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Relocation . . .

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BRETHREN HOSTEL



● The Brethren Relocation Hostel is a temporary friendly home in Chicago where Americans of Japanese ancestry from War Relocation Centers are welcome to live until they secure employment and permanent homes.

Making a Reservation. Any resident of a relocation center who is eligible for relocation and who desires to relocate in or near Chicago may apply for a reservation at the Brethren Hostel. Every person, regardless of his religious creed, age, sex, or citizenship, is welcome to apply. Simple applications for reservations may be secured from the hostel representative in each relocation center or by inquiring at the relocation office. Usually only a few days elapse before an applicant receives an invitation from the hostel director after his application is submitted. Relocation through the hostel provides initial security in the new community. It is a simple and easy way for individuals and families to relocate.



Preparing for Relocation. The hostel representative at each relocation center takes a personal interest in every prospective hosteler. He suggests that the applicant secure letters of reference, and other material which might help in securing employment, such as birth certificate, union card, and tools for his trade. He sees to it that the relocatee checks with the Leave Office concerning grant and maintenance funds, war ration books, indefinite leave cards, etc. The hostel representative stands by as a friend to offer traveling hints and to prepare applicants adequately for relocation to the hostel.

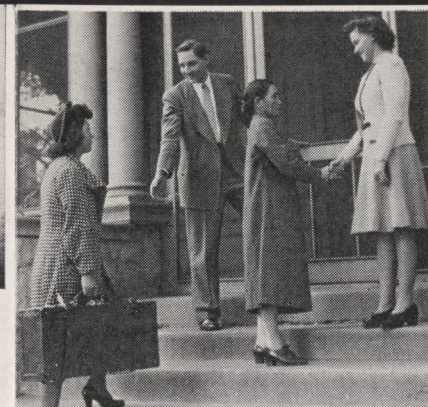


Leaving Camp. At last the day comes. The bus is waiting. Parents, relatives and friends are bidding good-by. What a thrill to embark upon a new free life once again!



Arriving in Chicago. If the prospective hosteler has telegraphed the hostel director en route, indicating his train, its station, and time of arrival, a Travelers' Aid is usually there to greet him when he arrives. This new friend helps him get his baggage, tells him how to get to the hostel and sends him on the way.

The Hostel. The resettler is pleased to discover that his new home is comfortable, modern, and large—large enough to accommodate thirty-five resettlers. Located in one of the better neighborhoods, surrounded by spacious well-kept lawns, and looking out over beautiful Lake Michigan, it provides a colorful contrast to the old relocation center barracks. What a welcome sight after a long, hard, dirty train ride!

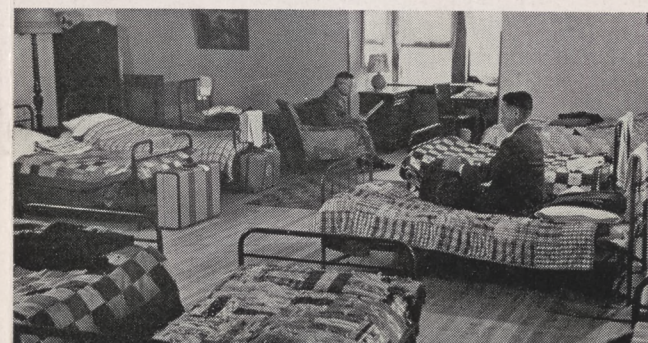


Warm Reception. A friendly handshake, a helping hand, and a warm greeting from the hostel directors make relocation seem ever more worth while.

Feeling at Home. Pleasant, well-furnished bedrooms, kept neat and clean by hostelers themselves, greet new women members of the hostel family. A hot shower or bath, fresh clean sheets, a good night's sleep, and the long train ride is forgotten. Separate sleeping rooms are made available for families whenever possible.



Men's Dormitory. The largest of the home's thirteen rooms is the men's dormitory, which accommodates fifteen men. An understanding attitude and a spirit of co-operation help hostelers to catch the home-like atmosphere soon. Co-operative living is a real joy and a happy memory when each hosteler considers first the welfare of other members of the hostel family.



Getting Their Bearings. As soon as the new hosteler has unpacked and is settled in his new quarters, he "talks things over" with the hostess. As a member of the hostel family, he is invited to share equally in the board, the chores, and the good fellowship of other hostelers. He receives answers to questions about Chicago, how to find his way about town, how to find employment, how to secure a permanent living place. He is made to feel at home in a world quite different from a relocation center. Confidence in himself returns.

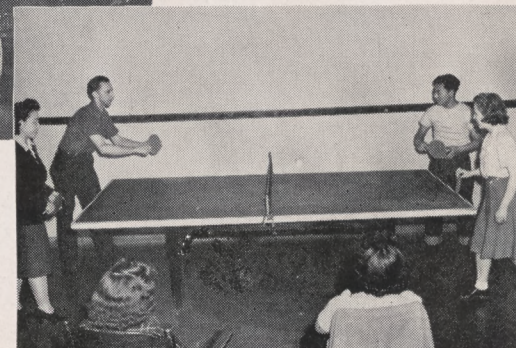


Meal Times. Pleasant, dignified, and family-like. Because of the co-operative plan of living, expenses at the hostel are reduced to a minimum. For the nominal fee of one dollar a day, a hosteler is entitled to a bed and three meals a day. If a hosteler remains at the hostel after he has commenced his job, the rate increases to a dollar and a half per day. For children under ten years of age, the rate increases from fifty cents a day to seventy-five cents under similar conditions. These rates are nominal charges; they do not cover expenses.

Skillful Dietitian. Mrs. Shizume Akinaga is the hostel dietitian, buyer and cook. Food rationing makes planning meals an art which she has learned well. She is skillful at providing a balance of American and Japanese dishes. Full stomachs boost the morale of resettlers and keep hostelers happy.



After a busy day investigating jobs and looking for apartments, hostelers gather to discuss prospects and to relax in the hostel recreation room. Comparing notes is a favorite pastime.



Making Friends. Through introduction to the educational, cultural, religious and social life of the neighborhood, the hostel assists resettlers in making the necessary adjustment to the new community. Informal hostel social affairs provide an opportunity for hostelers to meet other Chicago residents and to become integrated into the normal social life of the city. Resettlers find a warm welcome in Chicago and nearby communities and they make new friends quickly.



News From Camp. Relocation center newspapers attached to the hostel's bulletin board are eagerly scanned by those anxious for news of their friends and relatives still in the centers. A comparison of the number of indefinite leaves granted from the various centers each week is always an interesting topic.

Most young resettlers look forward to "bringing out" their parents.

Doing His Part. The chores consist of serving meals, washing dishes, and maintaining the house and garden. A work schedule is prepared each evening for the following day. Each hosteler has an opportunity at that time to volunteer for his share of the house responsibilities.



Playing Together. Babies at the hostel are always centers of attraction for both hostelers and neighborhood children. Many families are realizing that they can all relocate together successfully by going to the hostel.



Virginia Asaka is the hostel secretary and its gracious receptionist. In addition to her routine duties as receptionist, typist and stenographer, she acts as interpreter for first-generation hostellers who speak inadequate English, and as a hostel counselor. Another duty is to forward the large quantities of mail which come for former hostellers. She is a capable and indispensable assistant to the hostel directors.



Helping Make Decisions. The hostel staff takes a special interest in each hosteller until he has secured both a satisfactory job and permanent living quarters, which usually requires one or two weeks. Hostellers are counseled to take their time, make wise choices, and to stick to their jobs. At the same time, they are encouraged to secure both jobs

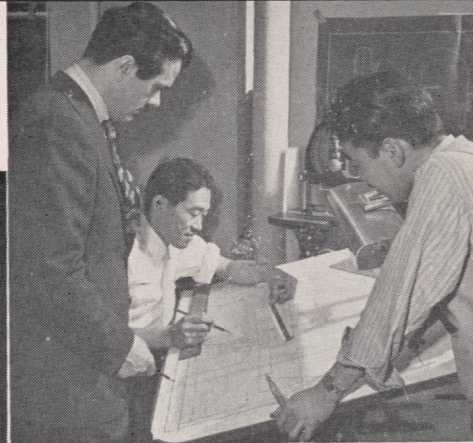
and living accommodations as soon as possible so that the hostel will be able to aid as many resettlers as possible.

Discussing the Future. On Monday and Thursday evenings, hostellers regularly enjoy the most significant and helpful experience of their entire stay at the hostel: frank discussions of the personal and social problems they face. Led by a member of the hostel staff, assisted by outstanding young Japanese Americans of Chicago, these discussions have proven most valuable to hostellers attempting to begin a normal life anew. Older first-generation hostellers participate as freely as do the younger of the second and third generations. The spacious hostel parlor is also popular for entertaining friends.

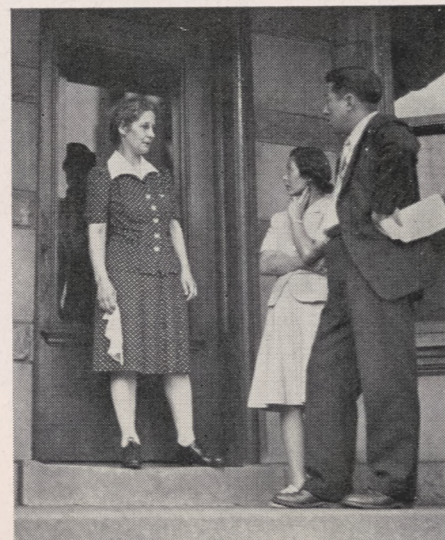


of work than there are resettlers to fill them. Hostellers may also seek employment without the aid of the government. Because west coast discrimination had previously limited their fields of work, many resettlers are for the first time at jobs for which they trained themselves and are receiving higher wages than they have ever received.

Looking for Permanent Quarters. Finding a home is a more difficult task. After securing employment, hostellers are counseled to take a few days off to find a permanent place to live before actually going to work. The shortage of housing in Chicago, however, is not as serious as in many other centers of employment. Discrimination against Orientals is negligible. Resettlers are living in all sections of this city of nearly four million people.



At Work. Finding a job is an easy task. The War Relocation Authority and the United States Employment Service have far more employment offers in most lines



Finding a Home. An increasing number of families are applying for hostel reservations. This family has secured a six-room furnished flat. It may not be as modern as their former home on the west coast, but it is many times more comfortable than was their relocation center room. Their children are attending one of Chicago's modern schools and enjoying a free normal life. Some families of resettlers have found more adequate homes in Chicago's suburbs. A study made by one of the hostellers, Frank Miyamoto from the University of Southern California, for the period of March 1 to August 25, 1943, shows that the median rent being paid by resettled hostellers was \$4.50 per person per week while the median wage being earned was \$29.62 per person per week. More recent trends show increased wages.



Normal Family Life. Resettlement restores normal family life. It is still possible to obtain sufficient food to entertain guests. The hostel follows up relocated hostellers by visits and correspondence. It is anxious to have its "alumni" succeed in resettlement. No former hosteller has been known to return to live in a relocation center.



The Brethren Relocation Hostel is administered by the Brethren Service Committee of the Church of the Brethren. This church is a historic peace church and because of its convictions in this

respect it has organized a world-wide program of reconstruction. This program is supported by the sacrificial giving of its members, who are motivated entirely by their desire to apply the Christian principles of love and brotherhood to all people. The hostel is a practical testimony to evacuees of the church's genuine desire to bring reconciliation between all peoples.

Members of the Church of the Brethren live throughout the Eastern and Central parts of the United States and on the West Coast. They are about 180,000 strong and are mostly farmers and rural people. The church is in many ways conservative and emphasizes the simple virtues that make stable, co-operative, community living possible. Hostellers will find a warm welcome in Brethren circles. Members of the church keep the hostel well supplied with donations: fresh and canned food from their farms, homemade blankets, hostel beds—all evidence of their faith and interest in Americans of Japanese ancestry. The hostel invites all interested individuals to contribute to its program, financially and in other ways.

Hostel Statistics as of Nov. 1, 1943

Total number of hostellers587
Average number of hostellers per day	25
Average number of days hostellers stay at hostel	..11.6
Average age of hosteller22.6



The directors of the hostel are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Smeltzer. Because of the co-operative plan of living, very little supervision at the hostel is necessary. The directors stand ready to welcome resettlers and to give a helping hand wherever it is needed: finding jobs and homes, giving advice about Chicago, introducing strangers, referring hostellers to places of entertainment or worship, storing baggage, counseling on various personal problems, providing recreational and social activities and visiting former hostellers. In addition to being host and hostess, they keep records, pay the bills, repair the premises, and keep the hostel operating smoothly. As mother and father of the large hostel family, theirs is a twenty-four-hour job, without including calls to interpret the hostel program to civic and church groups. The hostel directors endeavor to make relocation as easy and attractive as possible for those persons still in relocation centers. The hostel invites all prospective resettlers to enjoy the hospitality it offers.

BRETHREN RELOCATION HOSTEL

6118 N. Sheridan Road
Chicago 40, Illinois
Phone HOLlycourt 1842

Administered by

BRETHREN SERVICE COMMITTEE

of the
Church of the Brethren
22 South State Street
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

GOSPEL MESSENGER

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Jesus and the Samaritan

"Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water? . . . Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:10-14).

Print from the Abbott Book Collection
Painting by a Chinese artist

In This Number...

Editorial—

Around the World (E. B.)	2
Glorifying and Enjoying God (E. F.)	3
They Suffer Silently and Go On (E. F.)	3
At the Beginning of Lent (D. W. B.)	3
Inaugurating a New Editor (D. W. B.)	4
Thinking About the News (D. W. B.)	4
Kingdom Gleanings	16, 17
With Our Schools	17
About Books	17

The General Forum—

Removing Mountains.	
By Albert C. Wileand	5

The Indignation of the Meek.	
By Jesse H. Ziegler	6
God's Love (Verse).	
By Mrs. Arlene Holsworth	7
The Obligation in Baptism. Part III.	
By Galen B. Royer	7
If You Had Only Known (Verse).	
By Ora W. Garber	8
Darkness Turns to Light.	
By Harold H. Hersch	9
The Gates of Heaven. By Earle Sluss	9
Church Attendance. By Stanley B. Keim	10
Too Much Noise. By Chester E. Shuler	11
Atrocities. By Dan West	11
The Burning Bush (Verse).	
By Mary McDowell	11

Home and Family—

What's Wrong With the Bennetts?	
By Helen Hoak Eikenberry	12
Information on the Teachings of Jesus Christ. By A. S. Thomas	13
Her Broadcast. By Julia Graydon	13

Our Mission Work—

On to New York. By Minor M. Myers	14
What to Pray For	15
Monthly Financial Report (C. M. C.)	15

Brethren Service—

Resettling Americans of Japanese Ancestry. By Ralph Smeltzer	18
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The Church at Work—

Your Church and Camp 1944; Making Brotherhood Work	20, 21
--	--------

Brethren Service

RESETTLING AMERICANS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY

BY RALPH SMELTZER

For the past twelve months the Brethren Service Committee has maintained a hostel in Chicago, which has assisted Americans of Japanese ancestry to resettle from War Relocation Authority camps into a civilian life and self-supporting jobs. During this time, Ralph and Mary Smeltzer have directed the work.

Recently I visited seven of the western relocation centers where approximately 65,000 persons of Japanese ancestry still reside who were removed from their homes on the west coast. As a result of this trip, I discovered a number of interesting facts.

Present indications are that resettlement may proceed as rapidly during the spring and summer as it did last year. There are still a great many people—perhaps 15,000 to 20,000—who are single or have small families and can relocate immediately. Most of them will probably resettle under the present program before next winter. Many parents with a son or a daughter relocated and with only one or two children at home are making plans to join those on the outside.

Even larger families are making plans for resettlement. Some of these plans are set to mature in six months, some in a year, some in eighteen months. The important fact is that many—perhaps most—families seem to be making some sort of plan for resettlement.

Not all residents of the centers are in favor of resettlement, however. There are still some who bitterly oppose it. Usually, these persons have no personal friends or relatives who have relocated. Although the Buddhists have been most reluctant to relocate, some Christians are equally hesitant. No arguments—jobs, wages, housing, education of children, postwar employment or public acceptance—will persuade this group to relocate. They just refuse to be persuaded; they do not want to be convinced. One interesting and significant observation was that practically everyone seemed to be talking

The Brethren Hostel, at 6118 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago

With a staff made up of Rev. and Mrs. Ralph Smeltzer and Rev. and Mrs. Charles Kimmel, the hostel provides a temporary home for as many as thirty-five resettlers from War Relocation Centers who spend a week or more there while they are looking for jobs and apartments in Chicago. The hostel was opened in March 1943 at Bethany Biblical Seminary and moved to the present location in September 1943. By November 1, 587 resettlers had been helped.



Brethren Service Committee,
22 South State Street,
Elgin, Illinois.

Dear Friends,

As I arrived in Chicago one cold rainy day in the spring, my emotions were somewhat varied. After over a year's confinement in a relocation center, it felt wonderful to be back in civilization—to be free again, leaving barb-wire fences and watch-towers forever behind. At the same time, there was fear in my heart. How much discrimination would I face? Would I be able to find employment? Would I make friends? Could I find my place back into society again? Would I be branded as an "evacuee, fresh out of a concentration camp?" Would it be possible for me to forget the past year's experience as a bad dream?

As I became part of the hostel family, participated in the discussion meetings, had long sessions with ever-helpful counselors and received daily guidance in my pursuits for employment and housing a great deal of the fear and doubt left me.

I shall never forget the wonderful spirit of the students at the Bethany Biblical Seminary. It seemed that they went out of their way to show us their genuine friendship, love and understanding. Priceless friendships grew out of doing the dishes together, playing ping-pong, holding bull-sessions until late at night, and gathering around the piano and singing. These friends, through their active ministry, restored confidence in us and melted the icy fear of discrimination from our hearts.

Now that I am happily settled in an apartment and have been employed for over five months in an office among congenial people, I can appreciate the hostel more than ever for its assistance in giving me the right attitude toward life in Chicago and in removing my many doubts and fears.

The Brethren Service Committee can well feel satisfied in the wonderful service it is performing, and it may be assured that I, as well as 550 others who were fortunate enough to be able to accept the hospitality of the Brethren hostel, am deeply grateful to the committee. May I express the hope that the Brethren Service Committee will continue in its ministry to the resettlers.

