible not only by the U.S.A. Government, but by Christians in America, and distributed by Christians here may be a witness to the love of God shown through the love of His children. Pray that along with this help in meeting the physical needs of the hungry, that the teaching given by the Bible women may be used of the Lord, so that these people, too, may know His love and what it can mean to them.

Matt. 25: 35, 37, 40 “I was hungry and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in.”

“Lord, when saw we Thee hungry and fed Thee, or athirst, and gave Thee drink? And when saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in?”

“And the King shall answer and say unto them, ‘Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me.

INTO LIGHT

BY RUPERT BUN TEN

We first heard the Gospel through the testimony of two young people who visited our home with embarrassing persistence and regularity. That was in 1951, but we were still to go through much before we came to really know the Lord.

Both my wife and I had been brought up in nominal Christian homes, but we had never seen anything attractive or particularly challenging in Christianity. Now, with this contact, we were brought face to face with a type of Christianity that was somewhat more than a cold formality. Much against our wills we were impressed, but we were trapped in circumstances from which there seemed no escape. As often as we heard the possibility of a new life in Christ, just so often we decided that we were too far gone and out of the reach of God.
God, however, had begun a work in our lives. The witness given in our home God used with telling effect, and we became conscious of sin in our lives. With this realization of sin, I became more sensitive to our unhappiness, and to the heartache I had brought to those closest to me. For days I was enveloped in the “slough of despond”, and there seemed only one way out of this vicious circle. I took it.

More than 15 hours after I had taken a big overdose of barbiturates, I was taken to hospital. I was to remain unconscious for another three days, lingering on the brink of a Christless eternity. Somehow the Lord undertook to snatch me from certain death, but, even so, I left the hospital determined that next time there would be no mistake.

My two Christian bloodhounds were again at my door, and before many days I found myself in a Youth for Christ meeting, listening with amazement to the text from II Cor. 5:17, “Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation.” All at once a new life became a very real possibility, and before I left the meeting that night I had reached out by faith to the Lord Jesus, and had put my life in His hands.

My conversion was a never failing source of amusement to my friends and relatives, but to us it was a work of God that we did not fully understand. We did not know how long we would be able to hold out, but the Lord overshadowed us with His protection. In the night, following my decision, Hilda, too, put her faith in the Saviour and we began a life together that was “in Him”.

In the years that have passed we have seen the Lord in our lives. We have tested and seen that the Lord is true, and we are looking to Him for fruit in our lives and in our ministry here in Khargpur. Day by day our hearts are filled to overflowing at His goodness, and we say from experience, “Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.”
Editor’s Note.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunten were baptized at Carey Baptist Church, Calcutta in the same baptistry in which Adoniram Judson was baptized by William Carey. It was at this church also that he was ordained for the ministry, following graduation from Calcutta Bible College. See Tidings third quarter, 57, page 25.

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IT CAN HAPPEN HERE.
BY ETHEL ROADARMEL.

Our newest missionary could not believe that in the India of today the following incident, written to me by a friend who works in a Government settlement office, could be true. I could vouch for the veracity of my Christian Bengali friend. It can happen here.

Working with my friend was a young Brahmin man about 30 years of age. A little over a year ago he had married a lovely girl of 19 years. At quarter to five o’clock one day the colleagues of this man heard that he had been bitten by a snake. They rushed to his house and found he was spitting blood. At about one o’clock he had shouted to his wife that he had been bitten by a snake. She and a man in the house tied his leg firmly above the spot where the snake had bitten. The wife said they must let the men at the office know what had happened, but a snake charmer had already appeared and both he and the husband said not to inform them. Other snake charmers renowned for their powers were called in. One said, “This tying of the leg will not do. I must tie it with my “mantras” (words with magical powers).” He then cut off the tie and, repeating over and over his “mantras,” tried to clear up the poison. In the early hours of the next morning the man died. Medical help was within reach and an antidote for the poison could have been given and might have been effective had the Government office been informed immediately. But nearly four hours had elapsed and nothing could be done to save the man. The man who wrote this to me ended by saying:
“Oh! how heart-rending was the wailing of the young bride, now a widow. We could not hold our tears back. We have lost a good colleague.”

