

MY STORY

Dr. C. Brownlow Hastings

[This is supplementary to "Memoirs I, My Spiritual Journey,"]

I, Carroll Brownlow Hastings, was born March 5, 1916, to my parents, Luther Thomas Hastings and Cora Rebecca Brownlow Hastings, while Dad was a student in Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Since I was born in the room in which the founder of the Seminary, B. H. Carroll, had died, I was given his name. My mother was very proud of her family, so I received her name also, which became my given name. Mother and Dad shared the Carroll home with another student couple, Perry Evans and wife.

[I have given the background of Mother and Dad in "Memoirs I." For more information on them read L.T. Hastings Autobiography].

My sister, Mary Frances, was born in April 1914, and lived only fifteen months. She died of "cholera infantum," brought on largely by the strong creosote medicine she was given a few months before.

Dad recalls the severe bout I had with the same disease in 1918 that killed Mary Frances. They took me to Dallas and placed me in Dr. Moore's Baby Camp, where I recovered after two weeks. We had moved to Jacksonville, Texas, in 1916, where Dad was pastor of Central Baptist Church for two and a half years. The struggling Rusk College, Rusk, Texas, then called him to become their "evangelist," a rather elegant term for his public relations role.

My earliest memory comes from a faint recall of returning home late at night to Rusk from some trip. I was about four at the time, shortly before we moved to New Orleans in November 1920, when Dad became pastor of the Coliseum Place Baptist Church.

Mother and Dad were leery of the public schools in New Orleans, so I was enrolled in private kindergarten a few blocks away in 1921 when I was five. They had read to me regularly from Hurlburt's Stories of the Bible and I had begun to learn to read from our daily sessions at the family altar.

School was an exciting time for me. I had good teachers, whose names unfortunately I do not remember. One especially excited us by having us make up stories. We would sit in a circle and each one would add to the story the last child told until we had gone all round the circle. It was not only fun, but it gave our imaginations great opportunity to expand.

I had some weird imaginations. Before I ever witnessed a wedding, I would learn that Dad was away marrying some couple. Without being more perfectly instructed I used to imagine that he would lay the couple side by side on a couple of planks and jump up and down on them. After which they were "married."

After living for a while in rather cramped apartments we moved to 2014 Prytania and occupied one half of a duplex. It was a nice brick house sitting on a built-up mound with the streetcars running down the middle of the street. I used to run back to the front door whenever I saw a streetcar coming as though I was afraid it was going to chase me. Once I had a very bad fall when I tripped over the mound and got skinned badly. The sidewalk was both my playground and my perch from which to watch the busy life of New Orleans pass by. We kids used to enjoy the hurdy-gurdy man who came by often with his crank organ and his pet monkey. It was lots of fun watching the monkey go through his acts and then pull off his cap and beg for coins.

The iceman came everyday to deliver ice for our old iceboxes. We would watch him saw the big blocks of ice and look for stray chips that we could suck on. Even when the street repair crews came by, we would try to find pieces of cool tar that we could break off and chew, persuading ourselves that it would make our teeth whiter.

There were many horse-drawn vehicles on our street, so we were always glad when the rains came to wash our streets clean. I do not remember an ice cream truck, but one of the quaint features of New Orleans was the Hot Tamale man. There have never been any tamales to compare with those hot off his wagon wrapped in corn shucks. I can taste them to this day!

Mardi Gras, of course, was the biggest event of every year. We were fortunate in having a business friend who had an office overlooking Canal Street. From its window we could watch the gaudy parades pass by. I still remember Mother staring at the mob of people and wailing over "those thousands of people who do not know Jesus."

Another fun thing to do in the big city was to go to the amusement park on Lake Pontchartrain. There were bumper cars to

ride, Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, and lots of others. Once when several members of the church were with us Dad thought he would show the strength of his punch developed in years on the farm. He hit the punching bag such a hard blow, not realizing that it was not well-padded, that he broke his knuckle on the right hand. Another time he playfully sparred with me and caught me just right to lift me off my feet and sit me backward on the ground a few feet away. No harm done, but both of us were very surprised.

Before we moved to Prytania we had spent a Christmas in a small apartment in a dingy part of town. Times were hard and Dad's salary was only \$250 a month, from which all bills including rent had to be paid. Christmas that year was going to be rather meager, but I had been promised some present from Santa Claus anyway. Dad said that Santa would bring it, but Christmas morning came and there was nothing but a few trinkets in my stocking. Just as we were finishing breakfast the doorbell rang. Dad and I rushed to the door to find the postman delivering my long-awaited present. He had on a Santa's cap. I decided there and then that Santa was just a play-like name for either your Dad or the postman. Events since then have not changed my demythologizing much!

Dad bought a Smith-Corona portable typewriter and I used to enjoy trying to peck away on it. He would often have mailings to send to church members, since the church couldn't afford a secretary at first. So, he would draft Mother and me to help fold, seal and stamp the envelopes.

I enjoyed Dad's occasional reading to me, especially from a set of books he bought called "The Library of Southern Literature." It had a hilarious story of Rubenstein's playing in New York. He would read it over numerous times and we would laugh until we hurt.

I remember walking home from school about a half mile with the daughter of one of our members. Though she was about fourteen, she took a liking to me, and I had a crush on her. In the fall of the year it was pleasant weather often and we would take the long way home enjoying the smell of leaves burning in the yards along the way. Sometimes our family would go to her house and play table games. One Christmas I got a set of wooden naval ships. One was a battleship that had a loose deck that would flip off whenever the wooden torpedo from the submarine fired and hit a trigger on the side of the ship. It was great fun to blow up the battleship.

When I was eight years old Mother read to me the "Story of the Other Wise Man," by Henry van Dyke. It caused me to realize how wonderful Jesus could be and without any urging on their part I accepted Jesus and determined the next Sunday to make my public profession of faith. As I remember it, the experience was a response of genuine childlike love. Doubt that I understood much more than that, but I do believe I gave Him all that my faith and love could at that age.

Soon thereafter Dad baptized me. The only memory I have of that was that I was so light my feet came up when Dad laid me back. He had to help me find the bottom so I could walk out of the pool! I did have some good Sunday School teachers at the church, but I don't remember much about any of the other organizations there.

Dad had a good reputation as a revival preacher, so he was gone several times a year in meetings. On one for his very good friend, Spurgeon Wingo, pastor of the church in Bogalusa, took me with him while Mother stayed at home. He was still helping me dress in those days, and I remember his shock on returning from the evening meeting to discover that he had put my pants on backwards!

One well remembered vacation was spent camping out on Signal Mountain near Chattanooga. It was my first experience of camping and I have enjoyed the mountains and the out-of-doors ever since.

Mother and I would occasionally ride the train from New Orleans to visit Grandfather Hastings and family on the farm near Chapel Hill, Tennessee. I have recorded in my Memoirs much of what those visits meant for me. There I would play with my cousins, Frank and Howard, and go swimming in Duck River, which was one of the boundaries of the farm's eighteen acres. On one occasion I fell in a deep hole and was in some danger until Mother pulled me out.

We have pictures of other times on the farm in Tennessee, but I do not recall many noteworthy stories to go with most of them. One picture is of me feeding the chickens. That and gathering eggs made me feel important around the farm. Another big kick was "driving the wagon" and occasionally riding one of the horses. Grandfather would let me pump the big wheel of the grindstone while he sharpened a tool. When we had two buckets of milk to carry back to the house, he would put a broomstick through the pail of the heavy bucket, then he would let me carry the long end while he took the "short end of the stick" and carried the other bucket in his other hand. It was a great analogy of the way "the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities," as Paul says. I remember trying to learn to plow behind a single plow and mule, but I was too light to hang on to the plow in those hard fields. The row was so crooked; Grandfather would have to straighten it out after me.

During the last year or so in New Orleans our family moved to a duplex on Tenth Street not far from the campus of the

Baptist Bible Institute (now the New Orleans Baptist Seminary and moved farther east of town). The Institute was lodged in an old mansion with a chapel out back and beautifully adorned with many great live oak trees. It was a favorite playground for us kids whose dads were either students, or, as Dad, associated with the school. He was Secretary of the Trustees for many years, even after leaving New Orleans.

Dad and one of his members, an electrician, built a radio station in the church, which was licensed as the first church-owned radio station in Louisiana. The full story you will find in Dad's autobiography, but I recall it here to point out how innovative your Grandfather was in his ministry. He and "Brad" climbed on the roof of the church to install a long horizontal wire for an aerial. I remember how excited Dad was when he got a card from a sailor on a ship cruising down the River telling how they had "pulled in" our services on their little radio. The station license was eventually sold twice, but the church maintained its 99-year lease to broadcast free of charge their Sunday morning services. The station is now WNOE, originally owned by Jimmy Noe, once governor of Louisiana and a friend of Dad. Mr. Noe invited Dad to New Orleans and paid his way for the fiftieth anniversary of the station.

Just across the street from the Baptist Bible Institute was an indoor swimming pool where Mother and I went swimming often. There I learned to swim. Mother was a great believer in the health benefit of swimming. I will relate later the regimen we followed for a number of years in Monroe's great salt-water natatorium.

During those days the church provided Dad with our first car, a Model T Ford. It was open-sided with button-on curtains and Plexiglas windows that you put on whenever it rained. Dad tells about the dedication service when the car was christened "Ebenezer" (After the line in the hymn, "Here I raise mine Ebenezer"). I do not remember how it came about, but I know we bought our own car shortly before we left in 1925 for Monroe, for that car was our first Ford with fully enclosed chassis. Mother tried to learn to drive after we moved to Monroe, but she gave it up completely when she backed into the brick pillar of our porte-cochere (covered drive entranceway). With that new car we made a trip to Alabama near the coast where Dad had a revival meeting. One afternoon we took the evangelistic singer with us and went to the beach, which was my first conscious experience with the Gulf. Mother used to tell it that when I was about three we went to Palacios Baptist Encampment on the Gulf Coast of Texas. There I whooped, "Big bathtub, Mama! Big bathtub!"

Life in Monroe from 1925-1933

Monroe was an entirely different environment from New Orleans for the Hastings. We lived for the first time in a parsonage. It was a two-story brick home about five years old built on the banks of the Ouachita River. We had a detached garage and plenty of space for garden and chicken yard. The riverbank was about 150 feet behind the garage. We had no trees in the front yard, but there were plenty on the riverbank, including a tall sycamore tree. On the North side was a Spanish-style stucco house and on the South a very large two and a half story brick home that soon was occupied by the McKoin family with their four girls. A half block away was the Layton Castle. This very large red brick building, set in a grove of pecan trees on a full city block, had been built around the turn of the century by an eccentric who modeled it after some European castle. The castle was strictly off limits to us children, but we enjoyed picking pecans on the vast grounds.

Our home for the next twenty-four years was spacious with a full living room on the south side, dining room and breakfast room on the north and the kitchen and screened in back porch on the west. The long stairway in the center led to four bedrooms and an enclosed sleeping porch at the back. Mother and Dad slept in the northeast bedroom, Dad had a partial study in the northwest room, I had the southwest room, and the southeast was our guest bedroom. Part of the early years we had a roomer living there. He used to drive me almost crazy singing "Oh, I wish I had the wings of an angel. Over these prison walls I would fly!"

Our home was a half mile to both grade and high school I attended and about a mile from the church in downtown Monroe. A few blocks to the east was the Missouri Pacific railway, running from New Orleans to St. Louis and keeping us always on the beat of the hoboes that used to ride the rails and drop off for an easy touch at 2010 S. Grand. Mother never turned one down, never gave them anything but food and a strong witness to become a Christian. I remember one morning she looked out her window and spotted a hobo making off with our quart bottle of milk. She made me go after him and make him come back for a stiff lecture!

In those Depression Years Dad had many weddings of couples that came to the door and asked to be married. Too poor to have any formal wedding and with few friends or family, most of them were by themselves. State law required that there be at least two witnesses to the ceremony, so Mother and I often were enlisted for that duty. Since many of them were after my bedtime, I would be roused from bed to sit at the top of the stairs and "hear" the ceremony and then sign the certificate. Mother would be the only witness present otherwise and she made full use of the opportunity to "witness" to

the couple in case they were not "saved." It would be interesting sometime to examine the marriage records of Ouachita Parish to see if I could find any certificates with my name attached.

The eleven kids on our block used to play all kinds of games in the yards that ran together for three or four houses. Keith Moore, my age, and his younger brother, Jimmy, lived across the street with their widowed mother. Dr. McKoin's four girls lived next door--Jo Mary, Dean, Jessie Lee and Joyce. Dean was closest to my age. Further south for a time were the Easterlings with only one boy and then next to him was Raymond Masling, the son of a leading deacon and the contractor who built the education building of the church in the Thirties. He was about 3 years older than I and much wiser in the ways of the world than any of us.

We had been strictly disciplined never to go swimming in the river, which could at seasons be very treacherous. "Big Bend" was about a hundred yards down-stream from us and we often longed to put in a boat and go across to the dark and mysterious woods on the other side. When we were older, we would sometime go hunting squirrels over there, but the water moccasins were too dangerous for much enjoyment of the dense woods.

One of our early projects along the riverbank for us kids was to dig a "cave" for our "club." We dug a zig-zag trench about four feet deep and roofed it with discarded lumber and tree limbs. Of course, the boys gave girls fits by talking about all the mysterious rituals we had and then taunting them because they could not come and see for themselves.

The McKoins had an unusual pet, a monkey they named Jimbo. He was kept mostly in a cage behind their garage, but occasionally they would let him out to frolic with the kids. Jessie Lee recently reminded me of one of his escapades. I'll let her tell it:

"[Tell about] Jimbo, our monkey, getting out and going over to y'all's house, opening the ice box, taking out an apple. Your mama came out, she screamed, Jimbo screamed, and he went to the zoo after that!!!"

We rigged up a "telephone line" from my bedroom across the driveway to one of their bedrooms so that we could communicate "secretly." It was made of two oatmeal boxes tied together with a taut string. Believe it or not, we could actually hear the other's voice in a weak and garbled fashion. Like our rubber guns and spin tops, most of our toys we made ourselves. For some reason even now, I can't get excited about Nintendo and all the rest of the fancy technological toys kids are into these days.

In our early teens we climbed the sycamore tree out back and fastened a long steel cable about two thirds of the height of the tree and anchored the other end some fifty feet away. We then could ride a pulley down the cable to a crashing stop on the ground. It was great fun, but it all came to an end when Keith fell from a limb, fortunately catching another limb, but breaking his arm.

The riverbank was alive with birds and the cardinal soon became my favorite. I even tried to get his picture with a box camera. You can imagine what a small speck on the film I got. It was the beginning of a long love affair with birds and the out-of-doors in general. We always had a canary who kept spirits up with beautiful song. We would let him out in the room occasionally and he would fly all around the room, even into adjoining rooms. He was so tame that he would light on my shoulder or on my head. Mother used to get a kick out of watching him pick up a hair of my head and run it from one end to the other through his bill.

Mother had a deep sense of divine call as the wife of the pastor. Soon after the move she sought far and wide for a maid to help around the house. We were most fortunate in finding a mature young married black woman, Mrs. Annie Burkes. She would come about 7:30 in the morning and fix breakfast, clean house, prepare lunch and walk home (about a mile and a half) about 2:30. She stayed with Mother and Dad for 19 years! As I remember, Annie was paid \$5 a week. Mother gave her food beyond the two meals she ate and often gave her small gifts. I am afraid Mother and Dad had little sense of the injustice of such a small amount of money. But such was life in those very poor Depression days.

Annie's work freed Mother to go visiting with Dad. She always felt protective of his reputation, but primarily she enjoyed the visiting and felt God was using her mightily in it. This also gave her time for her beloved "girls" of the Girls' Auxiliary and for her Sunday School class which she taught for many years. She "prayed every-one into the kingdom" and Dad baptized everyone into the church. Mother was known throughout the community as a great woman of prayer. One prominent businessman was heard to say, "If Mrs. Hastings were to pray that I would die, I would go immediately and pick out my casket."

Some of my happiest memories were going fishing or hunting with Dad. I soon learned to handle a fishing boat with paddle and spent many hours paddling for Dad while he fished with both casting and fly rods. I developed a little skill in casting but not in fly fishing. In my teen years we used to go to several of the best fishing lakes in the area. One was Lake Bruin, an ox-bow lake formed when the Mississippi changed its course and isolated the former bend of the river. We

would get up about 2 in the morning and drive some 80 miles to the Lake and be fishing by dawn. With a short rest in the heat of the day we would fish until dark and then drive home, trying desperately to keep each other awake while driving. Dad was a good fisherman, but he had little patience, so he kept me paddling much of the time. One trip during the heat of the day when the wind was up and blowing too much for good fishing, I rigged up a sail with a canvas cot and had a cumbersome time trying to sail.

On one very cold Christmas day, after we had our tree, Dad and I went hunting for squirrels in Lafourche Swamp, just east of town. The swamp was vast, and one could easily get lost in it, wandering in circles until someone found you. However, we were more concerned about the cold than getting lost. Not having much luck, we stopped to build a fire. It was poor comfort to our frozen hands and feet. We soon returned to the car and the warmth of home, but it was an unforgettable experience with my Dad.

Another experience has always held a beautiful memory for me. We were out on Bayou Darbonne one evening about dusk. Everything was still and beautiful. From across the lake we heard another fisherman whistling a familiar melody-- "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." It was unusually moving, and I have loved that old popular song ever since.

While I am talking about fishing, I will relate an experience of my late teens. Dad had a wonderful church secretary, Mrs. Carroll, a widow who had two sons, one of whom was Charles, my age. On one occasion when he came home from the Naval Academy at Annapolis and I from college in the summer we decided to go fishing on Boeuf River some forty miles from Monroe. We took our camping gear and spent a couple of nights. I borrowed Dad's fishing tackle and we tried to catch trout in the river. We got in a tight spot somehow and I got overbalanced and fell out of the boat with Dad's rod and reel in my hands. In my flustered attempt to regain the boat I lost hold of the rod and it sank to the bottom of the river. It took us a couple of hours to find it, but fortune smiled on us and we were able to go home with it. We had carried a 22 rifle with us. In the night as the campfire was dying and we were already in our sacks we heard a couple of shots go off close by. We tore out of our bedrolls to discover that the can I had placed too close to the fire had a couple of 22 shells in it. They exploded with terrifying results. It took us a couple of hours to settle down and go to sleep!

Charles Payne went on with his career in the Navy, going through World War II and then becoming a rear admiral with high position at the Pentagon. We have visited him and "Sunshine," his lovely wife, in at least five of their homes, including the one they now have in retirement in Annapolis. They are a remarkable couple. He died of a massive heart attack in February 1993. I really hated to lose such a good friend. Except for the McKoin sisters and Dr. Douglas Kelly, who cared for Dad in his last illness, he was my chief link with my boyhood friends in Monroe. In spite of common stereotypes of military brass, he was a kind and compassionate man. In his retirement he led in the establishing of a service for senior adults in Annapolis that provided them with services for their homes and personal needs.

The fourth grade in Monroe was my first introduction to public school. It wasn't nearly as dangerous as we had been led to believe of the public schools in New Orleans. In fact, the teachers were good, they cared for us and inspired us to do our best. But it was different, for I was thrown in with kids from all walks of life and learned from them what it meant to be poor and often deprived of a parent at home. The social climate was a new learning experience for me, for I had been very sheltered in our life in New Orleans.

Monroe had both a city school system and a parish system. Those in the "parish" outside the city had to go to the Ouachita Parish grade and high school. The city residents could choose either one. My parents chose the parish schools and I have always been grateful. That is not to demean the city system, but I feel that I had all that any kid could have wanted. We had an unusual promotion system. Students who made a grade of C or better in the seventh grade were promoted on to high school in the 9th grade. The 8th grade was used as a catch-up grade for others. While it may have seemed discriminatory by modern standards, it did prove effective in helping poorer students stay in high school and graduate. I do not remember, therefore, that we had any big drop-out problem before graduation as is so prevalent in poor schools today.

Monroe was blessed with a plentiful supply of water from artesian wells. One of the wells was on our school playground. It was partially channeled into a long, sloping iron pipe that had holes perforated in it about every eighteen inches, from which water continuously poured to slake our thirst. While we were in the later grades the system began to build a new high school across the street. We had great fun watching the men with their teams of mules using drag lines to dig out the basement for the school. It was a marvel to see the way the building grew before our eyes day by day.

The grade school had a large playground, where we played at recess, during the noon hour and after school all kinds of games, later football and basketball, for we had no gym and no football field. Our big football games were played at the city stadium, but all practice was on the school grounds. It is hard for me to relate to kids today with so many elaborate toys with which to play. We made many of our toys, such as rubber guns (whittled out sticks of wood that we used to shoot slices of rubber inner tubes) and paddle boats, propelled by rubber bands and crazy spools that would cavort around

a desk powered by two matches at each end of a rubber band wound through a wooden spool. At school on the bare ground we played marbles, both shooting them in the ring and at "roly-poly." I was not so good at the former, so I stayed out of "playing for keeps" as you can imagine, but I was real good at the latter. "Roly-poly" was played on impromptu ground prepared with scooped out holes about the size of golf holes some three feet apart. The object of the game was to negotiate all the holes without getting knocked some distance away by your opponent's "taw." Every kid had his favorite "taw" and usually carried a handful of lesser marbles in his pockets.

We played "king of the hill" on the playground on dirt mounds that would occasionally be left for a time before being spread where needed. A big favorite was "Four and Over." Two teams of four boys apiece would compete. One team would form a cross by two boys butting against each other and the other two heading under their legs and holding on. The four level backs would provide the "mat" over which we would somersault and try to land without hitting the feet of the back boy. Of course, it was legal for him to shift his feet at the very moment his opponent was in the air so as to confuse him on where to land. If he hit a foot, he was disqualified and the "down" team scored a point and changed places. If he landed clean, his team scored a point and kept playing.

As you might expect we had our share of bullies and the usual big arguments and falling outs with friends and classmates from time to time. But on the whole, we got along really well. We did not know that we were poor or deprived, because childhood was such a busy and exciting time. Our rules both at school and at home were very strict by modern standards. We learned very soon to respect our elders and our parents. Talking back was seldom heard of, especially around my home! But we learned soon enough all the arts of excusing ourselves for petty wrongs and failures. Unfortunate me: I had no brother or sister to blame my disobediences on.

When I was about ten years old, I began piano lessons and continued them through high school. Naturally, I hated practice time that took me from playing with the kids in the neighborhood. I had very good teachers who showed a world of patience with me, especially Miss Cliffie Olmstead, but I dreaded the annual programs when we were required to play before our families. In the early teens Dad bought me a trombone--Mother thought it would be good to develop my lungs! The school had no band, but I was lucky to get enough pickup lessons to start playing in a community band and later in the orchestra that was organized at our church. I never had enough talent or discipline to become proficient in either piano or trombone, but I will always be grateful for the training. Together with the choral groups I sang with in high school and college it gave me a great appreciation for good music, which has always been a big part of my life. The trombone carried me through the Mars Hill and the Baylor University bands and orchestras. Some of my happiest times were singing with quartets in both schools and in training a women's quartet while on the staff at Ridgecrest in 1940. I took one year of organ at Baylor, but with no follow-up the experience was the only profit of that effort. It did give me a deep appreciation for the great instrument of the masters and also insight into the great difference in playing piano and organ.

The most notable event of those early years in Monroe was the disastrous Mississippi River flood of 1927. Although we did not experience the devastation of the cities and towns along the mighty Mississippi, we were inundated by the backwater that crept up the Ouachita. Our river emptied into the Black and that into the Red, all within a few miles of the confluence with the Mississippi below Natchez. Many of the homes along the Ouachita tried to sandbag against the rising waters, but it was of very little use. We stayed until the waters came up to the level of our front porch, then moved all the furniture in the lower floor upstairs. Church members helped us to move enough furniture into a couple of classrooms in the upper rear of the church sanctuary, where we lived for six weeks. During our stay there Lindberg flew the Atlantic, to the consternation of all the world. Mother reveled in his feat, often pointing out how much I looked like him. Some imagination! Also, during those days Mother contracted a bad case of shingles that took several weeks to heal. It was most painful and caused Dad and me no little concern.

The flood ruined the flooring of the parsonage, so when the waters finally subsided the first order of business for the church was replacing the floors. Since the waters backed up the river instead of rushing downstream with their usual load of silt, the water was clear as crystal. Mother was looking out the window of our second-floor sunroom watching some men working on a makeshift levee. Suddenly she spotted a large bass and called out to one of the men. He swung his shovel quickly and cut the fish in two. In spite of the damage there was enough left for us to have fish for supper.

At eleven years of age I was strong enough to do a lot of paddling of a 12 ft. boat we had. So, I got a kick out of ferrying people from their houses to the higher ground about a block away where the cars were parked. It is hard to believe, but I could have gotten in the boat at our front stoop, carried it over the Missouri Pacific railway embankment and one other small ridge and gone all the way to Vicksburg, 80 miles away.

In 1932 we were treated to our own Ouachita River version of floods. This one was much more dangerous for it created a great force of water rushing downstream, no backwater this time. The parish and city marshalled all volunteers and workers possible to erect a long levee of sandbags to protect the riverfront from Bayou Desiard on the north edge of town

past our home and into the Big Bend area. The men worked like demons against the rising tide. Several times it was touch and go when leaks appeared, and the danger of a major breach would occur. Fortunately, with great pumps taking care of the leakage they were able to save our section of homes. However, this time we took no chances again. We moved the furniture upstairs and somehow managed to live in those cramped quarters while maintaining our kitchen and refrigerator downstairs.

By my twelfth year I was getting involved heavily in Boy Scouts. We had a troop sponsored by the church that was led by two fine men. I thought I was really something when I was admitted to the troop (we had no Cub Scouts). I liked the challenge of the merit badges and worked hard to achieve the level of Star Scout, which was just below the Eagle Scout that I never made before leaving for college. We went on scout camp each summer. I well remember my first, for it was a brand-new experience to be with a group away from my parents. The competition was tough for me, for I had been somewhat anemic all my days. It seemed that I had the flu at least once every winter in Monroe. Also, my small build and light weight put me at a disadvantage with the boys my age and made me work harder to compensate. Scouting helped my self-esteem a great deal in those days, and I will always be grateful for the experiences. One of the most difficult of the merit badges I earned was that of bicycling. I had to make a 28 mile ride in a limited time to qualify. There was a small church out on Highway 80 leading to Shreveport, where Dad had preached. I rode out to there and back and proudly showed my merit badge thereafter.

We had no organized baseball other than high school, but there was an informal league of boys that we ran ourselves with no adult coaches or umpires. We usually picked up some stranger passing by to umpire and he called all the bases as well as the pitches. When you play ball that way you learn very quickly how to compromise arguments just to keep the game and the league going!

Of course, we had to furnish our own equipment. Our gloves were much smaller than those in use today. Only the first baseman had a glove with a pocket above the palm in which he could catch the ball. You notice that all the gloves even of infielders are like that today. Even the catcher's mitt was poor and the ball had to be caught in the palm. I liked catching because I had the challenge of calling the pitches and trying to outwit the batter. I can't believe that only rarely did I use a face mask, usually borrowed from the visiting catcher. Also, a new ball was a rarity. When one ball began to wear out we would patch it up with friction tape. By the time you had a ball fully covered in tape you really had a rock to hit and catch. I never developed a strong enough arm to peg to second in time to catch a runner stealing, so it made it hard on our team with a runner frequently sitting on second base after a single or a walk. I also never learned to hit a curve ball, but I could really slug a slow ball!

Baseball taught us a lot about improvising in order to have fun and cooperating and compromising in order to get along. When we could not get enough together to play a full game, we would often play "cork ball." This was quite different, but a lot of fun and I am sorry that you can no longer find such a ball. It was made of cork, of course, about the size of a large golf ball and covered with leather the same as the regular baseball (softball had not been invented yet). We used a broom handle for a bat and a boy's cap for a catcher's mitt. The ball was so small and light that a good pitcher could do wonders with just a little spin on his delivery. If the batter swung and missed, he was out if the catcher caught the pitch. But it was just about as hard to catch as it was to hit. Only three men were on a team, pitcher, catcher and one outfielder. Any hit that was not caught in air was ruled a single. Any fly ball that was caught was an out. As you can well imagine scores were always very low. The beauty of the game was you could play it even on deserted streets or small yards and it cost very little.

Monroe had a wonderful "natatorium," a saltwater swimming pool 400 by 200 feet in dimension. It was so long it even had a bridge across the middle. Some developer seeking a gas well (at the time Monroe was the center of the largest gas field in the nation) struck a salt water well that was artesian in its flow (not needing a pump). It was actually too salty even for swimming, so the city took over and built the natatorium, cutting the salt water with an equal amount of fresh water that provided a great pool. The water never needed chlorination for the salt kept it relatively pure and, besides, it flowed through the pool in a constant stream. It lasted until the War years when neglect caused it finally to be closed down and filled in, much to my regret. Swimming in it was so easy I could actually float on my back, something I cannot do to this day in fresh water. Mother and I used to go about twice a week in the early morning to swim. She had remarkable endurance and could usually swim at least a half mile each trip. Mother always thought she had "heart trouble," but she lasted to 91 with never a heart attack. But she thought the swimming would help her overcome it. In looking back, I am convinced her heart was just overreacting to her very sensitive nature identifying with other people's needs and hurts. Jobs for kids in the Depression were practically non-existent. I had a few odd jobs like mowing yards around the neighborhood, but I was never "employed." After I got a bike for Christmas I tried selling "The Literary Digest," a well-known magazine of those days that was a sort of cross between "The Readers' Digest" and "The New York Times Book Review." I must have been the original salesman that invented "Nobody home, I hope, I hope, I hope." Door to door was just not my dish!

After gaining subscriptions I would then deliver the magazines and collect the weekly amount. It was slow and tedious and after a year I gave it up for more exciting things.

We usually made a vacation trip in the summertime. One early trip to Tennessee to Grandpa's farm was memorable, for the rough time we had on the road in our Model-T Ford. Most of the roads were only gravel, many being graded only rarely, so we were always in danger of flats and breakdowns. Forty miles an hour was top speed even under the best road conditions, but you had to maintain speed to keep the ribbed surface of the road from vibrating car and people to pieces. Dust was a constant problem, and nothing was more welcome than a good bath at the end of a day's journey, at most about 300 miles. We usually stayed overnight in "tourist homes." One evening late in north Alabama our car sputtered to a halt on a sparsely populated section of road. Dad eventually diagnosed the problem: a condenser in the distributor had failed. There was no hope of help until morning, so we spent a miserable night trying to sleep in the car to the constant calling of guinea hens in the nearby farm. It was late the next morning before the 50-cent replacement of the condenser enabled us to get under way again. So much for modern technology!

The most notable vacation we took was to the Baptist World Alliance in Toronto in 1928. You might like to reread here Dad's account of the difficulties from a growing opposition in the church in Monroe to his pastoral leadership and the circumstances under which we made the trip. Somehow, he managed to order a new Buick for the trip, but the dealer was unable to get the model on time so he generously offered to pay our train fare to Detroit to pick it up there. It was a big help on the meager expenses of the trip. We stayed in a hotel not far from the lake front and the auditorium where the Congress was held. I remember going to the main events of the Congress, but most of the rest of the time I played on the lake front. Almost fifty years later Jeanette and I went to another World Congress of Baptists in Toronto in 1975. Only a few of us stood when the President recognized those present at the 1928 Congress.

We left with Aunt Lessie from Toronto and came home via Niagara Falls and New York City. I do not remember much about the city, except that we were there on July 4th and the streets of Manhattan were deserted. We did go out to Coney Island for a short time on that famous beach. We came back through Philadelphia, where we rode for the first time the recently installed escalator in the John Wanamaker Department Store. I do remember visiting the Liberty Bell, but not much else. This was our first trip to Washington, D.C., and we were all overawed by the great buildings and the Smithsonian Institute there. On looking back, I am surprised that I do not remember anything that Mother may have told us about her brief years of study with Aunt Kitty in New York around the turn of the century. I am deeply sorry that I did not get an oral history from Mother before she died, for we have so little information of her early life before she and Dad married.

Upon entering high school in the "new building" in 1929 I was in a wonderful new world of learning. It was exciting going to different classes and having a whole new kind of regimen. We were blessed with good teachers in Ouachita Parish High School. I only remember one, who was not really competent, but the rest were not only good teachers, they were good people who cared for the personal lives of their students. I began my life-long interest in math and science in the sophomore year.

The high schools of Louisiana each year held "rallies," both in each region and in the state. Most subjects would train their top two students for weeks before the regional rally at Louisiana Tech in Ruston in order to complete in a comprehensive test against students from the other schools in the same subject. I "went out for" Algebra and won first place both in our region and in the state rally. In my junior year I went in Physics. Our teacher that year was better as basketball coach than in Physics, but he gave the two of us the full range of the laboratory and we had a lot of fun with experiments on our own. I won first place in the region and second in the state. In my senior year I went in Chemistry. That year I was distracted by also competing with our quartet and in tennis doubles. I won first place in the region in Chemistry and on the strength of my excellent partner we won first in tennis. I do not remember what happened in the quartet. At the state rally I came in fourth in Chemistry and we lost the finals in doubles, largely because I was so inconsistent in my service returns. The rallies provided much incentive to excel in studies. I was also making good grades in Latin for three years. If you were planning to go to college, you went the Latin route. If you planned only to go to work upon graduation you took "Manual Training," which was mostly carpentering. I have often been caught in some needy job around the house and wished I had gone the Manual Training route!

Our Latin class had a unique system of daily reciting, which would be greatly frowned upon in these undisciplined school days. We drew lots to see where we would sit in class at first. Then each day recitation started with the student at the right front, which was the honor seat. If you missed the question, you went to the rear of the class and all the students moved up a seat. Sometimes it would take you a month or two to make your way from back to front. If the "honor" student missed the teacher was just as likely to call on someone elsewhere in the room, so everyone had to stay alert. It may have been poor pedagogy, but it sure kept the class on its toes and motivated at least the better students.

In high school we had very good choral and drama groups. These required often much extra time after school, but it was very satisfying and stimulating. In my senior year we put on an operetta called "The Gypsy Rover." I was chosen to play and sing the lead. It was about as far as I ever got in that kind of talent, but it was a lot of fun.

I owe a lot to Ouachita's schools, for they taught me the value of disciplined education. Our principle, Mr. Hayes, was a no-nonsense educator, but honored in the state as one of the best. We dreaded being called on the carpet in his office, but when we left we not only knew what right and wrong were, but also that we were valued and respected. He ran, as we say, a "tight ship." My math teachers, the sisters Grace and Betty Carter, were especially influential in my life. Miss Betty trained me for the Algebra rallies.

Miss Grace taught me Trigonometry, but more, the values of life. Without overtly referring to her Christian faith (she was a member of First Baptist Church), she taught us by precept and example what a Christian is all about. Every day she had a new aphorism on the blackboard about the higher way of life. One example of her patience and "grace" was the way she adopted our star football halfback, Brooks Owens. He was a handsome youth with curly blonde hair of which he was very proud. He starred in football, basketball, and track. In spite of the coach's pleas he would never wear a helmet, but in four years of football he never once was hurt and was always the first to come out of a tackle. But he was lazy. Our yearbook in the senior year had a "Want Ad" section, each one devoted to some senior highlighting their characteristic. His was entitled "How to Get By without Working." He also was somewhat of a playboy and caused many teachers worry over his future. Miss Grace took him under her wing and with much "tough love" she shepherded him all the way to graduation.

In sports in High School it was difficult for me to compete since I was small of stature and light of weight. But like all the boys I thought I had to go out for football. I had a lot of practice centering the ball at our pickup games around home, so I went out for center. When we scrimmaged the first team, I discovered I was up against our biggest tackle. A few times of his picking me up with a block and setting me behind our lines about five yards convinced me to go out for tennis! I was just good enough to make the team barely and somehow wound up playing doubles with Robert Morgan, who lived in Sterlington, where his family had their own tennis court. He was good enough to carry us all the way to the state finals, as I have recounted. During my senior year I was "business manager" of the football team, which meant that I was in charge of ticket sales and receipts at each game. I saw few of the games as a result, but I did learn to deal with the bank and to handle money and keep accurate account. It was a good learning experience.

