Let Us Finish the Work

By Alfredo Aeschlimann, President
Austral Union Conference

Jesus completed the work that His Father entrusted to Him. He was "faithful unto death, even the death of cross." Through His death He opened for us a way to salvation. All that was lacking was the proclamation of the good news, to persuade sinners to accept the offered salvation.

God could have done every phase of the work of redemption by Himself or through the angels, the most powerful instruments. But in His wisdom He delegated the task to us, men—the weakest of creatures. It has always been a privilege and an honor to have a part in the work of God.

In 1844 the work entered a new phase, the final phase. According to Revelation 10 and 14, once more the everlasting gospel will have to go to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. The judgment hour has sounded. It is necessary to carry a last warning message to the world. It is necessary to prepare a people for this greatest event of all history, the return of Christ.

It is necessary that a new sense of responsibility take possession of us as leaders and workers. The clear counsels of God in His Word and in the Testimonies make us meditate. The events in the world interpreted in the light of prophecy must awake us. It is time that all of us lift up our eyes and look on the fields already ripe for the harvest. The Spirit of Christ must take possession of each of us.

Our greatest ambition must be to finish the work that the Lord has put into our hands.
Dedication of the Church in Asunción

By Benjamin Treier, Evangelist

Paraguai Mission

May 15 was a happy day for the Asunción church when an event of great significance in the progress of the message in Paraguay was celebrated. It was like the coronation of work and sacrifices made during the decades by faithful brethren and workers, many of whom rest from their labors. It may be said that together with the organization of the new Paraguay Mission, an event which occurred this year, this act marked the commencement of a brighter era for the people of God who live in this country. I am referring to the dedication of the Adventist church in Asunción.

Several visiting ministers were present for the services. Pastor A. Aeschlimann, president of the Austral Union, presented the sermon of the morning on the subject: "The Temple As the House of God and Gate to Heaven." Pastor Pedro M. Brouchy led the service of consecration and testimony Sabbath afternoon. He also presented an impressive reading on the providences of God in Paraguay since the beginning of our work in 1898. Pastor Walter Schubert of the South American Division had charge of the inaugural sermon at night in which he emphasized: "What is the Church?" It is well to remember the work of our first brethren as an example of dedication to the Cause of God. They did not have the means of communication as we have today, but they did the work just the same. To them distances were not obstacles. At times they had to go by foot through wooded and dangerous areas to carry the message to new people. To visit the isolated brethren they would walk long distances which now take several hours by train.

Also present were Pastor Niels Wensell, ex-president of the North Mission, and now Bible teacher at River Plate College; Pastor Eduar-do J. Kanna, president of the Paraguay Mission; Brother R. Kalber-matter, secretary-treasurer of the North Mission; workers, church members, and friends. Many of the older members in Asunción were happy to relate experiences connected with the early beginnings of the work there and the plans which they had entertained for some time being able to construct a building suitable for the worship of the true God. One brother rejoiced that the Lord had answered his prayers requesting length of life to see such a temple. These testimonies were a great encouragement to all who heard them, and served to strengthen the faith of believers from other localities who were endeavoring to raise funds for such a project.

During the construction of the church, the revolution came and building materials increased more than double in price. When the date of dedication drew near, rumors concerning the political instability of the country made some think of postponing the date of dedication. At times problems arose without any apparent or immediate solution, but faith exercised by the desires of all the brethren worked victories. The Lord opened doors, and today this monument is an outstanding testimony of what human effort can do when united with divine power.

The evening services were broadcast by Radio Teleco of Asunción over its long and short wave stations. Here are some typical comments on the program as made by the personnel of the radio station, letters, and listeners:

"We have never heard such a broadcast as this."

"How well it was presented."

"Many thanks for this beautiful broadcast."

One man left his wine business and began a new means of livelihood as a result of the program. He expressed his desire for a new life.

The chorus of the Asunción church contributed to the solemnity and beauty of the service.

This temple is one of the most beautiful in the city of Asunción, placed on an elevation from which one may see the whole side of the city. Our people are now in the midst of a great evangelistic effort, the biggest held to date in this place. Hundreds of persons are attending the meetings. This fills our hearts with joy, and again we are confirmed in our conviction that everything we do for the Lord is worth while, because "He which began a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Phil. 1: 6.