Last week our washerman asked for an advance on his salary. He said: “People in my village have almost nothing to eat. This week a man died of snake bite. Hindu snake charmers were called in, but in an hour the man was dead. His widow has three small children and they have no food. She can find no work to earn money or food. I have shared puffed rice with her.”

Our washerman is the only Christian in his village and the only member of his family who believes in Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. He has suffered much persecution. Pray that his concern for the suffering ones may help some to see that being a Christian has not separated him from his fellow villagers and has deepened his desire to help them. He has six children. One son is studying in our Boys’ School. The washerman’s wife and his mother ask how they will find a husband for his daughter since her father is a Christian; no one will want her for his son, meaning, of course, no Hindu. But the father has said to us: “I want a Christian husband for my girl.” She is only about 10 years old and so the father is not worrying about marriage possibilities now, but he is concerned that she have education while his wife and mother do not think a girl needs to go to school.

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WE LOSE ANOTHER COUPLE

“Who will stand in the Gap?” asked Susanne Powers in an article in Tidings, second quarter ’57. At that time the gap in our missionary staff was disheartening enough, but none of us was prepared for a further loss of colleagues this year. During the last week of August the doctor at the Landour Community Hospital, who was been treating Shirley Hill,
wired Glenn to come for consultation as to future treatment for his wife. Glenn remained at Landour until September 16th when he left to return alone to their home in Jhargram to undertake the arduous task of sorting and packing their personal belongings, and disposing of furniture and other things which they would not be taking back to America.

Glenn and Shirley with their three children returned from their first furlough in September of '55. During much of these two years Shirley has not been in good health and last year was a patient in the finest hospital in India, Vellore Christian Hospital in South India. Now the doctors at Landour have advised that the Hill family return to the United States, as they doubt that Shirley would regain full health in India.

As this issue of Tidings goes to press Glenn is in Jhargram, Leslie and Gary are in Boarding at Woodstock School, Landour, and Laurie Lou is attending the School also, but as a day-scholar, living with Wilma Kau and her family of five children at our Baptist house there in the hills. Shirley is a patient at the Landour Community Hospital where she will remain until able to travel. By the time this little magazine reaches the U.S.A. the Hill family will be there also in Los Angeles, California where the parents of both Glenn and Shirley live. There is grave doubt about the possibility of their return to India because of Shirley's medical history. We realize the keen disappointment that is theirs in not being able to complete this second term of service among the Santals. Glenn and Shirley and their lovely children have a large place in our hearts and we have, along with their Indian colleagues, valued their share in the work of God's kingdom. Our hearts are sad as we bid them farewell, sad for them, sad for ourselves for we see no way that the work in which they were engaged can be adequately cared for. Yet our ways are not God's ways and so we can only put all the disappointment and all the concern both for Shirley and for the Kingdom work in His hands. For Shirley we pray God's healing touch added to all that can be done for her through medical science, and His clear guidance to her and Glenn.
as to His purpose for them in the days and years ahead. For ourselves, for our Indian colleagues and especially those who have been associated with Glenn during these two years and who had been counting on his help we pray increased strength and vision and for a faith that will never waver even when the path ahead seems hard to see. May Santal Christian leaders be found to fill the gap made by the departure of Glenn and Shirley for the U.S.A., and may there be national leaders to take the places of others who have gone to the States not planning to return, and of those who have retired this year or will be retiring in the coming year. We know that the Lord always gives the strength for what He expects us to do, and because He holds the key to the future we will not be anxious.

The Hills expect to leave India by plane via the Pacific route before the end of October. Our love and our prayers go with them.

ETHEL N. ROADARMEL

YES, LIFE IS DIFFERENT HERE

By Burt E. Weidman

Before the young missionary leaves the U.S.A, he is advised that life on the Mission field is different. He is told that if he can make certain adjustments he will be successful. After having been in India for eight months I would say to other young missionaries, about to set out for new lands, if you can adjust, you can stay alive, and if you can laugh at yourself while doing it, you can learn patience and be truly humble. Let me tell you what I have found different from anything I have known before.

The weather is different. India is said to have three seasons: the cold, the hot, and the rainy, according to westerners. We arrived in December, after the cold season had begun. I kept waiting and waiting
for it to turn really cold, but the days were just like fall in the States. One night the temperature dropped to 45 degrees!

