The Liberalist

Volume XXXVII MAY, 1960 Number 2

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

O Mothers of the Human Race

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Who, in the birthing of our breath,
The uttermost of suffering face,
  And touch the very hem of death,
Will you not mother all mankind
Into one all-maternal mind?

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Whose milk is universal bread,
As all-sustaining as the grace
  Of the heart's universal red,
Will you not feed us with the food
Of love for all the human brood?

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Protectors of our infant years,
Who wooed us to our first embrace,
  And taught us laughter out of tears,
Teach us the gesture and the glee
Of the world-love that is to be.

—Robert Whitaker

Sunday Services in May and June

May 2—Loyalty Sunday

May 8—Mother's Day

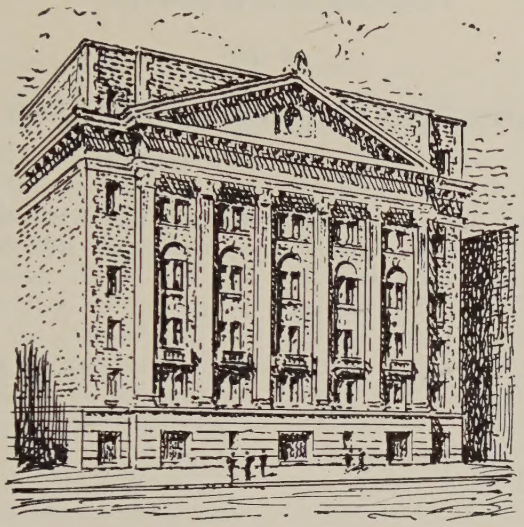
May 15—Dr. Bradley's 48th Anniversary

May 22—Outdoor Sunday

May 29—Memorial Sunday

June 5—Youth Sunday
(New Members received)

June 12—36th Radio Anniversary



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

USHERS CLUB ROSTER

of the

PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

We take pleasure and pride in publishing this list of our faithful and loyal Ushers who quietly and unassumingly carry on Sunday after Sunday and week after week during the Church year.

BAKER, CHARLES TAYLOR**
836 W. Lakeside Place
Chicago 40, Illinois
RA 8-2018

BERGLUND, WILLIAM L.
1443 W. Winona Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois
RA 8-4293

BREINING, L. P.
2438 W. Carmen Avenue
Chicago 25, Illinois
RA 8-3139 - 4976

BRYAN, FRANK S.
949 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois
AR 1-4448

EMRICH, WILLIAM*
951 So. Alvord Blvd.
Evansville, Indiana

FREITAG, JOHN
2850 Eastwood Avenue
Chicago 25, Illinois

HALLBERG, EVERT S.
1225 W. Chase Avenue
Chicago 26, Illinois
BR 4-6097

HANGEL, LOU H.
3648 No. Lake Shore Drive
Chicago 13, Illinois
EA 7-0120

HANSEN, HAROLD E.
2218 W. Carmen Avenue
Chicago 25, Illinois
ED 4-5998

HUNTER, PAUL
709 W. Aldine Avenue
Chicago 13, Illinois
BU 1-0408

KIM, BEN
4730 N. Kenmore Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois

* Retired
** Helpers

LANGLOIS, GEORGE W.
3659 N. Damen Avenue
Chicago 18, Illinois
EA 7-3755

LEMKE, KARL
6036 N. Damen Avenue
Chicago 45, Illinois

MASON, FRANK J.
4897 N. Ashland Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois
ED 4-3519

McCLOY, L. E.**
2617 W. Berwyn Avenue
Chicago 25, Illinois
LO 1-9739

MOE, WALDO C.
5449 N. Lamon Avenue
Chicago 30, Illinois
MU 5-6548

NEINDORF, EARL S.
837 Fletcher Street
Chicago 14, Illinois
WE 5-6329

OHMAN, JOHN EDWIN
3057 N. Osceola Avenue
Chicago 35, Illinois
TU 9-8957

PASCHAL, JOHN EDWARD
3623 N. Linder Avenue
Chicago 41, Illinois
PA 5-4828

SCHLEH, FRANK H.**
6102 N. Navarre Avenue
Chicago 31, Illinois
NE 1-5381

SOELL, FRED L.
3107 W. Belleplaine Avenue
Chicago 18, Illinois
JU 8-4629

YOUNG, RUSSELL M.
880 N. Lake Shore Drive
Chicago 11, Illinois
WH 3-0281 (In Memoriam)

ALONG THE WAY

By PRESTON BRADLEY

Wednesday, 2nd March

ON our arrival back to the ship tonight we received the sad news that one of our fellow passengers, a Mr. Marcus Solomon, had gone ashore in the afternoon to swim at the beach. One of the young engineers who was swimming nearby saw him floating on the surface but not moving. He went over to him and realized something was wrong and took him ashore. Help was called but it was too late. Mr. Solomon apparently had had a heart attack while in the water and died. His wife was sitting on the beach nearby and it was a tragic experience for her. She came back to the ship and, with a friend, packed up their belongings and went ashore; and I am informed tonight they are going to fly the body back to New York. It cast a deep gloom over us all and Mrs. Solomon had our deepest sympathy.

Thursday, 3rd March

I was up just after dawn this morning, because I did not want to miss the view of the Island of Grenada. For three hours we went up the Island coast to the harbor and every mile of the way was one of beauty and grandeur. This is a lovely island—one of my favorite spots in the West Indies.

After anchoring in the harbor we went down to breakfast and then went ashore. Two British destroyers were in the harbor. The town is built around the harbor and everything of interest is located on a very narrow street which skirts the water.