Most appreciatively yours,
G. S., a Resettler.

about resettlement, either for it or against it. Indifference was uncommon.

Large families face genuine resettlement obstacles. Before these families can relocate, before resettlement will be able to continue much after next fall, these obstacles must be faced by both the War Relocation Authorities and the center residents and overcome. Heads of these families are either farmers or businessmen for the most part. Opportunities for the businessmen to get back into business are decreasing, not increasing. The financial risks are great. Neither are they content to work for others.

There are three possible solutions to the problem: subsidization, group relocation, or reservations. The first solution would mean that either the government, private agencies or the evacuees, through credit unions, would find farms and business opportunities and would help financially in getting resettlers started in business. Even though the government were to increase family grants to \$500 or \$2,500, as some evacuees are requesting, it will still be necessary to secure proper farm and business opportunities, which are not now available.

Group relocation is looked upon by some government officials and resettlers with disfavor, by others with favor. In the case of farmers, the problems are securing a plot of ground, selecting a congenial co-operative



This family was resettled through the Brethren hostel. Many of those remaining in War Relocation Centers are members of families and their resettlement presents some difficult problems.

group, securing financial assistance, obtaining favorable public opinion, and providing adequate housing.

Turning the relocation centers into permanent reservations is the third possibility, which is being increasingly discussed. These reservations would be operated under the supervision of the government as are the Indian reservations, or turned over to the evacuees to operate themselves. In this setup, the farmers could till the land around the projects as they are now doing and the businessmen could set up their businesses inside.

I encountered considerable talk as to how many persons will never be relocated. Estimates ran from 35,000 to 75,000. Government men now admit that a large group of evacuees probably will never be relocated and that centers or public aid must be maintained for them. The final number left will depend upon the success of present relocation planning, whether new procedures are instigated for family resettlement, the degree to which evacuees have an opportunity to participate in the planning and execution of their own resettlement, and upon the relative attractiveness of relocation center life as against resettlement life.

The last mentioned reason does have considerable effect upon the present speed of resettlement. The War Relocation Authority policy and the personnel seem to be going at cross-purposes—improving life in the centers to the point of creating an impression of permanence, and at the same time preaching relocation and the temporary nature of the projects. This paradoxical situation must be resolved before many of the relocation center residents will increase their confidence in the W.R.A. and its chief purpose. The more attractive, physically, recreationally, socially and financially, relocation centers become, the fewer there will be who embark upon the harder road, resettlement.

More and more relocation officers are realizing that evacuees cannot be "high-pressured" into resettling. The opinion is growing that the success of relocation depends upon the evacuees themselves, that it is their problem, that it is up to them to decide to relocate, to realize that their future is at stake. When this decision has been made perhaps with the assistance of a relocation counselor, it is then time for the War Relocation Authority to step in and ask how it might help. The major responsibility must be placed upon those who are to do the relocating.

In some of the centers the evacuees are willing and desirous of carrying the major responsibility for organizing and aiding relocation, and in some cases, the evacuee leadership is superior to the appointed personnel

Relocation in Brethren Communities

We are receiving increasing requests from Brethren families and others in the Midwest to supply farm and domestic help. Our success in providing such help has been almost negligible. Why? After persons have arrived in Chicago where they have friends, abundant job opportunities, good wages and the near-by security of the hostel, they are exceedingly reluctant to venture farther down the resettlement road. It has taken considerable effort on their part to get this far. We experience little success in persuading any of them to go farther, even though we assure them that "it is a good home, a good farm, and a favorable community." We hesitate to assure Brethren and others that we can find them hired help which we know is almost impossible to obtain.

We have not given up, however. It may be necessary for either Mrs. Smeltzer or myself to accompany potential employees to the homes, farms, or small communities desiring such help. After such individual placement has been accomplished, it may be necessary for one of us to visit such persons occasionally and assist in the adjustment process.

The problem of how to relocate vegetable growers who insist on operating their own farms and businessmen who insist on operating their own businesses is still unsolved by both private and government agencies alike. Such men, usually with large families, represent nearly 50% of the population remaining in the relocation centers.

We hope to have in the near future more specific suggestions and a plan by which more interested Brethren people can help. In the meantime, we solicit the inquiries and helpful suggestions from the brotherhood.

leadership. One relocation evacuee succinctly put it this way, "Sometimes the 'guinea pigs' are smarter than the 'lab technicians.'"

Another interesting factor will soon affect resettlement. That factor is the draft of *nisei* men. According to War Relocation Authority officials and the newspapers today, Selective Service will soon begin to draft American citizens of Japanese ancestry. It has been possible for *nisei* to volunteer for the armed forces since last February, and a considerable number have entered the army. All volunteers so far have been trained in a segregated combat unit at Fort Shelby, Mississippi. *Nisei* will willingly accept conscription, but many will be reluctant, some bitter, at having to go into segregated units. Although some of these units have recently made an outstanding record in Italy, it is likely that this segregation will continue. There should be strong protest from church groups at this kind of undemocratic action—even if it is within the armed forces.

The average age of those who have relocated is about twenty-three years. Considerably over one half are men; thus many resettlers and evacuees will likely be inducted. As a result of this, relocation may be slowed down considerably. Since many families still in camp are depending upon their relocated sons to prepare a niche for the family's relocation, these families' plans will be shattered. The relocatable persons left in the centers will be girls and 4-F's largely. Parents will be reluctant to allow their daughters to relocate alone. Some girls may join the auxiliary service organizations. Beyond this, it is difficult to predict what other effects the draft will have upon resettlement.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Volume 38

NOVEMBER 6, 1943

Number 45



These people want justice, freedom, and the place under the sun to which they are entitled

Illustration by Bernard Westmacot

WHAT PRICE PEACE?

WALTER W. VAN KIRK

MANY people are talking about a brave new world. Postwar planning has become very popular. Congress is talking about the shape of things to come. The world's statesmen commute across the oceans and continents to exchange ideas on tomorrow's world. There is the Atlantic Charter and the Declaration of the United Nations. Religious assemblies are having their say. The churches in many nations are outlining their plans for the world after the war. Christian youth groups are highly resolving that this shall be the last war; that after the shooting is over there must be established a world of peace and of justice.

This is all very encouraging. But more than blueprints will be required if our dreams for the future are to be realized, more than resolutions if the swords of the nations are to be sheathed. A peace that is worth having will have to be paid for. The kind of world we

want can't be pulled out of a grab bag; nor is this world for sale on the bargain counters of diplomatic department stores. The peace must be paid for and our youth will have to pay their share of the price.

Part of this price will be the surrender of some of our cradle-inherited prides and prejudices. We think so well of ourselves. Within limits that is proper enough, but almost unconsciously we are likely to organize our thoughts regarding the future around ourselves—the color of our skin, the traditions of our nation, the patterns of our Western culture. Gravitating around ourselves at the center, we too often think of others as grimly hanging on to the periphery of our postwar planning. This thought process will have to be abandoned. The white peoples of the world are a minority group. God's children are of many colors and the larger number of them aren't white. There are blacks and browns and yellows,

and together they comprise a majority of the world's population. It is sometimes difficult for us to realize this. We too easily assume that if the white peoples of Europe and the Western world are in agreement among themselves as to their own future, the peace of the world will be assured. This is the sheerest nonsense.

The colored races of the world are on the march. When Mr. Willkie returned from China and North Africa, he painted for the American people a word picture of the people's revolution, of colored peoples chafing under the servitude so long imposed upon them by the nations of the West. According to Mr. Willkie, these hundreds of millions of people are no longer prepared to act as gold diggers for Western imperialism. They want a destiny of their own. They want justice, freedom, and the place under the sun to which they are entitled.

Can we do justly by these people on the other side of the world if we



Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk



Photo from Blank & Stoller
Mr. J. F. Dulles was chairman of the plenary session of the first Delaware Conference

are not willing to do justly by the Negroes and the Orientals who live in our own neighborhood? Of what use is it for young people to be talking about a new world if they are not prepared to share the spirit of this new world with the racial minorities within our midst? This is one of the prices that must be paid for peace—the renunciation of our race bigotries.

Take the Chinese for example. China is an ally of the United States. When Madame Chiang Kai-shek was in this country she was hailed as one of the great women of the world. Vast throngs of people pressed upon her. Newspaper reporters and radio commentators were enraptured by her charm. She walked among us as a symbol of the new world waiting to be born.

Within the limits of our ability to do so we are sending soldiers to China, and airplanes and munitions. And for what? That China may be free, that the four hundred and fifty million people of that war-

stricken nation may look toward a future of justice and of equality.

That's one thing, but our treatment of Orientals within our own country is something else. In Madison Square Garden in New York, twenty thousand people gathered to do honor to Madame Chiang. The governors of many of our states were on the platform. When China's First Lady finished speaking, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, declared that it was the most eloquent and convincing speech to which he had ever listened. But did it occur to those twenty thousand people and to the governors who sat upon the platform that had Madame Chiang wished it, she could not become a citizen of the United States? Under our naturalization laws we don't permit foreign-born Orientals to become American citizens. We deem them inferior. We are white. They are yellow. We belong to God's elect. They don't.

Moreover, this psychology of race superiority manifests itself in our economic dealings with the Chinese. We suffer the Chinese in our midst to wash our shirts and launder our pajamas, but because they aren't our equals they are segregated in "Chinatowns." It is a polite and legal form of servitude, but nonetheless catastrophic in its implications for the future peace.

Then take the Negroes in our midst. We talk big about justice for the Negroes in Africa. We say the time has come when emancipation must be extended to the downtrodden and exploited millions of the Dark Continent. But are we equally resolved to do justly by the Negroes who comprise one tenth of the population of the United States? We are not. The discriminations exercised against American Negroes has long been a national scandal. These people are required to live on an economic level considerably below the level we whites demand for ourselves.

Then take the Jews. Although their skin is white, they are deemed by many to belong to an inferior order of creation. We condemn, and rightly condemn, the Nazi atrocities directed against the Jews of Germany and of Poland and of southeastern Europe. And while we do this we permit the spread of anti-Semitism in our country.

Can a new world be compounded out of these race prejudices, these color bigotries? Not in a million years. Here is one of the prices that must be paid for peace—a thorough cleansing of our minds and hearts of the divisive and discriminatory practices predicated upon considerations of race and blood. In this our Christian youth

Continued on page five

Where Can Man Take Hold?

MAN can't do much about a mountain, an ocean, or a sky. Nature lies beyond his control in areas such as these and does not need him at all. Christ did say that those who had faith could remove mountains, but I think mountain moving is done mostly in the realms of human difficulties and of ideas.

There are some areas in which man has taken a hand in nature and spoiled things. Our denuded hillsides and dust-bowl prairies are examples. This dense woods picture taken in the forest of the northern peninsula of Michigan seems to indicate that the attention of man is needed here. Perhaps it is. But the deep leaf mold, wood decay and mosses of the many square miles of forests in this region hold the moisture and regulate the water supply of the Great Lakes area. Perhaps if man would go in and bring order out of this chaos he would bring chaos somewhere else. So I am not so sure whether man should take a hand here or not.

There are some areas, however, where nature definitely needs man. The Good Book says man was set to have dominion over the created world. He is fulfilling his intended function only when he administers natural resources wisely and well for human good. What must God think of man's administration in days like these? Shall the children of God make a better day?—E. G. H.



HUBERT EVANS

Illustrated by Murray McKeehan

Civilization lay far behind us; somewhere in the wilderness ahead the Two Tusk range towered

THE record of our victorious assault lies buried under the cairn on that lonely peak in the Alaskan hinterland. Sealed in a bottle under that heap of rocks is a paper with the names of our climbing party—Dr. Minton's, Al's, and mine. Glen Bellew's name is on that record, too. Yet Glen has never even set foot on that giant of the Two Tusk Range.

Weeks before the spring term ended at Ashton Tech, plans for our assault had been checked to the smallest detail. Thanks to Dr. Minton's connection with the geological survey, Washington had given us copies of the latest airplane photographs, and from them we were able to map out the more promising lines of attack.

But I shouldn't say "promising," for actually we got more warning than promise from those pictures. They showed the peak to be as formidable as any on the continent. But as Glen reminded, with that determined grin of his, this was just another reason why it should be conquered by old Ashton—"the school that's hung up a record for the tough ones," was how he put it.

Not that we needed to be reminded of that, for, north and south, no col-

lege has won a better name in mountaineering. In our engineering school geology is tops, and every class for generations has turned out its mountaineers.

We left the northbound Seattle steamer at a mining settlement close to the Alaska Panhandle. A week later we were in the country where Dr. Minton was to complete his last season's geological survey, and during the month we camped there, Glen and Al and I made every day's work count in getting our legs and wind into perfect shape. Tradition—be it school, family, or country—cuts two ways. It's fine to have, but it takes some living up to, and having been chosen for the assault, we three put all we had into being ready.

Well, we were. When the survey was finished, we sent the instruments and the heavy outfit back to the coast with our Indian canoemen, shouldered our packs, and, leaving the main river, headed east through rugged country. Civilization lay far behind us; somewhere in the wilderness ahead the Two Tusk Range towered, and I remember how one night, while we lay in our sleeping bags in the sub-Arctic twilight beside a brawling glacial stream, Glen was as impressed as I was by the vast-

ness of this solitude. "It's between just us and that old mountain, now," he said, raising himself on his elbow and looking across at me. But by the following noon Glen and all of us knew he had been wrong.

With Glen in the lead we had angled down a two-thousand-foot side hill, and were struggling through a belt of down timber fringing a small river when I heard him shout. When I got out on the sand bar and saw how Glen and Al and Dr. Minton were bending over some tracks, I thought at first they had come upon the trail of big grizzly. I dumped my Yukon packboard and ran over.

"Somebody's ahead of us!" Glen blurted, pointing to the hob-nailed boot marks.

Dr. Minton, who understood human nature better than most, was the first to see what he really meant.

"Probably they're only a couple of prospectors, Glen," he suggested.

"I'd feel a whole lot better if they were headed the other way," Glen argued. He had that tense, combative look I hadn't seen in his eyes for weeks.

"Maybe they are," I said, and walked along the bar. It was then I saw deeper tracks, depressions

Continued on page six

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Evacuees Find a Warm Welcome and Make New Friends Quickly

SINCE relocation back into normal communities seemed to be the best solution to the Japanese minority problem, and since the West Coast was closed to such relocation for military reasons, the government and the Brethren Service Committee looked toward the Midwest and East for resettlement regions. On January 4 a group of thirteen evacuees were permitted by the government to go to Bethany Biblical Seminary, to live temporarily until they secured jobs in and around Chicago. Although a few evacuees had previously been released from centers to go to jobs, and some 500 students had been released to continue college education, this group of thirteen was the first to be released without jobs. So successful were their efforts in finding employment that the Brethren Service Committee, in co-operation with the War Relocation Authority, decided to establish a relocation hostel at Bethany to aid additional evacuees in finding permanent employment and housing.

Early in February when it seemed certain that a Brethren relocation hostel would be established in Chicago a memorandum was sent to Mr. Walter A. Heath, head of the Manzanar relocation office, explaining the hostel and how and by whom it would be operated. We also selected twelve individuals who had been cleared by the F. B. I. and asked that their indefinite leaves be requested from Washing-

ton, D. C. Knowing how long it took to secure indefinite leaves, and in order to have arrangements made so that others might come to Chicago as soon as the hostel had room, we submitted a second list to be cleared by the F. B. I. and given indefinite leaves.

The individuals on both of these lists were called together in our home, where we discussed informally with them the things which they should do before they left camp, proper conduct and attitudes during the trip, the seminary and their conduct therein, and the role of the hostel in general. This discussion and the various suggestions which were made were well received. We designed a simple application blank, which these individuals filled out as a matter of course. All applicants since that time have filled out duplicate copies so that one may be kept in the center and one sent to Chicago.

The Brethren relocation hostel was officially opened on March 7, 1943. Mrs. Smeltzer and I were asked by the Brethren Service Committee to direct its activities. The first indefinite leaves which came through were for seven people. We arranged for travel permits for these individuals to go through the evacuated area. Mrs. Smeltzer left Manzanar on March 4 and arrived in Chicago on Sunday, March 7. She accompanied the first contingent, which was made up of two boys and one girl. When they arrived in Chicago there were

These Are American Refugees

Part Four -- Relocation Hostel

RALPH SMELTZER

Photos by Willis Kurtz

already two boys from the Jerome center in Arkansas at the Seminary, who came through arrangements made by Mr. Thomas Temple. On Monday two girls and one boy arrived; one of these girls stayed only a few days and went on to Washington, D. C., to work. On Wednesday, March 10, five more boys came from Manzanar. A second group, consisting of a young couple and five men, came from Jerome on March 11. With this impressive beginning the hostel was well on its way.

I visited five relocation centers enroute to Chicago on behalf of the relocation program. I met with government authorities, selected applicants for the hostel, and appointed qualified individuals in each center to represent the hostel and select additional hostellers. Another group of four evacuees who accompanied me on this trip, and myself, arrived in Chicago on April 2.

The hostel has already made an outstanding record of service. More than 450 evacuees have been aided in resettling. Thirty-three are residing in the hostel at the present time. The average stay at the hostel is about one week before permanent employment and living quarters are obtained.

The hostel's ministry of service to those of Japanese ancestry now includes the following functions: selecting deserving evacuees for relocation; meeting them at the train; making them feel at home in the hostel and in Chicago; counseling and helping them adjust to their newly-won freedom; housing and feeding them; preparing them for relocation, assimilation and the future through discussion and study groups; providing recreation, social and religious opportunities; aiding them in finding jobs and permanent housing; keeping in touch with them after they have left the hostel; and finally, aiding their acceptance by the general public.

This is a comprehensive program. It is preparing the Brethren Service Committee for the larger reconstruction and relief opportunities which must inevitably be faced in the future. Are we prepared to meet the enormous opportunities for service which this program offers? Thousands of evacuees are anxious to relocate. Many of them are looking to the Brethren relocation hostel for aid. The Church of the Brethren is better known among American Japanese now than ever before. We must not let them down.



The Brethren Relocation Hostel Provides Meals at Minimum Cost

What Price Peace?