The hot season begins about the first of April, but before then we had gone to Darjeeling in the Himalayas for language study, so I have had no experience of temperature rising to 110 for days at a time, or of nights when there is nothing but dry, hot air, or of days when the wind seems to be blowing across a fiery furnace. However, just recently a missionary showed me a gooey mass of red material which he said had been left in his dresser drawer during the hot season. “What is it?” I asked. He replied, “Well, it once was rubber bands.” In Bhimpore the brick or mud walls are often 12” to 14” thick. Such waste, I thought. But, where there’s heat, there’s usually light, and I’m beginning to see a little, even though this is the rainy season.

Now, the rainy season is very deceptive, as Indian history records. If the monsoon comes on time, the people of India eat; if it doesn’t many go hungry, and some verge on starvation. And so, the coming of the rain in itself is a laughing matter. At the end of the dry season, I returned from Darjeeling to Calcutta. The monsoon was long overdue. As I walked the streets of the city, I could feel the tension, which mounts higher and higher each day that the monsoon is delayed. (Monsoon, means the coming of the moisture laden air over the land.) As I went about my business one afternoon, I sensed that people were excited. The heat was positively oppressive and I was wringing wet with perspiration. My Indian friends, milling around me on the busy and garbage littered streets, were also perspiring. Then it was that people began pointing to the sky. I, too, looked up and there was a huge black cloud coming in low over Calcutta. A brisk breeze began to blow. People gathered in clusters, talking excitedly and looking towards the sky. In a few minutes the first drops of rain began to fall. Now there was no holding in of the joy of the crowd: people rushed out of shops to get wet with the first rain; groups of young men went down the street singing; some set off fire
crackers. Now the blistering heat would be reduced, and the fields could be plowed for planting. I didn’t know what the people on all sides of me were saying, but their smiles told of God’s goodness—the life-saving rains had come again. Since that time I have had cause to dislike the rainy season: stamps and envelopes all stick together, leather articles, shoes, and dark colored clothes turn grey with mildew, and valuable tools rust. However, with all the inconvenience nothing can take away the joy I felt as I shared with total strangers the experience of the “breaking of the monsoon.” Yes, the weather is different here, but if I were attempting to define the three seasons I would do so, as follows: “dry heat, and cool heat, subject to mixing without notice.”

The sounds are different. The crickets and frogs sound just as they do in the States. The barking dogs are about the same, and one cannot tell the difference between the crowing of an Indian rooster and that of an American. The crow is very bold. During my first experience of being hospitalized in India, a crow flew in through one of the unscreened windows. I pretended to be asleep and he snatched a piece of butter off my dinner tray. Alas! he stopped on the window sill to eat it, and in doing so flipped it all over the wall and onto my bed. A well aimed glass of water was his reward.

Sounds in the night are different. Sleeping on an outside veranda which faces toward the village, one hears all sorts of sounds; loud conversations, singing which is sometimes motivated by rice beer, cows and goats in distress, and the coughing of sick people. Then in a tree close by there is an owl that screeches through the night in more raucous tones than any American owl I have ever heard. In our Santal village one can always count on the beating of the drums. On special occasions they beat all night long, but one gets accustomed to them.

Adjusting to one particular sound was a frightening experience to this young missionary. One night last December, while all was comparatively still in the village, I sat bolt upright in bed as an agonizing cry
broke the stillness. During my seminary training I had spent one summer working among the American Indians. One night a woman died in our colony and the next day at the funeral I heard the unrestrained cries of the bereaved. The cry coming from our village sounded just like the cries I had heard then. As I listened I felt sure that some woman had lost a loved one and I felt I must do something for her. I got up and dressed and then called Mr. Roadarmel, I told him I had heard a woman's agonizing cry; was there not something we could do to relieve her distress? We went out on the veranda and I indicated the direction from which the sound had come. "It's probably the cry of a jackal, prowling around the village," he said. "No," I said, "this was the cry of a woman in distress." We waited to hear the cry again, but it didn't come. My wise and understanding colleague said simply, "Well, if it was a woman, the pastor of the church and several Christians live over there, and they would go to help. Still upset and uneasy I went back to bed. It is my habit when I know someone is in distress to pray for them immediately. So, as I lay in bed, I continued to pray for this woman. Since that night I have had many opportunities to hear the cry of jackals in the quiet of the night and they sound exactly like the imaginary woman in distress. Now, if God sees the funny side of things, I'm sure he laughed the night I prayed for a jackal.