Rejoicing and Thankfulness

When Brother Arsenio Gómez came to Caquenes, Chile, to engage in the colporteur work he found only one person interested in the Truth. At the same time he began his selling he also began his missionary work. Soon he had a Sabbath school organized with several persons studying the Truth with him. At times he continued his studies until midnight. Now, there are fourteen members in the Sabbath school as the result of the labors of Brother Gómez in this place.

In another town he has interested three persons in the Message, and one of them keeps the Sabbath and assists in the Sabbath school.

The 20th of December, 1947, five souls were baptized in Talca, two of whom were won by the colporteur Gómez. Now there are two others interested with whom Brother Gómez is studying. These two are persons of influence. One is a professor, and the other is a bookkeeper in a factory of that city.

Brother Gómez says that the fruit of his labors brings rejoicing and thankfulness to his heart.

Calendar of Special Events

October 9 . . . . Big Week Offering
October 23 . . . Offering for European Relief
October 30 . . . . Offering (Third) Primary Schools
November 6 . . . . Offering (Third)
November 27 . . . . Day for Revista Adventista, Juventud and Auxiliar

SOUTH AMERICAN BULLETIN
On the Upper Amazon and Its Tributaries

By Joseph D. Replogle, Missionary
Inca Union Mission

Since the Division Council last December, it has been my privilege to make several trips on tributaries not far from Iquitos, Peru, principally on the Itaya, Manay, Tamishaco, Tahuayo, and the Aucayo Rivers. And it is with the conviction that truly the harvest is great, but the laborers few that I sit for a few minutes to write these lines.

We, an Indian canvasser and myself, are the only occupants of the “Auxiliadora,” our mission launch, and it keeps us pretty busy from daylight until dark. Since the pump that cools the engine went bad several months ago, we use the gravity system which consists of a barrel on the roof connected with the engine which we keep filled with water bailed from the river. At first it kept three hours distance, but now my helper has learned to do it much better. During the three months that we plan to be out together, people don’t always come to get around faster and more often and caught their last chicken and one neighbor lent them the other ten dollars. The last we heard the boy was expected to get much better. Several months have passed and the father has not yet come to collect the price of the medicine.

On the Nanay River we visited an Indian village and the chief man gave his house over for the pictures. Elder Stahl had visited these people years ago, and now we had come, some are favorable to our truths. “When will you come again?” they asked. Some way should be devised to get around faster and more often to take care of the ripening grain. Here we are in a field whose almost 10,000 miles of navigable streams with only one launch, and it is sad in need of repair.

In the Tamishaco we traveled from day to day treating the sick and holding night meetings. One boy came to us with his hand badly swollen from snake bite. We treated him all afternoon and during the night. The next morning he left feeling better and well on the way to recovery. The land owner delayed us nearly two days, sending out his most trusted employees to announce the night meetings. During the day we treated many sick. When we were ready to leave and went to bid him good-bye he said, “Come often. No doubt there is something here for you in the way of your religion.”

Many of the people on the Tamishaco had only recently returned to their farms. Just a few months before there had been Indian raids and blood shed. Most of their goods had been stolen or spent in the flight. Many needed medical aid for which they could not pay. Yet we did the best we could for them.

At one place nearby on the Amazon we found a boy who had been in bed six months with mammoth abcesses all over his body. His father, after spending all his money, was waiting for the boy to die before moving out into the distant forests. We finally persuaded him to spend twenty soles for a penecillin injection. First I had to tell him that if his son died I would stand the cost of the medicine. Anyway, it would cost more to bury the boy than that, and the neighbors helped me persuade him. They ran and caught their last chicken and one neighbor lent them the other ten soles. The last we heard the boy was better. Several months have passed and the father has not yet come to collect the price of the medicine.

Results of Faithful Seed Sowing

By E. N. Lugenbeal, President
Inca Union Mission

SILENTLY, yet surely, the work of the Voice of Prophecy continues its labor of seed sowing and as surely the results are telling for eternity. A normal student travelled from Lima to Oxapampa, a small town in the mountains in the center of Peru. He had accepted employment as a teacher in a school at this place. There he became friendly with one of our brethren and frequently came to his house to visit him. One evening he was invited to take supper with this brother. They sat down and with bowed heads the blessing was asked.