Continued from page two

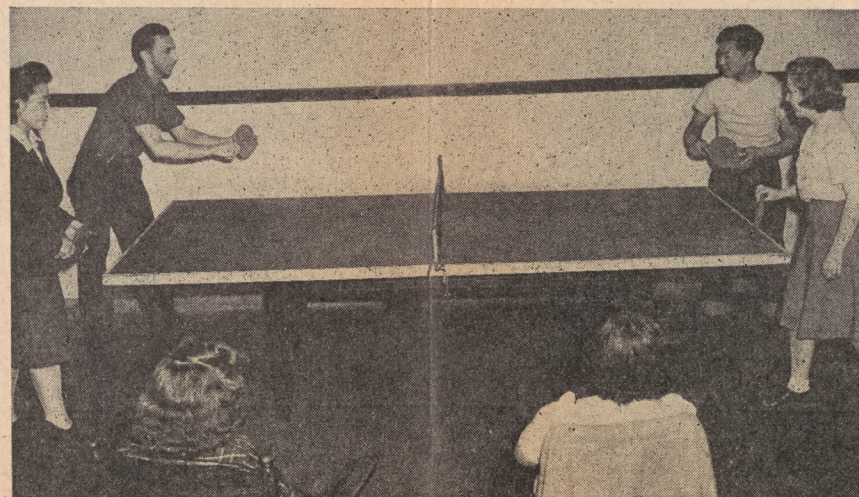
must take the lead. Many have already ventured forth upon the quest of world brotherhood. Others must follow their lead. Let the youth of America begin now a campaign of education and action designed to remove from our statutes the Oriental Exclusion Act. If for reasons that appear to the Congress to be sound, quotas must be fixed for the admission of aliens into the United States, let these quotas be fixed regardless of race. Let our Christian youth act toward the Negro and the Jew in a manner calculated to promote rather than destroy goodwill and understanding. If we can't clasp the hand of those who represent a racial and cultural group different from our own, and who live across the street from us, how is it to be expected that we shall be able to clasp the hand of that much larger number of colored people who live beyond the seas?

There is an economic price that must be paid for peace. War has its price. And what a price! It is expected that the national debt of the United States will rise to \$300,000,000,000 before this blood-letting is over. We are paying the price of this war in rationed rubber, rationed gasoline, rationed fuel oil, rationed meat, canned goods, and fats. We are paying in higher taxes and a lower standard of living. What are we prepared to pay as the price of peace? The answer to this question is not at all

clear. Where do our Christian youth stand on this issue? Let them speak up.

When the war is over there will be a demand that we return to "normalcy." By normalcy is meant our former high standard of living—higher than that of any other people on the face of the earth. By normalcy is meant our creature comforts, our fat, juicy steaks, our fur coats. Has it not occurred to us that peace may require, at least for our lifetime, the surrender of many of our one-time economic luxuries? It is agreed that peace is a by-product of justice. Is it just that part of the world shall, without sacrifice, enjoy a super-high standard of living while countless millions are barely existing in economic impoverishment?

To insure economic justice after the war it will be necessary for the United States and other nations rich in material treasures to enter into some kind of international economic planning. This in turn means that our nation must take into account the economic needs of underprivileged peoples. We cannot, as heretofore, jack up our tariff barriers in utter disregard of the effects of such legislation on the poorer nations. It may even be necessary for us to accommodate ourselves to a temporary lowering of our standard of living. I say temporary since to enrich the economy of other nations is ultimately to add to our economic well-being. But are we prepared to make even this temporary



Recreational Facilities Are Available for Hostellers

sacrifice? Let our Christian youth answer that question.

There is a political price that must be paid for peace. Already we hear some of our leaders talking about an American Century. This is just a fancy name for American imperialism. Secretary of the Navy Knox is anticipating the day when the United States will take over strategic islands in the seven seas as points of military and naval advantage in the rounding out of what is erroneously described as "manifest destiny." Our Christian young people will have to combat that state of mind. If the imperialism of yesterday is not to be succeeded by a new American imperialism tomorrow, our Christian youth must develop in this country a new brand of patriotism—a patriotism that finds satisfaction in American co-operation with other nations. This in turn will require a deflation of the national ego and the creation of a new conception of national sovereignty.

All of this means that American youth will be required to think

Next Sunday's Lesson

MANY reasons for the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency have been suggested. One cause of delinquency that is often overlooked is the influence of movies, comic books, trashy magazines, and certain radio programs. What Jesus added to our understanding of the divorce problem was the insight that clean living results not from laws but rather from clean thinking. He would agree that the serious nature of sex offenses on the part of young people is largely explained by the type of reading matter and entertainments young people enjoy.

It is because of the importance of clean thinking that Sunday-school story papers have their place. They present entertaining stories in which Christian living is emphasized. Pictures, jokes, poems and articles emphasize constructive attitudes, suggest wholesome recreation, and report the worth-while activities of youth. Young people and especially parents can use this one method of guiding clean thinking. Christian story papers have their part in guiding boys and girls toward clean living.—K. M.

Read Matthew 5:27-30.

• SIX

differently and to vote differently than did their fathers. Are they prepared to do this? If our youth are willing to pay the price of peace, then we shall have peace. If they aren't, the future will bring not peace, but a sword.

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He Who Climbs

Continued from page three

where their heels and toes had been dug in as they paralleled the riffle sweeping past the bar. I turned to beckon for the others, and as I did so, my hobnails clicked against some small metal object, half buried in the trampled sand. I dropped to my knees and began searching. Glen came running over, and when I held up my discovery, his jaw set.

"I knew it!" he exploded. "A crampon!" He turned to Dr. Minton. "Whoever they are, they're out to beat us to the peak."

Dr. Minton turned the object over in his hand. Crampons are used only by alpinists, and when attached to the climbing boots they are invaluable for ice work. The best are made in Switzerland, and as Dr. Minton examined the steel points, he nodded slowly.

"Well, I hadn't heard we were to have some friendly competition."

Until that moment I had thought I knew all there was to know about Glen Bellew. We were roommates and for two seasons, now, had played on the same football and hockey squads. Though fair, he was almost ruthlessly aggressive in his determination to win at any cost. But while he expected and gave no favors in organized sport, the mountaineering code was different. Yet as Dr. Minton handed me back the crampon, Glen lunged for it and hurled it into the middle of the rapids.

"They lost it—now let 'em find it," he declared.

In the years I have known him, this was the first time I saw anger in Dr. Minton's eyes.

"Bellew! I had always considered you a sportsman."

An angry flush showed in Glen's broad face. "We want to win—or do we?" he demanded bitterly.

"But not that badly—not at the expense of the code."

If Glen had thought a moment, even for a second, he would not have answered as he did. I had always liked Glen Bellew, but there had been times on ice and gridiron when he had not always stopped to count

the cost of winning. To him victory of any kind was tremendously important. Now, cornered, he lashed out: "What's a code, anyway?"

"A code is what men live by," was all the answer Dr. Minton gave him, and the emphasis he put on the *men* had a barb to it. Then he walked away.

For the rest of that day we pushed up the river leading to the Two Tusk glacier, and with every trying mile you could feel the discord which had overtaken us. Until that noon we were a close-knit entity, a team. Now all that was marred. It wasn't Dr. Minton's fault. When we stopped for lunch, he did his best to smooth things over without, of course, backing down from the stand he had taken. And the fact that we knew he was in the right made it no easier.

That evening we were laying the brush beds beside the fire after Dr. Minton and Al had gone up to the shoulder to see if they could locate the other party's campfire smoke and to scout out our next day's course, when Glen revealed how deep the breach had already grown.

"It takes two sides to play the game," he burst out hotly. "Those birds must have known about the Ashton party. It was in half the papers of the state."

"Maybe their attempt was in the papers, too, only we missed it, same as they did ours," I pointed out.

Loss of that crampon could bring defeat for our unknown rivals. Dr. Minton would have seen that they got it back when we overtook them. He had been right, and in his heart Glen knew it, too.

One hour after we broke camp next morning, we came abreast of where the other two climbers had cached their canoe and gone on foot along the opposite side of the river. For a mile or so the stream snaked back and forth across a wide flat of bars and old log jams, and we half expected to catch sight of them. But then the valley narrowed. The stream became more turbulent, its water the color of milk from glacial silt. Late in the afternoon we had to circle above a box canyon, and when we descended to stream level we could look up nearly a mile of spouting rapids. Far beyond, towering above the valley's head, the snowy faces of the great peak glistened in the sunset.

Austere and challenging, it seemed to defy us to come and conquer it.

The air currents, sucking down our shadowed valley, were chill with the breath of the glacier.

"Whoever gets to the top of that will have to be mighty good," I said.

"Right," Glen answered, almost curtly. A stronger team or a mighty peak, it was the same to him.

Because my rope work was still a bit below par, it had been decided that, after we had established our base camp, Dr. Minton, Al, and Glen would make the first assault. And all that day as we plodded farther up our side of that swift, unnamed river, I began to doubt that my chance, in a second attempt, would ever come. The traveling seemed easier along the opposite bank, and for all we knew the other party might now be on the glacier. Then late that afternoon, when Glen and I were scouting ahead of the others, we got our first sight of the two competing climbers.

Apparently, after a day of good going, they had run into difficulties. For on their side, bluff after bluff rose from the river bed almost to the timber line. Just on the bend upstream and across from us, the pair of them were throwing together a raft of poles.

"At last we get a break," Glen exulted. "They've either got to cross over or make a half-day climb around those bluffs."

"Myself, I'd tackle the climb," I told Glen anxiously.

A minute later I was wishing I had shouted it. Not that my voice would have carried through the snarling rumble of the rapids, but as I saw the raft pushed out and the two men snatch up their poles and jump aboard, I knew they were heading for trouble. They worked it through the boulders safely enough, but the instant the full current caught them, the raft reared sickeningly. Foaming water charged knee-deep over it, and when it rose clear, their outfit had been swept away.

It was too late now, but they were trying to get back. Their poles swung and plunged, but out there the water was treacherously deep and they could not get poling bottom. The raft was racing toward us now. Then the lashing must have parted, for the whole thing seemed to dissolve under them. Instantly both men disappeared.

"They're gone!" Glen gasped and went charging out across the shallows. An arm and a head came up

abreast of him and I saw him plunge in and start swimming. Then I lost sight of him in the mad confusion of the white water.

I guess that for a few seconds I let panic get the best of me, for when I got my bearings, I was tearing along the bank, yelling like a madman for Al and Dr. Minton. Between those steep walls, the hollow thunder of the rapids drowned my voice. Once I remember falling in the shallows. Then, as I rounded the bend, I saw a commotion in the eddy just below. One man had been dragged out and lay half on the bar, with the water tugging at his legs, and in the eddy I saw Glen Bellew fighting his way shoreward with the other. I waded out and grabbed him.

All six of us camped that night on a narrow flat just above the eddy. Though no bones were broken, both men were badly bruised.

"A few days in camp and we'll be able to make it back to the canoe," one of them decided. Later, down by the river, our party met and planned what we must do.

"With somebody to look after them and cut firewood they'll be all right here for the next few days," Dr. Minton decided, "so we'll proceed as planned." He turned to me. "You'll look after them while we make the first assault?"

But before I could answer, Glen spoke. "I'm the one who's staying." His jaw had that old determined set. "I feel fine—now," was all he said. But for us his words had deeper meaning. Like a climber who has mounted above hampering fogs, Glen Bellew had won through to the sunlit peak of certainty.

Dr. Minton is not the demonstrative kind. "You're good stuff, lad," was all he said. Then the four of us went back to camp.

But three days later, when we came down from our successful climb, he spoke for all of us when he told Glen the name of the peak which was to be printed on all new Alaska maps.

Glen was so overwhelmed he found it hard to speak. "But I didn't do any of the real climbing," he protested.

"These last few days you've climbed higher than lots of fellows ever get," Dr. Minton answered.

Glen just sat there, staring at the fire. "Mount Bellew!" he repeated. "I get it—and thanks." His eyes were shining.

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Do This In The Month Of

December

GRACE HOLLINGER

1. ORGANIZE GROUPS OF CAROLERS. Brethren young people could do this alone or in co-operation with other youth groups. Plan carefully, arranging for song leaders, instrumental music if possible, and the route to be taken so that no shut-ins will be missed, and an informal get-together either before or after the caroling.

2. PROMOTE PEACE AND GOODWILL THROUGH YOUR GIVING. Many churches take a special missionary offering at Christmastime. The work of the Brethren Service Committee calls for additional giving. The giving of young people to either of these causes is a part of the Youth Serves project and an expression of the desire to spread the spirit of Christmas.

3. STUDY INFLUENCES WHICH STIR UP PREJUDICE AND HATE. War toys certainly do not promote the spirit of Christmas among children. You can refrain from giving them as gifts and perhaps influence others to buy constructive toys.

4. EXAMINE THE DECEMBER YOUTH PROGRAMS. These and the Sunday-school lessons lead to a study of the Christ—not so much as a child but as that Child full-grown and going about doing good.

5. ORGANIZE A WORK PARTY. Make or repair toys for an orphanage, underprivileged children, or a Japanese relocation center. Or make Christmas greetings to be sent by your group to members of your church who are away from home this Christmas and those at home (invalids and shut-ins) who would appreciate a special remembrance.

6. SET UP A YEAR-ROUND SERVICE TO A NEEDY INDIVIDUAL OR FAMILY. A Christmas basket will not provide for the needs of next March or August. Remember that the best service you can render is to help the other person help himself.

SEVEN •

this business of living

a department for your personal problems

Would It Be Unfair?

ROY E. DICKERSON

QUESTION: On a visit to another town a girl I know happened to mention that she was much interested in a certain man in my town whom she had met just once. It happened that this young man was introduced to me later. Since then he has made it clear that he expects to date me. Would it be unfair for me to go with him? In a way I feel that it would, but then I know that she probably will not see him often since she is now away at school. I don't want to be unfair and I don't want to try to take something when someone else wants it and deserves it just as much as I do. What can I do?

ANSWER: You are evidently troubled by that part of the unwritten code of friendship which has to do with fair play in courtship. The provisions of this code are far from specific or universally agreed upon, but the spirit of one of them is that one will not deliberately try to win a lover or sweetheart from a warm friend. Among those of high principles—those who try to be Christian in their dealings with each other—I think such an act would, by common consent, be considered an inexcusable betrayal of friendship.

Nevertheless I know that there are those who do violate the code. They deliberately seek to "break up" a couple who are already in love and perhaps even engaged. Many a man, for example, has suffered at the hands of a close friend who did not scruple to try to secure for himself the sweetheart or fiancée of his chum. Few are there who would defend such a betrayal.

But I do not see in your situation anything that is unfair under this code. Your friend has merely met the man once. There is not the slightest indication of any interest on his part. Surely no reasonable person could argue that under these circumstances one can post a "no trespassing" sign to keep her acquaintances off by just announcing that she is interested in the man.

You are right when you say, "I cannot very well write to the girl, to tell her that I have met him and ask if I should consider him private property. Neither could I very well explain to him, should he invite me out, that I would be glad to go except that I know another girl who would like to know him better and who met him first."

I respect your desire to play fair. That is a fine Christian attitude. But I think there is such a thing as being overconscientious, and in this case I think you are.

Life's Biggest Jolt

GRACE SLOAN OVERTON

QUESTION: It seems as though I've had about every handicap one could have. My parents were always taking me to some specialist—I had to live on special diets—I was slow getting through the grades in school—my technical training had to be delayed because we were poor—then came 1929. But I was fortunate after all. Somehow I got a grip on life and myself. Once I had a job, I began to save from my small earnings. I began to look the world squarely in its face—there was a chance for me after all. I found a young woman who also knew something about tough breaks. We became engaged, set the date, rented the house, moved in the furniture. And then—two days before our wedding was to be—our whole world cracked up. Whose fault? No matter, now that nothing can be done to right it all. But here I am—alone in this house. The wallop is my worst yet. It's more than I can handle.

ANSWER: So you think you've come to the end of everything. But that's something you must never admit. You can't manage *this*—well, don't say so even to yourself. This is worse than anything you've had to wangle so far. Oh yes! I know that. And that's exactly why you must stand up to it. All the rest of your conquests seem child's play now; and this is something to stagger the strongest man. It hits right between the eyes; and it will keep on hitting you for years—in

what people say about you, in the way other young women will shape their responses to your attentions. You're in for some very disconcerting experiences. This is real. But it mustn't be allowed to get you down.

The deepest difference between humans is not that some are "smarter" about getting into messes or staying out of them; nor that some are better "actors"—put on the expected front more quickly; nor that some are better "politicians"—work out of bad spots more cleverly. No, the deepest difference shows up when the really big jolt comes. Then the truly mature and superior persons hold steady, don't rush to do anything; understand the jolt might happen to anyone; resolve that they will do nothing foolish; inventory their resources—experience in handling other and lesser jolts, work that is expected of them, reputation for getting over tough spots, ideals for future living, confidence that some other people and God do understand.

After these, you may decide to do something—try to reopen the case with the young woman, go to another community and job. But—give yourself time for those first steps—they're really first. Nobody but yourself can take them for you; they can't be hurried. Negotiate them well; handle the "biggest wallop of all"; after that you "shall not fear!"

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Facts and Follies

We can never hoard love. It must be spent or it is lost.—Selected.

• • •

"Papa," asked Willie, "what is middle age?"

"It's the time of life, son," he replied, "when you would rather not have a good time than recover from it."

• • •

"If you get into the place God wants you to have, you will have a good one."—Christian Monitor.

• • •

Margaret—Is it true it's bad luck to have a black cat follow you?

Mabel—Depends on whether you are a man or a mouse.—Baptist Observer.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Volume 38

OCTOBER 30, 1943

Number 44

Without warning, Bobby sprang his surprise on them. "My pumpkin!" Bill wailed



Illustrated
by Vance Locke

Two of a Kind

B. J. CHUTE

LOOK," said Tug Gardner firmly, "it isn't nearly as bad as it sounds."

Bill Price said glumly that it couldn't be.

"All we have to do," Tug persisted, "is to go over to the Turners' just before supper, stay with the twins until Mr. and Mrs. Turner get home from this meeting of theirs, and then

grab our costumes and rush over to the Halloween masquerade party at the school. We can put our costumes into a suitcase and change at the gym lockers. What's wrong with that?"