My "Want Ad" reflected my interest in science, the direction I probably would have taken in a career had I not been called to the ministry. It read "YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES--Opportunities in Hastings Chemical Laboratories--Beauty Lotions special features--Learn this trade." Oh well, at least I eventually wound up in teaching and training. My annual also reminds me that I was editor of the school paper, "The Lion." It gave me my first taste of journalism, which surfaced again in my public relations jobs for Ridgecrest and Southwestern Seminary.

I have saved my activities and interest in the life of the church until now, for I feel that it helps to tie the rest together. The first five years in Monroe were very difficult for Dad as you can read in his autobiography. In 1927 he persuaded the church to bring C. B. Hall on the staff as his first educational director. In 1929 L. A. Stulce took his place in both education and music. Each of these men were influential in my life, the latter almost convincing me that I should enter the fledgling field of minister of education, which J. M. Price, first dean of the School of Education of Southwestern Seminary, was promoting throughout the convention. Churches were very slow to ordain such men, who were not "in the ministry" in the eyes of the old timers. D. C. Black followed Mr. Stulce and was most dependable and effective, especially during the trying days of the Depression and the building program. He later left us to become Superintendent of Louisiana Baptist Children's Home in Monroe, on whose board of directors Mother served for more than fifteen years.

Together with their expertise Dad was able to revitalize the educational program of the church. We had only the main building, dating from 1911, when we came. A ramshackle old house on the parking lot provided S. S. rooms for the burgeoning Junior Department. Other departments were not much better. Of course, I was involved in Sunday School and B.Y.P.U. (Baptist Young People's Union, later Training Union and now Discipleship Training in SBC churches). I had some good men teaching us in Sunday School, but I respected them more for their character and interest in us boys than I did for their knowledge and ability in teaching the Bible.

B.Y.P.U. was much more interesting. We had very capable and industrious leaders, who frequently would plan social gatherings, either in their homes or on picnics and such almost every week. Of course, we had all the usual warnings about the dangers of the "world" and "worldly sins" such as drinking, gambling, dancing and card-playing, but we were allowed to go to selected movies. I remember as a 11-year-old being half scared out of my wits by the original version of "The Ten Commandments." But our social life was not so circumscribed that we missed the forbidden "vices." Our adult leaders and our own ingenuity provided all the social life we needed or even wanted. I cannot remember any of us grousing about our restrictions or plotting any rebellions against authority. We were having too much fun otherwise.

I had a crush on several different girls in high school, one being the daughter of our leading deacon, L. B. Pettit. But it would not be true to say that I had a steady during those years. The closest to that came from afar.

Louisiana was one of the pioneer SBC states in establishing summer "encampments." At first, we only had the state encampment at Mandeville, across Lake Pontchartrain from New Orleans. Monroe First had its own cottage-dormitory, as did most of the other large churches of the state. We would usually take twenty-five or so for the ten days in July. There we engaged in courses in S. S. and Training Union and Bible study in the morning, with preaching in the tabernacle in the evening. The afternoons were free for swimming in the lake and many other activities. Every year on Monday of the second week we would get up very early and board the big ferry to New Orleans. The fifteen-mile ride was about two hours, while we sang and played and had lots of conversation. When we landed, we would board street cars and ride into town on our own and see the sights, returning to the ferry about sundown for the return trip.

One of the big projects of the week was the political race to elect a king and queen of the encampment, to be crowned on the last evening. The cottages would team together in two parties and conduct spirited campaigns to persuade the uncommitted to vote for their candidates. It was great fun to have the role either as campaign manager or head cheer leader. I held both offices at different years, serving as campaign manager my senior year when we chose Mary Lea Oxford from Baton Rouge as our queen. By that time, she and I had developed quite a friendship. It began sometime around 1930 and was carried on largely through correspondence and an average of two visits a year until my Baylor days, when the romance finally sputtered out. When she came to Southwestern, I introduced her to my friend, Joe Underwood, and a couple of years later they married and served in Brazil for several terms. In the summer of 1934, after my freshman year at Mars Hill, I was elected king with Lottie Chaney of Gonzales, Louisiana, as my queen.

During the depths of the Depression Dad felt that the time had come for the church to begin building an educational building. Most of the members felt it was fool-hardy under the trying times, but material and labor was cheap, so why not start it? We began with buying a brick a week by as many members as would help. Soon work got under way in earnest and it was exciting to watch the building grow, even though very slowly at first.

I began in my senior year an occasional stint as teacher of junior boys. It was fun, exasperating at times, but it seemed to fulfill a deep desire I had for the Bible. During those days I was an avid follower of Dad's preaching and teaching on the Second Coming of Christ and the standard pre-millennial fare. The boys, however, had little use for anything that was not of immediate gratification and use. Who cared for the future anyway? The experience was good preparation for the later sense of call to the ministry, which I have detailed in my Memoirs, "My Spiritual Journey."

Mars Hill College, 1933 to 1935

I do not remember anything noteworthy about my graduation from Ouachita Parish High School in 1933, except that we had both baccalaureate and graduation exercises in the new school auditorium. I have no records to show for it, but I believe I ranked third in my class, after the red-haired twin girls named Gloria and Virginia Gray.

Summer was on us and we still had no decision on my college. Although it was the depth of the Depression and Dad's salary was only \$300 per month, there never was any doubt about my going. My call to the ministry certainly committed my parents to finding a way for me to go. Dad would have liked for me to consider either his alma mater, Union University in Jackson, Tennessee, or Louisiana Baptist College in Pineville. I probably drug my feet with the subconscious feeling that I needed to go where I could make my own name and reputation. However, my hay fever became a key factor in the choice.

When I was about fifteen Mother and Dad sent me by bus to an allergy specialist in Greenville, Mississippi who was one of the earliest to use skin tests in determining the cause of allergy. I believe it was the first time I had been away from home on my own. I stayed two nights in a hotel near the clinic. The tests showed that my trouble was chiefly due to ragweed pollen, which was prolific in the South in the Fall. I started intravenous shots to desensitize my system, but it seemed to do very little good. Because of hay fever I always had a miserable start to school each year. I used to say I never had a date in September until after we married. I well remember the return bus trip on the gravel roads to Vicksburg. The bus had three flats and we were several hours late. It was very hot and humid so the trip was not one to be well remembered.

A long-standing medical recommendation for alleviating hay fever in those days was a change of climate. So we picked three widely diverse colleges on that basis--Hardin-Simmons in Abilene, Texas, Carson-Newman in East Tennessee, and Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, North Carolina. My first long trip as sole driver was to Hardin-Simmons with Mother. We stopped in Ft. Worth and visited with the Shermans and the Parkers, then on to Abilene. The campus was dry and hot with

few trees and strange looking country to us from Louisiana. I was impressed with the Cowboy Band of the University, but with little else. We went swimming in the city pool, where I had a bad fall on my seat that made the return trip miserable.

In August of 1933 the family took a three-week vacation in order to visit Dad's parents near Chapel Hill, Tennessee, then to look over the other two colleges. Dad also had a revival meeting scheduled at Hannah's Gap Baptist Church, where he was baptized in 1901. At Carson-Newman about the only attraction was that it was a sound four-year Christian college. We went on to Mars Hill, going through the Blue Ridge Mountains and across the French Broad River at Marshall, North Carolina, in order to reach the little town. It was love at first sight. The soft, lush green, rolling mountains seemed an ideal retreat in which to place a college--as we later joked, "Eight miles from any known sin!"

Mars Hill College traces its beginning to the French Broad Baptist Institute, founded by a few Baptist leaders in 1856 by the Western (N.C.) Baptist Convention, a struggling little band of churches in the region of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It was hardly more than a preparatory school at first, with a president and two other faculty members. The first building was begun in 1856 with a subscription of \$2,500. When receipts failed to come in and the contractor went unpaid, he secured legal right to the slave of one of the trustees and kept him in jail in Asheville until the trustees could raise the money out of their own pockets. After the Civil War, Joe as a freedman was given some property near the town and he served in odd jobs around the town and campus. After he died around the turn of the century his grave was removed from the private farm to an honored spot just inside the south entrance to the College. A memorial records the event of his being held for security in order for Mars Hill to have its first building.

During the war certain Confederate troops were stationed in the buildings of the college. In 1865 all of the buildings were burned under suspicious circumstances, save only the original one that was badly damaged. The college was closed for two years but managed to reopen in the fall of 1865. Reconstruction was especially difficult in the area due to the mixed support given both sides that created lasting feuds. The College struggled against great odds until finally giving up temporarily in 1872. Two years later the property was used as a branch of the Masonic Orphanage at Oxford. After one year the branch moved to Asheville and a private school was opened on the college property.

The trustees finally reopened the college in 1879, but it languished until the coming of Dr. R. L. Moore as president in 1897. The story of Dr. Moore and his very able wife, who later became the bursar of the school, is a thrilling one of great sacrifice and courage. He was president until 1938, when he relinquished that role to Hoyt ("Daddy") Blackwell. As professor of Greek and President Emeritus he continued for several years until his health failed and he died in 1949. Dr. Moore had a profound influence on my life as well as thousands of other students in those fifty-two years. He was a giant in character and firm in discipline. He never lost his humble beginnings nor his love for students. He always had time and wise counsel for any who sought him out or were sent to him. He gave me my first love of Greek, which in those days was limited to the classics.

Because of Dad's revival meeting in Hannah's Gap my parents had to arrange for me to stay in the dormitory for three weeks prior to the opening of school. It was very fortuitous, for I was able to become acclimated to the mountains and strange surroundings widely different from the flatlands of Louisiana and the comfortable environment of home. I was most fortunate in gaining the friendship of Falk Johnson, son of one of the professors. He was wise in the ways of the mountains and took me under his tutelage to teach me most of what I know about mountain climbing. On our first small hike I came out dressed in tennis shoes. Falk was shocked. We didn't move until I was required to go to the store and buy a pair of 14-inch leather boots. I have since reduced the footwear to ankle length, but I am still offended when any one in my party attempts a major climb without that strong leather protection. It has paid off, for in many years of mountain hiking I have never so much as turned an ankle. Our major climb before Falk left for Wake Forest College was to Bald Mountain on the North Carolina-Tennessee line. That story is fully told in my letter home which Dad has quoted fully in his autobiography (p. 89). By that time, I had also discovered that the ragweed, to which I was mainly allergic, was twice as lush in western North Carolina than it was in Louisiana. But at least the killing frosts were earlier in the mountains.

Life at Mars Hill College was quite different from the easy-going group discipline with firm parental guidance I had known in High School. We lived and died "by the rules." Dates were always a corporate experience, either chaperoned in the dormitory parlors or in parties for hiking. Also we could only date the same girl every other weekend so as not to allow too heavy romances. However, as I have pointed out in Memoirs such strictness frequently backfired. We had to resort to writing "city-notes" as we called our love missiles, which were delivered by third parties. If you broke with your steady, you were expected to go through the ritual of burning all the old city-notes. When I broke up with Edith Baucom the second year, my roommate, Edgar Kirk, went with me to the top of the high hill overlooking the two men's dormitories for a solemn burning. You didn't just dump the whole lot in at once. You picked out each one and scanned it for juicy quotes and then consigned it to the flames.

Social life, however, had a much wider context. All the students were active in Sunday School and B.Y.P.U. at Mars Hill

Baptist Church. In my second year I was superintendent of the college division of the Sunday School. Since everyone was expected to attend the only church in town we had quite a sizable force of teachers and officers. It provided me with good training which paid off later when I became director of education for Park Cities Baptist Church.

We had a good orchestra and glee club that made occasional trips for concerts in nearby high schools each year. Our drama group was especially strong. We took three one-act plays to the state meet in my senior year and were rated excellent. Our International Relations Club was very active. We even managed an IRC conference at Davidson College, a highly regarded Presbyterian college. We were greatly impressed with the code of honor by which the student body there governed itself in those days.

The college allowed no fraternities, but in their place we had literary societies, two for men and two for women. I "pledged" Euthalian. Our sister society was Nonpareil. We met weekly for all kinds of activities: literary, debate, oration, declamation, parties with our sister club. Each year we vied with the other clubs in the graduation period contests in each of those skills. My senior year I was chosen to represent the "Eus" in declamation. I memorized Edgar Allen Poe's "The Telltale Heart," a real scary story of a murderer who tried to hide his crime. I do not remember whether I won or not, but I do remember one night of rehearsing. I went up on the hill above the boys' dorms to practice alone. A thunderstorm came up nearby and provided an eerie setting for my eerie speech.

All brands of sports were sponsored by the school, but, being only a junior college, we competed only with like colleges in the western half of the state. I went out for tennis, but had little success. Kirk and I were on the tumbling team that regularly performed between halves at basketball games. It was a lot of fun and we became fairly proficient. Physical education was required both years.

One of the funniest memories happened to one of our older ministerial students. In addition to two years of college we had two years of high school in the academy. Although about 25 years old Bill had never been far from his Appalachian fastness when he came to the academy. He was shy and difficult to know at first. When he reported to the gym for his first PE class, he was given a jockey strap. That strange contraption almost buffaloes him. Evidently taking no notice of the rest of us, he tried to get into the strap over his shoulder! We nearly died laughing. I am sure it embarrassed him, but it certainly did not cause him to waver in his determination to get an education. He had few social graces, especially at the table. Kirk used to say, "Bill can't pass the butter without getting his elbow in it!" Notwithstanding a shaky start, Bill went on to finish his high school, easily winning the prize for the most improved student! In his senior year of college, he was elected president of the student council and was on the debate team that won the state championship in our division. He went on to the seminary and took the pastorate of one of the largest country churches in South Carolina. Bill has always been an inspiration to me.

During the summer after my freshman year Dad persuaded me to be the pianist for the new regional encampment at Olla, Louisiana, of which he had become president. It was quite a challenge, for I never developed much skill at sight reading and I had to learn how to accompany the choir and soloists. Nothing like being thrown in the water to learn how to swim! I also was invited to preach at several churches in the Monroe area and supplied at least twice for Dad.

In 1934 in returning to school I flew from Monroe to Jackson, Mississippi, which was only my second trip in a plane. The first was in Detroit when Mother and Dad and I flew in the old Ford Trimotor for twenty minutes over the city in 1928.

The 850 miles from Monroe to Mars Hill was too much for my going home for Christmas the second year. Another student, Heber Peacock, was from even farther away, California. So he and I teamed up and persuaded the administration to give us free rooms in a little rustic cabin down the hill from the boys' dorms for looking after the security of the dorms. We had little to do but sleep, read and eat, with an occasional hike in the snow. Peacock gained ten pounds and I gained five, pushing me over 150 for the first time in my life. At the end of the two weeks I made a trip to Greenville, S.C., to visit some student friends.

During that Christmas Peacock asked me about Edith Baucom, a preacher's daughter from Waynesville, N.C., whom I had dated my first year. We broke up at the beginning of our second year, so I said, "Sure, I will introduce you to her when she returns." Things must have clicked, for shortly after they graduated from senior college they married and Heber had a most successful career as translation consultant for the American Bible Society. We were in graduate school together at Southern Seminary after the War.

One of the violinists in our orchestra caught my eye in my senior year, Kathleen Johnson, from Lumberton in the eastern sand-hills region of the state. Even though I made a special trip to Lumberton to visit her in the summer after graduation, nothing ever came of our little affair. The miles do take their toll on such romances. And miles upon miles awaited my return trip by train to Monroe. It took almost two days and many changes of trains before arriving home almost eleven months after leaving.

During those years I was still corresponding regularly with Mary Lea Oxford who was making a fine record, especially in Baptist Student Union leadership, in Louisiana State University. Although I had fallen heavily for both Edith the first year and "Kay" the second year, I still considered Mary Lea as my prime sweetheart. I suffered through many an adolescent agony trying to keep friendship and romance separated.

That sort of divided romance happened to several of us, especially a gaunt Texan from the border named John Wilder. He happened to fall in love at the same time with cousins, Dot and "Dash." Since we were so restricted in our contacts with girl friends, we had to resort to the one phone in the dormitory to try to call back and forth. John's roommate tipped us off that he was planning to call both girls one night. Several of us hid around the corner of the hall from the phone and heard him pour out his heart to Dot. He wound up by telling her to go get Dash while he held the phone. He then proceeded to pour out his same feeling for Dash. At least you can praise him for being non-discriminatory! As so often happened, both in his case and in mine, we married none of the above. But we did take such romances with pious gravity that should have been reserved for more permanent relationships and causes.

Wilder was also noted for his piety. He would engage in long vocal praying that could even be heard in the hall and the next rooms. He tended sometimes toward the charismatic style of emotional outbursts. Those of us who were less pious were alternately challenged by his devotion and put off by his extremism. It was so hard in those days to find a well-balanced devotional life. I think my interest in my studies, the extra-curricular activities and my love of mountain hiking helped me through as much as any.

Finances during the Depression were most difficult. I have forgotten what the cost of each year turned out to be, helped some by having a ministerial scholarship. Because of the latter I was not permitted to apply for a job on campus, so I was completely dependent upon the sacrificial support of Mother and Dad. Each time I went home Mother would take me down to "Mr. Dollar's," a member of our church who worked in a men's clothing store, and buy clothes for the coming year. I was in the seminary before I ever bought any clothes on my own. And Mother always reminded Mr. Dollar, "Now don't forget my ministerial discount." Not to worry: Mother was held in such high respect around town that no clerk dared to argue with her. She might start praying for them to get sick or die or something! Her reputation for answered prayer was legendary.

Of course, there were many hiking trips in the mountains during those two years--176 miles the first year alone, according to my records. A buddy and I would often pack our blankets and a few candy bars and snacks and hike the three miles up Bailey mountain, which overlooked the valley in which Mars Hill lay. It was not difficult, and it provided a nice challenge for an over nighter. We took along an alarm clock to get us on the trail early the next morning, for we had 8 o'clock classes. One time we decided to go over Bailey into the forbidden mountain beyond, where students had been warned an old miner had staked out a claim and would shoot any trespassers. That was all the incentive we needed to try our luck. As we made our way along a dim trail on the ridge, we suddenly heard a shot. We took off like scared rabbits, came to a log across the trail and dove under it for whatever protection we thought it offered. Things quieted down after a while, so we ventured further along the trail. Rounding a bend, we suddenly were confronted by an old mountaineer carrying a gun. We froze, but he spoke pleasantly to us. We soon relaxed and discovered that he was not shooting at us or mad at anyone. He was hunting turkey. To our amazement we found that he was a college graduate who decided that life alone in the mountains was more to his liking than the rat-race in the cities. We were greatly relieved!

One final story of hiking came at the close of my senior year. One of my hiking friends and I had long wanted to climb Walnut Mountain, just a few miles west of Mt. Mitchell, and some ten miles overland from Mars Hill. We skipped S. S. and church services to get an early start Sunday morning. It was a long way cutting across fields and streams, finding and leaving roads and finally climbing the mountain late in the afternoon. We sat on top pondering the ten miles to return. It was enough to depress our exhilaration at having accomplished our goal. We trudged homeward, picking up one ride for a short way. Of course, we had not planned such a long trip and our small food supply was long since gone. Finally, about 8:30 we stopped at a farmhouse and pled our need for a bite of food. The gracious couple invited us in, uncovered the dining room table still laden with food from supper and told us to dig in. I reached for what I thought was a green pepper and discovered that it was hot as fire. It burned me so badly that I could hardly enjoy eating the food. Most of what was left from supper was an angel-food cake, which we made short work of. We finally arrived back at the dorm about 11 PM, worn out but glad to be back.

Mother and Dad came to graduation week, but Mary Lea was unable to come with them. It was a festive time and a troubled parting from many friends. Together with Kay, Jack Benson and Elizabeth Alexander, we saw many of the beautiful sights of the Blue Ridge, including a "foretaste of Paradise" at Craggy Gardens. Later Mother, Dad and I saw other sights which we had not seen before: Linville Falls, Blowing Rock and Grandfather Mountain.

Most of my class went on to other schools in North and South Carolina and to Carson-Newman in Tennessee, but I was

already headed for Baylor, so I knew there would be few opportunities to continue relationships. Mother and Dad and I left to visit Dad's parents and Mother's folks in Columbia.

I left them to go to BSU week at Ridgecrest. Mary Lea and Kay were both there and I dated them alternately (nothing like having equal opportunity!). BSU week always had great men and women speaking and leading conferences. That year we heard J. H. Rushbrooke, president of the Baptist World Alliance, Chester Swor, Mississippi College, a long-time friend of both Jeanette and me, Dr. I. J. Van Ness, president of the S. S. Board, and others. One of the unforgettable events at each Retreat was the early morning climb up "Mount" Kittyzuma, the high hill above the pass at Ridgecrest. Leaving before dawn about fifty of us would arrive in time for a sunrise service, which was always inspiring. Afterward I went to Thomasville for several days of training to conduct S. S. study courses in rural churches in North Carolina (see Memoirs I). After those three weeks came the trip to Lumberton to visit Kay and her family, which I have already recalled above. It took a day and a half by bus and train to return to Monroe.

Baylor University, 1935-37

During the summer of '35 I went one final time with our church group from Monroe to the encampment at Mandeville. It was the last real hurrah with Mary Lea, although I did visit her later from Baylor.

Transfer students at Baylor were rated a little lower than "Slimes," the nickname for freshmen. I guess the older students took pity on us for not having sense enough to go all four years at "dear ole Baylor." Major Arrowood from my class in Mars Hill was the only one I knew on arriving. It was especially tough on us ministerial transfers, for the Juniors already had the better student pastorates. Being unknown completely I had to work a long time making friends with both students and faculty in order to land even a supply appointment to preach. Most of the others like me had to be content with street preaching and visiting and preaching in the jails and "county homes" for the indigent. It was a rough initiation, but some kind of ministry was required of all of the ministerial students. Also since I was on ministerial scholarship I was not allowed to apply for any kind of student work on campus. Mother and Dad really sacrificed to put me through Baylor.

I was assigned to the "newest" boys' dormitory, Brooks Hall, where we lived in four-man suites, two in each bedroom connected with a bath. My "Old Lady" was Harold Marsh, the son of a West Texas pastor, and very knowledgeable about campus. Our suitemates were D. C. Threat from Benton, Arkansas, and James Lyons, from Vinton, Louisiana. James' uncle was the famous baseball pitcher of the White Sox in the Thirties, Ted Lyons. He came to Baylor once each year and took us all out to dinner. As you well know Harold and I renewed our friendships at each turn of our ministries and considered each other our closest buddy. Unfortunately, I lost track of the other three, except once when I visited James in Houston, when he was manager of Baptist Hospital there.

Baylor had about fifteen hundred students and only 48 faculty at the time with very full and challenging activities in every field. From the first Fall I enrolled in the Golden Wave Band and Orchestra, the Men's Glee Club and started organ lessons on the big pipe organ in Waco Hall, the main auditorium. I had little gift for the organ, but I was able to hang on in the other organizations, much to my delight. I played bass trombone, which belonged to the school. It surely was tiresome marching in the heat of Fall in Texas. The worst, though, came at football games, when I had to sit next to another trombonist who smoked cigars. Together with the dust and the ragweed pollen my weepy eyes would hardly let me see the ball game! Our symphony had an excellent repertoire, which gave me an appreciation of good music. We had a great little Welshman, "Pop" Hopkins, only five feet tall, as director of the Men's Chorale. We used to kid him at rehearsals, "Pop, get off your knees. We can't see you!" He had a great sense of humor and the skill to get the most out of our motley crew. Four of us also formed a male quartet that sang for BSU events, but mostly just for fun. We loved to serenade the girls' dormitories after hours.

I had been blessed from the beginning of my college career in having a well-mapped curriculum laid out for ministerial students. Therefore, I was saved the trouble many students had of changing majors several times in the midst of their careers. I majored in Bible and minored in English Literature. My one year of Greek was in Plato, reading his "Apology." So, I did not have any Koine or New Testament Greek until Southwestern.

English Literature courses were perhaps my most interesting and rewarding. I was fortunate to be in Baylor in the "Armstrong Era." Dr. A. J. Armstrong was recognized as a world authority on the poet, Robert Browning. He personally organized and developed the financial campaign to build the Browning Library, a beautiful building that housed the most complete Browningiana in the world. Scholars come from all over to use the research facilities there. I did not take Browning but Shakespeare from "Dr. A" as everyone knew him. He was an eccentric, totally devoted to his field. We were required to read all the plays, but in class we got more Armstrongism than Shakespeare. Then when we had papers

due or tests he would scare us with his unreasonable demands. I have seen girls leave class in tears over some brash reprimand given by Dr. A. I spent four hours on the final exam, and from what I learned from his grader, Dr. A only checked off the paper without reading it, for he already knew what grade he would give each student. But you came away with a profound sense of appreciation for good literature and the arts in general, which he constantly promoted. He used to tell us to go to the opera and enjoy the music, the drama and the emotion even if we could not understand anything that was sung.

Dr. A sponsored the literary club, Sigma Tau Delta, which was composed of some of his students. We sponsored each year the visit of some outstanding poet or writer. My senior year was especially notable for our distinguished guest was Robert Frost. At a dinner in Dr. A's home we had a chance to talk informally with him. Dr. A, who was often like a bull in a china shop, said something which could easily be taken as an insult to the great man. Mrs. Armstrong, as she often did, came quickly to the rescue and eased the tense situation. We all started breathing again!

We had an active Baptist Student Union on campus, but at the time no Campus Minister. I served my senior year as one of the vice-presidents with Charlotte Johnson as social chairpersons. Our biggest event was planning the welcoming party for new students at the beginning of the Fall term. We worked long hours in preparation for the party which attracted several hundred students.

Our president my junior year was Paul Geren, one of the finest young men I had ever known. That Fall he and I roomed together at the state BSU convention in Huntsville. It was a very meaningful time for me, and I am sorry that I did not keep in touch with him in after years, for he went on to become notable as one of the ambulance drivers on the Burma Road during World War II and then had a distinguished career as a foreign officer for the state department. He served one year as ambassador to Jordan. During those years he was a strong advocate for peace. As a result of his influence I helped to organize the first Peace Council Baylor had. Years later Paul became Vice President of Baylor and was instrumental in leading in the state-wide literacy campaign, whose advisor was none other than the great literacy missionary, Frank C. Laubach. Of course, you will recognize that Bill Geren, pastor of Dogwood Hills Baptist Church in East Point when we arrived there, was Paul's brother. That pretty well guaranteed that we would become members of his church.

Another of our BSU projects was an effort to persuade the Baylor administration to bring Chester Swor of Mississippi College to Baylor as BSU Director. Chester was at the height of his popularity as speaker and conference leader of students in the Convention. He was partially crippled from a serious burn accident when he was a child, but such did not handicap his brain nor his heart. He was acknowledged everywhere as a great apostle of love and Christian dedication. Dr. J. B. Tidwell, chairman of Bible, and President Pat Neff, successfully fended off our approaches, for they did not believe our religious program needed a full-time director. Dr. Tidwell felt his own sponsorship was sufficient and the President did not want to increase staff in those lean, depression years.

Church life at Baylor was divided among the students by two large churches and several smaller ones, making student departments in S. S. and T. U. somewhat competitive. I joined Seventh and James for the two years, where I served as T. U. director of the student department. I regularly attended First Baptist for S. S. We had an outstanding teacher of the boys' class in Mrs. Leuschner. She not only made the Scriptures come alive, but she could make such practical applications to our student life through her long experience with students.

The director of the Student Department of the S. S. was Mrs. J. M. Dawson, wife of the pastor and well-known throughout the Convention for her remarkable speaking ability. Her husband, who was very influential in beginning the work that later became the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs, was a very capable man, but a poor pulpiteer. His wife could speak rings around him. One morning service I caught Harold gazing all around the upper part of the church. Afterward I asked him what he was doing. "Amusing myself counting the lights. Did you know there are 155 lights in the auditorium?" Well, no, but I could understand his boredom!

At the beginning of the Winter Term (three quarter terms in Baylor) to save money I moved out of the dormitory and into a private room in a home on South Tenth with a Junior, Jeff Bell, from Crowell, Texas. We had tight quarters in one room, but we managed somehow and got along fine, although we ran in quite different circles. We ate cereal for breakfast in our room, snacked for lunch, and ate at a boarding house for supper. I began busing tables at a cafeteria downtown several nights a week, which was my first earned income while a student. It was small change in those days, but I needed the money badly. It cut into my study and social time, but it had to be.

My major project in those days was writing a research paper of more than fifty typewritten pages on the life of the Apostle Paul. It never would have become publishable, but it gave me my first taste of doing extensive research and writing. Also during that Winter Term, I took a most interesting and challenging course in Milton. One of our students was the fiancée of a 1936 graduate, Hugo Culpepper, who was in his first year at Southern Seminary. It was the winter of the disastrous flood on the Ohio. Each day we would have a report from Ruth about whether she had heard from Hugh. It was stressful

times. Milton and a fine course in the American Novel, under Miss Mettie Rodgers, were both very instrumental in giving me an appreciation for literature, which has borne much fruit in my retirement years.

I also did some tutoring of another student in French, which was my introduction to teaching language. French, as a minor reading skill, came in handily many years later when I was studying at Catholic University during a sabbatical from the HMB. I translated some of LaMennais, 19th century heretic and staunch advocate of religious liberty within the Catholic Church in France, and Yves Congar, one of the most influential *periti* (expert consultant of the bishops) of the Second Vatican Council. It is interesting now to look back and see how many studies or activities of student days have paid rich dividends in later life. To all my children and grandchildren: please pay attention in class!

Athletics for me was confined to being a spectator and amateur. I tried to "go out for" the tennis team, but in the tournament tryouts I drew first off our number one player and had to play him in a typical Texas wind. After that I confined myself to the YMCA in town and learned to play handball, which I enjoyed and profited by through Baylor and Southwestern years.

Social life at Baylor was not wanting by any means. It centered chiefly around BSU activities and informal times at the oldest (and cheapest) girls' dormitory. There was always a group ready to sing or play informal social games or get up a picnic to Cameron Park, a beautiful place overlooking the Bosque River than ran past Waco. I dated around until I started going steady with a fine redhead from Tyler, the daughter of one of the outstanding judges there. Melba Brooks was petite, smart as a whip--she went on to get her law degree--and hard to romance, especially since she had a steady in another city, like me. I was still corresponding regularly with Mary Lea, who came with Mother and Dad to Waco for my graduation. At Thanksgiving my senior year, I hitch-hiked to Baton Rouge for a visit with Mary Lea and her family, but there it was pretty evident that our friendship, though it was still very important to our lives, was not going anywhere. We still corresponded, but less often, during my year in Tampa, when she quit her job as assistant to Mary Nance Daniels, BSU secretary for LSU, and began her work in Southwestern. I really did appreciate her honoring me with her presence at graduation, even though I was still hoping to "make time" with Melba Brooks. However, at graduation Melba and I said our last goodbyes and did not correspond afterward.

I cannot recall anything outstanding about graduation other than what I have just related. Graduation was on May 31, after which we returned home just in time for Dad and me to repack to go to the B.T.U. convention at Louisiana College in Pineville. We had hardly arrived when Mother called and said that I had received a telegram from Dr. George H. Crutcher, pastor of the Riverside Baptist Church, Tamps, saying that the church had just called me as assistant pastor. I immediately wired my acceptance. It was a great opportunity for a real internship under a great Baptist leader. He had led in 1909 in Dad's ordination, had served as evangelism director of Louisiana, and professor of evangelism at Baptist Bible Institute in New Orleans, the forerunner of New Orleans Seminary. I was destined to get the third degree in ministerial training. It gave me a running start both in seminary study and later in pastoring churches.

Riverside Baptist Church, 1937-1938

After a long 12-hour bus trip I arrived late in the evening in Tampa and was given a good welcome by Dr. Crutcher and his wife and several church leaders. I was given a room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Chaney. He worked for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad and was a quiet, faithful husband and father. Their daughter, Virginia, was about five years older than I and was working in an office in Tampa. Mrs. Chaney was a splendid cook and became another mother to me.

My room in their house was separated from the living room and dining room by a hall. In the dining area was the only stove in the house apart from the kitchen. As a consequence, my room was very cold in winter. I finally had to buy flannelette sheets and pile on the covers to keep warm. A desk in my room served as a study place for me. Adjoining the corner of our back yard was the lot of a home facing the cross street where there lived a man who was reputed to be connected with the underground that controlled the cigar manufacturing business in Tampa. One early morning we heard shots from the house and awoke to discover that the man had been murdered by enemies. His funeral procession was one of the biggest Tampa ever had, for the man also had many followers due to his political ties and his benevolences.

Dr. Crutcher believed in training me by experience, so he had me preach the first Sunday I was there. My work was largely that of his assistant. I took assignments from him for various work with committees and programs, worked with the young people in Sunday School and Training Union and did visiting at his direction. He also saw to it that I had many opportunities to preach or to speak at various churches and the associational meetings in the area.

As his assistant I was also his secretary, taking his dictation of letters and especially his weekly column he wrote for the Florida Baptist Witness, the state paper. By this I learned of his many remarkable dealings with Baptist leaders. Often

while dictating he would pause and give me some words of wisdom that he felt I needed. I never will forget on one occasion the subject of the Virgin Birth of Jesus came up somehow. He was of the old school of theology that believed that original sin was inherited solely through the male seed. They believed this was the reason Jesus had to be born without a human father so that he would be sinless.

Suddenly Dr. Crutcher paused, bore down on me with those heavy, John L. Lewis eyebrows of his and intoned, "Son, that's the strongest reason I know for a man to keep himself pure." I was awed. In later years I long since have forsaken that biological theory of the Virgin Birth, but I still can feel the tremble in my bones as the old man spoke.

Dr. Crutcher gave me a wonderful insight into pastoral leadership of the church and of deacons especially. Several times in deacons' meetings I have watched as he would present some progressive plan only to have it shot down by a few obstreperous men. He would not show impatience nor anger, but quietly let the matter lie. A few months later he would have the same plan dressed in different clothes and more often than not he would succeed in having it approved.

Though he was in his early Sixties he was more progressive than most. He was one of the first to inaugurate the deacon group plan of shepherding the members. Not only were they responsible for the care of the sick and bereaved in their group, their group also was in charge of a Wednesday prayer service in rotation. As you can imagine, some were good, some mediocre and others would cop out somehow. The church learned soon which deacons they could rely on for leadership and service. I have tried the deacon group plan a time or two, but never had the courage to assign prayer meetings. I well remember too many boring Wednesday nights!

Soon it became apparent that I would need a car. One of our members who was in the used car business brought me a 1930 model Chevrolet coupe that he wanted \$125 for. I had opened a checking account, but on my meager salary I could not afford even the down payment. A few days later he came back and said several men of the church would make up the down payment and he would carry the note for the rest himself. So I came to own my first car. She was black and yellow seemed sporty enough for my youth. I thought she looked French and named her "Djellopie." She served me well all the way through Southwestern until the day I graduated.

With the young people we would often have picnics or trips to the beach or to a fabulous swimming pool at the north end of the city. The pool was built around a great underground spring that turned out thousands of gallons of water a minute. The gulf beaches were always attractive for outings. In Florida I discovered that even conservative Baptists had no taboos against "mixed bathing" as it was called back in the Southwest. Out-of-doors living was so normal in that culture that no one thought twice about such taboos.

I also enjoyed getting to know the wonderful citrus groves. A large one across the street from our house has some old trees that bore the famous King orange. Since it didn't ship well it is hardly known outside of Florida, but it has the sweetest red meat you ever did eat. There were also mangos, strawberries and other fruits in plenty. At Plant City nearby, which boasted it was the strawberry capital of the world, you could buy a pint of red-ripe berries for a nickel on the side of the road during season.

There were other attractive places nearby, including Cypress Gardens and Bok Tower. One of my Mars Hill classmates who lived at Bartow, Elizabeth Denham, and I dated one beautiful moonlit evening at Bok Tower. She was a lovely girl and very talented, but even in that ideal, romantic setting we realized that nothing much would develop out of our friendship. I soon became interested in Dot Sanford, the daughter of our church pianist. Since she was still in college at Florida State College for Women, now Florida State University, I only dated her in the summer and on school breaks. But other than one fast trip later at Christmas-time from Southwestern, nothing came of that friendship either. I was still corresponding occasionally with Melba Brooks, who was in law school at Baylor that year and was dating her future husband.

At the end of the first summer the youth put on a play that I directed that was well received. Also that summer I led in the reorganization of the Training Union and started their first Baptist Adult Union. At the close of the summer I preached a youth revival for our church, but I have no record of any remarkable results.