This greatly impressed the young man who was really a very devout Catholic. They conversed for a time regarding the Bible and as a result the teacher was enrolled in the Voice of Prophecy. He studied the lessons carefully and the Bible became very precious to him.

Later the teacher said, “I came to this town in order to seek a new atmosphere and to free myself from the influence of my old friends and to seek God and to consecrate my life to Him. I have prayed much for God to guide me, I have attended mass every Sunday, confessed, but did not find the peace and satisfaction which I sought. It was only through the Escuela Radiopostal that I found the spiritual happiness that my soul desired.”

A little time later this teacher was transferred to another school far from his friends, but his friend, the radio Bible school followed him and he is continuing his study of the Bible.

What a wonderful testimony to the message as found in these lessons of
the Radio Bible School! Do you not think it worthwhile to enroll others in these lessons? Sometimes it requires patience and persistence but it pays in the end as the following experience will illustrate:

Dr. Clayton Potts, head of the Good Hope Clinic in Lima, talked one day with one of his colleagues, Dr. — about the Radio Bible School. The friend gladly consented to have his name listed for the regular Bible correspondence course. The lessons were sent but the friend thought they had little of value and so they found their way promptly into the wastepaper basket.

“How did you like the Bible lessons?” asked Dr. Potts one day of his friend.

Dr. — replied, “Oh, I have not received any lessons.”

“Something must have happened to the lessons; I had better matriculate him again,” thought Dr. Potts. Once more the lessons were sent and as quickly found their way to the wastepaper basket.

“What good will it do me,” thought Dr. — “What can I learn from these ‘evangelistas’? I know all that they have to teach. I have no time to study anyway. I will just forget about it.”

But Dr. Potts did not forget. Once more he went to the office of the Voice of Prophecy and secured another set of lessons and personally took them to the office of his friend and urged him to take advantage of the valuable things they contained. For some time they lay on the desk unstudied. One day as he meditated over the matter he thought, “If these lessons are good enough for Dr. Potts to cause him to take the time and interest to send them to me three times, they must have something good in them. I will at least take a look at them.” And so he studied the first lesson. He was sure then that he had received something worthwhile. The teachings of the Word of God became very precious to him and he has made some interesting comments after the lessons.

(After lesson 8) “Please send me some folders of propaganda. I want my friends also to enjoy this wonderful course.”

(After lesson 11) “I have chosen to be willing and obedient, so that I may have the joy of eternal bliss and the confidence of the Lord.”

(After lesson 12) “This lesson has given me a great joy. It has aroused in me a greater desire to have a place in the better world.”

(After lesson 13) “My fervent desire is to experience complete and full salvation from sin.”

Do you think that persistence pays?

May the silent, yet powerful, influence of the Voice of Prophecy continue its influence in all parts with ever increasing results.

The Lord Watches over Mission Building Material

By E. N. Lugenbeal, President
Inca Union Mission

DURING our last visit to Iquitos, Peru, headquarters of the Upper Amazon Mission, Inca Union, we spent a couple of days in the Ingathering work. Not only was it a refreshing experience to see how the public appreciated the work of the Adventist mission with its medical ministry for the pathetically needy Upper Amazon regions, but it was also stimulating to note how, after so many years, the people still talk about “Doctor” Stahl and his Senora and what they did to relieve the physical sufferings of the people at any hour of the day or night. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the Ingathering was a success. The mission goal was reached in two days.

A business man called attention to an incident which shows the watch-care of the Lord over the mission property. Some months previous to our visit the mission was building a new church building in Iquitos. Building materials were scarce. The galvanized iron sheets for the roof (what missionary does not know what they are) were purchased in Lima. To transport them to Iquitos they were first trucked over the tortuous and oft-times impassable mountain road across the Andes to the town of Pucallpa on the Ucayali River. From this point they were to be sent by river launch down stream a week’s journey to Iquitos.