"The Turner twins," said Bill.

Tug ran his fingers wildly through his hair. "I know, Bill, I know. Honest, I'm sorry. But what could

I do when Mrs. Turner asked me? She couldn't get anyone else at the last moment like that—on Halloween night especially. And it's only for a few hours, and we'll have plenty of time. It's not as if—"

Bill heaved a sigh that came from the soles of his shoes. "All right, all right. But if your head was as soft as your heart—" He paused, looking thoughtful. "You know, maybe that's the answer to everything. Maybe it is."

"You don't have to come with me," Tug offered reluctantly. "I guess I could manage all right—"

Bill struck an attitude. "We

What Is It All About?



WHAT is it all about? Who knows? Who would be expected to know at Halloween time when ghosts and other weird, mysterious things are said to be lurking? Well, the kid in this picture—he is a kid—doesn't know much about anything yet. He does not care too much, as long as he gets his food and the other things his fast-growing body needs. He has an ear

cocked, though, to take in something. Or is his pose purposeless?

Animals have curiosity. They learn something through it, and sometimes get into trouble. The same is true of humans. People have much more capacity to learn than any animal—and to reason on the basis of their learning. Yet some of us seem to have goat limitations. We don't care much about how things go as long as we can eat and caper around a bit. It irks us to settle down to anything serious and try to think. If we would grow to be men, we must learn to exercise the capacities of men and train our energies upon those things that befit strong men. No one exercises such capacities without effort. But their exercise promises a better world and makes a man indeed.

The person who cannot find anything to interest him and call forth his powers in a day like this is in a bad way.—E. G. H.

Prices," he said magnificently, "never desert a comrade in the face of danger. And I do mean danger, and I do mean the Turner twins."

But when they arrived at the Turner house that evening, "dangerous" seemed to be the last word to apply to the two scrubbed and pajama-ed four-year-old boys, sitting side by side on the living-room sofa.

Mrs. Turner said gratefully, "They've had their baths, and their supper's all ready in the kitchen, and you won't have to do a thing except see they eat it and then tuck them into their beds. And I am so grateful, and I do hope you have a lovely time and—"

Mr. Turner was ostentatiously looking at his watch in the hallway, so Bill and Tug hurried her tactfully out the door and then returned to the living room. The twins were still sitting, shining and solemn, their hands neatly folded in their laps, their round little faces pensive and good.

"I don't know," said Bill to himself. "It's not natural." He picked up the two suitcases they had brought with them to put them out of the way, but was interrupted by the voice of Bobby Turner—distinguished from his brother Buddy by the fact that he had six more freckles on his turned-up nose.

"What's those?" said Bobby.

"Costumes." Bill deposited the suitcases in a corner. "Tug and I are going to a masquerade party tonight."

"Why?" said Bobby.

Why being the mainstay of Bobby's conversational powers, Bill ignored it. "Tug's going as a black cat," he went on, "and I'm going as a ghost."

Tug was ready to get down to business. "What time do you kids generally have supper?" he asked.

"Ten o'clock," said Buddy inventively. "Can we go down and play in the coal cellar?"

"Coal cellar? No, of course not. What do you mean—ten o'clock?"

"Mommy always lets us play in the coal cellar," Buddy said, with a look of starry innocence.

"I've told you," said Tug, looking slightly grim. "You can't play there. Now, give me your hand, Buddy, there's a good boy, and Bobby, you go with Bill—that's right—and we'll—"

He broke off. Buddy, after the most virtuous performance of trustfully extending his little hand, suddenly broke away and shot out through the kitchen. Tug, by calling into play all the talents that had made him the star of the Winton High track team, caught him halfway down the cellar steps and hauled him back, lamenting loudly.

Bobby fraternally joined his own anguished wails to the general riot.

In desperation, Tug grabbed up a plate of sandwiches, planked it down on the table, hoisted Bobby and Buddy into their chairs and tied their napkins firmly around their necks. "There."

Buddy took one look at the plate of sandwiches and shook his head sternly. "Peanut butter—icky," said Buddy, his mouth set stubbornly. "Don't like peanut butter."

Bill, pouring out the cocoa, interrupted himself and offered a plate of jelly sandwiches instead.

"Don't like jelly," said Buddy.

"Me too," Bobby chimed in, in loyal support.

"We never eat jelly," Buddy went on, "and we never eat peanut butter." He picked up his spoon and, hammering out a tune on his plate, began to sing. "We never eat jellee-e-e and we never eat peanut butter, we never eat jellee-e-e and we never eat peanut butter." He broke off to add in the tones of greatest reproach, "Mommy never gives them to us," and then returned to his music.

Tug took the spoon away. "Oh, yes, she does. She made these sandwiches."

This was such an unanswerable argument that Buddy was temporarily silenced, but it was impossible that such a beautiful state of affairs could continue, and, out-talked for once, he took refuge in violent action. He seized upon the two plates of sandwiches and hurled them across the room, where they hit the refrigerator and crashed to the floor, scattering fragments of china liberally among the despised sandwich fillings.

Tug and Bill rose mutually, murder in their eyes. The twins gave a synchronized shriek and cowered in their chairs.

Bill and Tug gazed at each other hopelessly and set to work getting them something else to eat.

"I wanna jack-o-lantern," Bobby said unexpectedly. "It's Halloween and I wanna jack-o-lantern." He got more specific and turned to Bill. "You put one on our front porch."

Continued on page six

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"These Are American Refugees"

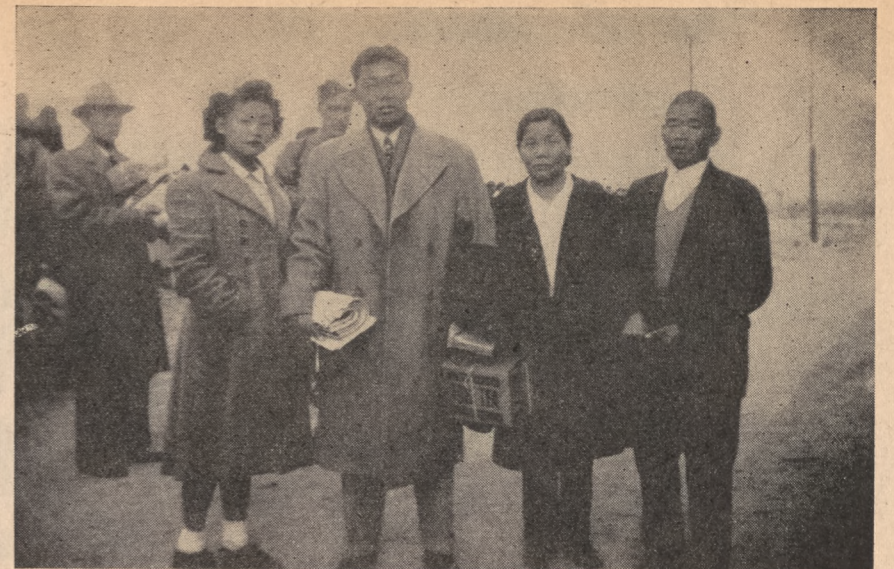
Part Three

FOR some time Mrs. Smeltzer and I were not sure that a Japanese relocation center was the place where we could serve best. Our summer had been spent serving the migrants. We knew that there were exceedingly few Brethren interested in migrant problems. But in comparison hardly any were at that time engaged in understanding and aiding the Japanese evacuees. Our unique experiences in connection with the evacuations in California, the interest shown by the Brethren Service Committee, and an opportunity to live and work in a relocation center all contributed to our decision to follow further the Japanese problem. The church needed to hear the voice of the forsaken evacuees.

On September 16, 1942, we made civil service applications for teaching positions at the Manzanar relocation center. Since religious workers as such are not permitted to live within the centers, Dr. Carter, the superintendent of schools there, suggested at that time that any religious work that I wished to do could be done upon a part-time basis. She further suggested that when the evacuee residents became acquainted with me and asked me to serve on a fuller basis she would release me from my teaching duties to do whatever I considered more significant.



Ralph and Mary Smeltzer with the "Y" boys in front of their "dormitory"



A young evacuee leaves his family and the center to relocate somewhere in the East

Relocation Center

RALPH SMELTZER

We received a wire from Manzanar asking us to report for duty on the 28th. We arrived there in the midst of a typical Manzanar dust storm. For three nights we were housed in temporary borrowed quarters. No permanent accommodations were available. No teachers had furniture. Schools did not open until two weeks later. Used furniture from a San Francisco hotel arrived in a few days. It was earmarked for teachers only and many other depart-

ments of the camp were still without furniture. This resulted in animosity toward the teachers. Even the evacuee residents raised their eyebrows. Our furniture consisted of a bed, dresser, mirror, bedroom desk and bench, an easy chair, straight chair and a make-shift wardrobe. I constructed a bookcase. Other odd pieces of furniture we brought with us.

After several delays school finally opened on Thursday, October 8. No equipment was provided except a bare room and a makeshift teacher's desk. There were no desks, chairs, tables or blackboards. Pupils sat on the floor. A few teachers had enough books for one class. Mrs. Smeltzer and I were two of these fortunate people. Forty books didn't go far among my six classes, or 240 students; so we decided to leave them permanently in the classroom for each class to use. In a near-by town I found several orange boxes, old crates, and apple boxes, almost enough for the girls in my classes to sit on. My room then was luxuriously furnished in comparison to others. A few blackboards came soon. Mrs. Smeltzer and I each received one because our subjects were mathematics and science.

School continued only a few days until cold weather set in. Since

Continued on page eight

The Seasons

HELEN MARING

The April's green, the summer's gold, the red
That is October's beauty, all combine
To make the vivid gesture of design
Within the pattern from time's swift-thrown thread.

A strange but lovely stencil days conceive
Upon the background of the winter snow;
While swiftly back and forth the seasons go
To shuttle figures of a varied weave.

The multicolored flowering of the sod
Releases beauty, fragrance, color, light.
The gift of seasons shows the love, the might,
The wisdom in the gracious hand of God.



AUTUMN POETRY

Love Versus Force

RUTH B. STATLER

It is a singular thing to say
That force must rule the earth
Or that the might of steel and brawn
Is proof of manhood's worth;
For high above grim battlefields
A shining silhouette
Is graven on the universe. . . .
Love and force are met.
Men's hearts grow faint mid cannon roar,
But when they look above,
Courage emerges from dark night
And strength is born of love.
The din of battle dies away;
The flags of war are furled;
Gods of hate and strife disperse. . . .
Love must rule the world.

Inside the Mist

KEITH THOMAS

The autumn flames with haws and bittersweet,
But mists of morning, opaline and pearl,
As round the pillars of the sky they furl,
Conceal the glory burning at our feet.
In that far region of the soul where speech
Can never plunge, and thought but lightly touch,
I better know, as autumns onward reach,
A ripeness glows beyond the pearl with such
A splendor that the width of world cannot
(Nor can the fog of words men make) turn dim;
Which only God could fashion under thought,
Like haws and bittersweet in praise of him.

• FOUR

To a Music Teacher

ELOISE WADE HACKETT

Has it been dull to teach the young to play—
To place the tools of music in their hands
And guide their clumsy fingers day by day
Until each brain and muscle understands
Its function? Endlessly the scales drum out
Monotony. Yet each one mastered nails
A rung to ladders they should climb. Without
Such help the stoutest-hearted climber fails
To reach the Olympian heights where harmony
May sweep away all bitterness of soul.
Can it be dull to help a child to see
The worth of ladders to a lofty goal?
If only my pen, bitten with futile scars
Had built one such a stairway to the stars!

Memorials

KATHRYN WRIGHT

Ah, noble and inspiring call the art
Of structures which enshrine a name
Or hallow some once-charitable heart!
Small wonder casual passers-by exclaim
And dusty travelers stand still in awe
Before such majesty in steel and stone—
They marvel there can be, with scarce a flaw,
Immortalized the beauty once man's own.

Yet human life itself can rise up straighter
Than marble in a tall metropolis,
To be a monument infinitely greater
And more enduring than an edifice.
This building, from a great Original,
Is Christian life—the best memorial.

Bless Those I Love

NONA KEEN DUFFY

Bless those I love with peace tonight,
And keep them clean and pure;
God, give them fortitude and strength
Their hardships to endure.

God, bless the work they undertake;
God, bless the tasks they try;
May they advance unselfishly
And keep their standards high!

Bless those I love, dear Lord, I pray,
And keep them always near;
Fill up their hearts with peace and love
And banish every fear!

God, give them wisdom as they grow
To know the wrong and right;
God, teach them faith and hope and love
And be with them tonight!

Morning Hymn

MARY LOUISE STETSON

Hear me, heavenly Father, as the day is dawning,
Flooding eastern skies with holy, radiant light.
Touch my lips and fingers with thy holy blessing.
Grant me to live this day as in thy sight.

Lead us, heavenly Father, through the din of battle
Waged by sons of God who think themselves but men.
Be our valiant Captain. Help us catch thy vision
Of strength and joy and righteousness again.

Guide us, heavenly Father, when a day is dawning
To mark the close of strife and usher in release
From the whirl of bombers heralding destruction.
Then teach us, Lord, to win enduring peace.

October Makes a Rainbow

CARMEN MALONE

October makes a rainbow
That arches on the land.
The leas, the fields, the woodlands
All wear an autumn brand.

She paints the beryl shrubs purple,
The maples red and bold;
She gilds the leaves of walnut
And ash trees yellow-gold.

She daubs the aster meadows,
A blue brush in her hand.
October makes a rainbow
That arches on the land!

God Speaks

EUGENE CRYSTAL

God speaks
And hardly a soul stops the pursuit of some useless task
To hear what he says.
He speaks in ways that are not easy to hear,
But to the soul that will listen closely enough
He has a message of love and hope.
To that soul who listens
He speaks even louder than the cannon's boom,
Louder than the radio
Or the headlines.
He speaks in terms of lives made richer.
He speaks in the smile on the upturned face of a child.
He speaks in the pang of joy that comes
From some unselfish deed we do.

FIVE •

Two of a Kind

Continued from page two

This was a statement of fact. It was part of Bill's ghost ensemble, and he had left it outside on the porch railing for safety's sake. "How'd you know?" he demanded.

"We was watching you when you came," Bobby told him with an angelic smile. "If I can't have the pumpkin to look at, I won't eat."

Buddy seconded this ultimatum, and, after a brief struggle with himself, Bill conceded the point. As Tug pointed out, they couldn't hurt the thing, and, if it made them eat their supper quietly, it was certainly worth lighting the candle inside and putting it on the table for them to admire.

"After all, Bill," he said, "it is Halloween, and the kids are entitled to their fun."

Next Sunday's Lesson

YOU need only glance at the front page of a daily paper to see how widespread is the violation of the sixth commandment. Think of the millions of people who are directly engaged in the business of killing at the present time. Think also of the many more millions whose entire time is given to the manufacture of instruments of destruction and death. The four short words of the sixth commandment need to be repeated again and again lest more people come to deny them in their hearts and in their actions.

But Jesus did not stop even there. He would have us think of the uncontrolled anger, the spirit of hatred, the hardness of heart which prompts murder and war. He would remind us that the war is in our hearts, that he who hates is as guilty as he who kills.

But we are to go even beyond not hating. The follower of Jesus will turn the other cheek, give his cloak also, and go the second mile. He will love his enemies and bless them that curse him. These words sound so foreign to our ears, not because they are impossible or too ideal, but rather because we have fallen so far below them. Our hope is in the uplifting power and ennobling strength of a Father who makes his sun to shine upon the evil and the good. We can follow Jesus even today, if we will.—K. M.

Read Matt. 5:21-45.

Bill went out and came back with the pumpkin, then looked around for a match.

"Don't want it lit," said Bobby, pouting. "I want it down on the floor right near me while I eat supper. There." He pointed to the exact location.

"Why?" said Bill, having caught the interrogative from too much contact with it.

"Bee-cause," Bobby told him mysteriously.

"But why? I won't put it there, unless you tell me what you're going to do."

"It's a surprise," said Bobby, then laid down his spoon and looked dangerous. "Won't eat my supper—" he began.

Buddy put down his spoon. "I won't, too," he agreed.

It was the intricate way they always worked together that weakened Bill's morale. He put the pumpkin down on the requested spot. "All right, all right. Now, will you eat your supper?"

He was rewarded by two sweet and beaming smiles. A Golden Age settled upon the kitchen, during which the twins tucked away enough buttered toast, cocoa and jelly dessert to feed a small army. Bill and Tug allowed their watchfulness to relax.

Bobby swallowed the last mouthful of dessert, and, without warning, sprang his surprise on them.

It consisted, simply, of leaping suddenly from his chair and landing squarely in the middle of the jack-o-lantern.

"Surprise! Surprise!" he shouted gaily.

"My pumpkin," Bill wailed, suddenly coming to life. "It's part of my costume! What'd you want to do a thing like that for? Just wait till I lay my hands on you."

He started to come around the table, and the twins opened their mouths to yell.

Help came from a totally unexpected quarter. Bobby said, "We'll go to bed," with friendly sweetness.

His guardians looked at him with wild, incredulous hope.

"We'll go to bed if you'll dress up for us," Bobby amended. "We want to see how you'll look when you go to the party. We'll go to bed, and we'll be awfully good."

Tug and Bill looked at each other. Experience was leading them to believe that the twins' protestations of goodness should be taken with sev-

eral pounds of salt, but, if they could only get them to bed—

"All right," Tug capitulated. "You climb into bed, and we'll dress up for you."

Tug had to have help getting into his cat costume, which was a major undertaking, but the finished effect was very fine. Made of thick black flannel, with covered paws and feet and a long, swishing tail, it produced an astonishingly catlike effect, and the small boys were enchanted.

When he added the mask head, with its yellow eyes, pricked-up ears and splendid whiskers, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"You look swell, Tug," said Bill in honest admiration. "If you don't get the prize, I'll eat my hat."

"Put your costume on now," Tug urged. "Yours is swell, too."

Bill's chief claim to fame lay in his ghost's face, which he had drawn himself with an inspired touch and the use of a great deal of crayon. It looked hideously eerie, and he was doubtful at first about its effect on the twins. But he needn't have worried. They thought it was splendid.