The language, too, is different. The new missionary is faced first of all with the learning of not 26 letters as in English, but 45 letters. When one first looks at the 45 letters in the Bengali alphabet there comes an urge to laugh. However, when one settles down to learning them, it is difficult to see the humor involved. One might say that Bengali letters are in a sense characters, since each represents an individual sound. There is, for instance, an individual letter or character for "th," "sh," "jh," etc. One can take comfort, however, in fantasy that spelling in Bengali is easier than in English. In Bengali, if you are attempting to spell a word with "s" in it, you not only must remember where the "s" belongs, but which "s" to use, since there are three of them in the
alphabet. In like manner there are 2 "n's," 2 "t's," 2 "j's," 2 "d's" etc. In addition to this there are what are called combined letters. In olden days when paper was scarce the pundits (learned teachers) figured out ways of combining letters so as to save space, or so it would seem. For instance, they figured out two ways to tack an "r" onto a word without actually stooping so low as to use the letter "r." After one has been at language study for a few months, it is not uncommon to spend the night dreaming which of these little marks go where in a given word. The dreaming is not too strenuous, but this business of waking up and not being able to go to sleep again until the dictionary is consulted, is a bit disconcerting. By the time one has found the proper home for all these lost marks, it's time to get up. If this is vexing to the new missionary, it is a source of joy to his Bengali teacher. As he sees the missionary coming to the morning lesson with drooping shoulders and bleary eyes he rubs his hands and says, "Good, I can see you've been dreaming in Bengali again; it won't be long now until you get it." The enthusiastic missionary manages the only appropriate comment, "Pundit, I've already had it."

It's always interesting to know that one's understanding of the spoken language is much greater than one's ability to speak. This week I made arrangements to have a fellow missionary over for chicken dinner. My cook followed my instructions carefully, and returned from his search for the chicken and reported. All seemed to be in order and the chicken practically in the pot. When my fellow missionary returned from a round-trip to town covering 64 miles, I proudly assured her the chicken dinner was all settled. However, as it turned out all the cook got during his search was a promise that the chicken would be caught during the night and on the following day, he promised, it would be ready to eat. "Cook! try to make the spam taste like chicken; we're having company." This little episode with the cook, of course, happened while my wife was in Khargpur.

21.
There are other differences, too, which missionaries must learn to laugh at. Our Indian friends laugh also and, if we are laughing, they will be laughing with us, not at us.

OUR PRAYER CORNER,

"In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

Phil. 4: 6.

Sunday. Thanksgiving for Hazel Smith's father's improvement and continued prayer for his complete recovery.

Monday. For Lillian Brueckmann's sister, Hulda, who is recovering from a heart attack, that she may regain her full strength and be able to resume work.

Tuesday. That Shirley Hill may know God's healing power and that His good purposes for her and Glenn may be fulfilled.

Wednesday. That the right person may be found who will be able to take over the responsibilities of Executive Secretary for our Bengal-Orissa Mission when Rev. Roma Kanta Sahu retires.

Thursday. For the Church of Christ, Jamshedpur, that the members and others of the congregation may see how they can provide full financial support for their pastor, so that he may devote his whole time to the work of the Lord. Rev. M. Singh Ramanjulu is supplementing his income by working for the Kaiser Engineers, Jamshedpur.
Friday. For a deeper concern on the part of all Christians for neighbors and friends who have never considered the claims of Christ that will lead them to witness for Him.

Saturday. For the unemployed, the hungry and the sick that their needs may be met.

Sunday. For an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our churches that God's love may control each member and that there may be a spiritual revival throughout Bengal and Orissa.

WILL YOU HELP?

Mrs. J. A. Howard, who so kindly takes care of subscriptions to Tidings in the U. S. A., writes that the number of paid subscriptions is at an all time low. More subscriptions are paid for by missionaries on the field and sent by them to friends and relatives in the U. S. A. than all paid subscriptions there put together. This raises the question as to the value of the time and effort put into producing this little news magazine each quarter, and the justification of having it subsidized by Mission funds.