Occasionally we would get up a small party and go fishing in the gulf. Most of the fishing in Florida, however, was in the many lakes. We had a member who worked for the post office. On almost every day off he would load his small boat on top of an old car and drive out to a small lake. He would cast around the shore then troll the lake a couple of times and pull his boat out and go to another. Often he would fish as many as four lakes in one day. His aim was to average a fish for every day of the year. From the looks of his freezer he did pretty well. It was fun to go with him sometimes, for he was a good teacher as a fisherman.

Since we had good luck with our play we decided to stage an elaborate Christmas pageant. Not only did I direct it, but I designed and built the makeshift light dimmer with copper wire wound around an oatmeal box. We strung wires from the

back of the church on which rode the Star of Bethlehem leading the Three Wise Men. It was quite a show, but it did me in for Christmas. By the time I boarded the bus for Monroe I was feverish and had a full case of the flu by the time I arrived. It delayed my return to Tampa by a few days.

I have given a full account of the remarkable events of my ordination on January 30th, 1938, in Memoirs I. After that Sunday we took Mother and Dad deep sea fishing from Clearwater. We caught a few fish, mostly groupers, but Mother got sea sick in the boats gentle swells. Once we hollered at her, "Mother, you got a fish on your line." She weakly replied, "I don't care if I never catch another fish!" So we headed for port.

The Florida Baptist Assembly met each year at Stetson University in Deland. I went in 1938, but somehow it did not measure up to the beauty and excitement of Mandeville in Louisiana. Also that June I took the bus alone to the Southern Baptist Convention meeting in Richmond, my first on my own. I do not remember much about it, except that I was sorely grieved over the way the messengers seemed to take the business and the preaching so lightly. They moved around a lot, visited in the halls and exhibit areas and generally seemed to take little part in the proceedings. I was still naive in my idealism for Baptist decorum.

By mid-August it was time for me to load up all my worldly belongings into Djellopie and head for Ft. Worth and Southwestern Seminary, leaving behind many happy memories and loyal friends. It had been a very profitable year in my maturing in the ministry. I stayed a few days in Monroe and left in early September.

Southwestern Seminary, 1938-1941

Seminary Hill that Fall was unusually depressing. The weather was dry and hot with scorching winds and plenty of dust. The few trees were small and pitiful compared to the trees I had known in my previous years. We only had three buildings on campus when I was there: Ft. Worth Hall was the administration building, with the library and dining hall also on the first floor. The second floor was one-room apartments for married couples and the third floor for single men, two in each room. The Women's Training School was the dormitory for women. Cowden Hall housed the music school, the auditorium and basement classrooms. The student body was about 700 during my three years there.

My roommate the first year was Woodrow Phelps from Oklahoma, who after graduation taught several years at Belmont College in Nashville. The last two years I roomed with Cliff Harris, the younger son of a prominent pastor in Pineville, Louisiana. His older brother, James, was a year ahead of us and graduated at the head of his class. He later had a distinguished career as pastor of the University Baptist Church in Ft. Worth. Their older sister, Josephine, was also in school at the same time and went on to a fine career as a missionary in Africa.

Cliff and I had much in common even to double dating occasionally. He came in with a stray kitten he found, which we adopted and kept in our room. Since we let her roam on occasion the inevitable happened--she came in pregnant and before long we were nursemaids to a couple of baby kittens. We discovered that when kittens lose their playfulness, cats become a chore, so we disposed of the whole lot.

Life was not too bad under those conditions, but our fare in the dining hall was rather poor. For that and other reasons I enjoyed getting away often to take advantage of the good home cooking of Annie Mae Sherman, Cecil and Bill's mother, and "Aunt" Hester Parker, mother of Eunice and Lois. John Sherman and Hester were my first cousins, being the children of my Mother's sister, Sallie. They lived in Polytechnic on the east side of Ft. Worth. John and Annie Mae worked in the Junior Department of the Sunday School there for over forty years.

Southwestern was born as a department of Baylor in 197 under the leadership of Dr. B. H. Carroll. It moved to Ft. Worth shortly before Mother and Dad arrived in 1913. Although patterned to a great extent after the parent Seminary of Southern Baptists at Louisville, it took on the distinctive character of Baptists life and southwestern culture of those days. Whereas Southern had the reputation of being more scholarly, Southwestern became strong in missions and evangelism. L. R. Scarborough, a dynamic preacher and evangelist, became the second president in 1917 and left the indelible stamp of his life on the school. Most of my faculty were of the second generation, but all of them knew Dad well.

Our seminaries were formed differently from most of the main-line seminaries of the east coast. Instead of being Schools of Theology attached to some great university and majoring on the classic disciplines, ours were separate institutions which majored on "practical theology" for training pastors and missionaries. Also in the late teens Southwestern was the first to establish schools of Religious Education and Music, under the leadership of J. M. Price and I. E. Reynolds. Dr. Price was also a leader in advocating the ordaining of such ministers, but it took years for the denomination at large to accept any but "true ministers" for ordination. This bit of history should help you to understand something of the differing

currents of Baptist life that still influence the issues of the current controversy.

In my Memoirs I have tried to give account of the professors who influenced me greatly in those years. The Seminary Chorus provided me with further appreciation of great church music. We had a tradition of singing the full score of Handel's "Messiah" each Christmas and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" each Spring. The last year we premiered Dr. I. E. Reynolds' cantata, "Ruth."

Since I was out of school one year in Tampa I suffered a similar fate as transferring to Baylor: all my Baylor classmates by that time had most of the student pastorates that were available. It took some time for me to get acquainted enough to be recommended even to supply. I had a few opportunities, but most of my preaching was either street or jail services as we had done in Waco. After my first year I supplied for Dad while he and Mother took their extended trip to the West coast. The project for the educational building had progressed far enough for services to be held on the "slab" of the second floor. My only recollection of that month was the series of sermons that I preached: Where did I come from? Why am I here? Where am I going? How shall I get there? I also remember getting involved in the city's problem of a rising gambling wave that had some conniving by the sheriff's department. It was my first experience in "social ethics." My second year I became assistant to Fred McCauley in the Seminary's public relations department. The job also carried with it the role of "labor agent" for students. Good joke! There I was trying to help students get part-time employment in the businesses of the city when I had never held a full-time job myself. But it was good experience learning how to negotiate with personnel directors of stores and businesses. I had no trouble placing a student if he had experience as a shoe salesman or a butcher. Otherwise it was slow pickings in those Depression years. The big aircraft industry that sprang up in Ft. Worth when the war started had not yet had any impact on the economy of the area.

The most enjoyable part of the work in public relations was the trips we made each year of the colleges and universities of the South and Southwestern to enlist students. My first trip was with Fred McCauley in Texas learning the ropes. Then he gave me the planning and direction of the tour of 18 schools in the South. We worked with BSUs on state campuses and with the administration of Baptist schools in setting up our visits. I had a very fine team that year: I represented the School of Theology, Bob Stroble the School of Music, and Omega Nutt and Elizabeth "Pineapple" Donald the School of Religious Education. Elizabeth got her nickname from her home town in Alabama. She was one of the prettiest and most popular girls on campus. And Omega lived up to her name, for she was full of fun. I did not have the heart to tell the men students that not every girl at Southwestern was as full of fun as Omega or as pretty as Elizabeth.! Depending upon the circumstances, we would conduct some kind of impromptu service, either at chapel in the Baptist schools or wherever the BSU was meeting. Then we would talk with interested students about the possibilities of Southwestern.

I will never forget our visit to Clarke College, Mississippi. It was my turn to bring the devotional. I chose the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Immediately after chapel we had lunch with the students in their dining hall. I was shocked at the primitive tableware and the meager food, most of which the students help to supply from their own farms. They taught me in a silent way the lesson I had so arduously tried to give them.

In my senior year I conducted the trip through Texas. One of my team was Carlos Purgailis (later Carlos Gruber), one of two foreign students from Brazil. Both of them were born and raised in Latvia, but had migrated to Brazil with a sizeable group of people who settled a small village in the deep interior of that country. Carlos was an outstanding violinist and charmed us with his "Guanarius" that he so anxiously cared for. By then the War in Europe had already overrun his native country, so he was our chief source of up-to-date information on the plight of the peoples of Eastern Europe.

Djellopie was more popular than I was, for not everyone had a car. But double-dating in a single seater was a bit much. Besides the occasions we chose to double-date, any other time a girl was in a car there had to be two girls. This rule was of long-standing and arose through some unfortunate experience in the past. This brought on several tricky situations. The most notable was when Rogers Smith, who later was a vice-president of the Foreign Mission Board, was dating "Pineapple." In a rash moment he promised to meet her at the train when she returned early in the morning from Christmas holidays. But to bring her back he had to take along another girl, but that involved still a third. When Elizabeth stepped off the train, she said, "I'm starved." And that led poor Rogers to footing the breakfast bill for four! It was a good thing he had a sedan. Djellopie would never have made it.

But Djellopie was famous in our family in another way. Charles Dickson borrowed her to date Juanita when he gave her the ring in the Spring of 1941. You will have to ask them how they managed about the riding rule for girls.

I had begun to play handball in Tampa at the YMCA, so in Ft. Worth I soon found that students could have a membership in the downtown Y very cheaply. It was my most consistent exercise during those days, but I was grateful to Djellopie for making it possible.

Several of us ran around together and became very good friends: Charles and Juanita, Bill Taggart, Maxie and Willene

Short, J. W. Ousley, Betty Norton, and Frances "Gabby" Thompson. She deserved her nickname, but the hard way. She had a strange speech impediment. In the midst of a sentence when she was talking her diaphragm would drop out from under the support of her voice, she would catch her breath and then resume. But strangely also, it never happened when she sang solos, which she did with a lovely soprano voice. She was the life of any party with her humor, her bubbling spirit and indomitable optimism. She was also the one who gave me my nickname, "Bedsread," since I had been turned down so often! Our gang often would arrange picnics or other outings to the beautiful Rose Gardens or to Lake Worth.

I never had a steady girl friend during those days, but kept up a brief correspondence with Dot Sanford in Florida. During one Christmas break Tom Jackson and I talked "Windy" Eiland into the three of us driving Djellopie to Florida to visit our girl friends. Mary Lea had come to the Seminary the year before me, but I was instrumental in introducing her to Joe Underwood, whom she married in his senior year. They served after graduation several terms on the mission field in Brazil until they had to return to the states because of her health. Joe later served the Foreign Mission Board very ably in several capacities in Richmond.

A number of us went to the BSU Convention in Memphis during Christmas week in 1938. It was a time of great inspiration, led by some outstanding speakers. Charles Wells charmed us with his remarkable illustrated chalk lectures. Chester Swor was always a delight to my student generation. As a child he had been severely burned in an accident and was crippled the rest of his life, but that did nothing to hinder his great spirit and intense spiritual dedication. We also had sermons by George Truett, J. R. Sampey, president of Southern Seminary, and Ted Adams, popular pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond. The BSU Retreat at Ridgecrest saw a busload of us from Louisiana in the summer of 1939. Then a group of us went to the Texas BSU Convention at Waco in the Fall of 1940. These were always times of happy association with fellow students as well as with new friends from many campuses among Baptists. Jeanette was on the Staff at Ridgecrest in 1937 and attended BSU week in 1940, when I was on the Staff, but we never encountered each other there.

In the Fall of 1939 I was fortunate in being called to my first pastorate, a quarter-time church called West Point Baptist, located on the stake plains of West Texas, half-way between Tahoka and Brownfield. It was 350 miles from Ft. Worth, and several times I hitchhiked, as many of our students did, in order to save money. They only paid me \$20 a trip, and since I was not married nor living in an apartment they did not have occasion to give me butter and eggs and meat, as many of the students had.

My first trip to that area was quite a cultural and physical shock to this Louisiana boy. I arrived by train about mid-afternoon on Saturday, prepared for the Saturday night service, which those quarter-time churches frequently had in those days. As I stood gazing at the seemingly endless vista, I had the feeling that I was in the middle of a saucer, looking slightly up to the horizon on every perimeter.

This was the end of the dust-bowl era and we were frequently treated not only to dust storms, which were bad enough, but also to sand-storms. This was before any of the present-day irrigated farms, when most of the land was in ranches of at least two to three sections apiece. They had begun to plow the ranches to plant cotton, which, of course, was one of the main reasons for creating the dustbowl. It was a fearsome sight to see that black cloud of sand rolling several thousand feet high out of the west toward you. It was impossible even with the tightest of houses to keep out the dust and even the sand. A strong wind at night would pick up the sand and blast the twirling blades of the windmills causing an eerie electronic halo around the blades. They joked about not needing to open and close the gates when you drove to town. On the way out you could drive over the gate on the sand dune built up by the storm and on the way home drive under the gate where another had scooped out the road. On one trip when I drove Djellopie to West Point, I had to pull off the highway and wait for a long time before I could see to drive again.

By late afternoon I was getting restless to have someone offer me a ride to the church for the evening service. I inquired of one of the deacons as to the time of meeting. "Dark-thirty," he replied. Long before daylight saving time West Texas was the latest area to get dark, being so far west on the time-zone. It was most often 10:30 before we would start services. I well remember the Tankersleys, who were my usual hosts on my trips to the Church. They also introduced me to some of the sports and games of the West, like going swimming in the "tank" used for watering the stock and hunting jackrabbits. I had never heard of hunting like that. You rode pell-mell across the prairies in a pickup with a man on each front fender with a gun. We chased the rabbits, dodging hither and yon, trying to keep up. Another sport was shooting prairie dogs with a 22 rifle. You had to be very good shot or else "they can see your bullet coming!"

There was nothing to West Point, but a cotton gin and a schoolhouse at a crossroads. Our little church met in the school building, sitting awkwardly in the children's desks. There being no screens and in hot weather needing all the breeze we kept the windows and doors open. As I was preaching one Sunday morning, I got distracted watching two men at the back, one in front of the other. The one in front was almost bald and his friend behind him was lazily watching a fly

practicing take-offs and landings on his bald pate. Then I saw him take a quarterly and carefully folding it, he landed heavily on that fly. I couldn't help breaking out into a laugh. We had to stop and explain the situation before I could resume my message.

When it came the summer of 1940 I received an invitation to serve as public relations staffer at Ridgecrest for the summer. So I asked Charles Dickson to supply the three months that I would be gone. At the end of the summer when I returned to school he informed me that the church no longer required my services. They had decided I was too pro-British. Isolationism was the prevailing mood of all the West and Midwest in those awesome days when Roosevelt was promoting Lendlease for Britain during the Battle for Britain in 1940. I was somewhat put out by having been "fired" from my first pastorate, but Dr. Scarborough used to tell us that we were not worth our salt as preachers until we had been fired from at least one church. Well I had my experience early and got it over with, thank goodness!

In the Fall of 1940, I was called to Myra Baptist Church, a half-time church about fifty miles north of Shreveport. I used to ride to my charge with John Haldeman and one or two others who had pastorates in North Louisiana. I have very few recollections of my trips and my ministry there, except that I roomed in a fine country home, where the dear widow, Mrs. Dominick, outdid herself in providing for my comfort. At the first meal she asked me what was my favorite drink. I said, "Hot chocolate." Well, I got hot chocolate every meal from then on! I also remember being accosted by a zealous Seventh Day Adventist preacher while I was out under Djellopie working away. He tried to tell me that I was sinning grievously and endangering my salvation by not observing the seventh day Sabbath. That was my first forewarning that I would later be involved in Interfaith Witness.

When school was out in May 1940, Carlos Purgailis and Clarence, "Windy" Eiland and I decided on a fast tour of West in Djellopie. We headed for Colorado first with the aim of climbing Pike's Peak. Even then there was a road all the way to the top, but when we arrived that second week of May we discovered that the last seven miles of the road was blocked by the snow. Very disappointed, but still foolhardy enough, we decided to climb it on foot. We had no water except what snow he could suck, not even a candy bar. But we struck out. After several hours of arduous climbing Carlos and I arrived at the top. Windy had slowed down and told us to go on. In the freezing wind at the top Carlos and I tried to build a fire. We could hardly get a match to light in that altitude. Carlos pulled out a dollar bill and even tried to light it to no avail. Of course, there were no signs of life at the visitor center at the top, so we turned to go back down. At the first bend of the road where it meets the cog railway arriving at the summit there was a tool shed, which we tried to raid. On coming around the side of the shed we were shocked to find Windy asleep propped up in the snow against the shed. We anxiously wakened him and prodded him the rest of the way down to our car, seven miles away. He could have frozen to death had we not providentially found him.

From there we headed for the Grand Canyon, sleeping alongside the road in the Painted Desert one night. Then turning toward home we visited Carlsbad Caverns. 3,000 miles in eight days was quite a trip for the three of us and for Djellopie, who did well, only once losing her "chimney," as Carlos called her muffler and tailpipe. On the climb up Pike's Peak in that thin air, we had to have Windy on the running board constantly fine tuning the Stromberg-Carlson carburetor I had installed the year before. Also, we had to stop and refill the radiator several times because we had no pressure cap in those days. In the thin air water boiled way easily in the heavy climb.

Studies in my senior year were very meaningful to me. I took advantage of every course Dr. Conner offered, for I had a great appreciation for him and knew he was approaching the sunset of his career. Hebrew was a real challenge to us, for in those days we were required to take two years of both biblical languages. Charles and I vied in Hebrew in trying to memorize the first two chapters of Genesis in Hebrew. Today, even though I have tried to renew my Hebrew in the past four years, I could not recite more than the first verse: "Bereshith bara Elohim eth hasamayim wueth haaretz."

Dr. Jeff Ray's course in homiletics often was enlivened by special lectures that he interspersed in the regular curriculum. One very practical lecture was "The Preacher and His Library," which had a lasting affect on me. But his most notable was one that packed the students in, even those not taking the course: "The Evils of Women to Preachers!" In the midst of his lecture that year, one of our many brash students piped up with a question to interrupt his intense lecture: "But Dr. Ray, when does a man stop looking at a pretty woman?" Dr. Ray had survived two wives and was married to his third, having donated a drinking fountain on each of the second and third floors of Ft. Worth Hall to his first two deceased wives. He drew himself up to his full five feet four inches tall, bore his heavy black eyebrows down on Fred Swank and called out in stentorian tones, "I don't know, son, but it's after seventy-nine!"

At graduation Mother and Dad came from Monroe and stayed a few days to visit the Shermans and the Parkers. The afternoon of graduation my good friend Orville Rogers, who had taken flying lessons as a Civilian Air Pilot, and I rented a plane at a small field near the Seminary and flew around all over Ft. Worth and surroundings. He showed me several of his stunts in that biplane, including barrel rolls and one loop-the-loop. Crazy. But he was good enough to make a fine

record in the Air Force and later as commercial pilot for Braniff. He closed his career after Braniff by ferrying planes to South America for missionary use down there. He and his wife, Esther Beth (Shannon) built a fine home on White Rock Lake in Dallas, where we continued our friendship into the Fifties and Sixties. The next day, I bid a fond farewell to Djellopie and traded her in for a 1938 Chevrolet, two-door sedan.

I have postponed telling about the summer of 1940 when I served as public relations staff person for Ridgecrest Assembly. The job was two-fold: I was a correspondent for the *Asheville Citizen* and the Baptist Press, which sent articles to all the state Baptist papers; the other was assistant to the photographer of Black Mountain, who was under contract with the Assembly to make all the news pictures and group pictures of state contingents. After a brief apprentice, the photographer gave me the big Graflex camera and I was on my own. I even did some developing of film in his darkroom. The Graflex was one of the old standbys of press photos in those days. It was big, weighing some five or six pounds, used cut film in a pack that was inserted on the back, and had a fine, flexible lens. Its overhead viewing screen enabled you to compose pictures better than the new single-lens reflex cameras that were just coming on the market. This was the beginning of my life-long interest in photography.

When a conference began, I would cover the main addresses, interview the speakers, and take pictures on occasion. Then each day I would write a brief article for the Asheville paper and send it in time for the morning edition. Each morning I would get the paper the first thing and check to see if my article made it. More than half the time it was printed, for the paper wanted to sell to the people attending the conferences. If the article was printed, my day got off to a good start. Otherwise I would need some pickup to get me going again. It was great experience, but I soon learned that a steady diet of inspirational messages left you mentally and spiritually dull.

I have no records except a few pictures from those days. However, one of my biggest stories was the report of a fiery message by Dr. John R. Sampey at BSU week concerning the threat of Japan in buying up all our scrap iron. He warned that early that Japan was preparing for war with the US and we were locked into our isolationism. On the other hand, most of our speakers, especially Charles Wells (see Memphis BSU Convention above) was the apostle of peace and received a warm welcome.

Another experience shook me up considerably. Dr. Truett was the preacher for Bible week. He and his wife stayed in a lovely cottage on the grounds like so many other individual families, who owned summer homes. I did not have an appointment with the great man, but I thought I could call on him at his cottage one afternoon. As I approached the door I heard the loud voice of a man that was raised obviously in anger. I froze in my tracks and quickly turned and left without knocking. To this day I do not know what was happening, but I had a vivid imagination, which effectively taught me not to idolize any preacher, no matter how great his reputation.

The most amazing event of the summer was a disastrous flash flood that swelled Swannanoa Creek and the French Broad River and caused much damage. The torrential rains in the mountains caused mud slides that cut the railway and the highway in three places between Ridgecrest and Black Mountain to the west and seven places on the east slope of the highway down from the Continental Divide. We were isolated for three days. I got some great pictures of the mud slides and the workmen trying to clear them away.

The staff was made up largely of college students, supervised by adults who usually served each year. We all had varying assignments, but few worked more than five or six hours a day. There was time for socializing and even some sight-seeing. Often at the close of a conference when we had buttoned things down in preparation for the next one in a couple of days, we would load up on the big truck and head out for a picnic: at Lake Lure and Chimney Rock, Biltmore Estates, or Craggy Gardens. The Blue Ridge Parkway was begun in the Thirties (by the CCC?) and was completed just beyond Craggy when we were there.

I found four girls who were willing to form a quartet under my direction. We had a lot of fun together and occasionally sang for the conference meetings. It was composed of Virginia Haygood and Frances Shuford, sopranos, and Mary Helen Parker and Rebecca Sifford, altos. I did the unmentionable in such a situation and began dating Mary Helen steady. She and I were both from Louisiana and had a lot of friends in common. I thought for awhile that something might come out of such a summer romance, but she discouraged even writing after the summer. (PS: a mutual friend (?) later told me Mary Helen did not think I had much future as a preacher! I must look her up in heaven and thank her for not encouraging me. I would have missed your Mother)

Toward the end of the summer I decided with the help of our staff mechanic to overhaul Djellopie. It is hard now for me to realize that I undertook such a task with so little experience. But with his help I was able to pull the head, grind the valves and valve-seats, install new rings--the whole bit. On putting it back together (always a nemesis in my working with gadgets), however, I stripped a bolt on a connecting rod. Repairing the damage was too long and tedious, so I decided to take a chance with the bolt the way it was. Believe it or not, though it had a definite knock, I drove Djellopie all the way

back to Ft. Worth and another school year and that bolt never gave any trouble. I traded it for the '38 Chevrolet before I even left Ft. Worth after graduation. "Pluto" lasted me into marriage and through the war and into 1946 when we were by then in Louisville. But I have always regretted that I did not store Djellopie somewhere and save her for the antique shows. I saw one almost like it in Hot Springs this summer in a museum, but I did not learn its worth. Probably around a hundred grand by now!

Back in Monroe after graduation in 1941 I still commuted to my half-time church at Myra. Soon I had a pulpit committee invite me to preach in view of a call at Gibsland, Louisiana, about forty miles east of Shreveport. When I arrived that Sunday, I was shocked to discover that I was one of four who were to preach on successive Sundays. It was too late to back out, even though I knew that such a procedure was most unwise. How could any preacher come with a solid backing of the whole church? As it turned out, when the vote was taken, I came in second by four votes. Again, I must look up those four in heaven and thank them, for I never would have gone to Harrisburg if they had called me. Besides, I took note of a very lovely redheaded young woman in the congregation that I am sure I would have tried to court had I been called as pastor. Even so, I married a member of my congregation in Harrisburg (and some of the dear old ladies there fussed at me for not marrying "one of our girls," since Jeanette was still considered an outsider, being from Vienna). I managed to survive the fish-bowl scrutiny that such always brings.

A new and exciting era was about to dawn in the call to my first full-time pastorate. So, hear now the story of my pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Harrisburg, Illinois.

First Baptist Church, Harrisburg, Illinois, 1941-1943

The call to Harrisburg was a total surprise. As I recall they did not send any committee to interview me nor have me to preach a trial sermon. The situation was simple, but the outcome very complex. Dr. S. H. Frazier, who had a very successful pastorate for several years, was called back into service during the remobilization of armed forces in the summer of 1941. He was still a Reserve Chaplain, after served as chaplain of the famous Rainbow Division during World War I. At that time the call-up was for just one year. The church did not want to give up such a good pastor, so they voted to call a young, unmarried man who had just completed seminary education, and who would be willing to live in the parsonage with Mrs. Frazier and her youngest of three children, Jim, who was still in high school.

They sought the advice of one of their former members, who had just graduated from Southwestern and a friend of mine, Jimmy Baldwin. His choice was simple. There were only four of us who graduated single that year, and the other three all had full-time pastorates they were unwilling to leave. Since the Fraziers and Mother and Dad were classmates at Southwestern, he knew our family (but little about me). When he added his recommendation to that of Jimmy, they called me without further investigation as interim for one year. I have never had a pastorate where I was thoroughly interviewed on my orthodoxy and my record!

Loading my Chevy with all my worldly goods and seminary books and notes, I drove to Harrisburg with considerable fear and trembling. The Fraziers welcomed me warmly and gave me an upstairs bedroom overlooking the driveway that separated the parsonage from the two-story house next door (fateful situation!). They frequently had me to eat meals with them, but for the most part I took my lunch and dinner at two restaurants on the square, a block away. My office/study was on the back side of the church auditorium with a private entrance from the alley.

The skimpy notes I have in a 1941 datebook give only times and places of meetings. Many significant events, therefore, must be dredged from my memory. It seems that both the city and the Saline Baptist Association were interested in learning what this young preacher was all about, for I was invited to speak at a large number of diverse church and civic functions. Obviously, they were not used to a single pastor who also looked so young (immature?).

Dr. Frazier was a charismatic leader who was respected both for his wisdom and zeal. He was recognized as a strong civic influence as well as in the church. He never had a second thought and since he was almost always right, you had to bear patiently with his dogmatic manner. He also was a very successful evangelist and effective as a soul-winner, particularly of men. He had led the Brotherhood of the church to have "cottage prayer-meetings" every Thursday night in the home of some unsaved or backslidden man. One member, Bert Bethel, a railway engineer, was one of the most effective "forerunners" of the cottage-prayer meetings. He would cultivate a friend for several months until he was sure he was ready for the witness of our men, then he would arrange the date for the meeting in his home. When the men gathered, after singing a few songs some of the men would give their personal testimony of how they were saved, then the leader would turn the meeting over to the pastor to "draw the net," that is, to explain the way of salvation and lead in the prayers that led up to the opportunity for decision then and there on the part of our host. In my first year we had over twenty men

to make decisions and join the church for baptism. Sometimes we would have to go back a second or third time, but Bert never let us forsake any man as hopeless.

The first big event occurred on Labor Day. The church planned a reception for the new preacher when Dr. Frazier would be home for the weekend from Scott Field Air Force Base in Illinois. We had the usual reception line, then he took me by the arm to tour the people seated around the room, introducing them, and telling their role in the church. It was a big help. Suddenly we came upon two young schoolteachers, the younger of the two wearing a lovely blue, eyelet jersey dress.

"Brownlow," said Dr. Frazier as he looked at Jeanette Allard, "I want you to meet your future wife!" Well, the floor would not open up to swallow either of us, no matter how fervently we wished for it! To add to my consternation, I learned that she and her roommate, Clara Heaton of Burnside, near Vienna, Jeanette's home, lived in an apartment across the driveway from my window at the parsonage. We were so shaken by the suddenness of the introduction that we carefully avoided each other for a few weeks. Besides, I understood that she was already probably engaged. Dr. Frazier knew Jeanette better than me, for she had played the piano for two of his revival meetings in Southern Illinois during her first spring of teaching in Harrisburg.

In October I invited Lester Roloff, a fiery evangelist and classmate of mine at Southwestern, to lead our church in a two-weeks revival (the usual in those days). In many ways it was one of the best revivals the church had ever had. Many people were saved and added to the church and the spiritual life of the church was greatly enhanced. I had Lester back the next year, but the meeting was not so successful as the first. Later in Texas Lester became a very radicalized "independent" preacher, establishing his own children's homes, school and half-way house for prisoners, radio ministry and barely staying out of trouble with state requirements, which he flaunted persistently. He also was of the kind that never had a second thought. He lectured both Jeanette and me on our need to get over our shyness and get on with the show!

Our start in dating was anything but auspicious. Soon after we had a first date or two Jeanette decided to have a dinner party for some friends. She invited Charles and Juanita Dickson, who had married the year before, and were living in West Frankfort, where he was pastor, and Phil and Miriam Harris, who later became Training Union Director for the SBC. Jeanette and Juanita had been on the same Ridgecrest staff in the summer of 1940. And she invited me. I understood that it was to be a dessert party and much later. I came in late afternoon and was leisurely preparing to dress about 7:30, when I looked across the driveway and saw Jeanette working at the kitchen. I was greatly embarrassed to arrive--just in time for the dessert!

Then another goof! Since Jeanette had started teaching in Harrisburg the second term, she had not joined our church, knowing that she would be gone all summer. Then one Sunday she came out of the choir and presented herself for membership. That morning I was really concentrating on a prospect, Fred Hoehn, a local auto mechanic whom I had befriended and tried to lead to Christ. I even had him over to the parsonage for a duck dinner I prepared. (He later commented that "one look at that meal and I knew I had to get right with the Lord!"). When he did not "come forward" after several verses of the invitational hymn I gave up and called on someone to dismiss us with prayer. Mr. Wirth, our church clerk whispered to me as the man began praying, "Pastor, you forgot this young woman." In dismay I called the church back together after the prayer and we officially admitted Jeanette to membership. Woe was me!

As I gradually settled into the leadership of the church and the preaching and speaking schedule, Jeanette and I gradually began occasional dating. By Thanksgiving I had visited her family in Vienna and began to realize that this relationship was developing into something serious. I still assumed that she was dating another regularly, although she insisted that she was no longer engaged to anyone.

Pearl Harbor Day caught us, like everyone else, in a state of shock. The news hit Harrisburg soon after the morning service. We had scheduled Kearnie Keegan, then Secretary of the Baptist Student Union of the SBC to speak at a youth rally for the evening service. I do not remember what his sermon was, but I was just as glad that I was not in the pulpit that night. Afterward I invited Jeanette to ride with us as I drove Kearnie to Carbondale to catch the train. On the way home my feeling of love for her overcame all my fears and doubts, so I confessed my love. As I recall she took it in stride, but did not reciprocate until sometime later. But the die was cast. I was 25 years old and had had a number of "affairs," so I knew what I wanted and needed in a wife. Jeanette combined in one lovely person the best qualities of all the girls that I had ever gone with "steady." I began to hope that her answer would not take near as long as that which Mother gave Dad after five years of courtship! We knew the immediate difficulties we faced in dating. Both of us were very busy. As a fifth-grade teacher, a choir member and active in many things, she was under almost as much scrutiny as I was as the bachelor pastor of First Baptist Church. Dating was difficult, to say the least. When war began and it was known that Dr. Frazier would not be returning at the end of the one year of active reserve, we knew that living conditions after marriage would be even more hazardous. The church was hardly paying me enough to justify even maintaining a separate

apartment from the parsonage. And who was I to ask the Frazier's to take in a bride to an already full house? But love has a way of hoping against hope that insurmountable problems can be solved.

The sanctuary of the church was in sad shape due to long neglect. A leaky floor vent from the coal-fired furnace occasionally added a puff of smoky grime to the walls. The lighting system needed updating. But the church had for long been the hostage of its wealthiest member, the owner of the deep coal mines for which the area was famous. Through his son-in-law who was church treasurer he managed to control church finances and he was dead set against any major expenditures in the light of the uncertain national and world situation. Somehow by the help of the Lord and some determined deacons we persuaded the church to go ahead with the redecoration even with the big man's threat to cut off his giving. The church voted overwhelmingly to provide \$3,500 for materials if the men of the church would do the work.

Since the men could only work nights and Saturdays the work of building scaffolds, cleaning and painting the walls, renewing light fixtures, refinishing the hardwood floor, and the rest fell to my supervision. Of course, I relied heavily on my building committee and the expertise of many of the men but scheduling and arranging for materials fell to me. It was considerably out of my line! But we made up for it with grim determination and perseverance on the part of all. The experience helped to bring the church together as few other experiences did.

One day I was up on the scaffolding working on the ceiling when two ladies came in and asked to see the pastor. "I am he," I said, but they replied, "No, we want to see the senior minister." "I'm the only 'senior minister' we've got these days. What can I do for you?" They weren't the only ones who were taken aback by my youth. I had to rely numerous times on Paul's injunction to Timothy, "Let no man despise your youth."

Working till late at night I had little opportunity to ask Jeanette for dates. We managed to get them in sometimes after I had worked with the men or on Sunday afternoons, but it was touch and go during those hectic days. Since everybody in town knew us, we tried to find cafes out of town for late dinners. Once coming back from Shawneetown on the Ohio River, I was so sleepy I took the wrong fork in the road and wound up in the wrong town. Another time Jeanette had to keep me alert while driving for I started mumbling something about "carpets," when no carpets figured in our conversation.

Believe it or not, we began making plans for the wedding in the summer and yet I had never made any direct proposal "Would you marry me?" The mutual feeling of genuine love and confidence in following the will of God for our lives grew strong enough for us to begin acting out our hopes and dreams. I did ask Mrs. Allard for her daughter's hand and received a gracious answer. And we began tentative feelers with Mrs. Frazier about the living arrangements should we get married. Also, there was the tricky situation of the church having called me as interim as single so that I could live in the parsonage with the Fraziers. Jeanette is probably the only pastor's fiancée who had to go before the deacon body and ask for permission to marry the pastor! Some objected that two women could not live harmoniously under the same roof, but Jeanette replied, "If one cannot get along with such a gracious lady as Mrs. Frazier, they can't get along with anyone." They were finally persuaded to give it a try.

Fortunately for me, I had already in the Fall asked the church to issue an invitation to Dad to hold the Spring revival for us. That gave Mother and Dad their first opportunity to size up Jeanette. She came through with flying colors as I knew she would. We had a good revival, but the only thing I distinctly remember about it was that Dad once got put out with me for overstaying a visit with a prospective member and showing up late for the evening service. We finished the redecoration of the sanctuary, within budget, just in time for the revival.

The days until June 30th were critical days for us and for our people. The draft was calling up hundreds of men and families were gravely concerned about their departure. The early months of the war were going badly for the Allies. Much of my preaching sought to find a basis of hope and courage for our people. At the same time I was beginning to feel some pressure from those who could not understand why I did not volunteer. At the time chaplain applicants still had to have both seminary degree and three years of full-time experience (later modified to one year). But the people did not know that ruling and even telling them was hardly effective.

I do not remember when I gave Jeanette her engagement ring, but I remember that it cost about \$200 for a quarter-carat diamond, as big as I could afford on a pay-as-you-go basis. She accepted it graciously and we were on our way! By then, all the arrangements with the Fraziers and with the church had been made. Mrs. Frazier generously promised us to alternate use of the kitchen and an upstairs back bedroom as a "study" and storage.

Plans were well on their way for the Big Day. Mother and Dad and Mr. Black, then superintendent of the Louisiana Baptist Children's Home, would be coming. Jack Grey, my faithful friend and classmate at Southwestern, would be my best man. Charles, Juanita and Jeanette's sisters, Sunny and Gertrude, and brother, George, would be in the wedding party, her Aunt Ella, the maid of honor. Jeanette's Uncle Charles, of Vienna, would give her away.

Everything was set, and then it happened! Ten days before the wedding on Sunday morning during the Sunday School hour, Sunny called from Vienna to say that Jeanette was very sick from what appeared to be a spider-bite the night before. You can imagine how shook up I was and there was a sermon that had to be delivered in a few minutes. It was one of my shortest on record! At the close I hurried out the back door through my study, jumped in the Chevy and tore out for Vienna. Jeanette by then was out of danger, but she had a nasty swelling on the back of her neck. We would not know for a couple of days whether the wedding would have to be postponed. She still had some aftereffects going into the week of the wedding, but she made it through without too much trouble.