"Turn out the light," Buddy begged, "so we can see it shine."

Click! Bill turned out the light.

There was a soft scurry of pushed-back bedcovers, the pad of bare feet on the floor, and a sudden breathless rush of descent down the front stairs.

Bill yelled. Tug howled. They fell over each other in the dark, trying to find the light switch again.

"Never mind the lights here!" Tug decided. "Head 'em off before they get down into that cellar."

They were too late. By the time they had clattered down the stairs, Tug carrying his tail over his arm and Bill tripping on his sheet, the door leading to the basement was wide open and the twins had vanished.

"Where's the lights here?" Bill muttered, moving around in the dark furnace room, his ghost-face gleaming spookily. "Where are you, Tug?"

"Over here. I can't see anything. Listen! What does that sound like?"

It sounded exactly like what it was—sliding coal.

"Great jumping turtles!" Bill shrieked. "If they've gotten into that—" He left the sentence mercifully unfinished and headed for the coal bin, Tug at his heels.

Bill took off his pillowcase top for better circulation of air, and launched into a well-thought-out opinion of the Turner twins. There

was a small giggle from somewhere behind him, his pillowcase suddenly vanished from his hand, and there was more noise of rattling coal.

"Hey! You! Give me that back. Come here. Buddy—Bobby—give that back at once!"

"Why?" said a voice out of the darkness.

Beyond indicating that the culprit was probably Bobby, this did Bill no good at all. He stood in the coal bin, breathing fire, and made an announcement. "I'm going to get those kids out of here," he said, "if I have to take every lump of coal out, piece by piece."

With this threat, he charged the coal pile. Tug yelled, "Hold it, Bill! You'll ruin your costume," and then suddenly sprawled full length on the floor once more as a small figure hit him unexpectedly amidships and caught him off balance.

Going down, however, he was able to keep his head and a firm grip on his assailant.

"I've got one of 'em," he shouted.

The Turners arrived home just in time to see their offspring being marshaled up the basement stairs and into the kitchen.

Mrs. Turner gave her sons one horrified look, and frankly shrieked. Mr. Turner's face wore the resigned look of one who has learned to expect anything.

"But what happened?" Mrs. Turner wailed.

A smile appeared on Bobby's face, forcing its way through the layers of coal dust. "Me and Buddy was playing Halloween tricks, Mommy," he said happily, and then turned to Bill and Tug with a look of virtuous innocence. "Mommy always lets us play tricks on Halloween."

"I think," said Tug, in a hollow voice that was choked with coal dust, "that we had better be getting along."

They left the kitchen with the regrets and thanks of Mr. Turner in their ears and went upstairs to collect their clothing and suitcases, then downstairs again and wearily out into the front hall for their hats and coats.

"A fine mess," said Bill bitterly. "Look at us. How can we go to a costume party like this?"

"You're right, Bill," Tug said. "We can't possibly go, looking like this, and there's no way—" He broke off once more, this time with a startled whoop. "I've got it!"

Bill stared at him. "You've got
Continued on next page

FOCUS *on activities of youth*

on service stamps

Brethren young people in Bassett, Virginia, designed and made these attractive corsages of Brethren Service Stamps and sold them at the recent sessions of the Southeastern Regional Conference for one dollar a corsage. They were able to send a check for twenty-nine dollars to support the work of the Brethren Service Committee.



on curfew

A new curfew law in Camden, New Jersey, keeps boys and girls of sixteen and under off the streets after ten o'clock. City commissioners who passed the law also closed drugstores at the same hour.

on Saturday evening socials

The social room of the Palmyra church, Pennsylvania, was open each Saturday evening last winter to anyone interested in good fun at no cost. There was no planned entertainment but several games were available and often marshmallows were toasted over the fire.

on volunteer service

The Pilgrim Fellowship, youth division of the Congregational Christian churches, is co-operating with the newly formed Congregational Christian Service Committee in a "Million Hours Plan." This plan calls for a minimum of a million hours of volunteer service from Congregational-Christian young people during the coming year in work camps and community projects.

on a work camp

A mimeographed booklet describing the personnel and summarizing the work of the Willow Grove work camp for 1943 reports a successful second year at the College Settlement Farm camp near Philadelphia. This camp, which is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Work Camp Committee, extended from July 4 to August 28 and was directed by Ruth Wolfe of Manchester, Maryland. Work projects included: an active share in the farm camp program, recreational and office work in the city settlement, painting and improving of buildings, laundry, gardening, and canning. Campers who attended one week or more included Cora Baker, Charlotte Beam, Charlotte Blessing, Wayne Buckle, Wilma Buckle, Helena Crouse, Esta Ebersole, Ralph Ebersole, Anna and Edna Hoover, Ruth Kreider, Frances Royer, Gertrude and Gladys Sommer, Laura Sewell, Naomi Studebaker, Martha Wenger, and Harold Widdowson.

on conscription

Representatives of nearly two million Methodist young people, meeting recently in annual conference, approved a resolution asking Methodist youth groups to write to the President and Congress requesting that the Austin-Wadsworth bill for total man and woman power conscription be defeated. The delegates also opposed the national military training bill "because military training robs men of the right of individual thought."

Two of a Kind

Continued from page seven

what?"

Tug seized him by the shoulders and whirled him around. "Look, I've got a wonderful idea. We'll go just as we are."

"Just as we are?" said Bill, shocked.

"Certainly," Tug chortled. "Come on, and don't argue with me. We've got to hurry if we're to get there in time for the judging."

Bill, protesting, nevertheless ran with him all the way, and they burst into the gaily-decorated school gymnasium just in time to compete.

The judges had stopped talking and were gazing at them with profound interest and curiosity. "And what, may we ask," said one of them, "are you two supposed to represent?"

Bill started to retreat, but Tug held onto him tightly. "We've been taking care of the Turner twins for the evening," Tug announced.

There was a murmur of sympathy all through the crowd. "Oh," said one of the judges, nodding his head in complete understanding. "But we still don't know," he insisted, "what you're supposed to represent."

Tug looked at them with an air of calm superiority. "Why, I should have thought that would be obvious. Note the haunted expressions." He paused impressively. "We," he announced, "are the Ghosts of our Former Selves."

They were awarded the prize jointly by popular demand. Everyone knew the Turner twins.

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Relocation Center

Continued from page three

most of the rooms were without stoves, school was cancelled. On October 29 we all received new oil burners. Most of the teachers received twenty folding chairs in addition. The shortage of books, desks, tables, and chairs and the absence of any scientific equipment actually produced a far from normal teaching situation, even then.

After having been in camp almost three weeks and having become somewhat familiar with the problems, we decided to select spheres of activity and objectives. We received requests to advise Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boy Scout and church groups; to join a teachers' recreation group, a choir, a Japanese language class; to write for the Manzanar Free

Press; to teach adult education. There were far more opportunities to serve than we had time for or could do satisfactorily. After considering the needs and opportunities we decided upon three main objectives.

First, we decided to attempt to relocate as many evacuees as possible in self-supporting employment. This we felt would help most in undoing the terrible evacuation, in building evacuee morale, and in ultimately solving the Japanese problem.

Our second objective was to help build morale in camp and prepare for relocation. To do this we affiliated ourselves with the Manzanar Christian church, and did what may be considered definitely religious work.

Our third main reason for being there was to keep the outside world informed about camp life. We wanted Brethren people, especially, to know what was going on in there, how the people felt toward the outside world, and toward relocation. What was more important, we wanted our "outside" friends to feel responsible for the welfare of these unfortunate people not only while they were within camp but also when they relocated.

As a member of the ministerial association of the Manzanar Christian church, I was made chairman of the Young Adult Christian Forum. This was one of the center's regular religious services. It was planned especially for those from 23 years of age to 40—the older Nisei. These older college folk and married Nisei had not found a place as yet for themselves in the religious setup. There were no Nisei pastors there. All Issei meetings were in the Japanese language. Neither these meetings nor the Sunday morning religious services interested or commanded the attention of this group.

This Young Adult Christian Forum, which met on Sunday afternoons, was an attempt to bring more of the intellectual into the religious experience of these people and to make religion more than an emotional exercise. An attempt was made to apply religion to their everyday lives and to the great issues of life. It was a departure from the preaching type of religious service where the emphasis was usually placed upon an interpretation of the Scriptures. Each forum began with a twenty-minute period of quiet

worship. This was followed by speakers and an open forum.

We were involved in two other religious activities as well. The first was advising the Young People's Sunday Evening Fellowship. The second was a more imposing responsibility. The head of Manzanar Community Services and the head of Social Welfare asked us to become the house-parents of the Y. M. C. A. dormitory. I was already the Caucasian adviser of the center's Y. M. C. A. Our living in a strictly evacuee section of the center was the only exception to the rule which prohibits Caucasians living among evacuees. This opportunity was a great responsibility as well as a privilege.

In the words of Caleb Foote: "Manzanar is very subtle. No whips, no cursing blackshirts, no starvation, no summary executions. But if we fool ourselves thinking this isn't cruelty, we don't fool the Japanese. Talks with Sam Hohri, perched on a hospital bed, with others I knew or talked with long enough to get below the smiling exterior, showed how profound was the psychological suffering. Some are bitter, more just resigned, accepting their lot and trying to get as much physical pleasure as possible. Both attitudes are breeding pools of fascism. Others are openly pro-Japanese and say to the others: 'See? What did we tell you? Now will you believe this is a race war?'"

"The mountains which rise precipitously above Manzanar are the highest and most beautiful in California. Pink in the early morning . . . harsh and white in the noonday heat . . . soft and inviting as the sun sets behind them . . . aloof and inaccessible against the night. But the 400 barracks and other assorted buildings in the valley below form as depressing a sight as America offers today. They demonstrate a complete acceptance of concentration camps as a part of our American life. To change the whole system is the number one job, and though such a change may seem as remote to us as the mountains near Manzanar are to its imprisoned residents, we must tackle the job with imagination and faith. In what creative ways can we challenge the public conscience and break the shell of indifference and hardness?"

(A description of the Brethren Relocation Hostel, illustrated by pictures of activities, will conclude this series of articles next week.)

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Volume 38

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Number 43



TEN
DIMES
MAKE
A
DOLLAR

ELIZABETH
ALLEN

Illustrated
by
Clark
Agnew

The sight of Roxanne only served to increase the girl's agitation, and Roxy's surprised "Why, Jennie!" didn't help matters

YES, even in school Roxy was an inveterate "nickel dunker," which was our slang for a slot-machine or pinball enthusiast. My Scotch thrift used to rebel at the flagrancy with which she spent her small change, but when I chided her once she came back with "Oh, I'm an inveterate gambler. I'll probably die broke."

It's funny the way little scenes, perfectly trivial incidents, will take hold of your memory and stay intact for years. I can still see Roxy that evening at Carlin's, standing in front of that silly machine. Her hands, which she always kept beautifully manicured, were gripping the sides of the box, and her lithe body was swaying in a psychological effort to put invisible "English" on the ball. Once she pushed the box a little too hard, trying to give the sphere just enough impetus in the direction of the paying bumper. An automatic watchman called "tilt" was disturbed and an electric sign flashed, proclaiming the whole score null and void. Roxy grinned, shrugged, and inserted another nickel.

Of course, nickels didn't come as hard to Roxy as they did to me. I was contributing to the local daily at ten cents a printed inch, and every five-cent piece represented to me a certain amount of time and effort. Roxanne's mother was dead, and her father, Graham Hunter, owned a big leather-goods factory in Newark, so the situation was entirely different. Mr. Hunter was a self-made man, and he adored Roxy, who had his wheat-colored hair and blue eyes, along with his engaging smile and quick charm. He was generous to a fault, especially with his only daughter, but he was making money hand over fist in those days and he insisted she was his dearest extravagance.

I liked Mr. Hunter immensely. Everyone did. But I couldn't agree with his point of view when he insisted that Roxanne should not get a job after college was finished. If I ever knew a girl who needed a job to round her out it was Roxy, but her father couldn't see it that way.

"I want her to be a lady," he said, half serious. "There aren't enough ladies left these days."

The rest of us, except for the few who were married as soon as they could doff their caps and gowns, were working at one thing and another. I spent my first year out of school on a Newark paper, and since I was liv-

And So I Pray . . .

WHEN I awakened this morning, I thought this was going to be a wonderful day. The weather was glorious, I had a smart new suit to wear to school, and our committee in charge of the fall play was to have its first meeting at noontime. As I dressed I could hardly keep from shouting, I was so happy.

But I am not happy now as I hang my new suit in the closet and prepare for the night, and it is all because of a quarrel we had at that committee meeting. It spoiled the rest of the day. It didn't make any difference what happened afterwards. I just couldn't get my mind off that quarrel.

It doesn't do any good for me to remind myself that I didn't start it. I can't help remembering that I was partly to blame. If I had not been so anxious to show that I could stand up for my rights, there probably would not have been any quarrel. I keep telling myself that it is a good thing for a person to show that she can take care of herself, but that does not make me feel any better.

Our church school teacher once had us learn a verse about forgiving as often as seventy times seven, those who wrong us in any way. I didn't realize until now what good advice that is. Another time our teacher talked to us about an old proverb which speaks of a soft answer turning away wrath. I can see now that this, too, is good advice. If I had followed it I would have been much happier this day.

I cannot undo what has been done, but at least I can say I am sorry. After this I shall try not to get angry when someone seems to be unfair or unkind. But I am afraid it will not be an easy thing to do.

So I ask you, dear Father, to help me to be more ready to forgive in the future than I was today. Teach me how to turn away the anger of others with a soft answer. When I meet the person with whom I quarreled this morning, show me how to make amends for the angry things I said. And help me always to be fair and kind in all my dealing with others. Amen.

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ing in a rather dreary rooming house, it was natural that I should jump at the chance to spend a number of week ends with the Hunters. Roxy was feeling a little lost, being home all day, with school behind her and an oversized question mark ahead of her, and she urged me to come often.

It was on one of these fresh, early-spring week ends that we first played golf at the Gray Hills Club, where the Hunters were members. Even with a good-sized handicap Roxy walked away from me before the fifteenth, where a sudden shower forced us to dash for the clubhouse. We had an hour before we were to meet Mr. Hunter upstairs for dinner, and I was quite willing to collapse quietly on a couch in the women's locker room in the interval.

But Roxy was restless. She had changed, had her shower, and done all the necessary things to her face before I even got my sport socks off. Fishing in her big alligator bag, she drew out a change purse and by the time I emerged from the shower she was busily playing a dime machine tucked into a corner by the dressing tables.

I'm not very familiar with club locker rooms and I wandered up to watch the contraption react to feeding of coins. In the back of my mind I was just a little shocked, even though I wasn't surprised, to see Roxy gambling for money with the same avidity with which she had once attacked the pinball games. There were oranges and plums and bars and other insignia, which, coming up in certain combinations, paid back to the player varying amounts in dimes. Roxy played fast, so quickly, in fact, that my eye couldn't quite follow the combinations. Every once in a while a combination would appear that reacted, apparently, only when Roxy slapped the side of the machine hard.

"There," she'd say in satisfaction when it paid.

Continued on page four

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Helping Evacuees Load Their Baggage on Trains

These Are American Refugees

Part Two -- Facing Opposition

RALPH SMELTZER

WHEN we heard the dates were set for the first evacuation from Tulare County to central California, we visited the W. C. C. A. office in Visalia to discover where the train would leave, the number going, and the time of departure. A sixth registration center, Lindsay, had been opened the day before for all persons of Japanese ancestry from California Hot Springs, Porterville, Strathmore, Lindsay, Exeter, and Woodlake. After an introduction to the Lindsay office, we visited the W. C. C. A. head there. We were favorably received.

When we asked what provision was being made for transportation to the depot and breakfast for the evacuees we learned that all evacuees were expected to provide their own transportation. In a few cases where persons could not provide their own, there would be a disbursement to the army to use its trucks and cars for such purposes. The army would provide only a noon lunch. Evacuees were expected to provide their own breakfast. We expressed our concern over this situation and asked if it would be possible for the group of work campers and interested church people we

represented to help provide food at the train. We were told that if we would call again on Thursday evening after the registration was complete, we would be informed of some persons who would need transportation.

On Thursday we went into action. Six of our cars transported approximately thirty-five evacuees and most of their baggage to the depot. Our activities were well organized and went smoothly. Our closest estimate is that 65 workers helped prepare and serve 45 gallons of punch, 1,800 sandwiches, and 12 lugs of peaches and other fruit to 576 evacuees. The greater portion was served at the depot, but the sandwiches and fruit which were not used at the depot were put into boxes and distributed to the different coaches of the train. Since their lunch, which the army was to provide, spoiled, this was the only food they had until they reached the Poston relocation center, over 300 miles distant.

Our plans had been made quietly, orderly, and without public statement. As the different valley churches presented the plan to their congregations some opposition occurred. In one case it was enough

to prevent a church from helping officially. But several other churches did co-operate.

Trouble arose when one local group, led by a prominent citizen, tried to prevent the churches from feeding the evacuees. It was incredible, this group thought, that anyone would ever dare to think of showing a favor to a "Jap."

With such a situation confronting us, I wondered if we could rise to the occasion. Remembering the great number of people counting on us as well as the inward feeling that what we were doing was right in the sight of God, we decided to go through with our plans regardless of the consequences. To clear the air as much as possible we decided to interview the chief of police to discover his attitude and feeling in the matter and to go directly to the source of the opposition and see if we could interpret our purposes, plans, and feelings in the matter.

Our mission took us two hours. One minister remarked that if the church was going to be effective in these times there must be no compromises regardless of position or station. The church had been inactive so long, he said, that once it did try to live the Christian philosophy it got into all sorts of trouble with the devil and his colleagues. Then, too, he felt that the Christian church was on trial in Lindsay that day and even though he had just recovered from a severe heart attack and was forced to walk slowly along the street, he was not going to give up.

The chief of police was willing that we should carry through our plans. He said he didn't expect any trouble at the depot but his entire force would be there just in case. The leader of the opposition, however, threatened the pastors of the town with "the consequences" if they went through with the plans. He said, "We won't bother you at the station today, but you will be sorry for what you are doing. You prefer to have the friendship of 500 'Japs' and incur the animosity of 4,000 Lindsay folks. And if you don't believe it just ask any man on the street."