The building work was progressing and the brethren were anxious to see the work completed as soon as possible. But where was the roofing material? At long last it had reached Pucallpa and was just being loaded on a launch when suddenly, without apparent reason, the official in charge decided to throw it ashore and pull off down stream. This was quite a disappointment to the brethren who were so anxious to obtain the galvanized iron sheets as quickly as possible.

But the Lord, who knows best in all circumstances whether we recognize it or not at the time, was watching over the mission property. On its way down stream the launch hit one of the strong and treacherous currents so common along the Amazon waterways and went down to join the numerous other craft which for time immemorial have found a final resting place on the bottom of the Amazon River. Had our roofing material been aboard it would have been lost and it would have been a serious problem for the mission to replace it.

As it was, a later launch brought the material safely to Iquitos and the church building work went on without interruption. The building is not yet finished as rising costs took all the money before the building was finished. It will require six or seven thousand dollars more to finish the building. We believe that someday the Lord will provide the funds so that this project will be finished. How much more serious it would have been, in that region of tropical downpours, if the walls were not protected by a good iron roof?

NORTH BRAZIL UNION

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Youthful Consecration

By R. R. Cronk, Secretary
Educational Dept., North Brazil Union

As this is being written Pastor L. M. Stump is speaking to the large congregation at the annual camp-meeting at Maues, Amazones. He is speaking on preparing for the eminent return of our Saviour and to illustrate his sermon he is drawing a parallel between the second coming of Christ and the three years that some of our believers spent as prisoners of the Japanese in the Philippine Islands during the last war. These striking illustrations have touched the hearts of our brethren in North Brazil, and they have renewed the consecration of their lives to the finishing of the work of God and the preparing of their own hearts for His soon coming.

Especially has this been true of the young people. In Fortaleza and São Luiz many young people responded to these inspiring talks of Pastor Stump by giving their hearts fully to Jesus, giving for the first time in Belem at the Central church when the call was made for a consecration of their lives to Christ, 35
young people came forward to join the baptismal class. In Manaus there were 29, in the newly constructed church of Parana de Eva church on the Amazon another 20, and tonight from the serious expressions on the faces of the listeners we are sure that many are making decisions for their Saviour.

This is the last of the meetings that Pastor Stump is holding in our field. On the platform with him are Elder L. B. Halliwell, who with Mrs. Halliwell began these annual meetings fifteen years ago, John Gutzmann, Walter Streithorst, and the writer. Before us are gathered some 400 believers and interested people, many having traveled by canoe for days to attend this spiritual feast of five days' duration. We are sure they will not go away empty.

On this swing around through the field we have also had the satisfaction of organizing a new Young Peoples' Society of 32 members in the new church at Parana de Eva, thus bringing the number of societies in this field up to eleven. In three of our largest societies 80 per cent of our youth are taking the Progressive class work. The new society of Pedriera in Belem has 70 in these classes, Belem Central has 50, and Manaus 90. Mrs. Lela Cronk is directing the classes in Belem, and Brother Walkyrio Souza de Lima directs in Manaus. Fortaleza and Sao Luiz also have active societies. This last April ten were invested in Fortaleza and five in Sao Luiz. The class work of these societies is under the direction of Dourival Souza de Lima and R. R. Osborne respectively.

And now as we near the end of the Manes campmeeting, we are happy to report that 31 young people have for the first time made their decision to follow the Lord. The climax of our meeting came when 17 were baptized into the church in the beautiful waters of the Maues River.

ON MARCH 25 of this year the new medical launch “Luminar” began its mission of mercy on the long and winding Sao Francisco River, Brazil. The territory through which this river runs is largely undeveloped except for cattle raising and a limited amount of farming in a few isolated sections. The people living along the banks are almost entirely cut off from the outside world and so live primitively and know little of what goes on in the world. While this has some advantages, it also has distinct disadvantages. This is especially true in case of sickness when medical assistance is needed.

In addition to the regular and more common ills that humanity is heir to, there are others due to a deficient diet and malaria which abounds everywhere. It is to these needy people that the “Luminar” ministers. Pastor Seidl and his wife are both trained nurses and fully dedicated to their itinerant medical-missionary work. He has expressed himself as preferring to be where he is rather than any other place he can think of. To the people of that district he is known as “Dr. Paulo,” and is called on to treat every imaginable affliction from paralysis to malaria.

