

THE SOWER

A Weekly Department of Religious and Secular Thought Contributed by REV. JAMES A. TURNER, Pastor, M. E. Church, Patton, Pa.

COMING IN CHUNKING.

An Ohio missionary, Mr. C. B. Pape, writes home about experiences under three bombing raids. His letter was published in the Christian Advocate.

Wednesday, May 8, was a glorious spring morning. We woke to the joyful songs of many birds on the top of a mulberry tree some distance was a Chinese blackbird pouring forth wonderful melodies. It is our sweetest singer. Never was the lawn or garden so beautiful as on this spring morning. Sweet peas, California poppies, several varieties of roses, daisies, snapdragon, nasturtiums, and many other flowers added to the beauty of the world. Our large household of permanent household guests responded to the beauties of nature, and after a happy time at breakfast we went our several ways to work. At the school the students seemed unusually happy, and all was calm and serene on this big campus where fourteen hundred people were living.

again for lunch. Suddenly the shriek of two sirens was heard. Everyone jumped from the table, for we knew that enemy planes were coming. Hastily we threw open all doors and windows so that the damage by concussion would be lessened of a bomb were to fall near by.

We ran out of the compound down two long flights of steps into the bowels of the earth where we could have protection from these awful missiles of destruction dropped from the skies from giant bombers flying at a height of ten thousand feet, or more. Our cave has three entrances and consists of a series of tunnels running 50 or 60 feet under a hill on the campus. This is one of three and will hold six or seven hundred people.

Soon the second warning consisting of short blasts of the sirens was given, and the drone of the Chinese pursuit planes came distinctly to our ears. I counted eighteen of these spiraling to gain altitude and thus to be above the enemy planes when they arrived. We knew that other Chinese planes were traveling on a bigger circle with the object of engaging the enemy before they reached us.

In a few moments the heavier drone of the big bombers reached our ears, and almost immediately from all sides the anti-aircraft guns cut loose. There was also the sharp staccato of machine guns and the whine of the pursuit planes as they power-dived on the enemy. I gave the order for those in charge of the entrance to get under cover away from the entrances, and ran down the steps to the cave. As I reached the bottom there were deafening explosions, and the crash of falling buildings, and the earth seemed to heave, wave upon wave under my feet. This lasted for a few minutes and then all was quiet.

I went cautiously up the steps and could hear the sound of retreating planes. To the south and east of us along the whole horizon of great clouds of flame and smoke reached skyward. It looked as though the whole city were in flames. We still kept the seven hundred people, mostly students, in the cave, for we never know when the planes may suddenly turn and drop more bombs and machine gun innocent civilians. After a long time blasts of the sirens signalled the release of the people and they came out of the caves.

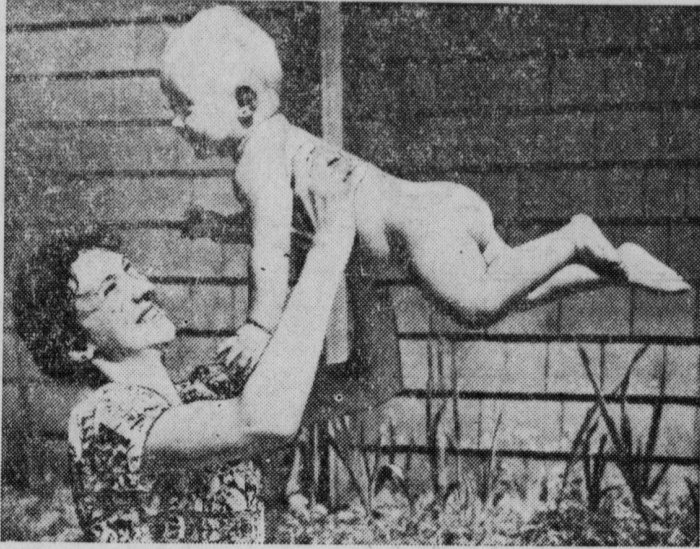
I rushed off to the hospital knowing that I would find plenty to do there. As I went into the city, I met thousands of men, women and children rushing terror stricken from the city each carrying a few belongings. As I neared the hospital I saw stretchers laden with horribly mangled, groaning patients being carried rapidly in that direction.