As we left his office I stated that we were willing to rest the rightness or wrongness of our actions upon time and the sane judgment of the entire community, and that we



Something to Eat and Drink Was Warmly Appreciated

were not fearful as to its attitude over a period of time.

At the depot we made a special point of serving all persons impartially—evacuees, soldiers, and spectators. The responses were indeed interesting. When one of the ministers consulted an army officer soon after the opposition began, the lieutenant said, "You can't back out now. We are counting on you. We have told our evacuee friends that you were serving a light lunch." The minister replied that our purpose in serving the evacuees was not to do what was the army's obligation but to demonstrate Christ's teaching of love for our enemies. At that the lieutenant jumped out of his seat, pressed his finger against the reverend's chest and exclaimed, "But these are not your enemies. Most of these are American citizens. As far as I know none of them can be considered your enemies."

(In the remaining two articles of this series Ralph Smeltzer will describe a relocation center and tell about the beginnings of the Brethren Hostel.)

Ten Dimes Make a Dollar

Continued from page two

But the feed back was faster than the pay-off. A dollar and then a dollar and a half in dimes was gone.

"It's not my lucky day," she shrugged, and came to sit by me while I dressed. Then her mood changed.

"Louisa," she called to the colored

maid in attendance, "get me another dollar's worth of dimes, please." Louisa padded off with a "Cu'tnly, Miss Roxanne," and before long the game was on again.

Three dimes, four, five, six clicked into the machine without result. It seemed such a waste I couldn't watch Roxy pull the lever once more and I wandered across the room to get my hat.

Then suddenly there was a whoop from Roxy and a great gush of jingling dimes came down into the metal pay pocket, so many that they spilled over onto the floor, flying this way and that on their thin rims.

"Jack pot!" Roxy cried. "I hit the jack pot! And it hasn't been hit here in six weeks."

"How much money do you get?" (My practical sense keeps coming to the fore.)

"It's 'sposed to pay eight dollahs, Miss Roxanne," supplied Louisa, her eyes sharing Roxy's excitement.

"That's six dollahs clear!" Roxanne crowed delightedly as we helped her retrieve the rolling dimes. She poured the lot into her soft felt hat and jingled them appreciatively. Then, to my surprise, she scooped out a handful of coins and went again to the machine.

"It always pays to put in a few more," she said.

And to our complete astonishment, with the insertion of less than a dollar in dimes, the winning combination came up again. But this time there was only a thin trickle of coins into the pay pocket.

Roxy clapped her hands gleefully, not at all discouraged.

"I hit it again! I hit it again!" she chortled. "Get Mr. Wilson, Louisa, so that he can see the score. The club has to stand good for the jack-pot money if the machine runs out of change."

Mr. Wilson was rueful but quite aware that he must turn over to Miss Hunter her winnings.

"Machine's broke," he said, taping the pay slot and hanging an out-of-order sign on the front.

Roxy looked at me and laughed and I couldn't resist joining her.

"Come along now," I said. "Your dad will think we're lost."

When we arrived in the dining room Mr. Hunter was already seated, talking quite seriously with a thin little waitress whom he addressed as Jennie.

"Dad takes quite an interest in her. She's waited on us here for three years," Roxy explained as we crossed the room to the table.

"What do you think?" Roxy interrupted, planting a hasty kiss on her parent's left cheek.

"I never think where you're concerned. It scares me." Mr. Hunter rallied.

"I hit the jack pot twice! Twice! I won sixteen dollahs! I'll treat you to dinner, dad!" Roxanne was ecstatic.

Mr. Hunter was indulgent but unenthusiastic. "You'll lose it all next week," he said, and returned to his conversation with the waitress.

Idly enough, but with the unflagging curiosity of every reporter, my eyes had been on Jennie while Roxanne had been speaking. And at the mention of sixteen dollahs the girl caught her breath in wonder. It must seem like easy money, I thought. More than a week's wages, no doubt.

The phone was ringing when we walked into the Hunter library an hour or so later.

"For me?" I asked Lloyd, the houseman, in surprise. Then I remembered the night city editor had the number. I was on call for the week end, just as a formality, but I had never been asked to work on a Saturday night before.

"We've just been tipped off the police are raiding a lot of taprooms and juke-box places tonight," the voice on the other end of the wire snapped.

"Yes?" I was puzzled. This wasn't the kind of story a girl went out on.

"I'm short of men. There's a big fire down in Elizabethport. And since you're up there on the south side how about dropping around to the Pine Street Police Station about eleven o'clock? Phone in anything you can pick up. Might be something good or it might be little stuff. Can't tell."

"O. K." I was unenthusiastic.

"And if you get names, get 'em straight!" Bang went the receiver.

"You aren't exactly articulate over the telephone, Liz," Roxy laughed as I put down the receiver. "What's 'yes' and what's 'O. K.'?"

"It's positively ironic," I said. "I'm haunted."

"Haunted?" Mr. Hunter came into the room in time to catch the last word.

"By slot machines," I answered. "First Roxy breaks the bank, and then the police decide they'll do the same job in a larger way."

"Relax," said Roxy. "Tell all."

"It's a city-wide cleanup," I explained. "We've been expecting it. I'm roped in because the night editor's short of men."

Mr. Hunter snorted. "No business for a girl to be in." He wagged a forefinger at me. "Some day you'll get into trouble, young lady, gallivanting around the city alone at night. But since you must go, take the coupe. I'll be using the big car." He grinned at me over his daughter's smooth head. "And you might take Roxanne for protection," he said.

It was ten minutes past eleven when I walked into the Pine Street Station. Situated in a rather unsavory neighborhood which backs on the wealthy residential section in which the Hunters live, it wasn't the most attractive place in which to end a Saturday evening. The soot-smearred walls were cold and damp, the floor was unscrubbed, and the half-asleep cop at the desk was staring disconsolately at the blotter.

"Good evening, officer."

The man grunted.

"I'm from the Herald. Any excitement?"

"Naw." He glanced at me distastefully.

"Mind if I hang around awhile?"

"Help yourself." He looked around in discouragement. "If you like it."

I eyed the one dusty bench and decided to retreat to the car, where I could chat with Roxy and keep an eye on the station house at the same time.

But just as I slammed the door of the coupe the patrol wagon rounded the corner, and drawing up at the police station, disgorged an assortment of occupants which included three cops, four or five men, and three women of various ages.

"Pardon me a moment—some friends of mine," I said facetiously to Roxy as I prepared to follow them into the station house.

Inside, I approached the most friendly looking of the attendant cops. "I'm from the Herald. Can you give me the dope?"

"Just a little job," he said. "There ain't any big joints up this end of town. Place called Ed's Emporium. We was told to pick up the proprietors and any patrons found playing the machines. Guess they're clampin' down a bit."

"How many machines?"

"Six. Three quarter. Three dime."

"Got the names?"

"You'll have to get 'em from the blotter."

"Any disturbance?"

"Naw." Then he added, "But they sure was surprised. Been so long since this city's tried to clean up the slot machines everybody was beginnin' to think they was legal."

For the first time I glanced over the crowd that had been run in. Two of the men were unshaven, in work-soiled sweaters. Two others, better dressed, were probably the owners of the place. One of the women was truculent, a second passive, and the third, a mere girl, had her head down sniveling into her handkerchief. Poor youngster, she was probably scared to death.

The officer in charge roused himself sufficiently to deliver a proper lecture to the offenders. He detained the proprietors, but let the patrons off with a severe reprimand. Meanwhile I got the names and prepared to leave.

The women turned away toward the door just as I did and I got my first good look at the girl. I knew her face! For a split second I couldn't place her, but as she moved down the steps ahead of me I recognized the little waitress from the club. Jennie, Mr. Hunter had called her.

She stood on the bottom step in apparent bewilderment, and then opened her pocketbook and began rooting through its contents. I approached her.

"Aren't you a waitress from the



What the Dinner Bell Says

KLING, klang; come, eat." A welcome call for those who have the blessing of a good appetite!

Perhaps the call is from an old bell perched somewhere in the vicinity of a farmhouse. Its cheery sound has rung out to every corner of the fields, bringing faithfully to two or three generations of toilers the word that dinner is ready. Its voice has reached the neighbors with a friendly word of satisfaction and plenty. Farm bells are neighborly where neighbors all have food. They must be irritating where some within their tone range lack the necessities of life.

Perhaps the dinner bell is a buzzer in office or factory. A buzzer is not so romantic; there is no loving wife or child at the button as there often is at the bell rope.—But there goes the buzzer. A welcome sound! It's time for dinner. Finish later.—Back again. Dinner over. It was ample and brought a new sense of strength for work. It brought good fellowship too.

I wanted to say one thing yet. It is painful to think of the dinner bells of the world, or their equivalent today. In many countries there is lack of food, and bells do not ring. Even in America bells are silenced, awaiting word to send out a warning of approaching danger instead of their wonted call of plenty. We long and pray for the time when war equipment will be reshaped not only into implements of agriculture but into bells that will invite the world to partake of the fruits of undisturbed toil.—E. G. H.

Gray Hills Club?"

She threw me one frightened glance and, ducking her head again, burst into tears.

"Come along," I said. "Get in the car. We'll take you home."

I pushed her ahead of me and opened the door of the coupe. The sight of Roxanne only served to increase the girl's agitation, and Roxy's surprised "Why, Jennie!" didn't help matters.

"Do you know where she lives?" I asked over Jennie's head.

Roxanne directed me. "I've gone out there often with fruit and clothing for Jennie's mother," she said.

The drive wasn't a short one, but we had gone more than a mile before Jennie could collect herself sufficiently to talk. Then the tale Roxy and I elicited went something like this:

"I had a date," she said, "with my boy friend. We stopped in Ed's place for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. You know ma's arthritis has been gettin' worse lately and it was payday and I kept watchin' people play those machines and thinkin' how nice it would be if I could win sixteen dollars like you did, Miss Roxanne. Or even eight!"

"But, Jennie," Roxy broke in, "that was once in a thousand times! Those machines are fixed by the people who make them. They're fixed so that they never pay off as much as they take in. Didn't you know that?"

Jennie looked at her in disbelief.

Next Sunday's Lesson

AS OUR responsibilities increase, the need for temperate living grows also. One of the lessons of the war which it is hoped many persons will learn is this awareness that in order to be fit for any position of leadership or service one must be physically and mentally alert. The sons of Aaron were punished severely. That was because their responsibility was great.

We often forget our responsibility for those persons who look to us for guidance or as examples. The influence of Roxanne on Jennie in this week's story is a case in point. Our emphasis on keeping fit applies not only to our own bodies and souls but also to the effect of our example on those who observe us. Upon Christian people especially in times like these the need for leadership rests so heavily that no Christian can afford to be intemperate in thought or deed.—K. M.

Read Lev. 10: 1-11.

• SIX •

"But I've heard you, again and again, tell Mr. Hunter how much you've won."

Roxanne laughed shortly, bitterly. "I never tell him when I lose," she said.

It developed that Jennie spent a dollar in dimes, then two dollars. Occasionally she had a run of luck, but before half an hour passed the machine had gobbled all her winnings. She began to get scared. Two dollars out of a week's pay was vitally important! How could she ever explain its loss to her invalid mother? Where would carfare come from with which to get to work? She'd have to win it back!

"Aw, come on," her boy friend urged her. "Cut it out!"

But Jennie changed another dollar into dimes. And still another.

That was when her boy friend disappeared and the police walked in.

"And now my name will be in the papers," Jennie blubbered. "And it will just kill ma! You know, Miss Roxanne, ma's very God-fearin' and she believes gamblin' is a sin and a disgrace. She'll never get over it."

"Now, look here, Jennie!" Roxanne's curt voice shocked the girl into temporary silence.

"Your mother's right. Gambling is a disgrace!" That from Roxanne! "And while I can afford to lose money it is no less of a disgrace that I have been playing the machines at the club than that you have been playing them at Ed's Emporium or whatever the place is called. You and I are both going to cut it out. From now on. Understand?"

"Don't worry, Miss Roxanne, I'm never goin' to touch one of them machines again." Jennie was certainly contrite.

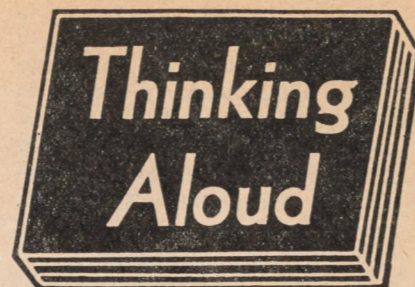
"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," Roxy continued. "I'm going to lend you the four dollars you lost. Lend it to you, not give it to you. And you can pay me back fifty cents a week out of your pay. That will help us both to remember this little incident for a while."

"Oh, Miss Roxanne," Jennie breathed in relief.

"I can't keep your name out of the newspapers, but perhaps your mother won't see it, and if she does you'd better just tell her the whole story from beginning to end," said Roxy sensibly. And she opened the door to let Jennie out at the entrance to their dingy little flat.

We stopped at the nearest drug-

Continued on next page



WHAT is the big need in youth work just now?" someone asks. This is not an easy question to answer, but I will try.

Let us look first of all at our youth program. The new 1943-1944 program guide came off the press recently. I am proud of it. It gives evidence that the program and curriculum aspect of our youth program is on the "up." We have been making genuine progress in this area. At the present time we are offering Series A, B, and C programs. In addition to study materials, suggestions are given for recreation, social action, worship, and finance. This material is designed to meet most of the needs in our brotherhood. Also, within the past three years there has been very real progress in the content and make-up of Our Young People. Our youth editors have given much time and thought to this work, and we are receiving many appreciative remarks.

The biggest need is not literature but wide-awake youth leaders in the field interpreting the possibilities of a modern youth program. Whenever we depend entirely on printed page promotion the response is not very satisfying. In other words, we need to discover a number of young people who have what it takes to serve as "spark plugs" in generating new life for the youth program. We have experimented enough to know that such persons can do a great deal for youth.

Benton Rhoades and others have been sold on the work camp idea. They have discussed the possibilities with young people, and wherever they have gone it has been easy to secure work campers—even in 1943. Two years ago Kurtis Naylor spent a summer in youth work in the Western Region. Eugene Lichty has spent this past summer in the same region working with young people in summer camps, district meetings, and local churches. Already it is easy to see the results of his work. He is planning to continue his field program during the winter, using all the time that he has available.

Other National Cabinet members are contemplating a year of volunteer service in youth activities. It is my dream that we will have within the next year a sizable number of young people who believe in the youth program of our church enough to sacrifice jobs, education, or whatever it takes, to give a year in this type of activity. To meet the need in any adequate fashion, we should have fifty young people spending their full time in youth field work. It should be pointed out, however, that those who qualify demonstrate their ability to see the problems, analyze them, and offer a solution. In addition to this they must have the ability to inspire others to go and do likewise.

Raymond R. Peters

These Ideas Worked!

There Go the Ships

Bassett Church, Virginia

ELIZABETH ANNE BOWMAN

IN search for a topic of study for our B. Y. P. D., we hit upon the idea of "ships." Ships are certainly receiving much space in the headlines and occupy a very important place during the present world conditions. Our study included four of the most important ships in all history—friendship, courtship, discipleship, and fellowship. The meetings were held on Sunday evening before the regular preaching hour.

The first Sunday evening a social was held which carried out the theme of friendship, and on the following Sunday we met for a discussion. The worship service consisted of great pictures of friendship taken from the Bible, such as the lasting friendship of David and Jonathan and the beautiful relationship which existed between Ruth and Naomi. Following the worship service another member of our group introduced the topic. Then our adult adviser led a general discussion on helps and hindrances to friendship and the values of friendship.

This same type of program was carried out with the second number

of our fleet, courtship. Our pastor was leader of a fine discussion in which many valuable suggestions were offered, and the value of courtship was discussed. Dr. Warren Bowman's book, *Home Builders of Tomorrow*, was an aid in this discussion.

Discipleship was the third ship that made a marked appearance in our B. Y. P. D. harbor. Following the worship service, the executive secretary of our Southern District of Virginia visited our group and gave a splendid and very timely talk on the meaning and importance of discipleship.

Our fourth and last ship was fellowship. After a worship service a social hour, in which the note of fellowship was struck, was enjoyed by the group.

This study, *There Go the Ships*, proved an interesting and successful adventure for our local group. For any other group that wishes to adapt this study for its own use, I suggest another ship, stewardship. Our group did not include it as we had a special study on that subject last year.

Major and Minor Chords

Greenville Church, Ohio

MRS. G. L. WINE

WHEN we organized a junior choir we discovered that a successful choir requires five essentials:

1. There must be a group that can read music and sing fairly well. Thanks to our public schools, most children can read music and have some idea how it should be sung. It did not take long to discover the boys and girls in our church who had

ability. Intermediates were glad for an opportunity to serve the church. Boys were invited and welcomed but not urged, since at that age they are not always able to control their voices.

2. It is necessary to find a time to practice. This is extremely difficult for modern young people with their busy school schedules and extracurricular interests.

3. There should be a capable musician who will willingly direct the chorus. Although helping a group of young people to sing for the glory of God is a service worthy of the time and effort of the best song leaders, many consider it a menial task. But with patience and persuasion a leader can be secured.

4. One of the group may be able to serve as pianist, if another cannot be found.

5. A junior choir needs a songbook adapted to young voices. Young singers should not force their voices to sing difficult music outside their range.

When our choir had a few selections ready they began to sing for our women's work groups and for Sunday school. It was interesting to note how eager they were to sing at the Sunday morning services. As they grew in ability and volume they were able to make a real contribution to the church and could be used along with the adult choir when there were cantatas and special programs.

Minor chords were touched occasionally when a girl would not take the time to practice but appeared to sing when a public program was to be given. Another chord seemed out of tune when no competent leader was able to take the time and patience it takes to associate with and to train these fine young people. But after all, what is music without its minor chords?

Ten Dimes Make a Dollar

Continued from page six

store, where I phoned in my story from a telephone booth. I spelled the names carefully. Five men and two women: E-m-m-a-l-i-n-e D-o-n-e-r. M-o-l-l-y F-l-a-n-n-a-g-a-n.

"O. K.," said the reporter taking the story. Then, "Wait a minute!"