On the launch is a special motor and electric generator. In the evenings wires are run ashore and illustrated lectures are given on health, diet and on Bible subjects. The attendance is always excellent and the people are appreciative.

From March 15 to July, the launch had travelled 4,500 kilometers and 1,000 people had received medical attention. During this time 73 people had been baptized. An equal number are awaiting baptism.

It was my privilege recently to spend about a week on the “Luminar” with the Seidl family and to see firsthand the work being done. We were impressed with the possibilities that there are in this vast region not only to relieve suffering but also to bring the truth to these isolated but sincere people.
busy time with hardly a free moment. Every day we treated studied, taught, preached, and visited. The result is that we treated about 3,000 people, established our work before them, opened up the way for greater evangelism for the future, and as a promise of what is to come, had the privilege of baptizing 25 souls.

In every corner we found eager men and women searching for truth in a world of confusion. I don’t ever expect to have to try to find a place to preach. Hands are outstretched, the invitation to preach is urgent, and the appalling fact is I can only be in one place at a time. The temptation is to scatter one’s self all over the field.

The Lord has indeed blessed and kept us in these last few months. We have felt His presence at every turn. The fine people that have come in have a burden to carry the Message to others. Two of the leading merchants of Rio Novo have become members and are looking forward to having a school and church building. They are faithful tithe payers.

The interest was so great that I left my boat boy to continue to lead and teach the people. I expect to return in three months and have another baptism. If only I could find enough staunch laymen to leave with every interest, we would have a glorious reaping.

We baptized a young man in Barreirinhas who already has been instrumental in bringing in four people, and while there stirred up new interest, and now he has three very fine families studying and planning to join God’s people.

I have been out of touch with civilization for a long time, but something is keeping telling me we will have but a very little more time to work, and there are so many to be warned! We plan to keep our little craft in continuous operation—as long as the budget holds out.

We are entirely happy in our work here, and have great plans for the rest of the year. The only thing that can stop us is death and debt. We have a $13,000 piece of equipment and are trying to run it on less than $500 a year. I have already been warned that my budget is about used up, but if the Lord can turn water into wine, maybe He can convert water into fuel oil. We will have to do something, as we must keep the launch rolling.

“So vast is the field, so comprehensive the design, that every sanctified heart will be pressed into service.”—Testimonies, Vol. 9, p. 47.

The Brasil Publishing House, better known as “The Casa Publicadora” in Sao Paulo, Brasil.

Work of the Brazil Publishing House

By E. Doehnert, Manager Brasil Publishing House, Sao Paulo, Brazil

PERFORMING efficiently its part in the proclamation of the Third-angel’s Message, the publishing work in Brazil is advancing with growing success, even going beyond the Brazilian frontiers.

When speaking about the activities of the Brazil Publishing House, we cannot overlook the colporteur work. The existence and growth of this institution is largely due to the work which our brave colporteurs and messengers of the printed page are doing in our great territory. The Lord has blessed their efforts when going from door to door bringing the printed message to the people. These same blessings have accompanied the activities of this plant. We are very thankful to God for all this.

We have about 150 colporteur evangelists who work steadily from January to December every year. In addition to them is the great army of 300 to 350 student colporteurs from our college and academies who dedicate themselves to the same work during the vacation months of each year. Thus our books are being spread like the leaves of autumn in this vast country. We hope that this forward march will continue upward until Brazil is illuminated by the glory of the angel of Revelation 18:1, and the knowledge of present truth has reached each soul of our beloved United States.

Such prosperity throughout the field has contributed greatly to the progress of the Casa Publicadora. Sales for the year 1938 reached a total of Cr$1,282,965.50, and in 1947 they reached a grand total of Cr$9,125,801.30.

Naturally, the activity and growth of the print shop and the other sections of the plant during the last few years have forced the institution to enlarge and extend its stakes, multiplying machinery and equipment in general.

The central building has been enlarged several times recently, occupying now a space five times larger than it did ten years ago. The number of workers tripled during the same period of time. It has been necessary to build a dormitory for the lady workers of the offices and shop. Also, a kitchen and dining room have been built accommodating a great number of workers by serving three meals a day.