Recently the editor has received several letters expressing appreciation for Tidings which encourages us, but we need more than kind words. If you enjoy receiving this quarterly from your Bengal and Orissa missionaries, won't you try to interest others in subscribing to it. Just send 50 cents to Mrs. J. A. Howard, 1708 No, Grand Ave., Pittsburg Kansas, or better still one dollar for a two year subscription. Perhaps your missionary society would like to help not only by urging members to subscribe, but by a gift towards the cost of printing and publication. A check may be sent to Forrest Smith, Treas., A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. asking that the amount be sent to Mrs. C. C. Roadarmel, Bhimpore, Dt, Midnapore, W, Bengal for Tidings.
We need your help and we covet your interest and prayers that *Tidings* may increase the interest of many in the work of God's kingdom in this part of India. We have felt that *Tidings* helped in this work. Do you agree? If so, may we count on your help?

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**NEWS ITEMS**

**Missionaries:**

*Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gilson* left Khargpur on October 5th for Bombay. On the 9th they sailed for Naples on the "Victoria." A train journey took them to Rome and from there they left by plane for New York, arriving October 24th. After visiting their daughter Lois and her family in New Haven, they plan to go to Ames, Iowa where John will have opportunity for further graduate study.

*Rev. C. C. Roadarmel* left Calcutta by plane September 17th. He was met in New York the 19th morning by his son Norman and that afternoon went out to Stony Point, 40 miles north of N. Y. City to be with Norman and his family over Sunday. The Overseas Planning Conference which Mission Secretaries and national representatives from all of our Baptist fields are attending begins September 23rd and continues until the end of November.

*Miss Beatrice Ericson* arrived by plane in Calcutta September 28th and was welcomed by the Gilsons in Khargpur the next day. Beatrice had a week in Hong Kong en route among missionary friends with whom she had served previously in China. Beatrice is Acting Mission Treasurer during the furlough of Mr. Gilson.

*Rev. and Mrs. G. R. Hill* and children have returned to the U.S.A. for health reasons. See: "We Lose Another Couple."

*Rev. and Mrs. B. E. Weidman* announce the arrival of David John on Oct. 1 at the Khargpur Railway Hospital. The Weidmans
are sharing a house with the Roadarmels while they concentrate on learning Bengali.

**Miss Lillian Brueckmann** is studying at Central Baptist Theological Seminary, Kansas City, Kansas. She writes: "You will be surprised at what I am taking—just things I have long wanted to study, but didn't have the chance. They are: New Testament Evangelism for To-day, The Teachings of Jesus, Systematic Theology, Paul's letter to the Roman, Beginners Greek Grammar." Lillian hopes to return to India in August, 1958.

**Miss Hazel Smith** is studying at Biblical Seminary, N.Y.City.

**Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Sanford**, resigned from missionary service, are now living at 306 No. Sprague St., Ellensburg, Washington. Mr. Sanford accepted a call to the Baptist Church there and began his ministry there September 1st.

**Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Vichert** will not be returning to India. They have both been doing extensive deputation work in the U.S.A. Their address is: 419 Lawrence Ave. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**Missionaries' Children:**

**Janet Osgood Erickson** of Moulmein, Burma announces the arrival on August 26th of Richard Joel, 3rd son for her and Claybourne.

**Dorothy Kitchen Poynter**, daughter of Clayton and Belle Kitchen formerly of our Mission, announces the birth of a daughter on July 5th. Dorothy has two sons.

**Bill Gilson** and his wife are living at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa where they have an apartment. Bill is taking his third year of college at Iowa Wesleyan.

**Gordon Roadarmel** is teaching European history and assisting with dramatics at the Crystal Springs Girls' School, Hillsborough, California.
Norman Roadarmel cabled his parents that Pakistan had refused second application for visa. He and his wife have been appointed by the Presbyterian Board for missionary service in Thailand.

Visitors:

Dr. and Mrs. Gaines Dobbins of the Golden Gate Seminary, Berkeley, California arrived during our Prayer Retreat at Balasore and so met most of our missionaries the one day they could spare from a very busy schedule. Dr. Gaines, who is a Southern Baptist, was on special assignment under the Baptist World Alliance visiting Baptist Mission work around the world.

Rev. P. W. Geary working with SAS and Continental Airlines visited Jhargram the week-end of September 8th and met Rev. Bahadur Kisku and other Christian Santal leaders whom he had known when he was a missionary in this area. The Hill family were at Landour at the time. Phil failed to get word to any of his former missionary colleagues of the time he would be in Bengal and so left without seeing any of them.