At the hospital all was feverish activity. At the entrance uniformed servants met the stretchers that carried the patients into the receiving room. Here a sight to make one weep met our eyes. There were people with limbs severed, broken arms and legs, bodies horribly torn by shrapnel, others had been severely burned or crushed by falling walls. Here their clothes were removed; their bodies tenderly washed by trained nurses and hospital garments put on them before they were taken to their beds or the operating rooms. When we had finished we discovered that we had taken care of forty-seven severely wounded. During the night others came in.

May 4th dawned just as beautifully as the day before, and little did we dream that there were worse horrors in store for us. I was told that I was needed at the main gate of the campus which is about a block from our home. I hurried down to find hundreds of terror stricken people streaming thru the gates, carrying everything from bags to heavy pieces of furniture. All sought safety, but such a situation was impossible for thousands of people congested on the campus would be too good a target for enemy planes and an invitation for them to bomb our place. We hastily organized companies of teachers and students to help care for these people. Then upon inquiry we learned that the government had commandeered all trucks and cars to help evacuate people to places of safety from the city.

And that there was such a station near us. Before noon all our refugees had been taken care of, but we had a strenuous time with them while it

'Nudity Show' Brings Police by Carload



It all sounded pretty awful when Boston police were notified by an indignant woman that a "shocking" display of nudity was taking place at the Russell Dorr home. A careful of husky cops sped to the scene to protect the community's morals—and found 11-months-old Bruce Bugbee Dorr taking a sun bath in his "birthday" suit. The police hastily ruled that Master Bruce could play in the sun, without clothing, any time he pleases. Mrs. Dorr has her own ideas about neighbors who complain.

At six o'clock in the evening the sirens gave warning of another air raid. Hurriedly all patients who could be moved were carried into our cave, which is deep down under sixty feet of solid rock. Together with some of the doctors and nurses and other members of the staff, I elected to remain on top and help look after the patients who could not be moved. I started to make the rounds of one of our big buildings and had reached the third floor just in time to see through the window twenty-seven black monsters flying in formation directly overhead. From all sides the anti-aircraft guns were spitting fire and the tracing bullets in the growing dark were a spectacular sight. I saw one big bomb fall directly on the Red Cross hospital half a mile away across the valley. There was a terrific explosion and almost immediately the building was a roaring inferno. It sickened me to imagine the suffering that was going on in that hospital at that moment. Almost simultaneously there were explosions on all sides, the hospital rocked like a cradle and I was almost swept off my feet by the concussions. More than one hundred bombs were dropped and three of them fell within one hundred yards of our hospital. As long as

I live I will never forget those four little tots, crazed with fear who were having their second experience with indiscriminate bombing of helpless people.

On May 25th at 7 p. m. we had another raid. There was a total of forty-five planes in four squadrons. The Chinese shot down seven. The enemy planes carried demolition bombs mostly so that the fires were not as bad as usual. However, some of our finest buildings were demolished or badly damaged. One bomb, in a tea shop killing more than one hundred persons. Scores were also killed in Central Park in the heart of the city where they had thought to hide under the trees. As a result of this raid we have received fifty-four new patients. Of course the end is not yet, for Chungking is a big city and probably not more than a fifth of the place has been destroyed so far. Half a million people have been evacuated, and only those having urgent reasons will be allowed to remain within the city limits.

What is the reaction of the Chinese people to this reign of terrorism? Of course the purpose of the Japanese is to ruin the morale of the government and people, stop all business and bring about the downfall of the present central government under General-

issimo Chiang Kai-shek. Is it succeeding? Not in the least. For the more they bomb, the stiffer becomes the resistance of the people. We are all more optimistic today than ever before as to the outcome of the war. It is only a question of time until the Chinese will be victorious. No one thinks of quitting, and opposition to this war of resistance is never even breathed nor is morale lessening.

One cannot help but admire such people. They have suffered and are suffering as few people have suffered and yet the yearry on.