Yes, God has blessed this institution in all its branches in spite of human weaknesses and mistakes. Of course, we also had struggles to overcome, and many problems to solve during this period of time, but through the grace and help of God we have overcome them, and are continuing to advance.

The hardest problem has been the lack of machinery. We were able to
Building Upward
By R. R. FIGUHR, President
South American Division

PASSING recently through the factory section of one of the large industrial cities of South America, I stopped to admire the forest of chimneys that rose straight and tall from the ground and that mean so much to the life of the city. A new one was nearing completion. Away up on top was a man putting on the last bricks; soon it would be finished and another tall chimney would be ready to reach for all its great volume of smoke. The builder would come down and deposit, his task completed, leaving behind a monument to many days of patient toil.

Weeks before he had come to that spot with his tools. Scattered about were hundreds of bricks, but this man had something more than tools and brick to begin with—he had a mandate to build a chimney. He also had a plan just how it should be built. He began his work by laying down one lone brick first. That lone brick was the beginning of what is now a tall symmetrical chimney. Next he laid the second brick. It was a long way from being a chimney yet. The large amount of work ahead did not discourage the builder. He laid down the third brick. Still undiscouraged by the vast amount yet to be done, he laid down the fourth, and so on until the first day. The second day he came back and began his day’s work by laying one brick, then a second, a third, and so on until the end of the day. All day long it was one day after day. There is a divine plan for every brick just as there is a divine plan for every stone laid down. A divine pattern that is laid by the heavenly architect is being followed. The bricks are not just laid by a man, but by the hand of God as His servant. The heavenly pattern is being followed by a man who is the servant of God.

Those who do not know personally the Brazil Publishing House will now have through this information a better idea of what this institution is and what it is doing for the advancement of the work of God in the great territories of South, East, and North Brazil.

Dirty Dishes
Thank God for the dirty dishes
They have a story to tell
And by the stack I have
It seems we are living well,
While people of other countries
are starving
I haven’t the heart to fuss
For by this stack of evidence
God’s very good to us.
—Mary Stuben.

SOUTH AMERICAN BULLETIN

Seventeen Days in Germany
(Continued from page 8)

food packages that come to them from America, or what comes to them from various organizations and relief funds, they have to subsist almost entirely on a diet containing only half the amount of calories necessary to sustain normal health. Black bread is the main item at all meals, and a glass of milk is practically unknown to children. Consequently the quest for food, or just the next meal, is the most important problem of the day. Fruits and fresh vegetables are scarce, especially during these winter months, and almost impossible to get in the larger cities. It became a very strong impression with me that we over there must keep up the flow of food parcels for at least this winter, or even until they have harvested another crop. They showed me care packages that had just arrived, and I was most pleased with their contents. The food was fresh and well packed, so that those people are most pleased and happy to get them. Their appreciation is touching indeed as they try to express their thanks for all the efforts put forth in their behalf, both for food and clothing, and truly our people have done a noble work in behalf of their “brothers” over there.

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Seventeen Days in Germany

(The following is an abbreviated account of a lady of North America who recently visited Central Europe to ascertain first hand the conditions actually existing there.)

—(Mrs.) Elizabeth Ernst.

I just went to see and obtain for myself the answers to the questions one hears on every hand—"just how are things over there? Is the situation as bad as we hear it is? are they in need of more food and clothing, and how do the people feel toward us by now?" The following statements will give a small report of this visit over there, and it is a housewife's viewpoint at that.

I could still hear the roar and see the crash of the destruction, I gazed in horror and terror in my innermost being at the buildings that lay silently crumbled to the ground,—mute evidence of the experiences these people had gone through, something we in this land have not the remotest conception of and which has to be lived through in order to be understood to even the slightest degree. Miles upon miles,—yes, hundreds of miles, of nothing but blasted and ugly ruins! And you know as you gaze at them that thousands of human bodies must still lie buried under that pile of brick, stone, and sand, and will never have any other tombstone than these graves have been provided with. Or the thousands of railway transports that lie like skeletons along the railroad, at the craziest angles, and in deep holes that you know were blasted out in an effort to wreck that roadbed completely.