Of course, the church was full to overflowing for the wedding of the young pastor and his bride. It was the largest crowd I ever addressed in that sanctuary and all I said was "I do!" Dad was his usual masterly self with his best ceremony. The choir sang a medley of hymns, the organist played "Finlandia," and the soloist was beautiful. [*Jeanette will detail the wedding better than I*]. It was a terribly hot June day. Even the candles in the unairconditioned church slumped over from the heat. Rather than go through such a rigorous experience of a reception for the whole church in our cramped fellowship hall, we decided on just the family and wedding party for a reception at the parsonage.

I was determined to avoid the practice popular in that area known as a "chivaree", fixing up the groom's car so that it would hardly run and be a general nuisance. So, I made a deal with the local taxi driver to park my car in his garage. Then when I called he would come to the parsonage and whisk us away so that we could drive in peace to our first night on the honeymoon at Herrin, about 40 miles away. We reckoned without Jeanette's sisters. When we got to the hotel for the night, Jeanette was still in her bridal gown and we had a hilarious time trying to get her out of that beautiful gown, as Jeanette will explain in her story.

We had my two-weeks vacation for our honeymoon, but we told no one where we were going, not even her mother, which I regret to this day. We headed out through southern Illinois, stopping at beautiful Giant City State Park. The weather had moderated. A clear, blue sky and lower humidity made the first day ideal for our travel. I was so proud of my new bride that I wanted to show her off to my friends at Southwestern and in Monroe. So, our journey took us through northern Arkansas by way of Eureka Springs and on to Tulsa. Jeanette had learned to drive, but still had little experience, so I drove most of the time. But late in the afternoon I turned the wheel over to her for the stretch from western Arkansas to Tulsa. The road was rough and full of sharp turns and the setting sun was full in our faces. It was a bad time for my new bride.

We found a few friends in Ft. Worth, enjoyed the rose gardens there, and headed east to Monroe. We slipped into the back of the church that Sunday morning without alerting Mother and Dad that we were coming. An usher spotted us and took a note to Dad. He called us to the front at the end of the service to introduce his new daughter-in-law, much to Jeanette's embarrassment. We rested there a few days and drove on toward Flora, Mississippi. The Chevy was doing well with the new tires that I bought the week after Pearl Harbor. Gas rationing had not begun, but it helped to move up the date of our wedding twice, since I was afraid, we would not be able to have a honeymoon.

On Highway 80 between Monroe and Vicksburg we stopped for quite a while in the middle of the road so that Jeanette could practice backing up. (She still doesn't like it; but I'm the one whose backing seems to get us into trouble occasionally). That was how deserted the highway was in those days.

In Flora we visited her friends from the days of their living there and then drove on to Harrisburg. Oh yes, we did call from time to time to let Mother Allard know where we were. The trip was really too much for us, for Jeanette was both tired from the business of preparing for the wedding and also somewhat weak still from the spider-bite. But Jeanette forgave me and decided to stay with me anyway!

We returned to Harrisburg to find that Mother and Dad had given us both a bedroom suite and a piano as their wedding gifts. I knew it was coming and gingerly told Jeanette that I did not know about it so it would surprise her. But she never forgave me for my first lying.

Our first night in our bedroom at the parsonage was hectic. The only closet was so full of wedding gifts and Jeanette's sisters had tied up most of them with their ribbons to the hangers that we had a bad time trying to clear them. It took many weeks to sort out things and settle in to normal living. We still remember our first grocery shopping. We bought all the long-range staples plus our immediate needs to set up housekeeping. Our bill was just a little over ten dollars!

Soon after returning, Jeanette commuted to Southern Illinois at Carbondale weekly for six weeks. She stayed in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, the director of Baptist student activities there, coming home on the weekend. We had hoped that she would be able to finish her college work in about three or four quarters of study. Regrettably that was not to be. Also during that time I held a revival meeting in Herrin. In September Jeanette went to a Sunday School conference in Nashville for a week. We have joked that one of the reasons for the success of our marriage was that we were together

only three of the first ten weeks of wedded life.

Only two events stand out in the first year of our marriage. Both were revival meetings. The first in the early Spring of 1943 was led by Chester Swor. A long-time friend of both Jeanette and me, Chester was one of the most beloved student leaders of our generation. He was professor of English literature at Mississippi College, but he was in wide demand for his speaking to all kinds of youth affairs in Southern Baptist life. Crippled from an accident when he was a small child, he said once he never knew a moment free of pain. His Christlike spirit overwhelmed his handicap and hid his pain. He was truly the outstanding apostle of love of our times. When he came to First Church, Harrisburg, I was very disappointed in the lack of enthusiasm our people showed. They just did not respond to his preaching as I thought they should.

By the summer of 1943 it was clear that the War was not going to end soon. I began to feel that I had a duty to seek the chaplaincy and render what service I could. So after much prayer on our part, I applied to the Army. It so happened that at the same time my neighboring pastor at Carrier Mills, Lowell Matheny, also applied and our orders came in about the same time to report to Chaplain School at Harvard University. Our plans were for Jeanette to stay alternately with her mother and my folks while I was away for six weeks.

So, there were ushered in another big life-changing two and a half years.

Chaplain in the U. S. Army, 1943-1945

On August 6 I checked in for my physical at Scott Field, where Dr. Frazier had been serving as chaplain for two years. I weighed only 132 pounds and had to sign a waiver for being seven pounds underweight and having a history of hay fever. I bought my first uniforms and other clothing necessities there with the money the Army advanced me. I finally received orders to report to Chaplain School at Harvard University on September 25th. I was commissioned First Lieutenant with base pay of \$175/month, which was signed over to Jeanette at her mother's bank in Vienna. I do not remember how I managed for my incidental expenses while away.

Harvard was a totally new and wonderful experience for me. I have often bragged that my degree from Harvard took only six weeks! Most of the schooling had to do with orienting us into the army way of doing everything, including infantry drill every day. We chaplains drew a staff sergeant as drill master who was a strict disciplinarian. We marched to and fro on the side streets near the campus. Sometimes he would conscript one of us to give the orders. You can imagine my embarrassment when it was my turn, half scared of the sergeant and half of my peers. I marched them down the street, had them do a left turn abreast and then could not think of "About face" in time to keep them from marching headlong into a stone wall!

We lived in dormitories, four men to a suite. I drew a Northern Baptist from near Boston, a Presbyterian from South Carolina, and a Catholic chaplain from the Midwest. It was my first brush with the latter. At that stage I was especially perplexed by the Catholic chaplain. He would often go out with his buddies for drinking sessions after hours, come in late then get up before reveille and read his breviary for the day. I couldn't understand such a life style in those days when I was just emerging from my cozy Baptist ghetto. On the whole I enjoyed the relationship with my suite-mates. So many of the men smoked, much to my discomfort.

The curriculum included lectures and discussions of every phase of chaplain life. I was surprised that we were given a pocket card on which were prayers for each of the three major faiths to be used when a dying man had no chaplain of his own faith to minister to him. I thanked the officers and replied that if my own prayers didn't prove effective, I didn't think any others that did not speak my own heart would either.

We were assured that we had complete freedom to preach and conduct services in our own tradition, provided that we made provision for those men under our care who preferred other ministries. On bases in the States that was no problem for there were plenty of services available for all faiths. But it did get to be a hassle when we were overseas and securing a chaplain of another faith proved to be very difficult.

We discussed the fine line of obeying our superior officers and maintaining our religious integrity. For the most part in my tour I was blessed with sympathetic commanding officers, so I had little to worry about. However, there was one exception. One of my commanders at Camp Stewart did try something that I had to refuse. But I will note that later.

We were warned that we were fair game in any outfit to be saddled with the chore of treasurer of the officers' club. And sure enough I drew that assignment right away in my first outfit. Also, if there where was no Special Service Officers (usually a civilian employee from the YMCA or USO) available, then the chaplain was responsible for the recreational program of his men. This also I inherited once under peculiar circumstances I will relate later.

Massachusetts in the Fall was a blaze of color. When we had a day off, we would try to see as much of Boston and the surrounding area as we could. It was my first introduction to the historic sights of the city. But I especially enjoyed visiting Lexington, Concord, and Walden Pond, which Thoreau made famous with his writings. The Pond was beautiful beyond any Fall I had ever experienced. It was easy to see why Thoreau came up with such great philosophy and meditations on life.

On another occasion a buddy and I toured as far as the Old Village Inn, west of Boston on the old turnpike. Imagine our surprise at dinner that evening to recognize Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford eating at a nearby table. Of course, we had to go over and introduce ourselves to the great man and his wife, who received us graciously.

At Harvard I tried to browse the Theological library and visit the museums. The Agassiz Museum on campus was outstanding for its natural history. I have never forgotten the glass flowers designed by the famous artists, Leopold Blaschka and his son, Rudolph, the founders of the art of representing natural history objects in colored glass, in Bohemia. They are a marvel of intricate detail not only in their full natural setting but also in the various dissections showing all of their various parts.

I attended services one Sunday at the Harvard Chapel, but it was too cold and formal for this Texas preacher. We visited other nearby services, but they left no impression on me.

At the close of the six weeks we all looked forward to our orders giving our first assignments. Lowell Matheney and I, who had entered together every step of the way up to then, both received orders to anti-aircraft battalions, his near San Diego and mine at Camp Stewart, Georgia. I had less than a week to go home and get Jeanette and drive to Jessup, where we lived for about thirteen months. It was about 30 miles to the Camp so unless I was on a field trip I was able to go home most every night. We were already expecting our firstborn about the first of January, so it was a tough time for Jeanette. But we found a warm place to live in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chaffin. She was especially kind and helpful to Jeanette. Jack was the county extension agent and well respected among the area farmers. Also the Baptist church under the pastorate of Ben Scarborough was very supportive.

We spent Thanksgiving and Christmas both in Jessup with only a day off each holiday. Most of my time was spent trying to learn my 581st AA Battalion, commanded by Colonel Wilkinson of Shreveport, a fine Episcopalian. I had an office in the chapel near where we were encamped and an overnight bed in the Bachelor Officers' Quarters (BOQ). I was assigned Roger Ewell as my chaplain's assistant. He was the son of the dean of Colgate-Rochester Seminary and a good violinist. He helped with my duties at the chapel, assisted in the services with his violin and drove my jeep.

We were often on field trips, maneuvers of various kinds. The toughest was a infiltration course, where we had to crawl many yards under barbed-wire and through trenches while live machine-gun bullets flew over our heads. On one occasion just as we were beginning the course, one of those typical Georgia rainstorms flooded the course. We had to plow ahead, no matter, more fearful of drowning in a trench than of the live bullets.

Well, wouldn't you know? I was on bivouac in the field when news came that Jeanette was on her way to the hospital in Jessup. I got a hurried permission to leave the bivouac in order to be with my wife. John was almost two weeks late in arriving and Jeanette was in labor about 22 hours before he finally showed up, hale and hearty, at 2:40 A.M., January 13th, weighing in at 8 pounds, 12 ounces. Dr. Colvert did a good work with Jeanette and the baby and furthermore, he refused any payment for his services. John, you cost us less than \$100--to start with! I was so elated that, in spite of the early hour, I put in a call to a neighbor about 4 A.M. for Mrs. Allard, since she had no phone, to tell her about her first grandson. Having had five children, herself, I don't think she was all that excited! Then I had to return to Camp that morning--in order to finish my treasurer's report to the adjutant general on the Officer's Club. Such luck!

I had a seven-day leave two weeks later, at the end of which Gertrude came to help out with the new family. Life would never be the same again!

Anti-aircraft battalions were a drug on the market during those days. They seemed not to need any more in Europe for several months. So we trained and retrained, going out to the firing line several days a week to fire at targets towed by slow aircraft. Once I decided to bum a ride on the tow plane. At first it was exciting seeing the flash of the guns and watching to see if they were on target, but then it got boring doing continually figure eights over the course with the woman pilot (WAC) and her tail man who handled the targets.

Our battalion consistently recorded high grades in every phase of training, but we were still not assigned orders for overseas. So, we continued to go on bivouac and dig trenches and hope they would stand up when the tanks rolled over them to test our work. We either dug in sand or in red clay. Sand was very bad, for trenches and foxholes would not stand up under the weight of the tanks. And the clay was so hard we had to use picks to break it up. We used to say, "Let 's give this land to Hitler with the only requirement that he dig it up!"

On another bivouac Roger and I shared the same pup tent. We got in a long discussion of the meaning and relationship of faith and works in Paul and James. He came to realize that he needed a new commitment of faith to Christ. The experience had a fine effect on his service with his chaplain as a result. I regret that after the War we lost contact and it was not until a few years ago when I was in Rochester that I contacted his sister and tried to find Roger, somewhere on the West Coast. He had become alienated from the family and so both our efforts to locate him were fruit-less. I have always regretted that I did not try to keep up at least with some of the men with whom I worked during the war years. John, you went to your first church service on Sunday, February 13, when you were a month old. Since you needed a typical Baptist preacher's family start, we took you to Savannah, about 75 miles from Jesup, the next day to hear Chester Swor preach.

My activities consisted largely in making myself available to the men by visiting them in the field, in their barracks, in the hospital and stockade and generally being available for counseling on personal problems. Most of the latter were family problems or gripes they had about the military. I organized the SMCL chapter in our outfit. The Servicemen's Christian League was a kind of Bible study and discipleship training group. We had material developed by an interdenominational team that proved to be quite good, although interesting the men in such on their off hours in competition with the usual camp life was difficult.

I also organized a quartet and tried to maintain something like a choir. Because of the turnover of personnel, it was difficult to have any continuity to either. Also I had to rely on pickup men to play the organ, which was too far away in the chapel loft for me to play it and Ewell played only his violin. On one occasion I had picked up a soldier at the last minute for a Sunday service. I had time enough just to give him the order of service and then went to my office besides the altar to pray for the service. His prelude gradually filtered through to my consciousness--to my dismay. It was "Sophisticated Lady!" Try preaching after an introduction like that!

One of the shocks I got in my relations with my fellow-chaplains came when I had the camp chaplain to visit my morning service. He came early. As I often did, I invited him to share the pulpit with me and read the morning Scripture. He politely refused saying that the policy of his Missouri Synod Lutheran Church did not allow him to share the pulpit with one of another denomination. I was shocked! And he was the base chaplain! The Army exposed me to many such enlightening experiences that I never learned in school and seminary.

In May 1944, I was able to get "detached service" so that Jeanette and I could attend the Southern Baptist Convention in Atlanta. I do not remember much about it save the problem I had with the new shoes I had just bought that gave me a bad case of sore feet. Even Jeanette had trouble with her shoes also. It was my second time to be in Atlanta, for Mother and Dad and I had gone to the Baptist World Congress meeting in 1940, when we heard a great sermon by Dr. George Truett on religious liberty.

For our second wedding anniversary I had a ten-day leave that enabled us to take our new baby home to Vienna. I preached at the Vienna Baptist Church and we reveled in the compliments on our new son. Later on July 26th I received my only promotion--to captain.

I mentioned a problem with my commanding officer. Col. Wilkinson got disturbed because so few of my men were coming out to services, when we were having to hold them in the battalion mess hall instead of the chapel. He wanted me to rig up a loud-speaker system and broadcast my sermon to the whole barracks area. I couldn't believe it, but I told him that such forced religion was against my Baptist principles, and we would have to get along with those we could influence otherwise.

In the August 1944, the 581st was sent to Long Island for joint maneuvers with the Air Force at Farmingdale for six weeks. All officers were required to travel on the troop train from Camp Stewart, so I arranged for Roger to assist Jeanette in driving to Valley Stream near the airfield where our men were encamped. We lived in the home of Lt. Col. Arthur Musselman, one of our Camp Stewart staff who was just assigned to Louisiana. We shared the house with Captain Tom Sanders and his wife. Jeanette will tell you about their experiences driving through the Lincoln Tunnel and New York City.

Around the first of September a vicious hurricane stormed across the Island, wrecking all the tents of our men. Fortunately, I was able to be at home before the storm struck about midnight. Our lights went out and we heard trees crashing around us, but happily we suffered no damage. Tom and his wife had gone to a play in New York and had to spend the night for they were unable to drive through the storm until the next morning.

We returned to Camp Stewart by car with enough leave time to go on to Monroe, where I preached for Dad on October 8th. That was John's "showtime" to the folks at my home. Weren't we fortunate to be able to visit both homes during John's first year? But we were not so lucky in the weather on returning to Camp, for we caught the tail end of another hurricane that swept up the Georgia coast. We opened my chapel to house about a hundred civilian refugees from the

storm.

By then we knew that our overseas orders would be soon. We took no chances, so at Thanksgiving we set up a small Christmas tree in the living room of the Warren Smiths where we were then living and had our first Christmas with John at home. It was the first of many celebrations we have had in life that did not agree with the customary calendar. The Smiths were a remarkable couple, she was a great cook. We used to marvel at the ease with which she could fix a huge meal for eight or ten of us and never miss a beat in the conversation. She had a dinner honoring John Haldeman, one of my classmates from Southwestern, who was pastor at Brunswick. He was delayed and after an hour with no word from him she went on with the meal as though nothing had happened. The meal was great. (John later confessed that he had forgotten the appointment).

In late December, our orders finally came through. We said goodbye very tearfully to our families and boarded the troop train for a camp near Newark, New Jersey. Jeanette had arranged for her brother Ray to come and help her drive home to Vienna with John. We had little hope for any communication until I arrived wherever we were going (still only known to our commander).

On Christmas Eve we boarded another train for a short ride to the docks where we trudged onto the troopship, the AT George Washington, with all our personal belongings in our duffle bags and on our backs. Talk about "everyman must bear his own pack load" (Gal. 6.5). That was it!

We chaplains were ordered to report to the army transport chaplain assigned permanently to our ship. We discovered to our dismay that the day before he had undergone oral surgery and was not available for the trip. When we compared dates of commissioning the lot fell to me as senior chaplain. So it was my duty to organize the chaplains and arrange for both religious services and coordinate recreational activities on board with almost 6,000 men. For the next 14 days I was a very busy man.

We steamed out of New York harbor completely buttoned down. No one but crew was allowed on deck because of war-time security. Can you imagine not even saying goodbye to the Statue of Liberty! We joined a huge convoy of so many ships we could not even estimate. We were protected on the crossing by destroyers and other escort ships. Occasionally we were alarmed by their dropping of depth charges in scaring away enemy submarines. Our progress was limited by the speed of the many slow Liberty ships that could only manage about 12-15 knots. On the way we ran into a heavy storm and many of our men got seasick. Fortunately, I was spared, I think largely due to the heavy schedule of work that I had. I organized and directed a soldier's choir that sang numerous times for our services. The chaplains took turns on duty at an office for consultations, and in general we tried to make ourselves available to the men for counseling. As we approached the coast of England, where the danger from submarines increased greatly the troop commander came on the PA to reassure us: "Don't worry, men, this ship has never been sunk yet!" Fine, fine.

The old AT Geo. Washington had been a luxury liner built by the Germans before the first World War. It was captured by the Americans and converted into a troop ship and even had the honor of conveying President Woodrow Wilson to the Paris Peace Conference. It served between the wars again as a luxury ship until being refitted as a troop ship in time for the likes of us. It was originally a coal-burner, but had been converted to oil. Its ponderous engines throbbed constantly for fourteen days until we finally rounded Land's End and made our way into the great harbor of South Hampton.

Six Months of Overseas Duty

[This section was written entirely from memory, after which Jeanette and I discovered the box containing our war-time correspondence. Both of us have enjoyed rereading them, and I have used them to supplement and correct my memory. That accounts for the length of this section, but it is justified in that you have only heard snatches of it].

On January 9th, 1944, the day of our landing in South Hampton, we received our vehicles and convoyed some fifty miles to Aldermaston, a little village halfway between Reading and Newbury in Berkshire, west of London. Our companies were encamped near the airfield nearby, but our Headquarters' company was assigned to the Manor House at Aldermaston. It was reputed to be the headquarters of Eisenhower when the planning for D-Day invasion took place. However, we never got any confirmation of that.

The Manor House, where all the officers lived, was spacious and historic. It was originally built in 1636 by Baron Humphrey Forster, who was the High Sheriff of the county. The site, near the Kennet River, had been royal lands and had manor houses of various knights all the way back to the Norman Conquest in the Eleventh Century. Regrettably the great old House of Forster burned to the ground in 1843 during the residency of William Congreve. However, the unusual

multiple stacks of chimneys from the original house, that are unique to Aldermaston, was spared together with the great hall and staircase. The last squire to occupy the Manor, Charles Keyser, died in 1929, and the property reverted to the crown. It is now used as a conference center, and Jeanette and I had lunch there on our trip in 1985.

As was the custom the parish church was built and maintained by the lord of the Manor. The church and its cemetery occupied an honored place in a beautiful grove of trees not far from the Manor. The building was very ancient, its north wall dating from Norman times and made of huge stones some four feet in width. The rickety pulpit dates from Elizabethan times. The small church, with a capacity of less than two hundred, had a remarkable old "tracker" organ that was pumped by a slightly crippled teenager who rode his bike a long way to services. He pumped with one hand, held the hymnal with the other and sang every hymn. I always got a kick out of him and the organist singing lustily as they pumped and played the organ.

The old vicar, Rev. Newham, visited me as soon as we arrived and insisted that I preach every Sunday that we were stationed there. He led the liturgy and this brash, Texas preacher climbed the rickety stairs into the ancient pulpit and tried to overcome the cold and the numbness of the sparse audience as I preached. However, my letters note that at one service there were about fifty citizens and over a hundred soldiers present and gave me a good hearing. I made it a point to get to the church early so that I could watch the seven bell-ringers "ring the changes" on the eight bells (a complete "G" scale) in the front vestibule of the church. If they ring the whole series possible, it takes over five thousand changes and more than three hours to do (the record on the wall listed the eight dates the complete change had been done).

We had hardly settled in before we got orders to move the whole battalion to Scotland to help load the wounded from the Battle of the Bulge aboard the two Queens, Mary and Elizabeth, to return them to the States. We made the trip by train and were placed in a temporary camp near Paisley, just across the Clyde River from Glasgow. It was a very cold winter and even though we were in Quonset huts (metal buildings with a half-round roof and about 50 feet long) at least we were not in tents.

Each building had a small charcoal stove in the middle, but its warmth hardly reached the end of the hut, where my canvas cot was. I bought extra comforter and piled on my overcoat in addition to my regular cover and still had a hard time staying warm at night. It got to 16 below one night.

One humorous thing happened to the men related to me. When they were carrying one wounded soldier to the ship they recognized him as one of our men in Camp Stewart who had bucked mightily to avoid going overseas with us. He and others wore out a triangle path, from the surgeon to the service officer, who could investigate their home needs, to my office, trying everything to get out. He got out alright, but he was put in an infantry pool, sent overseas before we were, fought in the Battle of the Bulge, got trench foot (the main disabler of that campaign) and was being shipped back to the States. And we had not even been in action yet!

Many of our men were housed in big warehouses near the docks while they were on duty. They lived on the upper floors, while British troops and their mess hall and kitchen were on the lower floors. The British cooked primarily with mutton fat, whose aroma kept our men so queasy they hardly had appetite to eat.

Duty chores were not all that heavy and demanding, so we had time to sightsee. Nearby our camp was the ancient Crookston Castle, whose ruins were most interesting. I learned as much about the Castle as I could and frequently took groups of GIs on tour. We also visited some of the Glasgow sights, mainly the University and the theaters for very second-rate vaudeville shows. The USO arranged for us in twos and threes to be invited into private homes for a meal. My fine couple instead took us to the symphony and to their very fashionable business club for a "typical Scottish meal." I made it fine until the blood pudding came along. That was too much.

One Sunday (I don't recall why I had a pass then) some of us took a bus tour to Loch Lomond. The day before we had had a heavy snow that clung to every twig of the trees. I have never seen anything quite so radiantly beautiful under a winter sun in a clear, blue sky. It was truly a winter wonderland. Jeanette and I have been back to Loch Lomond twice, but each time the weather has been dreary, much to my disappointment. I also had a three-day pass to Edinburgh and Stirling Castle, which impressed me greatly and gave me the itch to return some day.

We were greatly impressed with the friendliness of the Scot people, their courage and their quiet endurance of war-time hardships. The worst effect we noted was that many of the women had scurvy, which disfigured their legs, due to the lack of any Vitamin C in their diets. But we seldom saw any overweight people. Since coal and charcoal were severely rationed, most of them lived in heavy clothing even in their homes.

We were soon back in Aldermaston for our final maneuvers and training before shipping out to France. I had at least two lovely dinners in the Newhams' vicarage and learned that Mrs. Newham was the daughter of a British colonel, born while he was in a high government position in India. Both of them were well educated and excellent conversationalists. The

vicar regularly beat me at chess. Such contacts with the citizens of both England and Scotland provided a great compensation for being away from family and home. I was, indeed, very fortunate.

Also, I got a three-day pass to sightsee in London. It was quite a shock to see the devastation of the bombing on the one hand contrasted with the determined effort of the people to maintain some semblance of normality in their lives. I visited Spurgeon's famous Metropolitan Tabernacle, only to find that services were being held in the basement for the upper part was almost a total ruin. St. Paul's Cathedral was a marvel in being spared so miraculously while the rest of the inner City was hardly livable. The beautiful church, St. Martin's in the Fields, the Queen's chapel near the British Museum and Trafalgar Square, had a remarkable military service when I visited. Our breath fogged so that we could hardly see the minister in the high pulpit. I got a kick out of flying with an Air Force chaplain over Windsor Castle and southern England. Even in the dead of winter the scenery was beautiful.

By early March we had received orders to move across the Channel with the obvious purpose of being sent into action soon. We crossed in LSTs on March 9th and landed in LeHavre. Although we had seen much of the bombing destruction in London, we still were not prepared to see whole towns and villages standing in bare ruins. Our convoy took us to a staging area in Normandy, where we camped in tents for a couple of days. By that time the Allies had pushed the Germans back to the Rhine, so we guessed that it would not be long before anti-aircraft would be needed again.

On Tuesday, March 12, our long convoy headed north, we knew not where, except for the Colonel, Joseph Howe. We drove in slow convoy night and day. By early morning of the second day Ewell and I were riding tail as usual on our Headquarters' company, heading through Belgium, when we had a flat. We were on a deserted road across from a farmhouse. Two small children came out and began trying to talk with us while we changed tires. Soon their mother came out, saw our plight and motioned for us to come in. We hesitated, for we were under orders not to fraternize, even with friendly citizens, for that would delay us. But we were cold and hungry and couldn't resist the warm invitation. The lady invited us in, sat us down to what remained of breakfast and began frying real eggs and bacon for us (!). Just as we feared an MP drove up, saw our deserted jeep and knocked on the farmhouse door. The lady charmed him beyond his will and he came and joined us. It took some pretty heavy driving to catch up with our convoy, but we made it by mid-afternoon.

Dark had settled in for several hours as we traveled in blackout conditions. Suddenly I realized that we were going entirely too fast to be in convoy. Besides that, we were headed full speed toward Cologne, whose bombing fires lit up the horizon. At the next village I found six of our trucks and men stopped in the center of town with their drivers talking to an MP. On inquiry I discovered that I was the only officer there, so I was responsible for deciding what to do. The MP had not heard of the 581st, but he knew where the Corps Headquarters were and offered to take us there. How he found the way in blackout over those narrow winding roads I do not know, but we arrived about two in the morning. The officer on duty did not know where we belonged, but he arranged for us to bed down in a barn nearby, where we finally got a little fitful sleep.

Early the next morning Colonel Howe showed up looking for us. We were mightily relieved to see him after being lost most of the night. Soon our convoy was back under way and we were headed for the Rhine at the little town of Kripp, about two miles upriver from Remagen, whose bridge had been crossed by troops of the Third Army just a few days before. The bridge was still standing, though badly damaged. The Engineers had worked feverishly to put pontoon bridges across by then, so there was a steady stream of armored and infantry troops crossing over.

I will never forget our first night, Friday, March 16th, when our guns were in action. We were a part of a massive buildup of anti-aircraft protecting the bridgehead. There were eighteen battalions of 40-mm guns like ours and six battalions of 90-mm guns, plus a British barrage balloon outfit. Whenever an enemy plane came near the whole area lit up with tracer bullets and flares. It was bigger than any Fourth of July celebration I had ever seen. The next day in Kripp, where our Headquarters had commandeered several houses for our quarters, I heard a loud noise and soon learned that the Ramagen Bridge had finally fallen in. Although it was sad that twenty-two Americans were lost, its fall did little to slow the Allies advance, for the pontoon bridges took up the slack and then some. The Ludendorf Bridge was crossed by the Ninth Armored Division on March 7th when they discovered to their surprise that it was the only Rhine bridge the Germans failed to blow up in their retreat. It stood for ten days and enable the first Allied beachhead on the East bank of the Rhine. We regularly shot down the British balloons--no way to avoid it--but the British didn't mind the hard work of daily replacement, for they were happy that they were living on American chow, which was much superior to theirs. For the first week we sustained a fair amount of bombardment by long range guns of the enemy, who were just a few miles to the northeast of us.

One day I was standing besides the main road leading to one of the pontoon bridges at Kripp watching a convoy pass when I recognized Chaplain Lowell Matheney, the pastor from Carrier Mills with whom I entered the chaplaincy. He had been transferred to an armored battalion and had already seen plenty of action. As we stood talking several incoming

shells landed not far away. When he heard the whine of the shells he quickly dove into a hole beside the building where we were. I was surprised and asked him why he had so suddenly taken cover. I had always heard that it was too late to take cover when you heard the whine of shells. He said, "When you have been in action as long as we have, you just automatically react however you can. You never know when the next barrage might come in." That was about as close a call with shells as I had, but you are never sure of being out of danger under any circumstances even if the guns are not firing. Our men seemed to conduct themselves with fine courage and efficiency, although with barrage fire they never knew whether or not they were responsible for any downed enemy aircraft. Some of our gun emplacements were on the high hills on the opposite of the River. Under battle conditions, of course, I could not get the men together for any services. So Roger and I took our field organ and his violin to as many gun sites as possible and held brief Bible and prayer services for them, no matter what their religious preference. Interesting how such conditions wipe out completely all historic and human differences and show how irrelevant most of them really are. On Easter, 1945, I conducted five services during the day at various sites where men could gather, including the "R & R" place at a small town upstream from Kripp, called Nieder Breisig. Ewell had made up a violin trio and one of my officers went to several of the services to sing solos--very helpful. In the service in a town hall one of my men arranged the stage with "four large palms," two big bouquets of cut flowers and other things that made for a lovely setting for worship. I tried to make myself available to talk with our men under all kinds of conditions and try to help any personal or family problems. It was striking that they had fewer gripes than they had digging foxholes in the States.

The 581st was also fortunate in not losing any men to enemy action. We lost one man to a foolish accident. He was out roaming around, found a deserted helmet and shot his M-1 at it. The ricochet caught him in the stomach and he died very quickly. Roger and I rode the truck with his body to the nearest American cemetery in Belgium and had a simple service at the grave. I was given "Graves Registration" duty several times when I would go across the River and accompany a detachment of men collecting the dead bodies of both sides, recording their remains and seeing that they were shipped back to stations for burial. It was not a pleasant duty, but one which was still needed.

[The following quote from one of my letters gives some insight into the religious situation we encountered and the reaction of many of our men]

"Lots of my men are remarking about the many evidences of the religious nature of these people. They seem surprised, and no wonder, when they thought all along that Germany was exactly like the Nazi party. There are plenty of proofs that the Nazis couldn't stifle the Lutheran and Catholic churches (I have no way of knowing about any evangelical churches). They tried hard enough. In some of the homes where there were crucifixes and other religious pictures on the walls, the Nazis had tacked a small picture of a death's head with the inscription 'Death to the Believer of this.' Other men are asking why the Germans followed such a heathen as Hitler if they were so religious. That is a harder question to answer. However, it is apparent that by no means all the Germans were deceived by Hitler's religion on Blood and soil. And those who were deceived and later awoke were by then so strongly entrained by his clutches there was no escape. Just another case of the innocent suffering with the guilty. Another thing, the forces of right always suffer an initial defeat from those of evil by virtue of the latter's more powerful organization and resources and use of unscrupulous means." Then I asked Jeanette to try to find books and magazine articles that would throw light on religion under Hitler.

The battle lines soon moved away from us, the speed of the Third Army picked up and now our men were no longer needed as anti-aircraft. Most of our truck drivers and others with even a modicum of experience were assigned to the "Red Ball Freight," hauling supplies and ammunition to the front to try to keep up with the rapid advance. The hauling still had to be done at night in blackout and it was very dangerous. I volunteered to ride with some of our men on one of their hauls. Soon after we reached our destination one night, a shell landed in an ammunition dump which went up with a tremendous blast, killing several men, but none of ours. Needless to say, I found duties closer to Headquarters after that!

By early April we had been moved as far as Kassel, one of the great cities that suffered saturation bombing by the Allies. We found a place for Headquarters in an abandoned home of the local Lutheran pastor. One day a corporal in the office showed me the German Bible that had been left behind. On inspecting it, I discovered to my amazement that the book of Esther had been ripped out. I recalled that Hitler had ordered all loyal pastors to tear the book out for he did not approve the story of another abortive effort to annihilate the Jews! The corporal gave the Bible to me and it is the most prized book in my library.

On April 12th we learned of the death of President Roosevelt. It was hard for us to accept it, for most of our men had grown up knowing no other American president. We tried to speculate on the future under Truman, but at that point our crystal ball was too cloudy to give any hope.

I was able to get a three-day pass to see Paris on April 18th. I stayed in an elegant hotel overlooking the Place de la Concorde which had been taken over as a Red Cross Club--\$2 a day for room and meals with the permanent staff of the

hotel. Most of the great sights were to be seen only from the outside, for the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower and others were closed. I even got to attend a service in the Baptist Church on the Champs-Élysées, and enjoyed the music, but understood little of the rest. On the day of the performance I was able to buy a ticket for "Rigoletto" at the Paris Opera for the immense sum of \$1.85. And the seat was on the fifth row of the orchestra. Try that in New York! It was a rare treat.

The trip to the Palaces at Versailles and Trianon were memorable. It was both awesome and depressing to walk into the great hall where the Paris Peace Treaty had been signed, which contributed so largely to the conditions that brought on World War II. It seems mankind seldom learns that wars create as much problems as they resolve in international relations.

V-E Day caused a great celebration on the part of all in our outfit. But we were sobered by the uncertainties of what the immediate future would be. It would be several weeks before even those with the greatest number of "points" (accrued by overseas duty, battle action and wounds) would be getting to go home. The rest of us glumly looked forward to occupation duty--and that under strict non-fraternizing policies.

I have recorded in Memoirs one of the most memorable experiences of the days that immediately followed V-E Day, when we held services in one of the village churches. April was my best month as far as total attendance at services went: 639 were present in all kinds of difficult circumstances. By now it was getting easier to schedule services for each battery, for their schedule was more dependable and they usually stayed closer together than formerly. My letters frequently mentioned how beautiful we found the countryside, the autobahns with their absence of billboards, and the neatly kept farms. Since the farmers for the most part lived in the villages and drove their oxen or horses to and from their fields, it was easier for them to keep the country so neat. We couldn't understand why people could not be satisfied with such a beautiful and prosperous country and seemed always greedy for more. Some of us organized a trip to Buchenwald, near Weimar, to see the concentration camp just a week after it was liberated after V-E Day. I cannot begin to describe the total misery we witnessed as we toured the camp that was still almost full of pitiful men, both Jews and Gentiles -- men from more than a dozen countries. Our guide was a young man from Holland. We saw the gas chambers and I retrieved a piece of bone ash to forever remind me of the horrors of that "final solution." The process of removing the men to refugee camps was progressing as fast as possible, but it was agonizingly slow for the majority. From my letter home: "I never fully appreciated the terrific weight of meaning to the word 'oppressed' until I came over here. One of the worst feelings I had was the sense of helplessness to do anything for the thousands of people we saw there."

We had a couple of division chaplains' conference in Bad Neuheim, a resort town with hot mineral baths very much like our Hot Springs, Arkansas. The conferences helped to improve our relationships for chaplains and their assistants, but it did little for our morale. The division chaplain informed us that unless we moved as a unit few of us chaplains could count on going home anytime soon.