In a minute he returned to the phone. "The night editor says you couldn't smell a human-interest story anywhere."

"From a couple of cops raiding a slot-machine place?" I said. "What's new about that? Tell him to be himself."

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SEVEN •

this business of living

a department for your personal problems

Making Up Your Mind

GRACE SLOAN OVERTON

QUESTIONS: 1. I have been out of college for two years and now am able to return. I am troubled about what I should be preparing to do after finishing college.

2. I have been keeping company for a year with a young man whom I have known for several years. He is a Christian and has high ideals. Sometimes I don't understand how his mind works. Frankly, I am puzzled to know whether I should allow this friendship to go on. If it does, I am sure we might be married within the year. I can't quite make up my mind.

3. I have been staying home since finishing high school. I have had temporary work—mostly here in my home community. My father and mother are advanced in years, and they seem to feel they need me to help them in looking after things. I can go on as I have done with quite a little in the way of jobs close at home. I have just found I can get a job paying much more in a city fifty miles away. But I cannot make up my mind to leave home and take this better job. What do you think I should do?

ANSWER: I am answering all three of your questions together because you all have the problem of deciding—of getting your minds made up.

Some people who give vocational advice talk as though deciding on a vocation is a simple thing. But it may not be simple for the one who has to do the deciding. Some who counsel on marriage speak as if it is easy to decide. Some talk as if deciding to break the home ties is merely routine. But high-grade, intelligent young people do not always find their decisions coming easily or quickly. They don't shy away from making up their minds; but they want to make good decisions—not hasty or poor ones.

1. Your instant feeling about a problem may be the correct one. But you will want to examine that in-

stant reaction carefully. And especially to ask yourself how it may look to you afterward.

2. An absolutely perfect decision may not always be possible. But an honest decision is always possible. There will come times when the only honorable thing you can do is to make up your mind about your next step. No matter if that step is to change all your later life, you simply have to take it. If you don't take that step—decided-upon-as-your-next, you simply put yourself on the treadmill of emotional uneasiness that can yield you nothing but weariness. In other words—you can't dally very long and still be honorable. To make decisions and then act on them—that's the way life is lived.

3. One can almost always change a plan that was decided upon honestly. A plan honestly made can usually be unmade quite as honestly. If you change a plan for good reasons, you're in no danger of getting the habit of mind changing.

4. You should have so much confidence in your total ability to make decisions that a mistake will never "floor" you. The business of living has so many uncertainties you can never foresee all the outcomes. Normal persons rebound from decisions that simply don't work out—Christians especially, because they know how God works along with them to bring good outcomes—even when their decisions haven't been the best.

A Surprise Wedding

ROY E. DICKERSON

QUESTION: My fiancé says he hates weddings. He argues that it is foolish to spend the money for even a simple wedding at home. He also argues that it is a lot of trouble and will not make a bit of difference in the way we love each other. He says why not surprise everybody by going across town just by ourselves to a minister he knows and be married. What do you think about that?

ANSWER: Being a man I suppose I may understand a bit better than you do a certain masculine feeling

about weddings. Men often feel ill at ease in the social life in which women revel. The mere male is likely to feel clumsy and out of place and quite uncomfortable. That is particularly true when he must share the spotlight that beats upon a bride and groom. I don't know how a girl feels coming down the home stairs or a church aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, but I do know that most men suffer an acute attack of embarrassed self-consciousness from which they would gladly be spared.

I understand all this, but I am still dead against your fiancé's suggestion. He may want to get away from all these uncomfortable moments; he may want to spare you and your family unnecessary expense, but he ought not seek to sacrifice your parents' pride and affection by leaving them out. An elopement may sound exciting and there may be a thrill in a surprise wedding, but I think it is far too costly when purchased at such a price.

Make your wedding very simple and inexpensive if you wish. It can be a beautiful affair in your home witnessed only by a few close friends and the parents of both of you. Leave out even your friends if you wish, though I think you may regret it afterward, for marriage should be a warm and rich memory you would delight to share with those you love. But include your parents.

Of all persons in the world, they have a right to share in your happiness. The wedding will not mean more to you than it does to them. Nothing is likely to hurt their feelings so deeply as the thoughtlessness of the son or daughter who thinks it the thrill of a lifetime to call them up by long-distance phone and say: "We just wanted to let you know we were married last night." Even if your relationships have been somewhat strained; even if you think it wouldn't mean much to your folks, don't leave them out. It may mean a wound to their affection from which they will never completely recover and which you will never cease to regret having inflicted.

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OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

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Number 42

Too Many OOMPAHS

FLETCHER D. SLATER

Illustrated by Vance Locke

MARNIE McKELVEY watched her note travel down three chairs in English 4, surreptitiously jump the aisle, and reach blond, fly-away Barbara Combs.

Marnie hated sending that note. She hated asking favors of Barbara. But Barbara was vice-president of the girls' glee club at South High, and Marnie simply *had* to call on her.

The merry light was gone from Marnie's deep, startlingly blue eyes as she uncrumpled the first note she had written, then vetoed. She re-read it morosely:

Dear Babs:

I'm on the spot. Got a conflict this aft. Will you do the honors?

Marnie.

Goodness, no! Too breezy. After all, Barbara was a person of violent likes and dislikes, and Marnie knew she belonged to the second category.

Thankful she hadn't sent that first effort, she shook back dark hair, and glanced at her second attempt:

Dear Barbara:

I have run smack dab into that troublesome law that says a person can't be in two different places at the same time. Glee club practice at 3:30. Debate forum tryouts for new members, also at 3:30, and I'm on the judging committee.

I hope that as vice-president of girls' glee, you'll take over. Please tell Miss Gibbs I just couldn't make it. There's a lot of business to transact, but everything will go off all right.

Yours,
Marnie.



Gary knew music. The cavernous bellows from his silver-plated monster fairly clubbed the music-makers into time

She shuddered. What a laugh that note would have handed Barbara! It strained woefully after humorous formality. And it fairly shouted, "Look how important I am!"

Well, she was. She had everything at her fingertips. And she knew Rules of Order as if Roberts had been a favorite uncle. Barbara would probably get things all messed

Builders . . .

STANFORD SOBEL
C. P. S. Camp No. 27

"Builders!" he snorted, "Cowards, you mean! What do you build? Forests for your grandchildren? Soil for 2000 A. D.?

Dams to light a few barren farms, a wasted dust bowl in the Great Plains?

You'll have to do more, more, more than that if you want to stop the Terror, and you will want to stop the Terror, and you will do more, to preserve the things we stand for, in the name of self-respect, in the name of God."

What do we say? What do we build? Are these trees trees?

Is this land land? Are these dams dams, and this soil merely soil?

Or do we seek to toss a spark into the explosive of disillusion, of lethargy, of disgust and realization of futility? to lift our arms and bend our shoulders so that men can see our minds, our hearts, our dreams, our ideals, and most of all our intensity of purpose and certainty of success, to work a day, to learn a lesson, to lead a life that will cause men to stop, to watch, to wonder, to stare, with lips drawn tight, and so to think.

up in the business meeting. Well, it couldn't be helped.

Marnie sighed. She belonged to a dozen things, was president of four, and officered five others.

"I'm a fool," she thought, "trying to spread myself so thin—but it's an exciting life!"

She stiffened suddenly. A slight ripple of extra attentiveness to Miss Shea was coming up the rows of chairs. Barbara's reply was on its way!

Marnie took the note from inside Gary Steele's slightly disapproving right elbow, in front of her. She opened it and reread her own final note:

Dear Barbara:

I can't make glee club today. Of course, you'll take charge?

Marnie.

Under it was scrawled Barbara's answer:

Marnie:

Of course. The vice-president's duties are clearly stated in the club constitution.

You're so popular!

B.

Marnie could feel the hot blood rise in her cheeks. She balled the note fiercely and crammed it into her jacket pocket.

But the crisis was over. Barbara would handle things, after a fashion.

Then the slender girl with the curling, mobile mouth and the ebony hair stirred uneasily. The same problem would come up again—and again. There'd be other conflicts that she couldn't avoid. She simply had too many irons in the fire.

On her hurried way to the debate tryouts, Marnie saw Gary Steele staring vacantly into his open locker. Impulsively she stopped. He was

a nice chap, and she felt sorry for him.

"Look," she said earnestly. "It isn't as bad as all that. I know you've got a tough assignment, moving into a strange school in your senior year—"

"Skip it," he muttered.

"I'll not skip it!" she retorted. "You turn the air blue, and I'm allergic to blue. Why don't you tear yourself loose if you're lonely—"

"I'm not lonely," he denied.

"No!" Her mouth curled into her irresistible smile. "You're just staring soulfully into your empty locker, that's all. And you make simple little jobs, like sharpening a pencil, last as long as you can. Now you're even trying to stand me off. That's the last symptom, before the jumping-in-the-river stage."

He grinned unwillingly. "Well, you tagged me," he admitted. "So what?"

"So snap out of it!" she said vigorously. "For two weeks I've been sitting behind you in English 4. You've said 'Hello' three times, passed four notes for me, and showed everybody up in recitation."

His rather long, serious face was further jarred into smiling. "Well?" he said. "What do you recommend?"

"Join something," she said promptly. "Why, I was the loneliest freshman that ever hit South High. I'd just moved here, didn't know a soul. I moped around three weeks, and then I got wise to myself. I joined the glee club, because I could carry a tune without dragging it, I guess."

"I can't," he objected.

"Well, join something. Debate?" Her dark eyebrows lifted hopefully. "The try-outs—"

He shook his head. "I hate debating."

"No music at all?" she pressed.

"No. Except for boosting out a few bellows on the bass."

"Bass horn?"

He nodded. "Sousaphone."

Her eyes danced. "Why, that's wonderful, Gary!" She braked her enthusiasm suddenly. "You—you mean you can really play it?"

"It got by," he admitted, "in the Euclid High marching band."

"Perfect!" she exclaimed.

He smiled, catching some of her zest. "Band, eh? Okay. I—I don't know why I haven't joined before. Too down, I guess."

"Let me know how you come out," she said, and whirled away down the hall.

Marnie didn't see Gary until English 4, next day.

"All set?" she whispered.

His nice mouth twisted. "I can't get in!"

Marnie's heart sank. She hadn't wanted to color Gary's approach by telling him the South High band was snooty. It had won state championships three years running, and had gone exclusive; one adverse vote kept a prospective member out. Barbara Combs played a clarinet in the band. Marnie wondered if—

"They killed my application 42 to 9," added Gary moodily. "A fellow

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told me. They can't use too many oompahs. If I played a clarinet, now, they could squeeze me in. But another oompah—"

Marnie decided, after fifty minutes behind Gary's dejected head, that she had made matters worse than before. He'd be further in the dumps than ever. She simply had to do something about it. The school wasn't treating Gary Steele fairly. He could be an asset. Instead, he was developing into a total loss—might even quit school—

She tried to convey her sympathy as they left class.

"Forget it, Marnie." He shrugged and walked on alone down the hall.

His apathy scared her. He didn't even like her any more. And she was his only hope. She had to put herself on more friendly terms—

"I know!" she thought triumphantly. "If the band turned me down, too, it might help. I'll try joining, as—as a vocalist. With Barbara voting, I haven't a chance!"

Gary stopped her in the hall next day. "Congratulations!" he said dryly. "You must have the technique."

"What—what do you mean?"

"Why, the band! You're name's posted—accepted as feature vocalist!"

Marnie felt like fainting. "But—but Barbara—"

"I saw her leave right after English 4 yesterday," said Gary. "Phone call, or something."

"But—but I didn't want—" Marnie choked off her wail. "That's swell!" she said. "Maybe I can work you in now. Friend on the inside, you know."

He shook his head. "Not with a sousaphone," he said sadly. "There'd be too many oompahs."

People With Different Skins

A Young Person's Prayer

P. R. HAYWARD

LORD, help me to understand people with skins different from mine. Let me know better the boys and girls who are brown, or black, or yellow, while I am white.

Make me wise enough, and strong enough, to ask questions about them, questions like these, my Lord:

Who made them with skins not like mine? And why was it done that way?

Do they live in as good houses as I and my friends have? And if they do not, does their color have anything to do with it?

Do they have as good schools to go to as I have? Is the tax they pay for the school on the same rate as my father's?

How do they feel, *inside*, when I and my friends do not let them play with us?

Save me from snobbery and pride in my color.

Forbid that I judge people by the pigments in their skin. Let me look rather, as thou dost look, on the heart.

Teach me this day the meaning of thy word, "God hath made of one blood all the races of men that dwell upon the earth." Amen.

She chewed her lower lip between white teeth. At last she looked up. "Gary," she said, "didn't you say something about a marching band at Euclid?"

"Yes."

"That means you marched at football games?" she followed up eagerly.

"Sure."

"Gary," she cried, her eyes sparkling, "I've got a perfectly tremendous idea! South High's band won't march. They'll play at football games, if the weather's nice. But they won't march! Gary, do you feel like making me a business call tonight? Two heads are better than one."

"I'd love to—Seven-thirty?"

"Seven-thirty."

At seven-twenty-five Marnie's doorbell rang.

"Five minutes early!" she murmured, smiling. "That's a good sign."

She let him in, introduced him to her parents, to small brother Hank, and to Kilts, who sniffed his trouser cuffs aloofly, then vouchsafed a few tail wags.

"Let's get down to business," suggested Marnie, and they repaired to the porch for the pow-wow.

"South High needs a marching band," began Marnie firmly. "I talked to Coach Higgins this afternoon. He's all for it. So is the principal. Personally, I think everybody's a little tired of the band putting on airs."

"Tsk! tsk!" reproved Gary, grinning in the September dusk. "You're a loyal member, now."

"Be serious, Gary! South must have scads of musicians who've been turned down by the regular band. Well! Let's dig them up, and pound them into order. You can lead us in some marching maneuvers, and we'll put some pep in the football games. They're the dearest things, really!"

He laughed. "Imagine me at the head of a band, smartly waving my ten-ton sousaphone to beat out the time!"

She giggled. "That's an idea, Gary. Maybe we could rig up a little wagon for you. I guess that's never been done before. And we need drums—lots of drums."

Continued on page six

Watch for These

Coming features in fall issues of Our Young People

- **DARK GENIUS**—a five-part serial biography of George Washington Carver.
- **THESE ARE AMERICAN REFUGEES**—four articles on Japanese Americans and the Brethren Relocation Hostel with pictures.
- **A PAGE OF AUTUMN POETRY.**
- **A STATEMENT OF BELIEF AND PURPOSE** for Brethren Youth.
- **Articles on peace and the post-war world** by Walter W. Van Kirk, E. Stanley Jones, and others.
- **B. Y. P. D. Programs** ● **Good Stories** ● **Regular Features**



Relocation centers are under the supervision of the War Relocation Authority

ON DECEMBER 7, 1941, Japan attacked the United States. The 125,000 persons of Japanese ancestry living in the United States, two thirds of whom are American citizens, were completely shocked, as were all citizens. They continued to work, however, as industriously as ever in an effort to demonstrate their profound loyalty to the United States. The governor of Hawaii announced that no acts of sabotage occurred there. J. Edgar Hoover of the F. B. I. later made a similar statement over a nationwide hookup, regarding the continental United States. Japanese-American students in our colleges, representing the highest number of college students per capita of any racial group in our midst, continued their school work undisturbed. Their families, which had demonstrated the lowest criminal and relief record of any racial group in the United States, continued to live peacefully. Most of the 5,000 boys who had volunteered or had been drafted into the armed services were retained. As far as loyalty was concerned this group of Americans acquitted themselves heroically.

It was not until almost four months after the military crisis had occurred that economic and political pressure groups finally succeeded in pressing the government, through its west coast military commander, to order this country's unprecedented mass evacuation of an entire racial group. The sudden uprooting of over 100,000 people from their lifelong homes created many hardships. Although the army attempted to be humanitarian throughout, these American refugees experienced unnecessary hardships. Possessions had to be disposed of quickly. Exploiters took advantage of this help-

less situation for their own benefit. Ties of friendship were strained and in some cases broken. The entire situation was pitiful.

The only immediate aid that Mrs. Smeltzer and I were able to offer the Japanese-Americans of our community was that of easing the evacuation strains as much as possible. This consisted mainly of helping them get to busses and trains, seeing to it that their baggage was properly marked and transported to the proper locations, and then giving them an early-morning breakfast. In most cases the Wartime Civilian Control Administration requested that the evacuees be at the assembling points by 6:30 a. m. This meant early rising and inconvenience on our part as well as for the evacuees. But our sacrifice was insignificant in comparison to theirs.

On four occasions we arose at 5 a. m. on regular school days to carry out the duties assigned us by the directing church groups conducting the assistance. We were able to get

RALPH SMELTZER, Director of the Brethren Relocation Hostel in Chicago, describes his experiences in helping evacuated Americans to resettle and to return to a normal existence. He reminds us that

These Are American Refugees

Part One -- Mass Evacuation

five good-sized families as well as most of their baggage to the busses and trains in time. There we assisted in directing them to the conveyances as well as dispensing food. On one occasion Mary assisted the W. C. C. A. man in charge, Verne Harris, a good friend of ours, in marking off the street for lining up the occupants of the busses. On another occasion I was delegated to dispense enough milk for the children of three different trains with the aid of one relief worker to each coach. In addition to the milk, doughnuts and coffee were served. In most cases we were unable to see the evacuees pull out because of having to be at our respective schools ready to teach before that time.

One Friday we helped 800 evacuate from "Little Tokyo" in downtown Los Angeles. The following day 1,000 left from the same location in 24 busses and 60 autos while 400 more left from the Santa Fe depot via train. One third or about 700, were transported to the departure points by volunteer relief workers like ourselves.

The busses and autos were escorted to the Santa Anita Assembly Center by police and the army, one

jeep to every ten autos. Although the Wartime Civilian Control Administration which was created by the west coast military commander had the responsibility of seeing to it that the evacuees were at the right assembling points at the right time, the army itself was in charge of the actual transportation.

Both Mary and I had the opportunity of meeting Major Schenkel and Captain Parks, who had charge of the transportation. The assisting soldiers were very friendly, sympathetic, and helpful to the evacuees. In fact the major caught two soldiers helping evacuees hide baby buggies and tricycles, both contraband, in the large Bekin trucks, so earnest was their sympathy. They exhibited a good spirit, and friendly relations prevailed among all present. The soldiers as well as the evacuees were served food.