At Frankfurt, and around Giesen, I spent most of these days. Here it is where the American Forces have their headquarters for all of Germany. A gentleman asked to be permitted to show me some of the streets of Giesen, then led me into the terribly crowded waiting room of the station and let me get a first-hand look at the hundreds of homeless waifs who make that their only home—no, that cannot be the word to use here,—I mean rather their only hole in the ground like a rat lives in the sewers of the underground. Every city has these hundreds and thousands that were bombed and blasted out, and they live by the only method they know—thieving and gradually succumbing to every evil vice known to man—boys and girls who were mere babes in the days of the war, and know not their own names in most cases or who their parents were or where they came from.

The people who are the next greatest sufferers are the refugees and displaced persons. Literally millions of these are there from other neighboring countries, and in most instances the feeling towards them is not friendly at all because Germany feels their problem is sufficiently great with their own people, to say nothing of having to divide with these others. But they fled from their own countries in advance of the Russians who were taking over their lands, or they preferred to be taken prisoners by the Americans rather than become slave laborers for the Russians. Also a great portion of them were exchanged between Germany and these other countries, and are now stranded and homeless.

Then the last two years have produced very poor crops. Last summer was the driest or had the least rainfall for the last one hundred years. Food situation is also, there is the very great shortage of power and because of this there is a very little supply of gas, coal, or fuel of any sort in the entire country. Only those so fortunate as to live in rural sections and in farming areas can go to the woods and haul in their little wagons a supply of wood for the cook stoves. The same is true, as well, with the food problem. These refugees were permitted to go into the fields after the farmers had harvested and could turn every inch of the soil over again, hoping to find a few stray potatoes, carrots and sugar beets, and in this way many a destitute family has been able to extend their most meager supply of these vegetables. Or if they possessed a prized trinket these farmers might be interested in trading a few cabbages or such like for it. I might add right here, that only those who had lived in the rural areas before and during the war, who had built up somewhat of a home in the country, were now the fortunate ones. Even their buildings were in most parts not too greatly damaged. Except for the economic conditions, and having to turn over much of their income from their land to the government in order to feed the entire country, these rural people can pick up life almost as they left off when the war broke out, except that they are restricted, of course, to their own products, for there is nothing much as yet to buy in the markets or in the stores.

And now to the city folks. Their houses and businesses were wrecked and they are quite helpless. There is not yet very much rebuilding being done, and consequently these are the people with the most hopeless outlook into the future. Most of the large cities were destroyed 50-75 and up to 90 per cent, and the people that remained have to find shelter as best they can. Many a rubbish heap has a stovepipe sticking up through its gaping and tottering sidewalks, and when you look closely there is a hole for an entrance somewhere to an excuse of a room below and under the debris. Or if one corner of a building still stands upright, this has been fixed up for a shelter, but it looks as if it might fall also most any moment.

And now let's talk about the people themselves—how do they react to it all? For hours at a time I sat among them and let them pour their stories into my ears, and always I found myself scrutinizing their faces, especially their eyes, to see if I could be right that there was actually so little bitterness and mental unbalance registered there. It was with calm and resignation that they related experiences that were most shocking to my ears, but it seemed they had gone through so much of it that they were beyond mere hysterics. Rather over it, and were quiet and stoic by now.

How can that niece of my husband ever smile again, I thought, with a quiet and ripened expression on her face, as she told me of the time when she had been in the hands of the Russians for over two years, with her three small children, and had to leave the youngest, two and a half years old, out on the street one night with a high fever, having just broken out with measles, as she was driven out and away with the transport that was sent into the unknown and she never saw the child again. To her great comfort she heard later, much later, that the child had actually died. What would have been infinitely worse would have been to wonder ever after if and where the little fellow might be among those children of the railway stations. She heard his last whimper—"Mommie, don't leave me," and that is the memory that must ring in her ears all the rest of her life. As she told me this, and many other stories of her experiences without a single tear over her fine face, I realized it is I that is soft and couldn't take it, and I wonder how we Americans would come out of similar experiences.

The food question interested me most of all. It was my fortunate lot to be in private homes for my entire stay in Germany, and see first-hand just how they lived. Except for the

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