We were stationed at Weidenhausen for slightly over a month, doing little more than garrison duty. It looked more and more like our outfit was headed for occupation duty, which would have involved us for a year or two more in Germany. There was even talk about the possibility of bringing our families over to live with us when things settled down more.

The batteries organized a baseball tournament, which generated a lot of enthusiasm and worked off a lot of steam. My schedule of services was still very heavy -- five or six each Sunday. We reactivated our SMCL chapter with good results. At the same time, I had many conferences helping soldiers with problems at home. Generally speaking, the attitude of the men toward our services and toward the chaplain was as good as I could hope for under the circumstances. I found many opportunities for some real progress, even to helping some make decisions for Christ.

You can imagine my surprise on June 15th when I received orders to transfer to the Eighth Infantry Medical Battalion. I had six hours notice to make the transfer. The Eighth Army, which had seen a tremendous amount of action since landing in France on D-Day, was being returned to the States for retraining for the invasion of Japan. After almost two years with the men of the 581st I hated to leave them, but then the opportunity to return to my family for even a brief time was beyond belief (I had only seven points of the minimum of 50 needed to return). Believe it or not, Roger balked at going with me when I offered to have him transferred. I finally talked him into it, telling him that "We never know what might happen. We might get back and have something happen that would knock us out of going." But he said, "That's well and good, but here we have houses to live in, and when we get to Japan, we will be digging foxholes again and being shot at!" But he went, nevertheless.

I joined the Eighth Medical Battalion again in a camp in Normandy as we waited almost two weeks for a ship to take us home. Imagine our joy on boarding ship to find that we were on a new troop ship that had as much modern conveniences as could be found on such then. Of course, we no longer needed to sail in convoy, and our fast ship was able to make the crossing in less than a week. But not without incident. We ran into a severe storm. I do not think it would have bothered me except that along with a couple of dozen other men we were in sick bay for at least three days with the worst case of

diarrhea I have ever had. When you put those two together you have got the makings of a very bad case of illness. Fortunately, we recovered in time to hail the good old USA on July 5th at Norfolk, Virginia. It was a glorious sight.

Many of us will never forget the slow train that took us from the docks to Fort Patrick Henry for our first staging. As we moved slowly through the city, we all hung out the windows gawking at the natives and the scenery. One GI hollered "Whoeee, they must have surrendered before the enemy got here!" Most of us were amazed to see good-looking women, but then for the first time in months we were seeing fat people again. At the Fort, we were given our first big meal on returning--a great chicken dinner with everything included, even a quart of real milk apiece! Of course, we fought each other for places in line to call home as soon as we could. My orders were to report to Fort Sheridan, just west of Rockford, Illinois, where I would receive my thirty-day leave and orders for my next assignment. The train to Rockford was impossibly slow. A couple of transfers and 36 hours and finally I was there.

The next day I was on my way to Carbondale, where Jeanette and John met me very early in the morning. We got a room at a hotel close by and rested up and got reacquainted for a few hours before going to Vienna.

Summary of Report to the HMB Chaplaincy Division

The Chaplaincy Division sent us on our discharge a questionnaire asking us to comment on various practices and problems we may have encountered during our service. I am summarizing it here, for I think you will see two important results of my military experience: 1) It was a life-changing experience and 2) it foreshadowed many of my future concerns and emphases.

The first problem I addressed was concerning the observance of the ordinances. There was no compulsion by the military to follow any practice that would violate our policies or our conscience. However, many of us Southern Baptists were still strongly influenced by our very conservative upbringing. I decided to play it safe and ask my home church, Monroe, to authorize me to baptize and conduct the Supper, for as we thought then the ordinances were the sole responsibility of the local church. They granted me authority to baptize into the fellowship of my local church, with of course, the right to transfer such membership on the part of the candidate whenever such was desired. But they would not give me the right to conduct the Supper.

I gave much thought and prayerful study to the question and decided that it was the Lord's Table to be approached solely in memory of him. I found nothing in the New Testament that justified withholding of the Supper from any baptized believer (although my tradition limited such to those who were baptized by immersion without reliance on it for salvation, as was true of the Campbellites). The New Testament seemed to hold to only these qualifications: 1) a group of baptized believers meeting together for that specific purpose; 2) a spiritual understanding of the Supper; and 3) proper spiritual preparation and motives in receiving it. As I observed other practices, I was struck with the fact that some other denominations seemed to lay more stress upon the spiritual experience than we Baptists did. I concluded that "it is primarily a communion of the believer with his Lord. He must satisfy his own conscience before the Lord that he understands the deep meaning of the Supper and that he has confessed all present sin to Christ and received cleansing therefrom. The act of partaking does not impart grace, but it gives to the believer an opportunity of partaking deeply of Christ in a most meaningful way. It is an act of worship that none can afford to neglect." On that last point I could not go along with my extremist Baptist theologians who taught that the Supper was not an act of worship!

Anticipating the move toward a more ecumenical stance, I concluded "If I deny to any sincere believer the same privilege which I enjoy, then I am no longer a Baptist -- I am not even Christian." So, what did I do? "For these reasons, then, I felt justified in observing the Supper as an act of worship twice with my men overseas when there was no opportunity for them to worship in churches of their own faith, and twice aboard troop-ship, assisting other chaplains. I was never called on to administer the Supper individually or collectively in circumstances which would be interpreted as preparation for death or battle.

The next problem was that of ecumenical cooperation. "For many years I followed the usual practice of Baptists in boycotting any interdenominational organization and effort. *[Dad was a vigorous opponent of any ecumenical endeavor and believed the then Federal Council of Churches was practically of the devil]*. I am convinced that such a method is hardly Christian and that it has had no beneficial effect upon the organization in question or upon the purity of our own faith. . . I am not and never will be in favor of organic union of the churches. *[Witness the subtitle of my book, 'A Model Other than Structural Union']* But I believe that cooperation within a large group of evangelical churches will not destroy our individuality or our responsibility to make our own Baptist contribution to the world. In fact, I believe that we can and should exert the full force of our mighty principles within such a cooperative group."

You can see foreshadowing of our present predicament in this: "One great weakness of Baptists has been that we could never live or work with people we didn't like or who didn't conform to our beliefs and practices to the end of winning them to our way of life. In short, we have acted very much like the Elder Brother in the story of the Prodigal, who pouted because his father took in his wayward brother. Or we have crawled off under our own vine and sulked because the Lord did not summarily destroy those whom we have felt a 'divine urge' to condemn."

I addressed our traditional Baptist social stance. "The program of social reform of Baptists writes its own commentary: it has failed. The reasons are not far to seek. We have been content with tilting at the windmill by writing and proclaiming resolutions. We have satisfied our conscience with regard to civic righteousness with our campaigns for prohibition and local option and an occasional drive against certain other evils. While I do not say that we should not try to legislate for righteousness, I believe that we have failed because we have thought that method sufficient and effective. Meanwhile we have nullified the one power for genuine reform, the power of Christ to change human nature through redeeming love, by our self-righteous withdrawal from and condemnation of the man in his sin."

On the matter of social drinking: "I still believe that the only safe way to handle any poison is to leave it completely alone. . . And here is the change in my thinking: the sins of the spirit are much more dangerous and more common among church members than are the sins of the body."

Finally, I commented on my first relations with Catholics. I was put off in most of my relations with their chaplains, with whom I found it difficult to work. But for the first time I came to know individual Catholic laymen who demonstrated both a loyalty to their church and its traditions while at the same time demonstrating a genuine spiritual relationship with the Lord. The captain in charge of our motor pool was the finest example of such and I relied on him frequently to conduct prayer services for Catholic men when their chaplain was unavailable. It was a small seed, but it later bore much fruit in my work 25 years later.

In conclusion I observed how glad I was to be back in Kingdom service where I had a stable body of believers to support me and to do the main work of the King. There was so much turnover of personnel, so little opportunity to train lay leaders, and so frustrating any worthwhile continuing ministry to individuals that I was happy to return to my deacons, WMU, cranky choir members. I learned anew to love them all, warts and all!

Transition to Civilian Life

The first week of my four-weeks leave was highlighted by the wedding of Sunny and Robert Wheeler in the church at Vienna. It was a delightful affair that resulted in a beautiful family and a marriage of 45 years until Bob had a fatal heart attack in 1986.

We decided to spend most of the rest of the month at a camp we learned about on Current River in southeast Missouri. We took Mother Allard along for the first week, during which Mother and Dad drove up from Monroe for a few days, after which they took Mrs. Allard home with them for a visit.

The camp was nothing more than several cabins near the river. We had no radio and even the newspaper came a day late, courtesy of the manager. The Big Spring that was the source of the River was not far away, so the current in front of our place was very cold and clear as crystal. No depth was hidden it was so clear. John had a ball sitting in the shallows and playing with the rocks and sticks. I got a great picture of him that I later enlarged in my own darkroom that I later devised.

As I recorded in Memoirs the most notable event was the news of the dropping of the atom bomb on the two cities of Japan. Read Memoirs to see my dilemma over that historic event. Even though the War was not over we could see that the end was near. We knew we were headed for my 8th Army at Fort Leonard Wood in middle Missouri and we knew that we would not be going to Japan, but we had no idea how long our service would be. Meanwhile the experience of being together as family for three weeks was heaven indeed. We will ever be grateful to God and the Army for that privilege.

I reported back to the 8th Medical Battalion about the middle of August. We found a nice little cottage in Lebanon that we occupied for about three months. About the only thing I remember of those days was arranging a darkroom for developing my own pictures. I used my Agfa camera that I had bought from a GI in Germany for \$50 as an enlarger and had a lot of fun working with the pictures that we made of Current River. First Baptist Church in Lebanon was a good church with a fine pastor. He was highly respected for his wisdom and his graciousness in ministering to soldiers and civilians alike. One very stormy Sunday evening he looked out over us in the congregation and said, "I don't know why you are here. If you weren't paying me, I wouldn't be here." We loved his honesty!

Life was difficult during those days. There was frustration over the very little that chaplains could do when men were

more interested in forcing their future civilian life onto their present military life. There was constant uncertainty about what the future of our Battalion would do now that the War was over. It was the closest I ever came to having what we use to call a "nervous breakdown." The constant love of my wife, the joy in my young son, the occasional jaunts into the beautiful lakes country, these things kept me sane. We thought much about what God wanted us to do when the discharge finally came. But we had few answers during those days.

Sometime in late November the General announced at a great mustering of all troops that the 8th Army was being deactivated. He revealed that had the War continued we were destined to be a part of the troops to invade Japan just north of Tokyo. Soon all of us were receiving our immediate orders. Mine were to report for detached duty to Camp Gruber outside Muskogee, Oklahoma, on November 26th.

I found an apartment in what Jeanette has described as "the haunted house," since it was so run down and drear.

We spent the remaining weeks of the year in limbo. There was nothing to do at Camp and little of interest in the town. First Baptist Church, though, had a remarkable bachelor layman, named Brother Wilkerson, who took on the task of helping service personnel in a remarkable and interesting way. We had parties at his home and enjoyed the fellowship of many of his fellow members.

The only thing I remember about Christmas was that we had a very small tree and I splurged and gave Jeanette a portable Singer Sewing Machine. By John's second birthday I was beginning application for discharge on the basis of being superfluous. It was not hard to prove for on one Sunday at the main Protestant service at the Camp we had a total of fifteen chaplains and five enlisted men present. All the men took off for the weekend to spend with their families and attend civilian services if they were so inclined.

We had Christmas leave in Vienna. On January 3rd, I returned alone to Camp Gruber, where I found orders to report to the Separation Center at Camp Grant, Illinois. I stayed in Muskogee winding up affairs and preached at First Church on Sunday morning. That afternoon I caught the train for Camp Grant. There on January 8th, 1946, I received my full discharge, 2 years, 4 months and 12 days after entering service. I caught the night train for Carbondale, where Jeanette met me alone at 5:30 in the morning, having left John with Grandmother.

Dr. Frazier and others had counseled me urgently to stay in the Reserve. However, I did not know how that would compromise my vacation time from any pastorate to spend with my family. I was fed up with the military and wanted no part of it. If I had stayed in I would no doubt have had to return to duty during the Korean War with all of the displacement of family and ministry that would have entailed. But, of course, I could have advanced even as far as colonel in the ranks. I could have used that extra income during the days of you children's college education, and it would have added now to my other annuities. But I do not regret the decision, for it was the healthiest at the time.

I had 30-day leave time before I was officially out of the Army on February 7th. After a brief stay in Vienna we made a trip to Monroe, where I preached for Dad and revealed our plans to enter Southern Seminary to do graduate work. After returning to Vienna briefly we soon left for Kentucky on January 29th to enter the next big stage of our family life--graduate work at Southern and pastoring in Brandenburg, Kentucky.

Life in Brandenburg and Study in Louisville

In my Memoirs I there is a brief account of these three years and its big impact on my life. I will try to fill that in a bit with what I can recall, for I no longer have any diary or letters that would prompt my memory. I did find a few church records.

We found a small apartment in Charleston, Indiana, just across the Ohio from Louisville. Soon I was hard at work in the library of the Seminary learning without any tutor enough German to pass the entrance requirement on languages. Besides the biblical languages they required two modern languages, and I only had French in Baylor.

I had been there only a few days when Dr. Hugh Peterson, the dean of students, came into the library and asked me if I would like to preach the next Sunday at Phillips Memorial in Brandenburg, about fifty miles down river from Louisville. I was so overwhelmed with his effort to help this "transfer" that I forgot to ask him if they had a pastor or if he was away or ill. Imagine our surprise when we arrived at the stately old brick church on Sunday morning and found things quite different. It was about thirty minutes before Sunday School when I walked in the main entrance. Immediately I was hit by one member and then another, trying to tell me what each wanted in the new pastor. Hold everything! I didn't even know they were pastorless. So, in spite of myself, I was preaching a trial sermon. There were about 75 present for morning services and about 50 in the evening. Anyway, they must have been in a hurry, for they issued me a call the next

Wednesday night, provided I would move on the field.

The following Sunday we went to Harrisburg, where I had a previous appointment to preach. The next day we returned to Brandenburg and I finally met with the pulpit committee. We worked out the simple arrangements for us to live in the parsonage across the street from the church. Their meager salary (\$133/ month) added to the \$165/month I was drawing as a GI student from the government. But together with the parsonage, which was only barely adequate in kitchen furnishings, we felt that we could live reasonably well. I did not like the idea of driving 100 miles a day four days a week to school, but we were so grateful to have a place of ministry that we did not complain. So the next Sunday, February 17, 1946, I began three years of my preaching and Jeanette's pastoring while I studied.

Life on the Ohio was also quite a change from my rearing, even though it had been on the Ouachita River. Brandenburg occupied two high hills with the main street running a couple of hundred feet down between the two and ending in the River. It was quite steep and was hazardous in the winter. We had a wooden stairway behind the parsonage that led to the middle of town, but we seldom walked it. One winter the Ohio almost completely froze over. Great chunks of ice blocked river traffic. Some daredevils tried crossing the river on the ice. From the bluff at the end of the street, where Harold and Alta lived part of their days, we had a grand view of the River and the beautiful lush fields across in Indiana. Picnics there and at the Price's ante-bellum home on the River in the summer were always delightful.

There were some 75 ex-chaplains returning for graduate work that year. So even our seminars were sizable classes. When I had my initial interview with Dr. W. Hersey Davis, he outlined in a very brief agenda what was expected of those of us who chose the "Greek route" in the New Testament. We were to attend all his undergraduate courses as auditors and his seminar as participants. After I had qualified in German we were to pair off with a buddy and read the Greek New Testament for a minimum of two hours a day. Then we were to work through the huge (1208 pages!) A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research, written by his predecessor, A. T. Robertson, and look up every scripture reference in the Greek Testament. That little chore took me two and a half years! Besides that, we had eight other major grammatical and lexical books that needed to be mastered in preparation for the oral examination, besides being able to read at sight any passage in the Greek Testament.

I was very fortunate in gaining as my buddy Vaudrey (Bob) Sears, who had a pastorate and commuted from a small town in southern Indiana. He was easy to work with, but a sharp student who caught my slightest mistakes as we read to each other.

Each of us had a small cubicle in the library for our work. The whole library moved while we were there and we moved an additional time or two. It was confining, but necessary.

One of the surprises I got when I first started to class at Southern was the quite different culture from that of Southwestern. I could hardly believe what I was seeing when Dr. Davis walked into the undergraduate class in New Testament and all the students stood and cheered. Then, again, when a student was called on to recite, one always stood and addressed the professor with deep respect. It was a far cry from the boisterous, sometimes critical, ways of the southwest that I had been used to.

We were encouraged to select our dissertation theme early so that we might gain some resources before the actual time of writing. In those days we had to pass our oral exam before we began full-time work on the thesis. I became interested in the unusual variety of word order in the New Testament, so I took that to Dr. Davis as a possibility. His gruff response was "You wouldn't want to be an old man by the time you finish, would you?" So, I changed to my long-time interest in word study.

Since I still had much of my Dad's eschatological teaching in me that needed examining, I chose the three Greek words for the Second Coming of Christ: *parousia*, "coming" or "arrival"; *epiphaneia*, "appearing"; and *apocalyptos*, "revealing." I thought that when I had finished, I would have "mastered" the book of Revelation. Imagine my surprise when I discovered only the last word was used and it only in the first verse of Revelation.

As I indicated in Memoirs I, Phillips Memorial was an old, tradition-bound church. The church got its name from a rich member named Phillips, whose heirs were still members and to some extent felt they had a proprietary influence on what the church did. Phillips gave the church, "lock, stock and barrel" with the congregation only providing the concrete walk to the high front steps. The people were so unused to sacrificing for the church that they had a hard time agreeing on what and how to maintain it. When we arrived, it was badly in need of a new furnace, but they thought a new one was entirely too expensive. So, for a long time we had to put up with a blast of coal smoke that issued from the floor furnace every time someone stoked it during the services.

I will never forget my first business meeting on a Wednesday night. First, I discovered to my amazement that the pastor was not allowed to serve as moderator. It had to be "some humble man." Well, they had elected Brother Ashcraft, who

was the sexton! Things moved along as if by rote until Brother Ashcraft called for "the peace of the church." Well, I had never heard of such a thing. Nothing happened, so when we finished, I came up to the moderator and asked him, "What is this 'peace of the church'?" He replied that such was the time for any member to stand up and declare any grievance he had against any other member. By that time, I was well aware that the church had two strong factions and I knew already of some hard feelings that existed. About then his brother, W. D. Ashcraft, the elder lawyer statesman of the town joined our conversation. I asked, "You mean that since no one spoke up, everybody is at peace with everybody else?" He replied, "I guess so." W. D. quickly said, "Now, 'Lije', you know that ain't so!"

We had some other real "characters" in our membership. Our senior deacon, Brother Shumate, was a beloved man who was an excellent finish carpenter in town. He had one failing--anytime he sat quietly he would go to sleep. So, he slept through most of our services. But he was a good man whose prayers were deeply appreciated. The only trouble was that his wife would have to nudge him to wake up whenever he was called on. One time though she should have let him sleep. In the midst of the sermon she nudged him. His reflexes took over and he stood and prayed without realizing that I had just stopped long enough to catch my breath. Pastor and people loved it!

We had another sleepy deacon who was a dairyman. Of course, since cows do not observe the Sabbath, he was regularly up on Sunday at 4 o'clock. By church time he, too, would easily drop off to sleep. One year we were observing Mothers' Day. I had asked all the mothers to stand for the traditional honor salute by the pastor. Just then Brother Dowden stirred, saw people standing around him and stood up with them. He was fondly known as "Mother Dowden" ever afterward!

Mrs. Rice, who lived just a couple of blocks from the parsonage, must have been called of God to love and care for pastors and other stray creatures of God's flock. We ate Sunday meal with her often. She was well known as one of the finest cooks in the membership. We were tying into one of her usual feasts, two or three meats, several vegetables, a couple of kinds of bread, and, of course, in the summer big glasses of iced tea. Toward the end of the meal she asked, "Brother Hastings, would you like more tea?" "No thanks," I replied. And again, "Wouldn't you like another glass of tea?" And again, I replied, "I believe not; I've had plenty." Still a third time, she persisted with her questioning. "Mrs. Rice, thank you, I don't believe I want anymore." In a few minutes she came from the kitchen with another big glass of refreshing iced tea. "Here! You sounded like you wanted some more." What do you do with a lady like that, anyway? Just thank the Lord and pass your glass! On occasion she would keep John while we were visiting or gone to Louisville. Before we realized it, she was giving him so much chocolate candy that he became allergic to chocolate for many years. A fine teen-age girl in our church, Vivian Foushee, often came to help with the housework. She was a big help to Jeanette since I was gone so much of the day and too tired on returning to be of much help in the house.

The Shaws were our next-door neighbors. They, too, shared in the spoiling of John. One time he got unhappy with his mother's cooking. Mrs. Shaw reported that he came over and asked, "Mrs. Shaw, do you have any plain bread. My mother won't give me anything but toast!" (John and Helen's "toast" still today is hardly more than warmed-over bread, but I get revenge when they come to see us!).

The church had no budget, but at the end of 1946 the financial record showed that we had total expenditures of a little over \$6,000. Since we spent so little for local expenses, including pastor's salary, we gave 53% to missions and other causes, almost \$2,000 for "world relief." I was not happy with the haphazard financial way of doing things and the many special offerings we had through the year. I began with a few key leaders and finally sold them on the idea of a percentage budget that would take care of both local and special missions, including the cooperative program and the annual mission offerings. 50% of all undesignated offerings went for local expenses, the rest divided by percentages and sent each month to the cause allocated. The new plan caused quite a stir, especially with our senior deacons, but by that time my younger leaders were coming on strong and were able to lead the church forward.

We had a notable revival meeting one Fall. At least, the evangelist was notable. Gordon C. Whiteley, pastor of the West Side Baptist Church, Louisville, came to help us. He proved to be a most unusual man, in fact, one of the few "renaissance men" I have ever known. He was a brilliant linguist, fluent in at least six modern languages as well as the biblical ones. He had taught school before entering college. His fields were math and science and he kept up with the latest advances in science. But his genius showed especially in his remarkable memory and his preaching style. He had a near photographic memory, loved poetry and quoted it often in his preaching. Even more remarkable was his ability to lapse into poetic rhythm as he preached. It was a delight just to listen to his flow of language.

On Monday after the meeting closed we went hunting. Not finding much to shoot at, Gordon took to pulling down dead limbs, even small trees. I asked him, "What are you doing wasting your energy that way?" He replied, "I hate to see anything dead standing up, whether it is a tree in the forest or a deacon in the church." He had some innovative ideas for his church. He said, "I believe the back door of the church ought to swing as freely as the front door!" And he had the church implement that policy by requiring every member once a year to give account of themselves on "Round-up

Sunday" either by their presence or by letter. If they did not, a committee of deacons waited on them to find out their problem. If it failed of solution, then they were removed from the church roll.

Whiteley never learned to drive, but he excelled most pastors in his visiting both members and prospects, either by foot or by streetcar or taxi. He came to Central, Marshall, also for a revival in 1950, but there he irritated our deacons both by his style and his doctrine, particularly that "God is our Father, and the church is our Mother." They thought it smacked of Catholicism. Unfortunately, he died in his forties at the peak of his ministry. We lost one of the rarest of ministers and a dear friend.

I have recently learned from his son, Paul, that after his dad died in 1956 his mother went back to school and earned her bachelor's and master's degrees and, like Jeanette's mother, taught school many years to help educate their seven children. She yielded to modernity by buying a car and learning to drive.

I was sitting in the open library one day when a man approached my back. When he called my name, I nearly fell out of my chair. It was Harold Marsh, my old Baylor roommate whom I had not seen since before the War. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "the Lord called me to preach and I figured I had better get some education." His story was such a surprise to me for he had never shown any leanings toward the ministry while we were at Baylor. After he was discharged from the Air Force he returned to his home at Ft. Stockton, Texas, and renewed his relationship with a young high school graduate, Alta Lively. They soon married, bought a brand new yellow Jeep, and moved to the University of Iowa, where he planned to do graduate work in speech and drama. After only three weeks there, he came home one day saying, "We are moving to Louisville, where I can study at Southern Seminary, for the Lord has called me to preach." You can well imagine that Alta's shock was even greater than mine.

Although Harold had only preached two or three sermons and had very little opportunity of landing a pastorate amid so many ex-GIs, I felt that he had a lot to give. Our Salem Association never had had a Superintendent of Missions full time and their experience with others who were poorly equipped was not encouraging. But I was able to convince the other pastors, about half of whom were seminary students, that Harold could do us a lot of good as part-time missionary. One of my main selling points was his new Jeep that would enable him to get to "Paradise Bottoms," a rich farming community that for generations depended on river transportation rather than nearly impossible dirt roads. So, we called Harold to begin work in June, 1947, and he and Alta found a room with one of our families. His work grew so that by the end of his schooling we were able to employ him full-time.

One Sunday I took off and went with Harold to preach at the little mission in Paradise Bottoms. We drove on the blacktop 12 miles in good time, but the last ten miles to the bottoms took us almost two hours, even in the Jeep. I was "feeling my oats" that morning and tried to identify with the farming people by telling them of some things I had learned from watching my chickens that we had begun raising at the parsonage. As Harold was greeting his members at the door after the service, one farm wife said, "I don't think much of your preacher this morning. Anybody that can learn from an old hen don't know much!" Harold got a big kick telling that on me lots of places.

On the subject of our chickens John figured largely. It probably is hard for young people today to realize that in those days most of us either raised chickens in town or bought live chickens to kill. We fairly regularly supplied our kitchen with a pullet from the chicken yard. I finally got tired of the old rooster giving us trouble, so we decided to kill and eat him. John, about two or three years old, went with me for the killing. When I had chopped the bird's head off, he flopped a bit and then lay still. John came up over him, looked down and asked, "Is he dead?" Just then, the rooster gave one final big flop and knocked John backwards. He ran screaming to me and hasn't eaten any chicken since. We can't prove it, but we firmly believe that experience was responsible for his life-long aversion to chicken. Right, John?

Our church consented to plow and harrow a pretty good size garden beside the house, where we were able to raise a lot of vegetables. One day I was sitting in old man Pollock's barber chair, dodging his stream of gossip, when I told him that I was going to visit one of our members that had promised me some meat from their hog-killing. "Well," he said, "you wouldn't have to be sponging off the neighbors if our church would pay you a decent salary!"

Uncle George was in the Navy and was chief engineer on an LST during the invasion of Normandy in June 1945. On one of his leaves after returning to the States he came to visit us for a couple of weeks. I thought it a good time to paint the exterior of the frame parsonage. George would be a big help, but I despaired of getting him off our couch, where he had taken to sleeping so much every day. When we started, however, I could hardly keep up with him, he was such a fast worker. We finished the job in good time.

Since Phillips Memorial was the largest church in the association and we were in the county seat, much of the leadership of the association fell to me. We were caught up one year in a struggle with the school board over the Catholic parochial school trying to obtain tax money from the county. The associational annual meeting was at hand, and I was to bring one

of the sermons. I let a few friends know that I planned to preach against such a breach of church-state relations. One student pastor asked another when he learned what I was up to, "Is Hastings mad?" "I think so," was the reply. "Then I'll go, for he can really preach when he gets mad." Other than that run-in the pastors of the several churches in Brandenburg, including the Catholic, got along very well.

It was a joy to have Jack Gray, best man in our wedding, also in school doing his graduate work in homiletics. He and Elsie found a small apartment in the basement of a private home near the campus. A funny thing happened to them during Derby Week. Their landlady gave them two tickets to see the Kentucky Derby. Now you have to know Jack to realize that he was one of the original puritans. But, like the rest of us, he managed to rationalize this "worldly business" by saying that they were certainly not going to do any betting. Being from Oklahoma they both loved horses. So away they went and found standing room in the huge infield along with several thousand others. On returning home afterward their landlady asked, "How did you enjoy the race?" "Oh, alright I guess, but when the big race was on we could only see the jockeys' caps go by." "You crazy people!" she cried, "Didn't you read your tickets? You had seats in the grandstand!" I have used that story many times to illustrate how so many Christians fail to read their divine tickets explaining the fullness of salvation and the spiritual life.

Soon after we moved to Brandenburg and I started commuting we realized that "Pluto" was on his last legs (or wheels). New cars were still hard to get but with Mother Allard's gracious help we were able to buy a new four-door Nash. There was one serious fault in several of the four-door models in those days. They had front-opening rear doors, which almost cost us our firstborn son. After Larry arrived, we were returning from his first checkup with Mother and John and the baby in the back seat, John Havlik, a student pastor in our association, in front and with me driving.

As we rounded a bend nearing Brandenburg, John suddenly decided his door was not properly closed. On opening it the blast of wind threw the door back and his grip launched him into the ditch. We stopped as fast as possible and Havlik beat me to pick him up at the bottom of a slight incline next to a wire fence. Of course, all of us were near shock. We rushed him to the doctor's office where he seemed to have no more serious injuries than a few bruises. But we watched over him all that night and for several days thereafter. As far as we could tell, the Lord spared him without any permanent damage. John, you are definitely a twice-born gift to your parents, for which we are eternally grateful. The lesson was surely learned, for when we came to trade cars in a couple of years, we bought a two-door red Nash we named "Cherry."

Cherry took us and the Marshes to Ridgecrest in the summer of 1948 for Home Missions Week. Jeanette and I had a great time reliving our days on the staff there. Another notable trip I made was to the Southern Baptist Convention in Miami in 1947 with "Boss" McGehee and W. D. Ashcraft, my two senior deacons. Brother Ashcraft was well known in town for his tight-fisted ways. Just before we left he went by the bank and asked for a roll of dimes. The young clerk, taking her reputation in her hands gingerly, asked, "Going on a trip, Mr. Ashcraft?" He also boasted in church of his regular and systematic giving, but everyone knew that he always placed a lone dollar bill in the plate each Sunday (he did make up for it at the end of the year, though).

We picked up another student pastor from West Point to drive with us to Miami. It was a first convention for the deacons and my first since Camp Stewart days. After the convention we chartered a fishing boat and went deep-sea fishing in the Atlantic. We did not catch much, but it was quite an experience anyway. On the way back through central Florida in a rather desolate-looking stretch "Boss" McGehee observed, "I've seen no crows; I wouldn't live in a country that crows would not fly over." In the motel room, which we all shared to save expenses, one morning he was complaining that his shaving cream was not lathering. "No wonder," pointed out Brother Ashcraft, "you are using my toothpaste!" They were quite the "odd couple."

The biggest event of our Brandenburg years was the arrival of Larry in 1947. Being two weeks late already, Jeanette decided to take the doctor's advice and go for induced labor. Mother Allard had come after school was out to stay with us while Jeanette was in the hospital. She threatened to return home since the baby was so late. We went in to Louisville on June 16th, saw the doctor for a checkup in his office and he decided to admit her that afternoon. By the time he came to the hospital it was so late that he chose to wait until morning. So I went to Jack Gray's to spend the night. Just after midnight Larry arrived in fine shape. Jeanette would not let the nurse call me and awake my friends, so I missed the "launching." When I arrived early the next morning I was greeted by a nurse, who said, "Congratulations, Mr. Hastings, you have a fine son." Larry, as usual, when you decide to do a thing, you want to do it "right now!"

Please reread Memoirs I for more insight into what my Southern graduate work meant to me. As the time drew near for my oral in December of 1948, I had two concerns: one was the health of Dr. Davis, my major professor. All that Fall in the seminar on James he had complained of severe headaches and had to miss class frequently. As it turned out, he was able to lead in my oral exam, but it was the last one before his final illness that took his life, too prematurely we felt. My other concern was my own mental stability. We graduate students had received an icy chill when we learned that one of

our students played his last weeks before the oral very unwisely. He awoke about three weeks before to the realization that he had spent too much time on side issues in his study and now had to bone up night and day on the main content of his field. When he came in for the exam, he could hardly give more than his name, so his committee had to postpone his oral for a whole year. I decided to plan ahead and pace myself as best I could in balanced study and also spend the last week with the Marshes rather than going home each night.

It proved to be a great help. Of course, I went in quite nervous, but I was able to satisfy the committee that I had a pretty good mastery of my field. One of the most helpful things that happened was that one of my committee, who was professor of theology, and Dr. Davis got in a long discussion on a point of difference that consumed over twenty minutes. All I had to do was sit and smile during that time.

Having passed the oral, I began devoting full time to research for my thesis. The style and procedures for research and writing are very precise. At first, it was pure drudgery, but soon it became second nature so that the work progressed fairly rapidly. I had every intention of staying until I had finished and had the thesis approved. But the Lord had other plans, namely a pastorate in Marshall, so I had to arrange to return for a month in the summer to finish the work and turn in my thesis.

So we close this chapter on a very fruitful and exciting three years of ministry.

Central Baptist Church, Marshall, Texas, 1949-51

Once again, the Fraziers figured largely in the direction of our lives. During the last days of the War in the Pacific, Dr. Frazier was injured in a typhoon that struck Okinawa. He got a disability discharge and returned for a short time to his pastorate in Harrisburg. However, he soon found that too strenuous and so retired from the active pastorate. Since his children were all grown, they decided to move to Marshall, where he had been pastor of the First Baptist Church before going to Illinois. When Central became pastorless he was asked to serve a couple of times as interim. The people by then had come to love him and believe every word was pure gospel. So, when he recommended me, they hardly looked anywhere else. They wanted a young man who had a doctor's degree, not so much for the value of his learning, as I later discovered, but chiefly to give their young church equal standing with First Church, out of which they had been formed some six years before. It shook me that in the process the pulpit committee hardly inquired at all about my doctrine or policies or hopes for the church. (Can you believe that I was never called to a pastorate that investigated me fully! I have often wondered what would have happened had one done so). Of course, I did not yet have my degree, but all my residence work was done. The church agreed to give me a month off in the summer to return to Louisville to finish writing my thesis.

I preached my "trial sermon" on December 26, 1948. The church was sufficiently pleased so that they invited me back on January 30th to preach and meet with three groups of church leaders: the Sunday School officers and teachers, the Training Union leaders and the deacons. I went alone to Marshall. I stayed in the lovely new home of Deacon John Bryant, his wife and young son about three years old. Early Sunday morning I was awakened by a little noise and discovered the boy standing at the window and crying out, "See the snow; see the snow!" It was a beautiful Texas snowfall.

The day, which had gotten off to such a lovely start, was full of more surprises. The biggest came just as the deacons and I were about to file into the sanctuary for the morning service. Bryant, who was to introduce me, whispered as we were walking through the door, "Brother Hastings, don't be surprised if a lady falls out during the service." Well, I almost went into shock! I hardly knew what to think and had no time to ask him further. Knowing Texans as I did, I did not put it past him to be putting me to a test. Somehow the Lord saw me through the service safely with no interruptions. I learned later that we had an epileptic member who occasionally went into shock and rigor and had to be carried out stiff as a board to recover.

In the meeting with the deacons we came to an understanding about the finances--\$5200 a year, which to me was a big sum in those days--as well as the parsonage and my study leave in the summer. Soon after returning to Brandenburg and praying with Jeanette about the move, I wired them my acceptance and we were soon on our way to Texas. In that state we would stay for twenty-one years, serve in four widely different roles and raise five great children!

We began at Central on the first Sunday of April with 627 in Sunday School, a new record attendance, and 256 in Training Union, also a record. It was the first Sunday the church had gotten into the new sanctuary, still temporary on the first floor of the educational building. We hardly had settled down into the parsonage at 904 Georgetown Road on the south side of town until we launched a week's revival that I preached. Our minister of music, Dexter Riddle, professor of music at the local East Texas Baptist College, led the singing. It was a good time for people and pastor to get to know

each other.

I was soon elected to the board of trustees of the College and enjoyed my relationship with the faculty, a number of whom were influential members of our church. I brought one of the lectures for the Bible conference at the College. We had a fine group of students in our S.S. also. There I learned the old-fashioned way of conducting board meetings: just rubber stamp whatever the president and dean presented. Nothing like the turmoil of today's trustee meetings!

In September we had our Fall Revival with one of my Southwestern classmates, J. B. McElroy, of Wichita Falls, doing the preaching. Two things stand out in my memory about him. He was guest in our parsonage and always came to breakfast in full suit and tie. "I never miss coming to breakfast at home the same way," he said. For a typical Texas preacher, I thought that a bit odd.