Driving down one bare and emptied street I noticed a young mother with a baby in her arms standing beside some baggage. She reluctantly consented to let me take her, the four-week-old baby, and the baggage to the assembly point. Her gratitude was abundantly expressed.

Definitions Help in Understanding America's Refugee Problem

Relocation hostel:

A friendly place where evacuee resettlers may secure temporary lodging. It also provides help and guidance to resettlers in seeking permanent employment and living quarters in a new community.

Caucasian:

Designates or pertains to the division of mankind comprising the chief races of Europe, North Africa and southwestern Asia. It is used to distinguish members of the so-called white race from evacuees of Japanese extraction. Since the use of this term often causes embarrassment, the term *non-evacuee* is more accurate.

Nisei:

Means *second generation* and refers to American citizens of Japanese ancestry, or Japanese-Americans.

Issei:

Means *first generation* and refers to the older evacuees who are aliens

and who are barred from citizenship through naturalization by our immigration laws which do not permit Orientals to acquire citizenship if they are born outside the United States and territories. They have lived as "Permanent Residents" under our laws since 1924—the majority of them for thirty years or longer.

Relocation centers:

The communities (barracks type camps) to which the evacuees were moved after the initial military evacuation from the west coast. These centers are under the supervision of the War Relocation Authority, an independent civil agency of the Federal government.

Indefinite leave:

Means permission to leave the relocation center for an indefinite period of time in order to obtain a job and resettle in a new community. Actually it amounts to a complete release, the only restrictions being that the resettler cannot return to the evacuated area and that he must keep the W. R. A. informed of his address.

What the Sky Holds



ETHERAL blue with fleecy clouds! The sky that lifts heavenward! You can hardly be the same after you have gazed into it. Unworthy things that lurk in dark corners of the heart seem out of place under it. It lifts toward God and toward purity and nobility.

Were you ever glad that the sky is blue instead of brown or some other color? A red or yellow sky is glo-

rious at sunset, but even it would get tiresome if the shades of night didn't soon come. Those who live where there is a cloudless sky for months say that even blue gets tiresome when not relieved. But in most places clouds come—enough of them. Sometimes the storm arises and lightning flashes. Sometimes the gray snow haze rises. The sky is the scenery that all of us have—or almost all. The city obscures it but can't shut it out. The prairie has no mountains and few trees, but it has all the more sky. The sky is half the world everywhere. We miss half the world if we fail to get its meaning and enjoy it.

Man has so far missed the purpose of the sky as to put death into it. Children in bomb-riddled lands look up with terror written on their faces. The perversity of man nowhere seems more glaring than when he invades the sky world with engines of death.—E. G. H.

On another occasion my model A Ford and I created quite a sensation. Having packed my car full and running over with twelve pieces of baggage from an evacuated hotel, I crawled in and started off, just able to peer through the windshield to the street. On the way I picked up two young evacuee fellows who were hiking and carrying large suitcases. They managed to crawl on the running boards somehow and hang on to their baggage. Upon reaching the entrance to the assembly street we were met with laughter and friendly smiles from the soldiers

along the entire assembly line. We must have been an amusing sight. The evacuation that day did not seem as sad an affair as it did some other times.

The saddest part of the whole evacuation was the criminal stigma unconsciously attached to the innocent evacuees. The American way of justice has always been to hold a man innocent until he can be proved guilty. Contrary to this tradition we now acted as if we were accusing all persons of Japanese ancestry of being guilty until they could prove themselves innocent. What chance did they have to prove their innocence?

According to letters from two families interned at Santa Anita, they were unable to buy the proper kind of food for their babies. One attempt by friends of ours to take in baby food was unsuccessful because it was against the rules to take in food of any kind. Therefore I inquired at the W. C. C. A. office about the proper procedure. That office said that just the day before one exception had been made to the food rule. Baby food could be taken in if it were wrapped, properly addressed and labeled "baby food." With this assurance our friends immediately attempted again but failed. The soldiers guarding the

gate would not take it or consent to its being left. It had to be smuggled in through the aid of "inmate" friends. Some non-evacuee friends set up tables outside the barb-wire fences and handed their evacuee friends additional food over and through the fence. This was sufficient evidence of the inadequate food situation on the inside. Because of pressure and criticism from the outside the army soon began permitting army A rations instead of B to be given the "inmates."

Many other complaints came from within the camps. The need for proper schools, trained teachers, books, toys, pianos, a shoe repair shop, more nurses and doctors, and something to do to pass away the idle time were some of the desires. We appealed to Milton Eisenhower, head of all the camps, as well as to local officials, to meet some of these

Next Sunday's Lesson

SOMETIMES a higher loyalty will force a young person to leave his parents or to disobey them. The twelve-year-old boy Jesus, when he was "about his Father's business" in the temple, had to cause his parents some concern. Missionaries tell us about young Christians whose faith in Christ has caused them to be disinherited and disowned by their parents. Occasionally a young person's conscience will keep him from doing what his parents desire him to do.

But such occasions are exceptional, especially among those of us who have grown up in Christian homes. It is our own willfulness or folly that causes our parents sorrow rather than a higher loyalty. We need to honor our parents by learning fully to appreciate how deeply we are indebted to them.

You will notice how the boy Jesus, when his more important work was over, went back to Nazareth with his parents and "was subject unto them." This is a part of the story so often overlooked. Yes, we ought to put God and the service of his kingdom before our loyalty to our parents. But this means no disrespect for them. It means rather that we will learn to respect and honor them in our Christian lives. And that is the kind of respect most of them want.—K. M.

Read Luke 2:48-51.

• SIX

needs. We recognized, however, that local authorities were doing well under the circumstances.

Without waiting for the government to meet all the needs, churches, including our own at La Verne, took toys, books, and other needed materials into the Pomona and Santa Anita camps.

(In next week's issue Ralph Smeltzer describes the opposition encountered by work camp and church groups when they attempted to help evacuees as they left for relocation centers.)

Too Many Oompahs

Continued from page three

"Drums? Sure—a bass or two, and four or five snares—"

"No." She shook her head firmly. "Oodles of drums! Think what the African savages do to their warriors with drums. Why, our team shouldn't lose a game, with our new band in action!"

"Maybe," he said practically. "But first, let's get the band."

Marnie never got over how the tootlers and thumpers flocked to the new organization. Alumni of Boy Scout drum and bugle corps jammed the first meeting.

And tubas! Five battered tubas turned up, two double B-flat basses, and a smaller edition of Gary's giant sousaphone, played by a frustrated lad who was practically lost in its vast coils.

And everybody was happy.

Even Gary. For the first time he really lost his morose, gloomy mien.

He knew music. He first laid a firm foundation of rhythm, the cavernous bull-bellows from his silver-plated monster fairly clubbing the motley collection of music-makers into time. He spent hours with the thirty-odd drummers, until they could roll out deafening, blood-tingling thunder that fairly shook the bleachers.

Marnie, of course, was delighted. She spent more and more time, fascinated, with Gary and his hundred music-makers. She had dabbled with the piano when she was younger and now she took up the glockenspiel, a disreputable specimen of which she uncovered in a pawnshop.

And for hour on hour the new band members practiced marching and countermarching, weaving, splitting, side-stepping, spacing, letter formation.

By the third football game, Gary pronounced them ready. Marnie mentioned uniforms.

"Not yet," Gary said. "Everybody can wear dark trousers or skirts, and white shirts."

"And maybe a blue band of percale aslant across our chests," suggested Marnie.

The maiden appearance of the marching band was a terrific success. The crowd went wild. And the team rose to new heights in pulling down unbeaten West High, 6-0.

Marnie stopped Gary the following Wednesday.

"Gary," she said slowly, "they've done it."

"Who's done what?"

"The regular band. They've voted to take up marching!"

"Swell!" Gary grinned. "Now South will really go to town!"

Marnie's heart warmed at the new, unconscious pride in that "South." But she shook her head

Facts and Follies

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counter-veils all the calamities and afflictions which can befall us without.—Addison.

A Scottish peer was told that Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, had defined oats as "food for horses in England and food for man in Scotland."

"Aye," said the peer, "and where else can you find such horses and such men?"

There is no truer test of a man's character than the ideals which excite his genuine enthusiasm; there is no surer measure of what he will become than a real knowledge of what he heartily admires.—Liddon.

The talkative workman was holding forth to an admiring audience in the village store. He was explaining that even in his job, which people might think dull enough, there was sometimes quite a lot of excitement.

"Why, I can remember once when a gas explosion tore up a main street where I was working."

"And what did you do?" asked one of the customers.

"Ah," replied the workman, "I tore up a side street."

gloomily. "You don't know the regulars," she said. "They'll march, maybe, but not on the same field with our upstarts."

Her prediction proved well-founded. The regulars, in their resplendent uniforms, insisted on their own maneuvers. Finally the faculty split the between-halves period into two parts. Each band would perform alone.

The marching band redoubled its efforts. The hundred worked like harvesters before a rain. Gary drilled them mercilessly. His voice grew sharp, edgy. They had to prove their worth next Friday.

Marnie learned to her dismay that the regular band was planning to use her voice in the school song, over an amplifier hookup, as their climax.

"But—but, Mr. Myers," she protested to the conductor, "I can't do that. I play in the marching band—Gary's band."

"You'll either sing or be suspended," said the conductor icily.

"I resign!" Marnie's head lifted, her cheeks flushed. "I resign!"

Queerly, it felt good! The band didn't need her. It was different from the glee club, debate, Spanish club, Zephyr staff, senior class, student council, and the others. They needed her. Nobody could take her place in them. Inevitable conflicts even made her miss band practice in that last crucial week, but she couldn't help it.

On Wednesday Gary walked home with her.

"Marnie," he said slowly, "you simply can't miss any more band practices. Maybe we're corny, but we've got to have loyalty."

"But I am loyal, Gary!" The hurt darkened Marnie's deep blue eyes. "I couldn't be anything else. We started this—you and I. Why, this is our band!"

"I know," he said miserably. "But if you miss one more practice this week, I'll have to drop you. I—I'm sorry, but that's the way it is."

"I see." Hurt, bitter, Marnie left him blindly at the gate. She'd given everything she had to South High. She'd started Gary to his present leadership. And now, if she missed another practice of the marching band, she was through!

She wished for one bitter, resentful moment, that she hadn't resigned from the regulars. With the whole stadium listening, her voice pouring out the school song from half a dozen

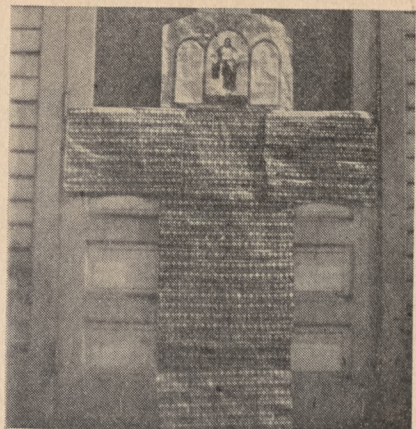
Continued on next page

FOCUS

on world-wide activities of youth

on service stamps

Young people in the Conemaugh church, Pennsylvania, placed in the hallway of their church an attractive chart on which Brethren Service stamps could be placed to indicate the extent of their giving. Their goal of one hundred dollars was soon reached and they have already started on another project. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Agey are the adult advisers of this group. The picture shows the chart as it was exhibited in front of the church door.



on a night for religious activities

Through concerted action on the part of Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant religious leaders the schools of Fresno, Calif., have agreed that for one night each week, they will schedule no activities. Religious groups have an opportunity to hold their organizational meetings without competing with school events. (RNS)

on regional youth conferences

A number of Brethren young people attended regional conferences of the United Christian Youth Movement this past summer. The conference at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., was attended by Grace Bowman of Hagerstown; Margaret Flory, Lancaster; and Gary Sommers, Philadelphia. Attending the Lake Geneva, Wis., camp during August were Warren Garner, Paul Throne, Jr., Beulah Yost and Dora Mae Kinsel of Ohio; Vesta Vannorsdel of Iowa, and Lydia Mae Yoder of Indiana.

on a youth movement

Georgé M. Tuttle, youth director of the United Church of Canada, reports the growth of an evangelical movement known as the Young People's Forward Movement. Through prayer, study, and action, small fellowship groups have received and transmitted to others a new spiritual dynamic which has influenced youth groups. During the past summer four volunteer workers met with groups of young people in towns, villages, and camps.

on a class of intermediates

The Willing Workers' class of eight intermediate girls of the First church in Philadelphia decided to contribute to the intermediate project for medical missions. The girls made over a hundred pot holders shaped like little sun-bonnets. They were able to contribute twenty-five dollars, enough to endow a hospital bed for charity cases in a Brethren mission hospital for one year.

on a temperance campaign

A new campaign has been launched in London by the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches, representative of the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, which calls for educational, legislative, and other efforts to combat alcoholism.

The campaign urges "specific and systematic" instruction of youth in the nature of alcohol and the peril of alcoholic indulgence, the establishment of recreational centers from which intoxicating liquors are excluded, and the drastic curtailment of essential foodstuffs used by brewers and distillers.

Sunday Morning at Lost Lake

GERRIT ROZEBOOM

C. P. S. Camp No. 103

THE morning fog lifts; the sun streams down bright and clear upon the transparent surface of Lost Lake. A myriad of concentric circle patterns interlace and fuse together as the reflection of a fleecy cloud flirts shamelessly with the mirrored strength of Mt. Hood. Slowly and as painlessly as possible, I beckon my attention home from its wandering and reluctantly chide it for spying upon so winsome an affair. As punishment I assign to it the task of ferreting out the cause of these same ripples.

Halfheartedly my attention leaves to fulfill its mission and returns to inform me that the culprits are a host of tiny fish gliding here and there exploring their fairy palaces and occasionally breaking the surface of the transparent water to nibble on some delicacy floating by.

A red squirrel jumps down off a branch over my head and lands with a thump on the table on which I am writing. The sudden movement and the noise startle a young doe which had been leisurely lunching on huckleberry leaves beside me. She skips away a few paces to stand eyeing me questioningly, then trots off.

The strains of the old crusaders' hymn, Fairest Lord Jesus, come floating across the water. The clear tones of the vibraharp on which it is being played are enhanced by the naturally perfect acoustics of the forest-fringed lake. The ethereal tune is picked up and embodied in words as some thirty men sing that old song with the same sureness born of a purpose that the crusaders had felt centuries ago.

This is the side camp of C. P. S. Camp 21 located at Lost Lake. It is Sunday morning. Tomorrow the woods will ring with the sound of ax and hammer. Tomorrow the trucks will move in and out hauling gravel down to the vacation lodge we are building. Tomorrow we will go back to our task of improving an already perfect vacation paradise. But today is a day of rest. Today we are content to stretch out in the sun and warm our bodies in its glow, and warm our souls in the glow of the beauty around us.

Too Many Oompahs

Continued from page seven

loud-speakers, maybe Gary would wish—

She caught herself. Gary had to have discipline. But how could she ever get out of the Mask and Wig meeting tomorrow afternoon? She was president. She didn't care much about dramatics, but her hand was needed in its affairs.

That night a startling thought kept Marnie turning and tossing: She had been the prime mover in the marching band; but now Gary was doing better than she could ever have done!

What if that were true of other organizations? The suggestion was frightening. Not need her? Why, she could handle those affairs better than anyone else.

But a persistent little voice kept asking, "How do you know? Maybe they'd get along—maybe they'd get along better, with somebody giving them the time they need. . . ."

Finally she slept.

3:30. School was out. Marnie hurried to the auditorium, and chafed until a quorum of Mask-and-Wiggers drifted in.

Then she rapped the meeting to order. "I wish to resign," she said briefly, and laid a written slip on the table. "Ruth, as vice-president, will you please take charge? I've got to go!"

And she turned and fled for the practice field and the glockenspiel!

The crowd that jammed South High's stadium Friday afternoon for the historic South-North game saw the championship South High band play splendidly, march credibly, and stalk off.

Then The Hundred, as they called themselves, came on, double-quick. Their files closed up. The drum ranks crashed out sudden thunder. Up in front Gary rode a small wagon, boy-drawn, his gigantic sousaphone roaring out bass bumbings. The clarinets, piccolos, saxophones, trumpets, filled in the melody, while an enthusiastic squadron of trombonists slid up and down the

scale in uninhibited rapture. And at times the glockenspiel's weird cacophony rose bell-like above the booming music.

The crowd leaped to its feet. The ovation was deafening. Marnie found a new note of triumphant joy in Gary's great horn.

Old-timers avowed that South rose to new heights in defeating North, 21 to 0. And added, awedly, "But no other team ever had such a band!"

It was Monday at 4:30. The halls were mostly deserted, save for stragglers heading for various after-school meetings.

Marnie and Gary Steele collided around a corner of the second-floor hall.

Laughing, he picked up their books.

"I was on my way to find you!" she gasped. "But I didn't expect to meet you quite—so soon."

"And I was heading for your locker!" Gary's quiet eyes were gleaming with unshared news; his mouth was eager. "Marnie, they've asked us in—oompahs and all!"

"Gary!" Marnie tried to pump delight into her voice. "Not the regular band! Not really!"

He nodded. The gleam in his eyes leaped into a sparkle. "And we turned them down! We're not joiners. We're The Hundred, a marching band. We know our place. But what are you looking so pleased about, Marnie?"

"I'm not a joiner any more, either, Gary. I've been a conceited little drum major, pip-squeaking orders to a dozen groups I had no business belonging to. I've just resigned from everything, Gary, except the student council, the Zephyr, and the glee club. Barbara's moved up to president there. Oh, and of course, I'm staying in The Hundred. I couldn't give that up. Oh, Gary, I'm so happy!"

"Happy!" he exclaimed. "What about me? And you did it all, Marnie. I'll never forget that."

She threw her arms wide in an indescribable gesture of abandonment. "I've got time, Gary—time on my hands to do what I want to do! For the first time in years!"

He smiled at her indulgently. "And what do you want to do, Marnie?"

"I want to crawl into that big horn of yours and blow it, Gary. Please! Just once!"

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