Our great leaders, Generalissimo and Madame Chiang, show just as fine a Christian spirit as ever. We have thrown in our lot with these people and we shall gladly carry on in the same spirit, the Lord being our Helper. We have learned this, and if we trust in God and do our best He takes care of us in a remarkable way. We are working at tremendous pressure under the most trying circumstances, and we need your prayers as never before.

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

James A. Turner, pastor. Church school at 9 A. M. Preaching at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mid-week bible class on Wednesday at 7:30.

How would you like to live in Chungking where men, women and children are subjected to the horrors of enemy bombing planes at all hours of the day and night, and be compelled at a moment's notice to run for a cave in the earth and save yourself from death, or worse, from mangling and a hopelessly crushed body?

Do we really appreciate the blessings that are happily ours in this peaceful land of order, prosperity and security? We can go our way without fear of enemy planes to blow us to pieces and destroy our property and devastate our land; we can work, play, travel or rest, read, visit or sleep in perfect tranquility; unconcerned about the things that have made poor China a charnel house during these recent months.

But if you want to maintain and secure this blessed tranquility, you will have to work to sustain the underpinnings of its foundation, among which are the church and the Bible and Christian living and every loyal service which can be possibly rendered to perpetuate that great institution of Christ. Go to Sunday School, to Church and to Prayer meeting, and do your part in maintaining a Christian civilization.

Bids Wanted.

The school board will receive until 8:00 o'clock P. M., August 8, 1939, bids to furnish coal in the bins of the school building and remove the ashes as they accumulate, for the term 1939-40. Each bid must specify the mine and

seam from which coal will be furnished, and each load must be accompanied by a weigh bill, as delivered. The School Board reserves the right to reject or accept any and all bids.

Patton Borough School Board, Ellen C. Dietrick, Secretary.

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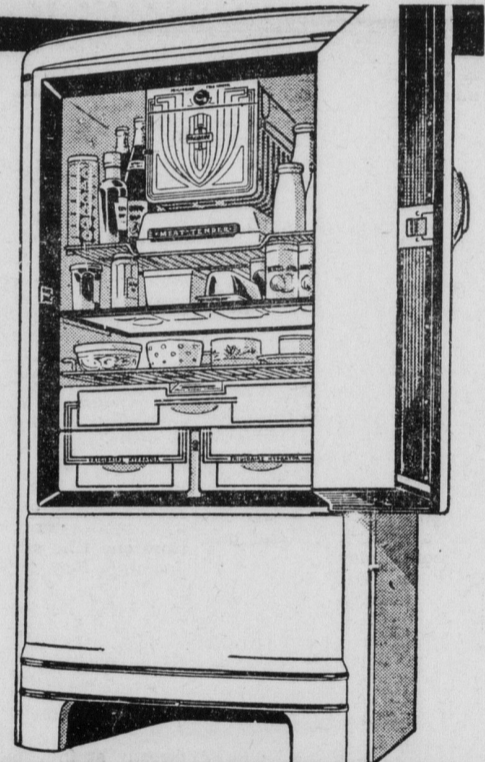
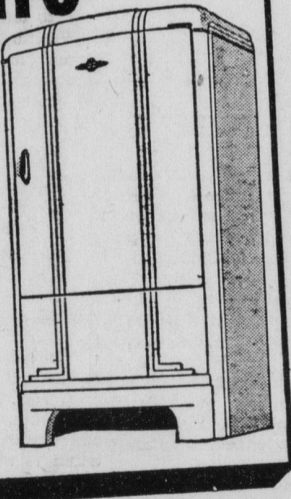
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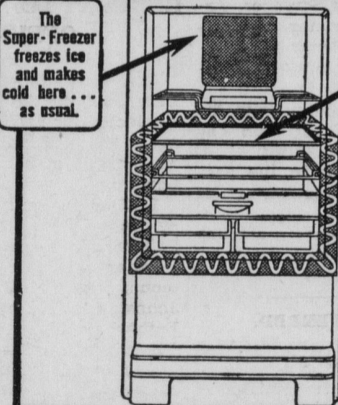
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