On Monday after the close of the meeting, he suggested that I might like to go with him to visit a wealthy family in Longview to encourage her to make a substantial gift to the College. Knowing that he had a good reputation for success as a board member in such, I gladly consented. We drove up to a beautiful new home overlooking a private lake just outside the city and were cordially received by the wife in the absence of her husband. She was very proud of her new house, which we learned had cost about a quarter of a million without furnishings. That was some kind of money in those days, even for rich oil people. She showed us around the rooms and we "ooed and awwed" at the lovely furnishings. In her "music room" was an antique marble fireplace that we knew had a history. We inquired where she had found such a beautiful mantle. "My agent in New York found it," she said, "It was in a castle in Germany where that composer "Bach" lived." We had the hardest time trying to keep a straight face. It was a perfect example of what happened frequently in the Thirties and Forties in East Texas when very ordinary people struck it rich. Their cultural level at that time was not even up to that of "Dallas" of TV fame.

In October we had another unforgettable experience in the ordination of two of our finest men: Frank Stinson, professor of chemistry at the College, and Charles Lake, the manager of the local brick kiln. His wife was our pianist and he accompanied our music with his violin. Believing that any ordination service should be both an examining of the candidate and a education for the congregation, I had the full service on a Sunday afternoon for both our people and the visiting "presbyters." In the questioning of Mr. Lake, it came out that he had been raised a Methodist and became a Baptist when he married. Dr. H. D. Bruce, the very stern and forceful president of the College, immediately jumped on him with "Mr. Lake, do you believe the Baptist Church is the best church among all denominations?" Well, now, Mr. Lake, very mature and highly respected by our people, was not going to be driven into such a radical corner. "No, sir, I don't necessarily believe that." Dr. Bruce exploded, "I will never lay hands on a man who doesn't believe that the Baptist Church is the best!"

You can imagine my shock. As moderator of the presbytery I tried my best to help them to a meeting of minds with no success. Finally, Coy Turlington, one of our deacons and very influential both at the College and in Texas politics, came to my rescue. I do not remember how he did it, but he poured oil on the troubled waters and we went ahead with the ordination.

In November, the Texas Baptist Convention met in El Paso. Jeanette and I invited two elderly ladies of our church to go with us, Mrs. Mary Duncan and Mrs. H. J. Matthews, the widow of a Baptist preacher and our librarian. It was a long trip, but we added visits to Carlsbad Caverns and came home via West Point, between Tahoka and Brownfield, where was my first pastorate.

In January 1950, we ordained one of our finest young men, Rufus Zachary, a student at the College and very active in our church. He was so popular as an evangelist that he threatened to quit school and become a full-time evangelist. I really worked on him long and earnestly to persuade him to stay in school and go on to the seminary and get a full education. He finally did and became a very successful pastor in Southeast Texas. I assisted in his wedding in Port Arthur.

One of our most notable "young Timothys" was Bill Moyers. His older brother, James, was an up-and-coming public relations man, whose wife, Rutha, was my secretary, succeeding Mrs. Inez Stokes, when her husband was transferred to Ft. Worth. Bill had impressed me as a young teenager when he came to me for a conference. He stated that he felt that his original public decision was immature and now that he knew his relationship with the Lord was valid he would like for me to rebaptize him. He publicly announced his call to preach under my successor, pastor Newman McLarry. Later after we moved to Buckner Home, Bill asked me to perform the marriage ceremony for him and Judith in Lancaster, south of Dallas. We have been blessed with their continuing friendship, having visited them at the White House, when he was LBJ's press secretary, and several times since then, including the memorable experience in 1993, when he preached the sermon for the 50th anniversary of the church.

While on the subject of young preachers I must mention two others. Dr. Arthur Rutledge was my long-time friend from

Southwestern days and pastor of First Baptist Church. Our excellent relations during those years helped greatly in improving the climate between our two churches. However, there was one ordination we lived to regret. One of the young fireball preachers at the college was called to a church in the edge of the city. Both Arthur and I participated in the ordination of Jack Hyles, who later became a radical independent and pastored "the largest Baptist church in the world" in Hammond, Indiana.

One of our members who was an older student at the College was called to a country church nearby and asked us to ordain him. In the process of examining him privately, Mr. Pace, chairman of the deacons, and I questioned him about his marital status. When he confessed that he was divorced we also discovered that he was trying to cover up some shady past. We told him flatly that we could not recommend his ordination. He immediately flared up in great anger and for a little I feared for our physical well-being. He left us in a huff and somehow managed to get together enough of a presbytery in his association to ordain him. But it was good riddance for us.

Our family was growing fast. John entered first grade in Marshall and did well while there. We had a big anniversary celebration of the church one-year, which John managed to upstage. In getting out of the car he somehow fell against the edge of the sidewalk and split his scalp open. We had to rush him to the hospital for the sewing up.

We were enjoying living in a real nice house beside a small creek even if it was before air conditioning days. The boys and I built a large brick fireplace in the backyard, which we saw still standing on our visit in 1993. One time we were trying to paint the interior, when I knocked over a bucket of paint and ruined the carpet. But the most memorable paint job came when the Brotherhood decided to paint the exterior. As I was passing by two of our men at work, I overheard one who was a professional painter complain to our elder deacon of chronic stomach troubles. Mr. White suggested, "Why don't you try to little wine for your stomach's sake like Paul said?" That was too tempting to this young preacher who had just gotten his doctorate in the Greek New Testament. "Mr. White," I said, "did you know that verse is not in the oldest and best manuscripts of the Bible?" "It's in the oldest and best I got," he replied without missing a single stroke of his brush. (I later checked and found that I was wrong anyway!). It was a beautiful example of the common way the laity approach the Bible and was one of my most humiliating experiences.

Jeanette and I entertained the deacons and their wives for dinner at our home on one occasion. We had a great time and after dinner we introduced them to a rousing game of Pit. The noise got so loud we were afraid the neighbors would call the police. During these brief years we had a fine black woman, Mrs. Homer (Lula) Smith, to help several hours a week in the home. She was a big help to Jeanette with the children and housework.

In the summer of 1949, our family rented a trailer in Brandenburg, which we pulled to Cherokee Park, near the Seminary. While Jeanette and the boys sweltered in the trailer, I managed to finish writing my thesis. After it was approved, I was graduated finally in May of 1950. It was the first graduation ceremony in the new chapel and as it turned out the last one at which President Ellis Fuller was permitted to award the diplomas. He and my great teacher, Dr. William Hersey Davis, both died within the following year.

At Christmas, 1949, Mother Allard and George came to help us celebrate. Jeanette and I took in the SB Convention in Chicago in May 1950. Mother and Dad also were there. We left the boys with Grandmother Allard in Vienna.

In the summer of 1950, we took the boys and met Guy and Ines Stokes and their daughter for a week in Arkansas. We had some interesting times around the big lakes in the northwestern part of the state.

The biggest family news of Marshall days without question was the birth of our first daughter, Nancy Carol, August 7, 1951. It was a very hot summer and I tried to alleviate Jeanette's last weeks before the birth by rigging up a makeshift air cooler in our bedroom. I put a big fan in the window and had it blow over a tub in which I kept a large block of ice. But East Texas in the summer will defeat all but the most modern air conditioning.

Nancy arrived in the midst of very busy plans for a city-wide revival that I served as general chairman. Buckner Fanning, an outstanding young evangelist of Texas, and Eddie Nicholson, singer, led us in a very successful revival. There were 137 decisions. The big thrill for us was having Nancy attend her first Baptist service when she was 12 days old, while she and her mother sat in our car at the back of the open-air audience. Little did we dream when we held that tiny new baby that one day she would be our pastor!

During the revival also I preached the baccalaureate sermon for the summer class at the College and somehow managed to get in some interviews with Robert Cooke Buckner, who came to invite me to be chaplain and pastor of the church and dean of Bible in Buckner Academy.

The church gave us a fine reception in September and a love gift of \$315 to help us on our way to Buckner Orphans' Home.

Buckner Orphans' Home, 1951-1955

[Here it is getting more and more difficult to write as a supplement to my Memoirs. Maybe one of these days one of you will integrate these two documents. I will try to continue giving human interest stories that are not in the Memoirs. So, please read this section in Memoirs]

We moved in September 1951, into one of the frame houses across Highway 80 north of the campus. We were next to last among about ten or twelve houses. It gave us a chance to get acquainted with our neighbors who also were staff members and provide a chance for our children to play together. It was the beginning of a four-year drought in Texas and summers were very hot. From our spacious backyard, enclosed with a chain-link fence full of Rambler roses, we could look across the Buckner farm and dairy west toward the skyline of Dallas. Many days we would watch a cloud forming in the west or northwest and hope that it would bring rain. One of the tall buildings downtown installed a neon-lighted tower that changed color and showed movement up and down to give us a broad report of the weather.

I inherited from Brother Buckner, who had served as pastor for several years, a very able and dedicated educational director, A. A. Hyden. We tried to provide a full-graded Sunday School using some of the more capable people among the 150 staff members of the Home. Sunday School and a brief worship service for preschoolers were held at the Sunshine Home, where all of them lived. I conducted most of the services there during the regular S. S. hour for all the rest. Since everyone was required to attend, even the adults, it was hard to provide a balanced preaching ministry for such a wide range of people. I still remember the glaring looks I got from the young teenage girls who sat in front, seeming to dare me to make them interested. I learned soon enough that my favorite jokes were unappealing, and analogies and figures of speech had to be used sparingly. Preaching on "the fatherhood of God" was especially difficult, for since 80% of the children were from broken homes rather than being full orphans, they had few fathers that could serve as role models for them.

The Summer Program, when there was no school at the Academy, was a difficult time. Some of the older boys and girls had regular jobs--in the kitchen and dining hall, at the farm and dairy, and as helpers of the maintenance crews. But we had to provide both recreation and development programs for the rest. At least two or three times we took the older children to Lake Texoma for a week of camping out. On one occasion with some boys helping I tried to rig a rowboat with a sail, using a old door we found as a keel. It was so cumbersome it would have taken a typical Texas windstorm to move it at all. We finally gave it up as hopeless.

The woods west of the campus was divided into the boys' woods and the girls' woods. We would take various groups there for picnics and cookouts, where the standard drink was "CoolAid." "SockFade" the kids called it. *[Ed: it was called "SockFade" because it was so watered down that kids thought it was made by just running water through a colored sock.]*

I traveled a great deal for the Home at Brother Buckner's direction, speaking at associational meetings all over the state. This demanded a more reliable car than our light green Rambler Nash that we had all through Marshall days. So I bought a big Nash Ambassador, which really made traveling much easier. In 1953, during the baseball league championships I was traveling in deep East Texas listening to the Giants beating the Dodgers, when with two outs in the bottom of the ninth and the score, 4-2 against them, Bobby Thompson hit "the home run heard round the world" that scored three men and won the National League championship. I got so excited I had to pull off the road while I regained my composure.

Mother and Dad came to celebrate Christmas with us in 1953. Jeanette prepared a fine meal and invited Dr. and Mrs. Ellis Carnett, the new president of Buckner, for dinner. Dad had been teaching at Clear Creek Mountain Preachers' School for four years and was enjoying it greatly.

One year I took a group of Academy students to Houston for the Texas Baptist Convention and spoke briefly in introducing them at the meeting. I guess it was the only state convention I ever addressed, and that not much. But we had a good time, for I tried to show them some of the highlights of the city and take them out to good cafes. At one I ordered a shrimp cocktail and tried to get one of the girls to order one, too. She didn't think much of the idea and declined. When it came, she was amazed and said, "I didn't know it was like that. I certainly didn't want to drink any shrimp juice!" It was just one more evidence of how culturally deprived our students were, which we were able to do very little about.

We had quite a revival experience one year. Brother Buckner always helped me invite the evangelist so that we could have some-one who understood life in an orphans' home, if possible. Otherwise, we might be overrun with emotional outbreaks and decisions in that typical Texas Baptist atmosphere. Sam Ed Bradley, Superintendent of the Kentucky Baptist Children's Home, was our evangelist. He did a very good job in his preaching and his appeals, nothing sensational

or overly persuasive. The Spirit began moving among the teenagers and we had among the usual number of Junior-age children to make decisions quite a number who came for "rebaptism," saying they had never really been saved at their first baptism (I do not recall that Bradley ever mentioned such). I baptized 99 after that meeting. But it shook us all up. For we realized that we had to find a policy that would avoid such superficial decisions again. In the kind of corporate existence of children living in dormitories and doing everything by groups it proved very difficult for any child to have enough independence of will to act on its own. So, we decided to set up this procedure. We would still allow any school-age child to make a public decision for Christ during an invitation. But they would not be baptized until they had taken a course of spiritual and biblical training that Hyden and I ran weekly. Then when we felt they were ready and their dorm parent and schoolteacher agreed we would recommend them for baptism to the church. It seemed to work very well until a few years after we left, when the whole integrated institution was changed by a new administration. All of the children except preschoolers were then bussed to school and to local churches in the area.

Buckner Academy had a fairly good Bible department. Eugene McBride did a good job of teaching Old and New Testament survey courses. Anglin Hyden taught some and I taught Christian Doctrine and one or two others. At first my educational standards not only demanded too much from my preparation and also too much dedication and work by the students. Then I realized that this needed to be very simple and elementary and not at all approaching college level. So, I lightened up to the benefit of all concerned.

Buckner Academy belonged to a local association of private schools for purposes of athletics. We had our own football field and had some good games during those years. The most memorable event was a track and field championship. At the end Buckner Academy was close to winning. All we needed was to win the mile run, the last event. We had one student in the race who was better known on the campus as being rather slow-witted. As you can imagine in that kind of social grouping, he was often the butt of practical jokes. But all this was forgotten in the heat of the mile run as we yelled our heads off trying to boot him home. He was leading coming around the last turn. Suddenly near the finish he pulled up and the runners went around him. He had misjudged the finish line (we used no tape)! The whole student body groaned in disappointment.

From the beginning Brother Buckner desired me to develop a program of adult education for the staff members, many of whom were only high school graduates. Our Home was blessed with plenty of financial support by Texas Baptists, but our board of trustees was cursed with people who pinched pennies on operating costs and were profligate in buildings. As a consequence, we were shut up to using many workers who were themselves victims of circumstances, but who could survive on an average of \$150 a month plus room and board and hospital care.

So, Anglin and I sought to develop a few courses. Brother Buckner was especially interested in my developing a biblical course in "Temptation." I did, but what they really needed was some capable child psychologist to provide them with practical counsel. But that would have cost money and might have been a challenge to the administration.

Robert Cooke Buckner, the grandson of the founder, the beloved "Father Buckner," who established the Home in the late 19th century, had grown up with the old ideals and methods of a prior generation. His innovation was to integrate home, church, and school in one well-rounded institution. It sounded great, but as we came to realize more and more it was too parochial and confining. However, Brother Buckner fell afoul the business-minded trustees who were ill prepared to dictate policy. We suffered through many trying months while trying to support him to stay as both president and superintendent. The staff were for the most part very loyal to the Buckners, but the trustees soon had their way. They reorganized the various institutions--rest homes, boy's home and others as the years passed--under the new president, Ellis Carnett. He was a good leader, but it was too much for the Buckner family, and most of us drifted away. The James Brownings, the Charles Boldins, and the Eugene McBrides went to Oklahoma, the first two in children's' home and boys' ranch, and the McBrides to teach at Central Oklahoma State.

Charles Boldin, "Coach," introduced me to playing golf. Lee Trevino and I have something in common. We both learned golf on the old Samuel's Park golf course a couple of miles west of the Home. Coach and I would often go out early in the morning and play nine holes before time to go to work. I seemed always to putt better with a light dew on the grass to slow the roll of the ball.

One of our finest couples was the Bill Hendricks. Lois came to teach high school the year before we came. That summer she and Bill married, and he became a part-time worker while going to Southwestern for his undergraduate work. He learned to drive a car while commuting on Highway 80 with three other students regularly. Bill worked full-time in the summer and they eventually became dorm parents of the 14-15 year-old boys. One look at Bill when he first came caused many of us to wonder how such a person could be hired to work with orphans. He was very sophisticated and precise in his manners and seemed to be out of place in such an environment. But they proved to be not only one of the most effective but also the best-liked dorm parents we had. They left us in 1954 when he graduated to take a little church in the

West Texas plains at Floydada. Since his salary was so meager, he had to teach school. We asked him what he was teaching, and he wrote "Agriculture and Drivers' Education!" We nearly flipped!

Our family began to make more serious trips during Buckner days. Jeanette and I attended the Convention in Miami in 1952 and Mother and Dad were there. C. B. Hall, Dad's first educational director, and the D. C. Blacks were there also. As usual at conventions we enjoyed seeing classmates and other former friends, including the Charles Dicksons and the Vaudrey Sears (he was my "buddy" in NT Greek at Southern Seminary).

We went to Glorieta, New Mexico, during the second year of its full operation as an Assembly for Southern Baptists. We had to camp out since accommodations were still very limited. From there in 1953 we toured New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, visiting for the first time Grand Canyon, and Bryce and Zion National Parks. In New Mexico we spent a couple of days at Cloudcroft, a beautiful mountain resort in the center of the state, where there was the highest golf course in the nation. A nine-hole repeat course gave me my best 18-holes I ever played, an 89. It was a good experience for the family. In 1958 when finances were short, we went to the Gulf at Corpus Christi. Larry and John caught a few small fish from the docks. We stayed in a miserable sand-infested cottage near the beach and were plenty happy to return home. On the way we visited the Alamo and Breckinridge Park in San Antonio, where we had a good time riding horses and the miniature railway.

During those years we hosted Jeanette's family reunion, June 1953. The Wheelers and the Wilsons (Gertrude's first husband) were there, but I have no record of George and Edna Earle and family being there. My mother and dad came for Christmas, 1953, from Pineville, Kentucky, where Dad was teaching at Clear Creek Preachers' School (since 1949). In June 1954 we took the family to Vienna for a week. Jeanette and I attended the Southern Baptist Conventions both in 1952 and 1955.

I made a memorable fast trip to Flint, Michigan, in a car with three other preachers from Dallas for a weekend revival meeting. We left very early one morning and drove all the way in one day. Our driver took us a short cut out of Dallas. Suddenly we were pulled over by a county police who was suspicious that our heavily loaded car might be carrying drugs or bootleg whiskey. Imagine his surprise to discover his pastor was driving the car!

The revival was most discouraging to me. The little mission church in Flint had taken over the building of a former Lutheran congregation. Their loan and their pastor's salary were underwritten by the Home Mission Board for they were hardly able to buy literature. But the older pastor had stars in his eyes, driving me around the area and showing me the hundreds of homes in each direction. But when I asked him what they were doing about visiting their neighbors he admitted they hadn't even visited those on the same block with the church. Like so many of our early missions they tried to build on discovering displaced southerners who had gone north in the early years of the War industries. It was sad, but I saw it repeated again years later in the Northwest.

The BIG event of 1954 was the birth of Gail Ruth Hastings [*Ed: as an adult, Gail changed her name to Abigail*]. She was born at Baylor Hospital, February 25th, 1954. She brought us much delight as a baby and evened up our family between boys and girls. Nancy, of course, was pleased to have a baby sister, but the boys also did a good job of spoiling her. Nancy had a rather severe accident on the sidewalk next door and broke off a baby tooth. She was snagged-toothed for a long while until her permanent tooth came in.

Nancy as a three-year old provided me with an unforgettable memory. We had just returned from morning services that beautiful Sunday. Nancy got out of the car and bounced around the yard flinging her hands high in delight over such a wonderful day. I have often remarked "Surely she worshipped more truly than anyone else that day."

By this time the kids were putting pressure on Dad to get up to date with a TV like our neighbor, Mr. Smith. I used him as the reason why I had to break down and buy our first one. In 1953 it came in handy, for it was the year both of Queen Elizabeth's coronation and the conquest of Mt. Everest by Sir Edmund Hillary and his Sherpa, Tenzing Norgay. Also, John Bannister broke the four-minute barrier for the mile run for the first time.

I have given the background of desire for adult Christian education in Memoirs, largely stemming from my experiences in teaching in the simultaneous S. S. and T. U. city-wide study courses. The adult education at Buckner gave me further motivation. But just as we were in the midst of negotiating with Baylor for launching Baylor Extension Division, I got a call from the president of Mary-Hardin Baylor College, in Belton, asking me to come with a view to teaching and eventually becoming dean of the religion department. I did go, for Hyden, who had gone to the administration there in 1954, insisted that I at least look it over. It seemed very attractive in many respects, although it would have been almost as confining in its culture as Buckner Home was. After much prayerful consideration with Jeanette I gave them a negative response, saying that many worthy teachers felt the call to work with young students, but very few wanted to work with adults.

Baylor Extension Division

As I have indicated, forces were beginning to impel me in the direction of adult education. A strange prevision of my future work with Catholics opened the first door. The Catholic Church announced a plan to establish the University of Dallas and appeal to the entire community for support. Our Dallas Baptist Association was concerned that many Baptists would unknowingly give to a Catholic school. I was chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the proposed plan and inform our Baptist constituency. Our committee brought out all of the available facts about the proposed University, but it went further and called upon Dallas Baptists to see the need for a Baptist school. Evidently the Association was sufficiently impressed with my leadership of the committee to ask me to serve as chairman of an education committee to investigate all the possibilities.

We knew the odds were against any new school, especially with some of our smaller schools in Texas already having a hard time. About that time, I became acquainted with the Howard Plan, an extension program of Howard College, later Samford University, operating throughout Alabama. I made a trip to investigate it and another program of intensive year-round teacher training operated by the First Baptist Church of Montgomery. Our committee soon realized that only a step-by-step program would be accepted either by the Association or the State Convention. We recommended that we approach Baylor and sell them on the Howard Plan, but only for Dallas Association. It was my dream that one day all of the Texas Baptist schools would have a unified extension program for training adult workers in our churches throughout the state.

It was a struggle to persuade President White and his deans, then the trustees to give the extension division the academic direction and accreditation if the Association would underwrite the financial cost above the small tuition we would charge (\$6/hour!). By that time, I was so deeply involved in the project that when the agreement was reached our committee felt that I should be the initial director. We used Fred White, C. E. Colton and Henry Kinkeade as center directors and other pastors and available teachers who could qualify by education and experience for university level teaching. My graduate work was beginning to pay off at last!

My teaching in Baylor Extension was both rigorous and rewarding. The discipline of preparing four lessons each week was especially hard, but it taught me much about organizing the content and making it understandable to students who had never had college courses in Bible. My family endured my erratic hours and the tension of my study at home. I know I was not too good a husband and father during those days. I am grateful for your patience and forbearance.

Soon after beginning Baylor Extension, two big family events occurred. We bought our first home. The builder, a young Jew, had to help us get financing, for we had almost no down payment and very little credit record except with Dallas Teachers' Credit Union. I believe our interest rate was a mere 4 1/2% in those years. Although in bedrooms it was tight, we loved our new house and enjoyed living there in the hills and trees. I converted the den, which was behind the garage and off the side of the kitchen into a study, where I spent many hours in class preparation. In those days I had no backlog of teaching materials, so every lesson required much study. The children had several playmates their ages on the block, like Pam and Alan Nix across the street, so we were not lonesome for friends at all.

Then soon along came Roger to add much excitement to our family. We will never forget Miss Sallie Margaret Duncan, an eighty year old, retired English professor of Marshall days, who came to live with us for about a month to help with the family.

Soon after we moved into our new home, we joined Bethany Baptist Church, which was our neighborhood Baptist church. Dan Davis, a fine young man, was pastor. Jeanette and the children entered wholly into the life of the church while I was away most Sundays in supply or interim. In the latter the family would often go with me to the Sunday evening service, after which we would come by the doughnut shop for a regular treat.

Mother Allard and Ella came for our first Christmas in our new home in 1955. The kids had a great time playing in the snow that fell right after Christmas.

Our neighbor, Mr. Dotson, was a Congregational minister and chaplain at the State Prison at Seagoville, a few miles southeast of Dallas. He asked me to supply for him one Sunday for the early service at 8:30. I already had an appointment with the Pleasant Grove Baptist for the eleven o'clock service, so I decided to preach the same sermon.

My text was from Hosea: "I will give to you the Valley of Achor as a door of hope." Achor was the place where the Israelite Achan hid the spoils from the defeat of Jericho, causing so much trouble and defeat at the battle of Ai. My theme was God using our troubles to give us hope of a new and better life. The prisoners at the chapel service responded strongly to the message. The congregation at Pleasant Grove sat on their hands. It was a fine demonstration of both how the

people's circumstances affect their hearing and also of the need for the preacher to sense the needs of his congregation. The latter was hard to do in supply preaching. It was much easier in interims, which also provided much more continuous ministry. That was another reason I enjoyed my seven interim pastorates during those years.

In preparation for launching Baylor Extension Division we conducted a poll of people attending the simultaneous S. S. study courses held each Spring in Dallas to see what their response might be and what fields of study were their interests. It was encouraging, but also frustrating in trying to provide a well-rounded curriculum for the initial term to start in September. After securing our first faculty I began to set up our office in East Dallas Baptist Church, where Bert Mattingly, a member of our Education Committee was pastor. Dorothy McGuire came aboard as secretary and stayed even for awhile after I left in 1960.

In further preparation I arranged for my faculty to have a planning retreat at the encampment at Mt. Lebanon with our three advisors from Baylor, Dr. Monroe S. Carroll, provost, Dr. R. L. Lee, registrar, and Dr. H. I. Hester, dean of Bible. Dr. Carroll was so impressed with the retreat that he remarked he wished the Baylor departments would do the same every year.

We learned to live on faith, for in adult education you never know how your well-planned curricula is going to attract and hold students. However, adults, who have to invest heavily in time and energy from busy lives, brought to our classes an unparalleled motivation to their study. Their eagerness to learn left us teachers drained mentally and emotionally at the end of a two-hour session each night. Believing that no area of biblical study was off limits to seeking lay people, we included courses in hermeneutics (study of methods of interpretation), Christology, even Greek for lay people. With a class of seminary graduates taking a refresher course in N.T. Greek, I devised a primer, using many of the Laubach techniques in teaching adults to read. It never was published, but I taught it twice in Baylor Extension and once in Northwest Center in Portland. I have used it as a workbook in teaching at Memphis Theological Seminary and twice in courses for lay students at Prescott Church. Students who stayed with it seemed to emerge with a better reading ability, though admittedly weaker in grammar, than with the standard teaching methods.

I learned as much from teaching the introductory courses in Old and New Testament as from any. Since I was the director, I began with the assumption that I would get less experienced teachers to teach those. I soon found that all of us had to teach such courses. The discipline of having to go straight through each Testament, skipping no troublesome passage, was of great value. I learned again how easy it is for preachers to pick and choose those scriptures that are congenial to their personal theology and either ignore or explain away those that do not. In a survey course, you cannot do that.

In 1956 we took our vacation to Glorieta, where we stayed for a week in one of the Assembly-owned cottages called Cedar Lodge. The Brownings and other friends were there, including W.P. Phillips, Jeanette's former pastor at Vienna, and wife. We made a number of trips out from Sante Fe to visit Indian villages and pueblo ruins. We drove the jeep road to the top of Mt. Baldy, above Glorieta. In other years we hiked the five-mile trail to the top. Also in that year we had an Allard family reunion at our home on Vallejo Drive. Everybody came and the cousins had a great time together.

In 1957 Paul Geren, my friend from Baylor days, who had a remarkable career as an ambulance driver on the Burma Road with General Stilwell during the War, became vice president of Baylor. One of his assignments was to develop a state-wide literacy campaign, using the teaching techniques of the great missionary, Frank Laubach. We cooperated by adding a course in training literacy tutors, which proved to be the beginning of the literacy movement in Dallas.

My spiritual growth was furthered by the demands of seven interim pastorates I held during those five years. Hillcrest Baptist was a special challenge. Its previous pastor for 14 years was a full-blown dispensationalist, so much so that when I would read the scripture lesson I had to pause on occasion while the whole congregation turned the pages of the Scofield Bible. When the committee asked me to serve, I tried to indicate that they would probably find my theology and style out of line from what they had been taught for so long. They indicated they needed someone so badly who would trust the lay people and love them that they were in no position to argue with me about my theology. They had really suffered from the domineering leadership of their former pastor. It was a very rewarding experience.

In each interim I tried my best to help the church through the transition to a new pastor and prepare for his coming. Hillcrest, though, had an unusual crisis relating to the calling of W. T. Furr, formerly pastor in Charlotte, N.C. The committee was convinced that he was God's man for the church. The church accepted their recommendation, and after hearing him preach, called him unanimously. He was to come within about a month. With that the congregation at a fellowship hour gave me a suit of new clothes in appreciation for my eleven months of service with them. As the time approached, however, Furr wired the committee that he had changed his mind and decided to stay in Charlotte. The chairman of the committee had to bring that message to the morning service, which shocked the congregation. Immediately after it was sermon time. I tried to save the situation as best I could. then in an effort to lighten the tension I offered to return the new suit. However, even that proved not to be needed. After some further weeks of futile searching

the committee in its travels decided to drop in on Furr in Charlotte and renew their offer. This time he accepted. He came and gave the church several years of good ministry.

In 1958 we took our first vacation to the Gulf Coast on Padre Island, off Corpus Christi. We stayed in a small cottage not far from the beach. It was just barely adequate for our needs and the sand and insects made our visit somewhat miserable.

Larry did catch a mess of fish off the dock one day. We also visited in Lexington the Uncle I.W. and Aunt Hester Parker, the parents of Lois and Eunice. On the way we stopped at San Antonio and played in Breckridge Park, where we rode horses and the miniature train. Also on the way we took in the Longhorn Caverns at a state park near Burnet, Texas. They are the most extensive of any caverns in Texas.

By 1959 we had gotten involved in the movement to establish the new Baptist college in Dallas. We were committed from the outset of Baylor Extension to turn over our work to the new administration when it was launched. In the state Baptist affairs there was a strong and almost desperate searching to find some way to save Decatur Junior College, which was about to close its doors from lack of support. It was in a backwater, geographically, culturally and educationally, so its days were numbered. Our associational leadership, faced with the tremendous problems of launching a new school, decided to go along with the idea of moving Decatur's assets and administration to Dallas. The advantage that was so appealing was that it would start the new college with a readymade accreditation and administration. But I knew our metropolitan culture would never respond to the president and faculty they would be bringing.

I tried with no success to persuade Baylor to establish a Junior College branch in Dallas that would provide Dallas area students with the basic liberal arts and enable the University at Waco to major on upper-class and graduate programs. It also seemed to make sense to move the schools of business and law to Big D, where the students would profit much more from the business community there. It was of no use. The Baylor trustees had stars in their eyes about making Waco bigger than the University of Houston! And President White was afraid of appearing to compete with SMU. I was the only one who voted against asking Decatur to move to Dallas.

By that time other forces were combining to make us realize the handwriting was on the wall for our Extension program. The people were finding it more and more difficult to schedule classes that tended to compete with local church activities. Pastors were getting restless over the increased level of education of their leaders. The Association was not expanding our financial base after Baylor stopped further subsidies. And Baylor with other Baptist schools operating similar extension programs were increasingly under scrutiny by the accreditation associations. So when Herbert Howard approached me in late 1959 about coming to Park Cities to launch an intensive adult education program, I felt it was providential in every aspect. It would give me a chance to test my ideals and visions of adult Christian education in a local church capable of almost unlimited support. It would give to my family a much stronger church life and better educational opportunities. I went, not without some disappointment that Baylor Extension could no longer be my main ministry, but I did keep the privilege of teaching one course each term until the new school began in 1964.

In 1958 we left Roger with one of the Buckner families and took the others with us on a trip to the Blue Ridge mountains. We left the girls with Mother and Dad at Clear Creek. I was determined to realize my twenty-five-year-old vow of bringing my family back with me to climb Bald Mountain on the North Carolina and Tennessee line. Instead of going up to the pass at the state line, where the Appalachian Trail crossed, which Falk Johnson and I had done in 1933, I tried to approach the Mountain from the northeast, using some crude maps we picked up. We took a wrong fork not far from the start and were lost in a "Rhododendron hell," a thicket of bush so dense you could hardly crawl through it.

We finally made it to the camping area near the top much later in the evening than we had planned. We set up our two pup tents and tried to sleep in a cold, windy night. After a meager breakfast the next morning we joyfully anticipated a great view from the top a few hundred yards away. Imagine our chagrin on arriving to discover a jeep coming over the brow. To me it was sacrilege!

The trip down was uneventful, but the night in a motel was miserable. We were worn out and I had leg cramps most of the night. It was good to return to Clear Creek and the rest of our family.

In 1959 we had the first of many exciting vacations in the mountains around Telluride and then Cuchara. It was a time of real joy for the family even though the living was rough and the travelling long and arduous. The challenge to climb those mountains, the delight in their majesty, and their peacefulness all have contributed to the molding of our lives. We especially enjoyed picking wild raspberries along the old railroad beds near Ophir. Besides eating our fill we pressed the juice and carried it back to Dallas for making delicious jelly.

It was our first trip to the Rockies as a family. We drove our Plymouth station wagon, ate lunches along the way, and took our time heading for Telluride. We stopped long enough at Royal Gorge to see the cog railway from the rim down to the Arkansas river and to watch an Indian dance at the welcome center. The bridge over the 1125-foot canyon is the highest

suspension bridge in the world. At Gunnison Gorge we took some scary looks down the 1200-foot precipice into the Gunnison River.

We stayed about ten days in a little house on the west end of Telluride that had recently been bought by a fine couple, the W. P. Gandys, in Cliff Temple Baptist Church who were in my Baylor Extension classes. Telluride is an old mining town that had its heyday in the 19th century. Its gold and other minerals attracted prospectors in great numbers with all the attendant mercenaries feeding on them. There was even an opera house and theater that attracted national players. It is a little town with a magnificent setting in a horseshoe valley, facing west. In recent years it has undergone a revival and transformation by reason of the ski slopes that have been built. It has been commercialized far beyond what we remember in those days.

Several times the children and I climbed the road at the east end of the town to the pass, where there were ruins of an old mine. Ingram Falls enhanced the lovely heights toward the pass. On one of our first trips, Nancy's shoes came apart and I tried to improvise from mining scraps to get her down again. On another trip to Bridal Veil Falls we all enjoyed the beauty of the sunlight creating rainbows in the spray from the very high falls. It was exciting to watch the hummingbirds feeding on columbine in front of the Gandy house. The "Gallop Hoop" in the heart of the town was a converted bus that had railroad wheels and pulled a small passenger car. It used to make the run from Telluride to Ophir.

We visited Ouray, which was just a couple of miles through the mountain from Telluride and could be traveled through the mine above the latter town by the miners. The road around the mountains was more than fifty miles, but it was worth it to see Box Canyon and go swimming in the town pool fed by hot springs. Near Telluride were Trout Lake, a good fishing lake, and the little Cushman Lake beside the road to Ophir.

We came back by way of Mesa Verde National Park in the northwest corner of New Mexico. It was a unique experience of the cliff dwellers. The Park rangers and archaeologists still cannot explain why the dwellers suddenly deserted the ruins several centuries ago.

Later in the summer we met at Falls Creek Baptist Encampment in southern Oklahoma for a reunion with the Buckner families who had moved to that state. We had a great time at the falls, swimming in the pool below the falls and sliding down rocks into the water.

John and I will never forget the hurried trip back to Telluride at Thanksgiving in 1959 in the Renault, when we lost our brakes on Thanksgiving Day in Santa Fe and ran into subzero cold in Telluride. Nor will we soon forget our supper with the druggist and his wife, who took us in for the night. We did fine with the meal until the dessert, which tasted so bad that we could hardly eat any of it despite our efforts to be sociable. To this day we have no idea what it was. (Jeanette says it was pumpkin soufflé).

Our efforts to persuade the men of Park Cities to buy the old hydroelectric plant at Ames (the first in the nation to generate alternating current) and convert it into a lay retreat center proved futile. We always have regretted that we did not buy the three-story house on a corner lot in Telluride for \$3600 then. It is probably worth \$150,000 today since Telluride has become a nationally famous ski resort.

Park Cities Baptist Church, 1960-1970

Park Cities was a whole new world for every member of the family. We had moved from a middle-class neighborhood, a small church and an average public school system to at least the upper middle-class. Park Cities had many well-to-do members, but we were pleasantly surprised to discover that they by and large did not flaunt their affluence. In fact, we soon remarked how they seemed to take it for granted that their lifestyle was what normal and average Americans enjoyed. However, I learned later that in North Dallas it was not only difficult to persuade people to sign up for the "bus to glory" but also the one unforgivable sin was incompetence or failure. Instead of turning to the church for help in times of trouble, such as family or business failure, they would often drop out completely.

Although the salary the church offered was not much larger than what I had been making at Baylor Extension plus the seven interim pastorates I had, it was enough for us to trade up to a four bedroom, two den house on Lanshire, near White Rock Lake Park. As I recall we paid \$29,000 for the house, borrowing from Dallas Federal Savings and Loan. The den and garage were below the upper two bedrooms. That den provided me with an ample study with built-in bookshelves and even a fireplace that connected with the one in the den above. Most of our living was in the upper den which had a big picture window that looked out on the valley and across to the hills on the opposite side where homes at Christmas were elaborately lighted and decorated.

Our home was six miles from the church and about four miles from Richardson High School, which John entered. Larry went to Junior High and the others to White Rock Elementary. The schools of the Richardson district were reputed to be second only to the top-flight Park Cities System. The children immediately took to their new environment and made many friends at school and church. All of them entered whole-heartedly into the many programs of the church, especially the music and recreational.

Dr. Howard had challenged me, "We have a big church here. We want you to come and help us make it a great church." It was quite an assignment. [*Much of the following is copied from "Memoirs I."*]

Park Cities opened up a whole new world for me. Up to then I had been very cozily in the mainstream of Southern Baptists' theological and educational life. But we needed to innovate to meet the challenge of well educated, highly motivated people. The University of Christian Life (UCL) was my effort to provide a stimulating program of short courses in Bible, Christian doctrine, Christian history and ethics and contemporary life. For several years it proved highly successful, so much so that we had inquiries for adaptations by almost 200 churches throughout the Convention. It met our needs then, but in the long run I realized its weakness. On the part of the educator he had to keep evermore stimulating courses to attract and hold the interest of the people. On the part of the "students" there were little or no demands upon their own earnest study and participation. It was too easy to listen to well trained lecturers and lose the value of the educational experience. And it began to suffer from the competition of TV as the old Training Union had suffered from the automobile.

In latter years I have witnessed also the consequences of loss of the old-fashioned Training Union. With all its faults it helped several generations to know and appreciate their Baptist heritage and major convictions, such as the priesthood of believers, separation of church and state, the autonomy of the local congregation and the importance of the laity. All of these were brought into question or denied outright by the leaders of the Fundamentalist takeover in the Eighties.

For me, however, it was a most challenging time. The programming was hard, and the lecture preparation was even more difficult than in Baylor Extension, for we usually had no textbooks or assigned reading. I taught two or three courses a week, many of them, like Archaeology of the Old Testament, way out of my field. But it stretched my mind and spirit even as the increasing burden of administrative problems added to my tense life.

I had inherited a fine educational staff from my predecessor as minister of education, Fisk Ray. We had on my first staff the following:

- Judy Knox, nursery coordinator and director, Little Folks School.
- Betty Evans, wife of Ray Evans, minister of music: beginner and primary director.
- Patsy Rhodes, junior director.
- Martha Black, intermediate director.
- Harold Hughens, college and young peoples' director.

Each of these was responsible for staffing both the Sunday School and training programs. All worked together well. It was a great team. We were averaging about 2,000 in Sunday School.

The figures on the University of Christian Life are still hard to believe. In the first six years we enrolled 4,911 in 102 different courses. By 1970 we had taught 192 courses in 294 sections, with 118 faculty, 70 of whom were laity. I taught 45 courses during those eleven years. Even Dad taught at least one course in "Christ in the Old Testament," one of his favorite subjects. We had courses in 12 New Testament books and 8 Old Testament. And Jeanette joined me in teaching "The Creative Years." Wesley House was already teaching church history when we began. He continued to be one of our most popular teachers. He was the best lay student of church history I have ever met. His wife, Marguerite, was my faithful secretary during the last years of my work there.

Our courses in the "College of Christian Culture" ranged over the widest fields: from Chalk Artistry to Biblical Philosophy; from Christian Medical Forum to Understanding our Jewish Neighbors; from The College Scene in 1963 to My Money and God. You can imagine the fun and frustration I had in curriculum planning, enlisting faculty and promoting four terms a year.

We organized the courses around four colleges: Christian Culture, Advanced Bible, Baptist Affairs, and Leadership Development. I had inherited an on-going teacher training program, led by Mrs. Bob Bowers and Frank Durham. It was devoted mainly to survey courses in the Old and New Testament. I enlarged the program into a year-long course meeting during the S. S. hour, divided into four main segments: survey of the bible, Baptist distinctives, methodology of teaching and practice teaching in the S. S. department of their choice. In the ten years we graduated almost 200 new or retrained

teachers. It proved to be one of the most profitable phases of our whole educational program. One of the directors of the program was George Williamson, Sr., at the time financial vice president of Pepsico. His son, George, Jr., served as summer intern one year while he was a student in Yale Divinity School. We used to say that we held our breath whenever he had the prayer at the Sunday morning service for, we never knew what he would tell the Lord about us next. He maintained his unique ways into his pastorates, where now he is pastor at Granville, Ohio, and president of the Baptist Peace Fellowship of North America.

For two or three years before we came to PCBC the young people had gone in early June each year to a beautiful camp called Gold Lake that was owned and operated by Al Dudley and his wife, members of our church. We went the week before their regular summer season and helped to break in their staff. It was a rich experience for all concerned. Several of our staff went with their families. The camp was located near Ward, Colorado. We could see Long's Peak about 30 miles northwest of us. Audubon Peak was a fairly easy climb nearby. On one climb we had most of the young people along, so it was slow going. The boys were impatient to get to the top, so I cut them loose with John and Larry to guide them while I brought up the rear with most of the girls. They kept asking me, "How much further is it?" I finally saw the trail levelling off and replied, "About 30 more minutes." One of the girls behind me turned to her partner and said, "Just think, honey, only half of Ben Casey!" Such is the influence of TV serials on our generation.

One of the fun things to do was to go to "snow country" not far away and using every kind of pan and device we could scrape together we would toboggan down the slope. By that time of year, the snow was getting soft so it was easy to fall through weak places. I have a picture of one girl who fell through with one leg standing up and the other straight out in front of her on the snow. It was lots of fun for kids who seldom saw that much snow.

Also, in June 1960, Jeanette and I went to the Baptist World Alliance meeting in Miami. Mother and Dad came from Knoxville and we got in some sightseeing between sessions, especially at Parrot Jungle,

Later that month we rented a 12-foot camper and with our Plymouth station wagon pulling we headed west for California. It would have been a fairly inexpensive trip for those days with five children, but we had not gotten out of Texas before we began having trouble with the electrical system of the car. At least four times during the trip we were laid up, sometimes for a half day, trying to get the alternator, the voltage regulator, and the battery all in balance and working efficiently. I remember our last trouble came at Fresno, which is reputed to be consistently the hottest city in California. John and Larry slept in the back of the Plymouth and the rest of us in the camper. It was crowded, but we got used to it.

Along the way we stopped overnight with a beautiful sunset and sunrise at the Painted Desert in eastern Arizona. We made a small detour south of Flagstaff to Oak Creek Canyon. Our visit with the Wheelers was memorable. They were living at the time in the house built for the founder atop a high hill overlooking Forest Lawn Cemetery, where Bob was a vice president. There was a funicular running from their backyard down to the cemetery grounds below. We visited Pacific Ocean Park, where we rode the roller coaster--my last--also Huntington Gardens, Marineland and Disney Land. While the family with Sunny and Patsy and cousin Priscilla Bazley enjoyed a long day of fun there I journeyed alone south to Palomar to visit the great 200-inch Hale telescope. Unfortunately, they were about to close when I arrived, so I did not get to see much, but it was the realization of a long dream that I had of seeing such a marvelous instrument of astronomy.

Leaving Glendale, we headed north to see the national parks. At Exeter we visited briefly with Bob Wheeler's parents, then on to King's Canyon, where we saw the big trees, and finally Yosemite. We headed south from there via Las Vegas and the Hoover Dam. It was a memorable trip.

In an effort to provide some business experience for John and Larry I launched "Hastings and Sons' Religious Books." We equipped the Ford Econoline with bookshelves and got permission to park in several shopping centers, where we set up and sought to attract customers. Our best pitch was the customer counseling I was able to give for people who needed help in their selections. It could have done well, if we had had the time and energy and know how it required. One year we actually grossed a little over \$10,000 in sales, but then lost much of it in the disastrous flood that invaded our lower den and ruined \$500 worth of books.

In 1961 we again took our vacation at the little Gandy cottage in Telluride. On that trip we discovered the beautiful Alta Lakes high in the mountains, where we tried our luck at fishing. We visited Ouray again and took the "million-dollar highway" (so named for its original cost soon after the War) to Silverton, which was cut out of the sides of the mountains for twenty-five miles. It is still one of the most spectacular drives in Colorado. At Silverton an old-fashioned train carried us in open cars south to Durango, where a mock battle between two warring factions entertained us as we arrived.

We took a jeep trip with Telluride's druggist, Mr. Reed, as our guide over some of the highest roads in the area. Another day the boys and I set out for Sunshine Peak as our major climb. We parked above Ophir and walked across the very high

railway trestle to begin our climb. It was a "hairy" start for us, but with much encouraging of each other we made it. Halfway up we decided to stop and have our lunch. We had brought a can of beans that we heated over a fire of canned heat. When we had finished, we decided to lighten our load by hiding our few utensils. On returning we never could find them, so they are still rusting away on Sunshine's shoulder. I have a great picture of the startled face of John as he climbed over a snowdrift near the top. It was a thrilling experience, our first as a family of a major Rocky Mountain.

In the early Sixties our church leadership was caught up in the lay renewal movement that was proving to be so effective in many denominations. In Texas Professor Nat Tracy of Howard Payne College in Brownfield was one of the "gurus" of the movement. He was indoctrinating his student pastors in the key ideas of the pastor being the "equipper" for members who are the prime "ministers" of the church. One of his bright students, Creath Davis, eventually gave fulltime to leading churches in the movement's theology and strategy. He related the difficult time many student pastors had in trying to convince their people of the new strategy. The old-timers resisted saying, "We pay you to minister!"

It was a heady time. They told about one hog farmer near DeLeon, Texas, who had caught the vision and dedicated his farm to the Lord to be used in ministering to a wide variety of people who came to observe his very progressive methods of hog farming. We visited him and were greatly impressed, especially when he had us change shoes to special boots to wear into the hog pens, which were kept immaculately clean, certainly by ancient hog standards. Now this experience has a bearing on the following trip to Glorieta.

In 1962 we went to Glorieta for a special week for church leaders. Each of the Convention agencies had their top leaders there for a brainstorming week on programming. At one of the plenary sessions each of the secretaries of the Sunday School, Training Union, Brotherhood and WMU told us about their programs and plans for the future. Then W. L. Howse, my former professor of education at Southwestern and long-time Sunday School expert at the S.S. Board, opened the floor for discussion. Soon I was on my feet. Dr. Howse knew me well and said, "Make it brief, Hastings!" I said, "We know how useful role-playing is in this kind of situation. I would like to play the role of a hog-farmer and ask each of you leaders what you would like to do for me and my family." Well, that opened the floodgates of talk from the leaders. Each one was anxious to tell me about the great value of enlisting in their programs and what it would do for me. Then Alma Hunt, who was the WMU secretary began to tell me about how the WMU would enlist our children in mission education. "And if your wife becomes WMU president, don't expect hot meals every day, for she will be very busy with the Lord's work!"

At that I could not help but return to the microphone with a grin, for Jeanette had served a year as president at Bethany. "I didn't ask you what our family could do for your organizations. I was looking for you to help me farm for the Lord!" And I sat down with no further word. There were many surprised looks all around. Afterward and even into the next day people would come up to me telling me what I meant. Little did they realize that they were revealing more their own strategies than they did mine.

The Hughens were also there at Glorieta and we had many fine times exploring the beautiful country. One of the trips we made was up Galinas Canyon, northwest of Las Vegas. At Montezuma New Mexico Baptists once operated a college for several years before it failed financially and was sold to Armand Hammer, who established an international college and training center there. On the way back I foolishly suggested a short cut through an unimproved road. We almost lost Harold's car in the heavy rocks and sand traps. We went on to Telluride for a brief visit there before returning to Dallas. We stayed long enough to make the jeep trip with Mr. Reid.

Our vacation that year took us to Oklahoma, where we had a reunion of the Buckner staff at Falls Creek, then visited the Bolins at Boys' Ranch near Edmund. Our family went on to a cabin near Beaver Lake, north of Fayetteville, Arkansas. From there we took a day trip to Roaring River State Park in Missouri, where we watched the fishing below the fish hatchery.

It was an exciting time all round for the family during the Sixties. In the fall of 1962, I had the painful chore of taking our first child to Hardin-Simmons to enter college. Then Larry had a wild experience one summer on a ranch in New Mexico. He had a tough introduction to life on the ranch. He was met at the bus station by the ranch manager's son who informed him that the two of them were in charge of the ranch for the next week or so since his parents were away on vacation. The next morning, they saddled up early to ride out and bring in a bull that needed attention. They went several miles before finding the bull when a rainstorm came up and drenched them solidly as they struggled back to the ranch. The next day Larry was so sore he could hardly ride again. He lived in the bunkhouse and learned a great deal. Much of that stood him in good stead in later years when he was wrangler for the Youth for Christ retreat near Silver Bluff in Colorado.

It was a decade of social upheaval. John F. Kennedy was elected president as the first Roman Catholic in history. It took quite a session before Protestant leaders in Houston during the campaign to convince the nation that he would not be controlled by the Vatican. The Cuban missile crisis was easily the most troubling event of his presidency. We all went for

emergency supplies and procedures, and many in our church even built underground bomb-shelters. Deacon Luther Oliver converted his deep and spacious basement into a shelter complete with all the needs and many of the comforts of his house.

Then Kennedy's assassination in Dallas in 1963 was an earthshaking event. Jeanette and I happened to be at home welcoming our new TV, so we will never forget the shock we got from this first news we witnessed live. Dr. Howard called a special meeting of the church the next day for prayer. It was a touchy service, for we all knew that most of the congregation was (and probably still is) strongly Republican. He assigned to me the main prayer. We had over 500 in attendance. It was a time for calling upon one's reserves of faith and courage.

With the coming of Bob Feather to the staff in 1964 I moved from Minister of Education to that of Adult Educational Director. Harold Hughens and his family had moved to Monroe, but I had already infected him with the mountain virus. We have kept up a most rewarding friendship since 1960.

The lightening of the administrative load was welcome, but Dr. Howard was still not satisfied with the slow growth of our Sunday School. He was ever conscious of the competition from First Baptist and from the subtle norms of most Baptists that measure success by how many buildings are erected and how much growth is produced. It was not enough that we had a unique ministry in both the city and the nation and that we had a vision of developing lay people for greater Kingdom influence in their world.

In early 1964 I took a detour via Baylor Hospital for a hemorrhoidectomy performed by our good friend at PCB Church, Dr. Gray Carter. Jeanette followed suit in 1966. Although I had to have a small repair work done on my surgery in 1965, I have had no trouble with it since.

Our big vacation of that year was the trip to Washington and New York, the latter for the World's Fair. All but John, who was involved in youth revivals in Texas with his team from Hardin-Simmons, piled in the Econoline bus and headed for New York. Our friends, Captain and Millie Hampton, had moved to Connecticut. (We have visited them in four different cities after moving from Dallas, where they were regular students in Baylor Extension). They invited us to stay with them and take the commuter train into Flushing Meadows on Long Island, where the World's Fair was built. We had a great time at the Fair, staying late one night to see the fireworks. Most of our time in the City was spent at the Fair, but we did do some sightseeing, including a ride on the Staten Island Ferry and a visit to the United Nations building. While in Connecticut we drove to New Haven to visit Yale University, where Larry thought he might like to study law.

On the way south we toured in Philadelphia the sights around Liberty Hall and saw the Freedom Bell. Then it was on to Washington. We stayed in a suburb from where I called the office of Bill Moyers at the White House to tell him that we would like to visit. (I had previously written that we would be coming through, but we had no firm date). His secretary said, "He has two phones going now and is very busy." I replied, "Tell him that the Baptist preacher who married him and his wife would like to visit with his family." Soon he was on the phone telling us to come on to the White House. Soon after we arrived in his press secretary's office, he said, "Would you like to see the President?" Sure, even LBJ! He told us that there was a conference in the cabinet room, where the scientists were briefing the President and the press on the just concluded instrument landing on the moon. Bill slipped us in at the back, where we found seats and watched fascinated for some time. But we were getting nervous, for we had a luncheon date with Admiral Charles and Sunshine Payne in Bethesda. We did the inexcusable--left the room before the President did!

During our brief stay in Washington we visited Arlington Cemetery and saw the grave of John F. Kennedy while it was still in temporary arrangement. We went to Annapolis to see the Naval Academy. St. John's Cathedral on the height above the city of Washington was very impressive. It has been under construction almost the entire 20th Century.

From Washington we journeyed toward home, stopping at Monticello to see the home of Thomas Jefferson and at Chancellorsville to see the sight of the Civil War battle and the University of Virginia. On the return we went through West Virginia and saw, but did not stay, at the elegant White Sulphur Springs, which has long been famous as a "watering place for the rich." We spent a very hot night at the Seminary dormitory in Louisville, then on to Brandenburg to introduce our family to Phillips Memorial Baptist Church, where we found a sizeable group of members at a special meeting.

Our final visit was at Harrisburg, where all of Jeanette's family were present for reunion, except Edna Earle and Robert Wheeler. We had a family picnic at Fern Cliffe State Park nearby. We finally returned home after a memorable trip, visiting interesting places and long-time friends and family.

My big excursion of that year was with the Texas Baptist revival team to Alaska in late October. Newman McLarry, who was my successor at Central Church, Marshall and then of the Evangelism Department of the state convention, organized us into about a dozen teams of preacher and singer for simultaneous revivals in the churches. My partner and I were

assigned to Grandview Baptist Church, Anchorage, Kip McConnell pastor. This was six months after the devastating earthquake on Good Friday. Everyone in Anchorage had a unique story to tell of their survival. We saw many of the scenes of the damage that had not been cleared and restored.

On arriving at Grandview Church, we discovered they were in the midst of building their first building. They had outgrown the small church building they had bought through the Home Mission Board a few years before. The Board helped also with the purchase of materials and enlisted a fine elderly layman from west Texas as foreman for the job. All of the members pitched in to do the work in their spare time. So, our routine for most days became working on the building during the day and holding services each night. The women provided basket lunches for us on Saturdays when most of the men were available. Several joined the preachers and singer to help during the two weeks we were there. We stayed with Kip and his wife, Millie, who was the church secretary for First Baptist. We kidded her about sneaking the best member prospects to her husband before the "mother church" had a chance to visit.

The spirit of the people was excellent. They supported the revival effort and we had a good meeting with a number of decisions for Christ and the church. The last Sunday had a record attendance of about 125 in Sunday School.

It was my first trip to Alaska. The weather was beautiful most of the time, but when it got really cold at night, we were treated to ice fogs that made halos around every streetlight. Kip took my partner and me on a day trip north beyond the city of Palmer. The rich valleys were cultivated for vegetables, which often grew to such as 40 pound cabbages in the summer growing season with its long days. Beyond Palmer we stopped to visit a Russian Orthodox mission that had been founded soon after the colonization of the Russians in the last century. The cemetery was unusual in that each grave had an originally designed "toy" house on top that were supposed to symbolize the need of the departed soul for a home when returning for a visit. On that trip we got far enough north to see the great Mt. McKinley, the highest peak of the Western Hemisphere.

Almost every person of any means owned a small plane, usually equipped with water skis, for travel into the Alaskan bush. Many used them to ferry building materials to the site of a fishing camp or retreat home they were building. The pastor of the First Baptist Church had his own plane. He invited my partner and me for a flight westward over one of the great glaciers of the area. It was a thrilling trip, especially when over the glacier he dipped low to less than 150 feet and circled so that we could get close-up pictures of the deep gorges. The glacier ice was beautiful in greens and blues mingling with the brilliant whites. On the trip we saw small bands of moose and elk.

Nearby Anchorage is Mt. Aleskya, which invited a climb. We found a young man in the church who also loved to climb, so he gladly served as our guide. The climb up the long slope of the Chugach ridge was an exhilarating experience, even though I suffered leg cramps on the way back. The view of the city and the harbor was superb.

We really traveled in 1965. Early in the summer Jeanette and I went to the Baptist World Alliance meeting in Miami. Mother and Dad were able to come also. The first evening session was held in the Orange Bowl. One of the thrilling events always at such meetings is the parade of nations with representatives dressed in their native clothes.

Then the family went to Glorieta Assembly where we stayed in a church cabin and cooked our own meals. We visited the Pecos Indian Ruin nearby Las Vegas. I made a short hiking trip with Cecil Sherman on a mountain above the Pecos River valley.

In August the family vacationed at Cuchara for the first time. This soon became our favorite vacation spot in Colorado, primarily because it was not so far as Telluride. Most memorable on that trip was our hike up West Spanish peak. Nancy and Roger, who was nine years old, and I made camp in the late evening at Apishapa Pass. The next morning, we climbed the mountain. The weather was great, we had a great view on top and we made it back without losing any shoes! I preached on Sunday at the little Community Chapel, as I did each time, we returned to Cuchara. It is hard to hold the attention of the audience since they are looking through the clear windows at the rear of the pulpit area at the magnificent view of the mountains in the distance.

The children and I took a day-long horseback trip, led by two of the guides from the corral. It was quite interesting and eventful. At one point we were on a shoulder of a mountain with a crumbly path. We had to dismount and walk our horses across one stretch. Our horses made it OK, but that of one of the guides slipped down the mountain about fifty feet. Fortunately, he was not hurt, but it took quite some doing to get him back to the trail. On the last leg toward home we were on the road. The big collie that accompanied us spotted a deer on the slope above us in the woods. He took off after it, chasing it till he got tired. When he turned to come back to the party the deer chased him down to the road!

John and Helen Dickson married in Fellowship Hall of Park Cities in September 1965, without the presence of her parents in Brazil, but with the assistance of her large family. Our good ladies of the Church provided the reception, which was generously and beautifully done. The kids decorated his Studebaker up good for their takeoff on a short honeymoon. In

May 1966, John entered Army life and Helen graduated from Hardin-Simmons. All but John, who was unable to get a pass, went to Abilene for the big occasion.

In September I made one of several trips with Dr. Bob O. Coleman, professor of archaeology at Southwestern Seminary and a Baylor classmate, to the Brazos River west of Waco, where he had been excavating for Indian ruins in the "shelters" beside the river. We camped out and dug for three days. Our efforts were rewarded with a remarkable find--an almost complete skeleton of an Indian woman. It was exciting to dig it out so carefully as not to damage any of its parts. Bob O. kept the skeleton in his office at the seminary for years until he retired.

Jeanette began teaching in 1965 at Little Folks School at Park Cities, a day care and kindergarten program run by Judy Knox. She enjoyed her work with the children. Two or three years later she became secretary to the principal, Charles Maples, at Tom C. Gooch Elementary School in north Dallas. She had also worked for a while for an automated mailing firm. All of this was a big help to our overworked budget as we tried to keep two boys in college and the others in public school.

As expected of a boy with "built in springs" Larry was into everything in Lake Highlands High School. He played defensive halfback in football, ran track in the 440-yard relay at the state track meet and was one of the cheerleaders. He joined the DeMolay organization. They had a practice of taking their members to churches of different denominations for the broadening experience. After one such visit Larry came home and asked me, "Dad, what would you think if I decided to join a church other than Baptist?" Immediately I answered, "Son, it would be the most Baptist thing you ever did!" That gave him a bit of pause for thought.

When Larry graduated with honors from Lake Highlands in 1965 he headed to the "culturally deprived region" (as he said later) of Stillwater, Oklahoma, to enter Oklahoma State University. He lasted a year and a half and came home to enter SMU, a wise decision, we thought. During his Stillwater days he attended the University Baptist Church, pastored by our cousin, Bill Sherman. He joined a fraternity and learned about the ways of frat houses. During his college years he was very active as an effective leader in Young Life, the international organization of youth leaders who primarily worked with young people in high schools. After graduation he came very close to accepting a scholarship for further training in the Lutheran Seminary in St. Paul, Minnesota, but he decided that he had no permanent calling in that direction, so he declined. He did serve at Silver Bluff ranch in Colorado for two summers and in Corpus Christi also. In August 1966, Jeanette and the girls with Roger and I left for Vienna, where they spent a week with Grandmother. I went on to attend a remarkable adult education conference at the University of Indiana in Bloomington. The campus was beautiful and the building used for extension education was so self-contained that the director had to encourage us to get out every day to enjoy the beauty. We had about fifty educators of all sorts from across the nation for a week of intensive work in "participation training."

At the orientation we were told that everyone would go by his or her first name only. We were not allowed to even tell what our work was or anything about our schooling. Divided into groups of about ten each, we were given a "facilitator," who instructed us the first session in the ground rules. We were to choose a topic for discussion and develop it through the rest of the sessions into a program that we would present to the whole assembly. Our group chose the subject of "love." We wrestled for three days trying to define "love" without measurable success. Finally, we shifted to collecting illustrations of notable experiences from the group of the way love operates. The most amazing result of the week was our discovery that, though we had been unable to define "love," we had begun to experience it in our growing relationships. On my return to PCBC I tried to implement what I had learned into our staff planning, committee work, even the way the UCL courses operated. But human nature is resistant to any radical change in traditional methods and procedures. So not much came of the experience. We were dealing with people who were too used to being boss and expressing their opinions with little chance for change.

When the conference was over, Jeanette and the children drove up to Indianapolis, where we caught a plane for Boston. There we rented a car and drove to Eliot, Maine, where Ben New was pastor of a Congregational Church. He had been associate minister at PCBC at the time I began there. We had arranged to swap houses for our vacations that summer. It proved to be a good arrangement. Eliot was near Portsmouth, just over the border with New Hampshire and about 100 miles from Boston. From there we made day trips to Boston and Cambridge, Lexington and Concord. We visited the old Baptist Church at Kittery, Maine, from where William Screven and a group of Baptists moved to Charleston, South Carolina, in the 1690's to establish the earliest Baptist church in the South. We took a harbor cruise at Portsmouth and visited the ruins of Ft. McClary on the south most point of Maine. At a bayside lobster place we ate our first Maine lobsters on the pier where the lobster boats dock. At Orchard Beach, Maine, we actually went swimming in the cold waters of the Atlantic.

One of our longer trips took us up into New Hampshire past Winnepesaukee Lake to Franconia Notch. It was fun seeing

"the Great Stone Face" that inspired Hawthorne's famous story. We rode the aerial tram up the mountain opposite Franconia Notch and Nancy, Roger and I climbed Mt. Lafayette. Along the trail we saw several young men carrying supplies weighing as much as 60 pounds on their backs to the shelters that are built for use on the Appalachian Train. We were in fog much of the way, but were able to get a clear view from the top. However, there were fifteen or twenty climbers on top, which disappointed us for we expected to have little companionship there.

Our stay in Eliot was enhanced by access to the New's large garden, from which we were free to pick fresh vegetables. Nancy led in the mowing of the yard. We visited services one Sunday at a lovely brick church in a forest nearby. In the town of Orchard Park, Maine, we happened on a big parade with several high school bands. The fire trucks, old and new, had kids draped all over them having a great time.

In the early Sixties we began to ride the wave of the lay renewal and Priesthood of Believers movement. The team of lay leaders brought to our church by Howard Butt revolutionized our people and charged them with such dynamism that it frightened the pastor into cooling things off. The specter of Pentecostalism also worked against us during those days. As a result of the lay emphasis, which continued for several years, in October 1966, the men of the church organized a similar lay renewal trip to Long Beach, California. We chartered an old DC-3 and eighteen of us flew out for the weekend simultaneous revivals. It was a long, tiresome trip in that workhorse of the Air Force of World War II. My partner for our assigned church was Frank Benson, one of the most highly respected older bachelors of our membership. He had a fine testimony.

A sad event of 1966 was the death by leukemia of beautiful young Charlotte, daughter of George and Edna Earle. She had fought a long and courageous battle with the cancer only to lose finally on October 12th. She and Gail had had several good visits together. Jeanette took a plane to Jackson to attend the funeral in Flora, Mississippi. The next month I went to Monroe to lead a Bible conference in Parkview Baptist Church, where Harold had been associate minister since 1963. It was the first of several very enjoyable weeks I spent in succeeding years with an eager group of young adults in that church. From there I flew to Knoxville to visit Mother and Dad and talk to them about moving to Dallas.

Mother and Dad moved from Knoxville to a cottage on Fernald Street in the Garland area in 1967. They had good neighbors who helped to look after them. Dad was still able to keep the yard mowed. He did most of the cooking while Mother cleaned up and kept house. Dad began teaching in our UCL program--the Book of Revelation and Christ in the Old Testament. He also had quite a following of young couples who gathered in homes for weekly Bible study. They joined Park Cities Church and were warmly received by both the people and the staff. At the end of May Jeanette and I flew to the Southern Baptist Convention meeting in Miami.

Our vacation in the summer of 1967 was a double-header. We returned to Cuchara, where we had a cabin overlooking the beautiful meadow to the north. Nancy and I climbed Trinchera in good weather and enjoyed a fine view. The family took a picnic at Lovers' Leap, about 15 miles away at the foot of East Spanish Peak.

Then we journeyed on to Telluride, where we met the Hughens for another week of climbing and sightseeing. We stayed in cottages at the little mining village of Ophir. There was a small lake at the edge of our cabins where Harold and the kids caught a few fish. Our most memorable climb was to Wilson Peak. This is one of the 14,000 foot peaks that we had long desired to climb. Together with Harold and his son, Kennon, we rented a jeep and drove to the west side of the mountain where there was an old miner's deserted cabin. It was not fit for overnight stay after our climb, so we tented nearby. It was mid-morning before we shouldered our packs and started up the long slope to the top. I had Larry, Nancy, and Roger, who were all seasoned climbers, but Kennon was skittish on his first major climb. So we roped up for added security.

The climb took much longer than we had anticipated. When we reached the South Summit the sun was nearing the horizon. It was still about 200 feet vertically to the peak, but I decided we could not afford any more time and still get back before dark. Regretfully we turned to go down and then we made a major mistake. My kids talked me into taking a short cut down a ravine instead of following the long slope we had climbed. We made it alright, but it was very slow going. It was dusk by the time we got to the bottom of the ravine. By that time the only guide I had was a dim outline of the horizon to the west with one peak that served as my guide. With only one flashlight I led the way across a very rough rock fall. Harold brought up the rear and the group kept up their spirits by singing and joking. We finally made it to our miners' cabin about two hours after dark. The next morning when we looked back at the route we had taken we were surprised to discover that it was the only feasible one through the rock fall. Surely God was directing us through that treacherous area. The next morning after breakfast we relaxed by hunting through the tailings of the old "Silver Pick" mine. It was a beautiful morning to end a restless night.

Another trip we made at Telluride was to Columbine and Crystal Lake above Ophir Pass. The crystal blue water of the lakes against the rugged mountains was picturesque. But the most exciting time was our return to the Pass. The clouds began to gather and swirl around us as we came down the scree on the trail. At times we had to stop and gaze in wonder at

the scene which looked like the dawn of creation.

In summer of 1968, we took a few days for the Hemisfair at San Antonio, where the PCBC Crusader Choir presented a brief program. The fun thing was to ride the elevator to the top of the high tower with its restaurant on top. We also took a ride on the beautiful San Antonio River, visited Brackenridge Park and Zoo, the Alamo and five other missions in the city.

The social forces were in turmoil during those changing times of the Sixties. The Vietnam War added much fuel to the already growing rebelling of youth from authority, so the front lines of their movement were on the campuses of colleges and universities. The women's liberation cause centered upon the national effort to pass the Equal Rights Amendment, which never got out of congress despite several tries. The liberation movement also brought about the sexual revolution, which challenged all our traditional family values and sexual practices and attitudes. The assassination of Robert Kennedy during the campaign for president in 1968 in Los Angeles and the later one of Martin Luther King, Jr., were almost more than the social fabric of the nation could endure. We had another service of prayer for Kennedy and this time Dr. Howard turned the entire service over to me. I do not remember that we had a service after King's death. In all of these momentous changes I tried to keep our people confronted with the various challenges through lectureships and dialogue groups in the UCL program.

The Church had always been more open to ecumenical involvement than most. This along with Herbert's public stand for an ethical attitude toward race relations got us branded in the Convention as liberal. But as events proved, the image and the reality were quite different.

When Dr. Howard finally got a six months leave of absence to study in New York, we were just facing the crisis of sit-ins and the challenge of blacks to invade the white churches. Some of us on the staff hoped that we would follow an open policy, but the deacons became thoroughly scared of any radical elements. They had all kinds of caucuses and finally a showdown deacons' meeting at which they laid down almost impossible requirements for any black to be accepted as member. My voice was not all that influential, but I did give the deacons a written statement of my strong views for open membership to no avail. James Flamming, as minister in charge during the Howard absence, tried to stem the tide but eventually had to go along. It was a disillusioning experience, capped by Dr. Howard's opposition to our gentle chef, Roy Hayden, to his going to the Martin Luther King, Jr., funeral in Atlanta. He went somehow.

Our Church had good relations with the Jewish Temple down Northwest Highway. This proved to be one of the key factors in my growing interest in ecumenism. I became chairman of the Associational Committee on Work Related to NonEvangelicals, as our Interfaith Witness Department used to be called. By that time, we were scheduling rabbis and priests to lecture in the UCL program. I remember so well our neighbor, Mike Rizzone, whose daughter, Felicia, was an almost constant playmate with Roger and Gail. He used to come over when I was working in the backyard and tell me about the wonderful new world for Catholics that the Second Vatican Council was opening up. My attitude then was the old cliché, "The more Rome changes, the more she stays the same!" Mrs. Dana Whorton, our strong advocate of ecumenism in the Church, finally got Jeanette and I involved in a living room dialogue with Catholics, led by Father Bob Rehkemper. It was an eye-opening experience. By 1968 I was heavily involved in the Associational Committee and attended a number of conferences led by Joe Dick Estes and my old classmates, Jase Jones and Bill McLin of the department. Bill McLin came to my office once and tried to talk me into joining their team at the Home Mission Board, but I was not interested at the time.

In 1968 Nancy took off for her summer AFS stay in Japan with Shizue and the Kaneko's after her junior year at Lake Highlands. The family, minus John and Larry, who by then was working with Young Life at their summer camps in Colorado, drove out to San Francisco so that she could join the students who were heading for Japan. Along the way we enjoyed stops at White Sands, where we played in the fine gypsum sands, then a couple of days at Grand Canyon. We visited Sunny and her family in Glendale. We climbed the mountain to see the Wilson Observatory and were fascinated by the way the big telescope is handled by controls so accurate it can be locked on to a particular star and track it precisely for hours. Huntington Gardens was lovely in its flowers. We went swimming in the private pool of Sunny's neighbors. We even did some sightseeing in downtown L A, including the famous market with its amazing variety of foods and craft wares.

On the way up the coast we visited the Hearst Mansion on Route 1. It rivalled Biltmore in Asheville and Viscaya in Miami for grandeur. On the way north we visited two of the old missions, enjoyed the ocean view at Big Sur and saw some of the Redwood forests. After Nancy had her orientation meeting, we saw her off on the plane for Tokyo and Maebashi. She lived with the Kanekos and learned Japanese the hard way. She assisted the English teacher at Maebashi Academy and worked also with the Kindergarten children.

In 1968 we also were introduced to Wilson's cabin and lake in East Texas, near Van. This fine couple were very active in lay crusades and invited us several times to spend a few days on the lake. Dad went with us on one occasion and he and

Roger had fun catching a few fish.

The family took in the San Antonio Hemisfair in late August. We enjoyed seeing the Alamo and the other missions and riding the boats on the San Antonio River in the downtown area. The city also has a big park and zoo, where we rode the miniature train.

This experience with Shizue involved us far more than we expected when as a result of their friendship Shizue came to live with us and go to school at Mary Hardin Baylor and Hardin-Simmons. She graduated from Hardin-Simmons with honors in art and music. We were all very proud of her record there. One summer she worked on the staff at Glorieta. That year also Nancy entered Baylor, but after one year she felt she needed a more "secular" challenge in her education, so she transferred to Seton Hall University in South Orange, NJ, where she hoped to major in Japanese culture. One notable friendship temporarily developed at Baylor with a young man from Houma, Louisiana, named Ken Sehested, whose father was an oil rig mechanic. They had one date and that was all, but as we will see later it turned out to be more significant than either realized at the time.

In 1968 I was invited to participate in the Conference on Religion and Science, sponsored by the Oak Ridge Association of Universities, at the atomic center of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. It was a ten-day affair that boasted three Nobel Prize winners among a galaxy of some of the most competent scientific communicators you would find anywhere. We all knew that it was a propaganda effort on the part of the scientific community to enlist the support of religious leaders throughout the nation for atomic development. But it was a great experience, especially since in addition to remarkable lectures, we were permitted hands on inspection where possible of many of the labs at Oak Ridge. It was right down the alley of my lifelong interest in science. I think I came away more intelligent than I could ever have been otherwise and more informed on the marvels of the human body in its genetic functions. We were exposed without apology and without pressure from both God fearing and agnostic, if not atheistic scientists. Dr. William Pollard, our director and chief lecturer, went on to become ordained to the Episcopal ministry and is noted for his writings in the field of science and religion.

In 1969 we again returned to Cuchara. Jake and Mickie Browning, formerly of the staff at Buckner, came. Mickie was determined to climb a peak. So I persuaded Gail to don boots and together with Roger the four of us started out to climb East Spanish. It is much less accessible than West Spanish and even a bit higher. We had to negotiate a difficult ravine as the only feasible way to the ridge. The big boulders in the ravine gave us trouble. We finally made it to the ridge, where the girls decided they had had enough. While they rested, Roger and I climbed the rest of the way, some two hundred yards to the top. On the way back down the ravine I noticed both Gail and Mickie were sitting down on a boulder and sliding off to the next level. "Hey, aren't you afraid you will wear out your jeans?"

Another significant event in 1969 was the coming of Alberto Valle from Padua, Italy, to Dallas at the invitation of the AFS club when Nancy was president. He was well received and did well as a student at Lake Highlands High School.

In 1969 I was invited to write the S. S. lessons for the second series of the new Advanced Bible Study by the S. S. Board's editor, D. P. Brooks. The series on Jeremiah was a joy and delight to write and was well received. We negotiated with the famous religious artist, Torger Thompson, for a special portrait of his conception of the prophet to go on the cover. Two years later, after we had moved to East Point, I wrote a second series on The Prophets. One interesting feature of that experience had to do with my manuscript on Malachi. At the time I was working on it, D. P. became ill and had to turn his work over to an associate. Evidently the latter did not like my effort to develop a dialogue with Malachi on the pattern of our Interfaith Witness work with other religions. He referred it back to D. B., who then rewrote the whole lesson. In retrospect, I consider the Jeremiah work as some of the best writing I have ever done.

By the late Sixties the tension on the staff at the Church had become so great that it was affecting our lives badly. Certain deacon elements were putting much pressure upon Dr. Howard to justify the work of our large staff. He required us to keep track every day of the phone calls, the visits, the trips by name and purpose and even time of day. Several of us began to look in other directions, though none of us were unhappy in the least with the warmth of response and cooperation of the people generally. My direction led me to two friends: Bob Bratcher of the American Bible Society, who had been a classmate in Southern in the Greek Department, and to Dr. Arthur Rutledge, my old friend from Marshall days, at the Home Mission Board. Bratcher was encouraging, but after several weeks he informed me that due to financial strictures the ABS was not putting on any more translation consultants. Our lives certainly would have taken a radically new direction had I gone with the American Bible Society.

Interfaith Witness at the Home Mission Board, 1970-1981

About that time Dr. Rutledge sent Hugo Culpepper, Director of the Missions Division, of the Home Mission Board, to talk

with me about a position with the Department of Work Related to NonEvangelicals. He suggested either the field of Jewish or Catholic relations. Although I probably had more experience at that time with Jews, I felt that both Jase Jones, as one of the field directors and longtime expert in Judaism, and Joe Dick Estes, director of the department, were all that was needed in that field. My growing interest in Roman Catholics I knew ran counter to all my early experience and training, but I felt that by the grace of the Lord I should tackle that immense field. I was totally unprepared for the way that ministry developed. It proved to be an auspicious choice. I was greatly encouraged by my close friends both in the Church and in the ecumenical circles in Dallas. We knew that it would be a fateful decision for the family. We almost waited too long to move for the sake of Gail and Roger's schooling. The sudden change to a much smaller and weaker school system and to a more limited church program was not good. But the Lord was opening up a challenging new ministry that I could not turn down.

I hope my family has forgiven me for the hardships the move entailed. It was especially hard upon Jeanette, for the need to occupy our new house on Carriage Way put tremendous pressure upon her. While Billy and Claudia Mitchell were on a month-long tour to Japan for the Baptist World Congress and then around the world, they had me to house-sit for them. During those days Jeanette came for about a week while we house-hunted. Several attractive areas we had to rule out because of expense, so we finally settled on one in a fairly new area of East Point. We assumed a six percent loan as the second owner of the two-story house. It was 14 miles to the office, but it was only about a mile from the airport, which I used with much regularity. We endured the noise for eighteen years before moving to Memphis,

It was also difficult for Mother and Dad. Mother was already in a nursing home in her ninetieth year. Fortunately, Larry and Dad's many friends in Park Cities Church provided him with much needed support. She died in September 1970. We had a lovely service in the Chapel at Park Cities before taking her to Monroe, where another brief service was held before burying her in the cemetery just east of her beloved Louisiana Baptist Children's Home. We soon saw that Dad could not live alone at his age of 86, so we moved him into the upstairs bedroom in East Point. We had a full house with Gail and Roger in the bedrooms downstairs and my study in the den.

The Department of Work Related to NonEvangelicals (as it was called until 1971) had been established in 1966 by Hugo Culpepper, Director of Missions, with Joe Dick Estes as first director. It combined the old offices of Jewish Evangelism and Catholic Information. Bill Burke, a priest converted in the Fifties in an independent church, who later became a Southern Baptist, had joined the HMB staff in the early Sixties. He was very knowledgeable and effective in informing Baptists about Catholics, but by reason of his conversion he was unable to relate to Catholics except on a private relationship. He retired in 1968 upon the death of his wife and moved to Pennsylvania. I had known him in conferences and knew that his strategy was altogether conversionist. He had modified his hardline views of Catholicism somewhat as a result of the changes that were beginning to take place after Vatican II, but he was increasingly ill at ease with the more ecumenical stance of Joe Dick Estes.

This background is important to understand the change in strategy which my coming to the office made possible. On arrival no one, Dr. Rutledge, Hugo Culpepper, or Joe Dick sat down with me and said this is our policy and this will be your strategy. I was both overwhelmed with the new sense of freedom in ministry, which had almost dried up at Park Cities, and with the uncertainties of my new role. To add to the frustration, within three months Dr. Culpepper had left for Southern Seminary and Joe Dick had resigned for a pastorate in Deland, Florida. Soon Tommy Starkes was promoted to be director. He had a brilliant mind and was the most effective communicator, especially with college students, we ever had. But he was young and untried as an administrator. Through his four years we got along well together while he endured the tedium as an administrator at the Board with increasing impatience.

All of that added up to my having to work out my strategy largely on my own. I came thinking that my chief role would be still to inform Baptists of contemporary Catholic life and practice so that they could be effective witnesses. However, because our department's work was related to Jews, Catholics (and soon the Orthodox), as well as the sects and the ever burgeoning cult groups of the Seventies, we soon realized that a single, conversionist strategy needed enlarging. We tried to broaden the meaning of witness, beyond soul winning and converting others to become Baptists. We needed to respond to different faiths in particular ways that would enhance our witness rather than defeat it. All of this began to develop in my early conferences. But I was still thinking that my sole mission was to Baptists. I was not prepared for the new eventuality.

In the summer of 1970 Shizue worked on the staff at Glorieta. We decided to take the family--all but John--to Glorieta, pick up Shizue and go on to Cuchara. The most memorable event of that stay was our climb of Blanca, the fourth highest peak of the Rockies. Cliff Goldsmith, our neighbor in Dallas, and his three children together with a couple of boy friends and Harold Hughens made up our large party. We had Cliff's big truck and a Jeep, all loaded with tents and full camping gear for two nights. Blanca is about 25 miles northwest of Cuchara, the last ten miles over some very rugged roads. I drove the Jeep with three others hanging on for dear life over the huge rocks we encountered. Finally, late afternoon we

made camp beside a beautiful lake and fixed our supper. The next morning, I was due to lead the party, but on getting up at sunrise I unwisely drank too much orange juice. At the altitude of over 11,000 feet it was too much for my stomach. I became nauseated and unable to eat any breakfast. With much regret I sent the party on under the guidance of Cliff and Larry. After a couple of hours, I felt strong enough to start after them. Fortunately, their pace was slow enough that I was able to catch them by about one o'clock as they were eating their snacks.

The climb to the top was terrific, for we were well above the timberline and had a marvelous view of the valley with the lake where we camped. About 3 o'clock we reached the top and relaxed in that majestic scene. On the way back down we saw in the distance a bear and her cub, but we had no encounters. It was Shizue's first mountain climb, and I was somewhat anxious about her strength and stamina. But I need not have worried, for she made it along with the rest in fine shape. It was a great experience.

Meanwhile, that first year was rugged on all of us and demanded the utmost in faith, love and patience. Nancy and Shizue left for Japan in September amid much anxiety over visas that arrived just barely in time. Mother died the same month and in November we moved Dad from Presbyterian Hospital in Dallas to our home. Two days after Christmas Jeanette went in the hospital for breast surgery. When I got the word that her biopsy proved positive and that she would have to have a radical mastectomy, I was nearly devastated. By God's providence Buren Smith, one of our faithful deacons, was with me at the time. I shall always be grateful for the wonderful support he gave me in that crisis. John and Helen spent a couple of weeks with us and helped immensely when we brought Jeanette home.

We had a full schedule of travel and conferences. Since I had three over the Super Bowl weekend in Miami, Roger and I went, but were disappointed in the loss of Dallas to Baltimore. Soon Dad was in the hospital for two sessions with an infection of the bladder. The strain on the family with my irregular schedule was especially hard on Jeanette. We learned to live one day at a time on faith and pure grit.

My first national Catholic conference was in September 1970, for the Liturgical Conference in Louisville. There I heard Sister Jane Marie Richardson in a marvelous address on prayer. Our friendship begun then has deepened and enriched our lives greatly. In 1974 she conducted a prayer retreat that Jeanette and I sponsored privately for about 20 of our friends. 1971 was the beginning of the new phase of my strategy. We began in February the series of regional dialogues that brought together Baptist and Catholic leaders from several states, the first being at Daytona Beach for the southeast. We had about fifty from each communion, taking part in small group meetings and general assembly. It was a time of confessing our prejudices and seeking understanding at first hand of each other. This beginning made possible almost all of our strategy of getting Baptist and Catholics together on all levels, from the national Scholars' Dialogues begun in 1977 to the two church dialogues on the local level. The latter were largely initiated by Father Joe O'Donnell of the Glenmary Home Missioners.

In May we had a three-day prayer retreat for Baptist and Catholic pastors at the Monastery at Conyers. We found a growing spirit of spiritual oneness and mutual trust. Then, a remarkable thing happened. Father Frank Ruff, the Glenmary who from the beginning in Atlanta had taken me under his wing and introduced me to the Archbishop and many Catholic leaders and different types of meetings, in one of our prayer sessions asked us to pray for the Pope and the coming Synod of Bishops' meeting in Rome in September. He said the Synod was to decide the life-style and ministry of priests for decades to come.

I thought about the challenge to pray for the Pope. This Baptist preacher who was raised in Catholic Louisiana would never dream of such a thing. But Frank's earnestness was persuasive. On my return to the office I realized that if the Synod meant that much I had to get over there and find out firsthand what was going on. It was a bold hope, but fortunately our trustees at the time were much bolder than presently. At Glorieta in August they approved my going. It was an eye opening, mind blowing experience. I could only go as a special correspondent for Baptist Press, for the sessions were always closed to the press and outside observers. We had reporters for twice-daily news briefings and some devious underground sources that supplemented those. It was a terrific opportunity for me to get a view of worldwide Catholicism and broaden my perspective accordingly.

What I was not prepared for was the response of Catholic leaders to my going to the Synod. Generally, there was amazement that Southern Baptists should be so concerned about their world affairs that they would allow me to go and support me in the work as fulltime liaison with them. I was soon discovering as many opportunities to speak at many different kinds of Catholic meetings about our Baptist views as I had to Baptist conferences. As you well know I was able to follow with the three succeeding Synod meetings through my last in 1980.

My first trip to Rome was memorable indeed. I stayed at a Protestant hospice run by the Ladies of Bethany, an order of Catholic sisters from Holland. It was located on via dell 'Anima overlooking the Piazza Navona, about a half-mile from St. Peter's. I fell in love with the place and its surroundings. Three of the great fountains of Rome grace the Piazza,

designed by my favorite sculptor, Bernini. It was surrounded by excellent "restaurantes" and the famous Church of St. Agnes in Agony. I heard one of the finest concerts by the Rome symphony and some great singers in the Church.

I had all kinds of help, not only from the sisters where I stayed, who were excellent tour guides, but also from the secretary of the Jesuit Guest Bureau, Elena Bartoli. She arranged my visit to the catacombs beneath St. Peter's, a trip which few tourists get to make. She also got invitations for me to some of the exclusive press conferences by different national bishops at the Synod. At one, held at the Bureau, she told me she had a special "cocktail" for me, knowing that I did not want the spiked kind. The glass held a beautiful reddish drink that I assumed was tomato juice. Imagine my surprise to discover that it was some of the most delicious orange juice I had ever tasted.

One other boon Elena provided me. On one visit to her office I was down in the dumps since I had not heard from Jeanette in more than a week. When she learned what my trouble was, she asked me, "What is her number?" Startled, I could only ask, "What number?" "Her telephone number!" I was so surprised I could hardly remember Jeanette's number at work. Elena picked up her phone and in a few minutes had Jeanette on the other end of the line. I had a free overseas call courtesy of the Jesuits!

I was invited by Walter Abbott of the Vatican Radio to engage in an interview on the air giving my Baptist assessment of the current Synod of Bishops' meeting. It was quite a thrill to see some of the original equipment designed by Marconi for the founding of Vatican Radio in the Twenties. The interview lasted only about five minutes and I have no record of any great insights I shared, but it was quite an experience.

My regimen consisted of attending the two press conferences each day (plus an occasional special one), gathering material and writing my news release once a week for Baptist Press. I soon discovered that the only typewriters available to the press (more than 400 representatives from all the world) had Italian keyboards, which are just enough different from ours to make typing frustrating. On visiting Professor and Mrs. Charles Talbert of Wake Forest University, who was doing a sabbatical study there, he graciously loaned me their portable "English" typewriter.

Usually I had two to four hours of free time each day that I could spend in seeing the sights of the Eternal City. It was good that I had opportunity to return for later visits, for there is no way that you can really "do Rome" in less than three months at least. I was fascinated by seeing close up the ancient Roman Forum, Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Circus Maximus where the chariot races were held, and the Triumphal Arch of Trajan with the only preserved image of the great candlestick from the Temple in Jerusalem. The museums continued to challenge my appreciation of the art and culture of Rome. Great as is the Vatican Museum, which I visited several times each trip, I reveled mostly in the Villa Borghese with its marvelous statuary by Cordova and Bernini. The latter carved the most life-like images of *David*, which I like more than Michelangelo's in Florence, *Apollo and Daphne* and the *Rape of Proserpine*.

There is no way to describe the awe one gets on entering St. Peter's. The interior from doors to the golden apse at the rear is fifteen feet longer than two football fields. The dome above the high altar is more than ten stories tall. The statuary and paintings around the walls are marvelous. It is fun to take the stairs within the outer and inner walls of the great dome to the cupola on top. From there one gets a comprehensive view of the old city. Of course, on that first trip I was amazed at the *Pieta* of Michelangelo, carved when he was only 25 years old.

One weekend I took a trip to Milan and Ravioli, near Turin. In Ravioli I visited with our missionaries, the Albert Crabbees, Ben Lawtons, and Virginia Wingo (daughter of Spurgeon Wingo, pastor in Louisiana and one of Dad's best friends). On Sunday the missionaries all scattered to their various appointments, leaving me with Paolo Spanu, the pastor of an Italian church, who spoke very little English. The small congregation came alive in its congregational singing. That and the notable fervor of the pastor and people were all that I could understand and appreciate. As was there custom after the service each family took out their baskets and shared their food and wine. It was my very first time to taste of the Baptistically forbidden drink, but I could hardly decline the insistence of the family who shared their meal with me, for practically all had made their own wine and were proud of their work. Later in talking with one of the missionaries about it, he said, "Our culture here is quite different from the States. Everyone takes moderate drinking of wine daily as a matter of course, whereas if any member is caught smoking, he is hauled before the church and disciplined severely."

The missionaries in Rome became very good friends over the four trips I made. Dub and Helen Ruchti, from Rome, Georgia, had been serving the English-speaking church in Rome for almost twenty years. I enjoyed their services and taking part in their Bible studies, both at the church and in their home. Dub is one of the finest guides to Rome anywhere. He took me one whole afternoon on a wild ride around the city, seeing many things I would have missed otherwise. The Stanley Crabbs and Ray Starmers also were very kind. On our last trip in 1980 the Crabbs took us in their car for a weekend visit to Assisi and other sights. I got a good insight into the joys and problems of missionary life in that Catholic country.

One other weekend trip I made to visit the parents of Francesca Bennati in Reggio Emilia. She had come the year before as AFS exchange student to East Point as guest of our club, where Gail was president. At her home I was assisted part of the weekend by two returned AFS students who spoke English, let me quote from the report I gave later at the luncheon of our HMB staff:

But they (the two students) were not around for Sunday morning breakfast when I was on my own with a few dozen words of Italian and her parents who knew no English. One of the deepest worship experiences of my life came at breakfast as I haltingly read the first 18 verses of the Gospel of John and prayed the "written prayer" I had labored over in the dawn hours. On the arrival of my interpreter we went to Mass at the little new church in the communist dominated part of the city. The little converted barn was crowded with fifty of the faithful to hear the young priest preach fervently for twenty-five minutes in support of the "apostolic mission to unbelievers." Afterwards he spent an hour with the father and brother of Francesca and with my interpreter inquiring earnestly about the people called Baptists. I was the first he had ever seen.

On another weekend trip by train also I visited Rimini and Ravenna on the Adriatic coast. The whole weekend I found no one who spoke English, but somehow I managed to make do with very poor Italian. It is a weird feeling to go 72 hours without speaking any of your native tongue. Those cities are famous for their churches with great mosaics, the finest in all Italy. On the way back I was trying to nap in the coach when I young mother and her six-year old son sat across from me. A hairdresser by trade who had been in the Near East for several years and was returning home, she spoke good English. In the course of our conversation I asked about her religious life. She said she was raised Catholic and attended mass occasionally. I asked her if she was raising her son in the Catholic faith. She said, "No, I intend to allow him to choose his faith when he is old enough to decide for himself." I told her that she was more "Baptist" than she realized. Three years later when Jeanette came with me, she went to her shop in Rome for her wash and set and took a copy of the Good News New Testament in parallel English and Italian as a present.

I returned home via northern Italy, where I visited Alberto Valle in Padua and spent three delightful days in Venice, some of them with Alberto and his sister. Then I was off to Switzerland for my first visit to that marvelous country. The side trip to Zermatt to see the Matterhorn was one of the biggest thrills of the whole trip. On the next trip I took Jeanette there. Both times I rode the cog railway to the high resort of Grindelwald, from where you have an unparalleled view of the Matterhorn and its other neighbors.

Our family situation did not permit me to take Jeanette the first year, but we were able to arrange for her to go each of the succeeding years at three-year intervals. We were able to follow the three weeks of Synod meetings with about two weeks of touring in Europe. It was a boon we could never have had any other way. By this time, I was developing the new strategy with both Roman Catholics and the Greek Orthodox. The latter was a special challenge, since the culture and theology and religious style was so different from what I had been learning from my Catholic experiences. I had from the outset determined that I would not make my research into either religion an academic one alone. It demanded that I immerse myself in the life of the people as much as their welcome and my integrity would permit. It was hard at first to overcome my ingrained prejudices from my youth and my education. Along with that I always have been impatient with religious ostentation and pageantry. I even wrote an essay in Southwestern on "The Dangers of Worship"! I had always held that Catholic worship made too little demand upon the worshipper for genuine understanding of what they were doing. It was easy to be a Catholic, for one does not have to decide on conduct or faith. It is all spelled out in detail. One knows exactly whether he is or is not acting as a true believer. Conversely, I held that our Baptist way of life is the hardest because the priesthood of believers demands that each one decides in the light of conscience and the inner Spirit of God what to believe and how to act. Contact with such as Frank Ruff and Jane Marie Richardson and others began to make me realize that I was not giving the individual his right to a fair witness of the reality of faith. As I compared practices, I realized ever more deeply that short-comings in practice and weaknesses of religious systems are far more common to all denominations than appear on the surface. All ritual is the product of traditions built up over many decades. Whether they are meaningful or superficial or even hypocritical depends upon the faith and dedication of the individual and not so much upon the system.

Every dialogic experience I had led me to a deeper examination of my own faith and practice as a Southern Baptist. We have a great heritage, and I am greatly influenced by and indebted to those pioneers of religious liberty and soul freedom which are ours. In spite of frequent criticisms during the first few years by Baptists of what I was doing, I became convinced that our Baptist way of life was more than ever precious to me. It had the bad side effect of making me highly critical of the growing ways I saw developing in our Convention that failed or even denied our Baptist heritage. But without my dialogic experiences I never could have written with such fervor **Introducing Southern Baptists**. Paradoxically I became more and more dedicated to an ecumenism that would build upon a solid biblical basis and preserve the best of the different family heritages of Protestants. I became more and more committed to the ideal of the

Kingdom rather than the denomination. This has enabled me to accept all of the excellencies of both Roman Catholic and Orthodox life without having to wait until the errors I still perceive are all purified. Some of my perceptive friends have pointed out that one reason I am so comfortable around those peoples is that they offer no threat to me, either in proselyting or in my status. Maybe so, and I could wish that Baptists were not so critical of each other as to keep us ever on our guard when we are together. It is truly wonderful when the Spirit of Christ prevails to such extent that people can be themselves without masks and without anxious defenses.

I am particularly grateful to my supervisors who made it possible for me to have two brief sabbatical study periods. The first was at Washington, D.C., in the summer of 1974 at Catholic University. I stayed in the house of the Carmelites about three blocks off the campus. The librarian of the theological school was very generous and helpful to me. I had a private nook in the stacks, and even though it proved to be very hot in August, it was an ideal setup. I was delighted with the amount of Protestant material they had. Their holdings, even of the "forbidden Catholic books" of recent decades was amazing. I became interested in the French "peritus" (theological adviser to the bishops at Vatican II), Yves Congar, and worked hard at translating his works in the field of ecumenism.

I must take note of the "wedding year" of 1973, for each one was a remarkable spiritual experience. Nancy and Ken married in June in a unique worship experience in the Manhattan Baptist Church, meeting in the United Nations Chapel. We will not soon forget Ken Medema singing as he led the wedding party into the church, nor Shizue's singing that melted all our hearts, nor the remarkable sight of Granddad Hastings receiving communion at the altar from his granddaughter. Then Shizue and Mike Hamlin married at Thanksgiving time in Abilene in a service wholly dictated by Mike! In December Larry and Linda Clark married in her home in a beautiful setting. Our international family was beginning to fill out wonderfully. By then Gail was in school in Samford, the only one of our children to graduate from the same school in which they entered! Family members must have caught my wanderlust by then.

At 90 years of age Dad was able to realize a lifelong dream and go with a group of seniors to the Holy Land. Roger was unhappy at West Georgia College and moved to Dallas to find work while living with Larry, who had just returned from Minnesota where he and Linda had spent a miserably cold winter. Dad was feeling more and more lonesome since Jeanette was working full-time at Jefferson Avenue Baptist Church (since 1972) and I was on the road so much. He talked us into letting him return to Monroe, where he had a small room in a hotel a block from his old church and as he said "close enough so I can walk to the bank, the drugstore, the hospital and the funeral home!" It was the first time Jeanette and I had lived together alone!

Gail and Steve ushered in 1977 with their marriage in the Presbyterian Church in Birmingham, where Steve had been part-time youth director. It was Granddad's last family occasion, for soon thereafter he broke his hip trying to get out of bed and had to undergo surgery. He came through the repair fine, but it took so much out of him at his age that he never was able to walk again except a little with a walker. In one year I made ten trips to Monroe, saw him safely in a good rest home in south Monroe and trusted him to the Lord and to my dear friend and helper, Harold Hughens. It was difficult in the fall of 1977 with Dad there to leave the country for six weeks for the trip to Rome. I know he never forgave us for not bringing him "home," but our circumstances made such impossible.

Dad died in February of 1978 at the age of 93 just at the time we were making plans for Roger's wedding in Dallas. It was a time of sorrow and of rejoicing both at the funeral service in Dallas and the graveside service in Monroe, where we buried him beside his beloved wife and our dear Mother. The wedding the next day in a private home of a friend of Annette took place in one of Dallas' worst ice storms.

Another remarkable family experience was the double ordination of Ken and Nancy by Oakhurst Baptist Church in Decatur. It was a thrilling service, marked by the evidence of the change of attitude of Ken's father. As a conservative deacon from South Louisiana he had said that he would participate with us in the reading of Scripture, but he felt he could not lay hands on a woman in ordination. But he was caught up in the emotion and spirit of the occasion and also participated in that high moment with the rest of the congregation. Jeanette and I have never had any problem with the scriptural justification of women's ordination as you will be able to see from the discussion of my theology of the Word of God in Memoirs II.

In February 1979, we went to Brandenburg where I spoke at the 150th Anniversary of the Brandenburg Baptist Church (changed from Phillips Memorial Baptist after we left). The church had been entirely rebuilt after being mostly destroyed in the tornado that ravaged the area a few years before. There were not very many people that we remembered from our time there.

Early that summer we went to Harrisburg to visit at the time that Sunny came from California.

In July 1979, we had a great family reunion at Big Lynn Lodge on the Blue Ridge Parkway about 75 miles east of

Asheville. All the families were there in that beautiful setting overlooking a great view of the mountains to the south. Since the Lodge provided breakfast and supper, we took picnic fare on various short trips to Spruce Pine and other towns, especially enjoying the native craftsmen at work. We climbed a small mountain, Potato Knob, near the road to Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rockies. We motored to Grandfather and Roan Mountains to enjoy the rhododendron. Since Nancy and Larry's kids were small someone usually backpacked them when we were sightseeing the rhododendron meadows.

The second sabbatical was at the Ecumenical Institute at St. John's College in Minnesota in 1979. Jeanette was able to go along for the three and a half months we were in that beautiful place. We had a fine apartment on the shores of a beautiful lake. The daily rubbing of minds of the seven scholars from almost as many denominations was another enlarging experience for me. Each of us had to give a lecture to the group plus visitors from the college faculty on the work we were engaged in. We had separate rooms in the basement of the library and unlimited privileges. I was amazed with the size of the ecumenical holdings the library had. Also we engaged frequently in chapel services in the modernistic chapel on the campus. One of the delightful treats was stocking our pantry with the excellent bread the monks made in their bakery. I had the opportunity of doing most of the writing for my book that was published in 1981 by Paulist Press and doing the spade work for my manuscript on "Harmony," which finally was published after many refusals by Glad River Publications in 1992.

We enjoyed a trip to the north country with Pat and Buren Smith who were living at the time in a suburb of Chicago. In October we thought we would enjoy the color in the northern woods, but we were disappointed to discover the trees were all pine and fir and had very little hardwood. We visited the docks at the harbor in Duluth, where the lake ships load iron ore from the vast mines nearby.

In 1980 we went to Toronto for the Baptist World Alliance meeting. At one of the sessions the leader asked for those to stand who were present at the last meeting of the Alliance in Toronto in 1928. Even though I was only 12 at the time I was proud to stand with a very few older people.

Our fourth and last trip to Rome in 1980 during my HMB [Ed: Baptist Home Mission Board] years was one of the best. Before Jeanette came to Rome, I took the train to Rivoli, where I was guest of our missionaries there, the Ben Lawton's and the Abner Crabtrees. I was asked to lecture on the Synod meetings to a group of Baptist leaders from the area. Jeanette and I made an auto tour with our missionary friends, Stanley and Patsy Crabb, to Assisi. It was an enlightening and interesting experience since our friends spoke Italian so well.

Christmas, 1980, found us meeting with John and Helen to travel to Harrisburg and celebrate with Mother Allard and the rest of the kinfolks there. I was driving a fairly new 1980 Buick when we drove up to West Frankfort so that Helen could revisit the home where her family lived at the time we lived in Harrisburg. As we drove close to her house, the differential froze up, leaving us stranded. We called Charles to come get us and to have a tow into Harrisburg. Since it was Christmas week, the Buick dealer could not get any parts from St. Louis until after New Year's day, but that would make us late getting John and Helen back to Austin. So while Jeanette was at the beauty shop, I traded for a Pontiac and soon we were on our way home.

My final year at the Home Mission Board was very rewarding. I could not ask for more fulfilling experiences. In the Spring Paulist Press published "Introducing Southern Baptists: Their Faith and Their Life," which was well received, particularly among my Catholic friends. In the summer I had a final conference for advanced Interfaith Witness Associates at Ridgecrest, bringing together the six friends who had worked with us the longest.

We made several trips that year: to Los Angeles for the Convention, to San Francisco and to Mexico City. In the last we were in a downtown hotel where the noise from the city's traffic was almost too much! We made brief excursions to the place of water festivals and to some of the archeological sites. We enjoyed a concert of native music and dancing one evening. On Sunday we visited a Mexican Baptist Church.

As 1981 drew to a close, Glenn Igleheart led our Department in a retirement banquet that brought many friends together, including Harold and Alta Marsh, Glenmary and Monastery priests, as well as many from our Division at the Board. There were 63 guests in all. Gerald Palmer from the Administration presented me with a plaque and Glenn another that recognized my book and ministry with the Department. I was particularly pleased that Bishop Niedergeses of Nashville, who was the official liaison for the Catholic Bishops of America and leader in our scholars' dialogues, and Homer Goumenis, pastor of the Cathedral of the Annunciation (Greek Orthodox) in Atlanta were there. Also four of my longtime lay associates in Catholicism came. Margaret Whitworth, Rome, GA., Nancy Ryles, Marietta, Carole Camp, LaGrange, GA, and Gene Bales, East Point. (The other two associates, Eljee Bentley, Birmingham, and Faye Pierce, Mobile, were unable to attend).

The Glenmarys, with whom I worked for many years, gave us a separate banquet, complete with a recognition plaque, all of which was greatly appreciated. They not only are dear friends, but they have had a profound affect upon my Christian life.

Most of all I deeply appreciated the retirement reunion of our family at the Hughens home in Monroe during the Christmas holidays. All of the family were there including Mother Allard who flew in from Harrisburg. The highlight of the occasion was a "This is Your Life" presentation that all my children worked up and Larry served as master of ceremonies. The low point was jerking the tablecloth at our lovely meal. Then I had to break in a window because I had left the key in the house. I broke a chair arm in climbing in!

Retirement, 1981 --

We entered our first year of retirement fully in the dark as to where my ministry might lead. I knew that because of much travel in other states and few friends in Atlanta Association I could not count on much locally. In the Spring I got a call from Dr. Morgan Patterson, Dean of Golden Gate Baptist Seminary in California, asking me to serve the coming school year as Director of the Northwest Center of the Seminary in Portland, Oregon. Our longtime friend, Bill Hendricks, had recommended me, much to my surprise. I knew that it would be a difficult assignment for several reasons: it had been 17 years since I had been in a Baylor type classroom, so any courses I taught would have to be brought up to date and raised to seminary level. Also I knew the Northwest Baptist climate was very conservative and I was not sure how the students would respond to my "progressive" theology. Although I had had much experience in both Buckner Academy and Baylor Extension teaching students with poor educational background, I was not prepared for the low level of ability and spiritual maturity that I found. Many of the students had to qualify even to take the non-degree program we offered.

Some of them had not been Christian more than a year or two and many had come from other than Southern Baptist backgrounds. It was a sore strain on us from the standpoint of being so far away from our family, especially at the time of Roger and Annette's divorce. The work was physically and psychically exhausting, for we had to schedule all of our 15 hours of courses on Mondays and Tuesdays because our students all had part-time jobs as well as church leadership and family obligations. I taught seven hours each Tuesday. Even though I tried to take care of my health in the Fall of the second year I suddenly lost so much stamina I could not make it through the three-hour night course. The diagnosis was diabetes, which fortunately I have been able to control with a minimum of oral drugs.

The students responded to my teaching beyond my expectations. One of the great joys of those two years was that because I stayed one year longer than my predecessors, I was able to see the fine growth of many of the students. As I entered more and more into their lives I came to love them and appreciate the sacrifices they were making in their zeal to get as much education as possible. We also made many friends among the staff and other leaders of the Northwest Convention. We could have stayed a third year, but we needed to get home and I wanted to get to writing "Harmony Among Christians."

Our work permitted many short trips in the Northwest. It is truly one of the most beautiful areas of God's earth we have known. We were two hours from Mount Hood in the Cascades and two hours from the Oregon coast. Moreover, the location plus the added income enabled us to make a once in a lifetime tour of China and Japan. Although Red China was just opening up to the restricted tourist tours, it was an eye-opening experience, our first in a Communist country. At the close of the second year we came back via the Canadian Rockies and Yellowstone National Park, two of our long ambitions. At the end of the two years we added the flight to Anchorage and the cruise ship on return to Vancouver. We can never be grateful enough to God and to the patient understanding of our family ("We are spending our children's inheritance!") for such experiences.

Upon our return to East Point I bought my Kaypro computer and plunged immediately into writing "Harmony." I had the full encouragement of my Paulist Press editor and the tentative agreement of Father Avery Dulles, one of the outstanding Catholic theologians of America and my longtime friend, to write a foreword.

In January of 1985 I finally finished the manuscript and sent it to Paulist. For weeks I heard nothing while at the same time trying to negotiate with Broadman Press of our S. S. Board to accept joint publication. Finally, in May my Paulist editor informed me that because they had suffered so much criticism from the Vatican for publishing a posthumous work on ecumenism of the eminent European theologian, Father Karl Rahner, with which they disagreed, Paulist could not possibly accept a work by a Protestant author. Then Broadman informed me that because of increasing pressure from the fundamentalists in our denomination they would not publish the manuscript.

Convention they could not publish a work which would be criticized as leading to Church unity! "Harmony" was

intended both as my major work resulting from my ministry in interfaith relations and as an appeal to Baptists and ecumenists alike to find a true biblical basis for cooperation. Its rejection on all sides has been a serious trial of faith in God's direction and my acceptance in my own communion.

I was challenged again with teaching two courses for the Spring term at Southeastern Seminary in Wake Forest, N.C. "Contemporary Catholic Theology" demanded much preparation, for although I had tried to familiarize myself in the field while active in my work, I did not have the time and hardly the background for this much deeper study. In about nine months I read more than thirty books of Catholic theology and tried to understand the highly involved philosophical background such entails. Then when I started teaching the course, I found among the eight students lots of interest and zeal but very little background. Most of them had had no philosophy in college or seminary nor even the basic historical theology that would have helped greatly I was forced to prepare full lectures for the first six weeks in the two-hour class. The other course was somewhat easier: "Doing Missions in the Ecumenical Context." I had sixteen students there and most were sympathetic to my approach. We made many friends among the faculty and staff of the Seminary while living in a nice apartment provided for the visiting professor of missions. One great loss to us was the death of Professor John Steely, who had been a friend since my days at Southern Seminary. He was one of the most beloved and respected professors of the school. His loss was deeply felt also by our dialogue teams with whom he had been a vital part for almost ten years.

During the Easter break we made a trip to Washington and enjoyed seeing the sights of that remarkable capitol.

Editor Note: After this was written Mom and Dad first moved from Atlanta to Memphis, TN and lived "across the alley" from Nancy for several years. When Nancy found employment in North Carolina, Mom and Dad moved to Pflugerville, TX just outside Austin to be near John. During this time, Dad continued to study and write while Mom enjoyed her flowers and being with family. They were always active in local churches and looked for opportunities to contribute and support the churches they attended.