I always try when I visit a city to visit the public library and I discovered there was a public library here, so we walked a considerable distance around the harbor to the public library located on the opposite side. The Grenada Public Library is located in a building more than one hundred years old. The building is in good repair and the library is on the second floor.

I introduced myself to the librarian, Sheila Buckmire, who has been the librarian since 1947—a charming, delightful and devoted librarian. The library movement in the island was started in 1846 and they have had a library ever since 1892. They now have 21,223 books for adults and 6,150 books for juveniles. The system used in the library is modern and effective. They have 12,000 borrowers and 9,000 regular readers. I asked her how the librarians were trained. She told me about the library school situated in Port au Spain, Trinidad, which is now the capital of the West Indies Federation and a long ways from the Island of Grenada. In Trinidad is a library school and six months is spent in a correspondence course on library activity, and then it is required that the student go to Trinidad and spend three months there in the library school. A high school certificate is required before one can apply for library service. I was very much impressed with the whole visit and particularly with the personality of the librarian.

I noticed on the walls of the library some unusual posters. Each poster told effectively a story about reading good books. They were as effective posters as I have ever seen anywhere. I spoke to the librarian about them and she said the artist was a young man who works part time in the library and who happened to be in. She introduced us to him, a Mr. Rudolph Griffith, who is hoping to come to the United States

to continue his studies in art. He is quite young and I predict for him a great future.

It is most encouraging to see the educational opportunities which the people of Grenada have had in their association with the British government. It affirms what I have long held: that the solution of much of this racial situation which exists can be eliminated through education.

The people of Grenada are a most hospitable, kindly people, and it is one of the most beautiful islands I have ever seen. It has rugged mountains which surround the harbor. It has been 90° here today, but very little humidity. The people on the island are very poor and the librarian told me that as soon as the young people finish public school, they leave the island. This is the same trouble you will find in many places throughout the world. It is one of the tragedies of Ireland that so many young people leave.

Friday, 4th March

We tied up alongside the pier in La Guaira, Venezuela, about nine o'clock this morning. I was up as usual about dawn, for the approach to Venezuela is indescribably beautiful. The harbor is filled with ships coming and going and has a very small entrance. Taking the "Mauretania" into this harbor and alongside the pier is a feat of seamanship. There were only two small motor tugs to help. The mountains begin at the water's edge. They are the foothills of the Andes. Tucked away on the mountainside in tiers are the boxlike houses where people live. They are painted many colors, principally blue, red and yellow. From the harbor they present a most colorful picture. I would like to get up the mountainside and visit some of those homes but that is impossible. From this port there goes to the capital, Caracas, one of the finest highways in the world, built at an astronomical cost. I am always sensitive to the feeling in Venezuela that there is political unrest. This trip is no exception, but it is difficult to find anyone who will talk to you frankly about the situation. I saw much evidence of insipient revolutionary activity and I am certain that trouble will break out in Venezuela before very long.

Saturday, 5th March

The sail out of the harbor of La Guaira last night was a spectacular event. All along the coastline, up into the mountains, lights glowed like myriads of gigantic fireflies. As we sailed down the coast to the Island of Curacao, which is a Dutch island, the beauty of the night enveloped us. We are alongside an oil dock in Curacao tonight. This is one of the great fueling stations of the western world and ships from everywhere are coming and going continuously. Where we are docked is seven miles from the city of Willemstad but taxis are frequent and by sharing them the cost is nominal. Willemstad, like every other locality which is Dutch, is spotlessly clean and in every sense modern and attractive. We had lunch at the Hotel International, which is one of the most modern hotels I have even been in. Outside is a swimming pool and comfortable terraces.

On our return to the "Mauretania" we went for a visit to the new ship of the Holland American Line which was tied up at another oil dock just ahead of us. The ship we visited was the "Statendam," the newest ship of the line. One word describes it—luxury—almost too much luxury for those who like a more shiplike atmosphere. We went all over the ship and I was impressed, for it is a floating modern

hotel. Personally I much prefer a more shiplike ship. But naval architecture responds to the almost universal desire for the ultramodern and sophisticated.

Sunday, 6th March

We have been at sea all day and high winds have been building some rough weather, but the skies have been blue and the day has been perfect.

As is my custom on Sunday, wherever I am if I am not preaching, I always attend some church. Our service on the ship was at 11 o'clock. The Commodore and the Staff Captain took the service. The prayers and the litany of the Anglican Church are always inspiring and uplifting, but the great moment of the service this morning was when Penny Bancroft, our hostess on the cruise, sang Malotte's "The Lord's Prayer." I hear this many, many times during the church year, but I have never heard it sung as beautifully as she sang it today. It didn't seem like the same song. She has an unusual quality to her voice and the expression of her face and her posture add dignity to her singing. She is one of the most gracious and effervescent personalities I have ever met. Certainly the Cunard Line in Mr. Watterson Lowe, Mr. Vic Ogilvy and Penny Bancroft, give the passengers the last word in making the cruise a delightful experience.

I spent most of the afternoon walking and reading. About 11 o'clock tonight I noticed a different vibration on the ship and looking over the bow I noticed that we made a distinct change in our course. I could tell the engines had increased in speed and I sought an officer and asked him why the change. He said we have just received an SOS that a schooner out of Trinidad is in trouble. They wirelessed Panama Canal zone and the Panama Canal sent out an SOS to the ships in the area. We immediately went forward on deck and stood directly under the bridge, peering out into the black night. I decided to remain there until we had reached the scene of the schooner. As we neared the scene our ship prepared for action. We swung out two lifeboats and prepared the hospital on the ship. No one knew what we were going to find. It was a dramatic moment when we saw several lights ahead of us at about two in the morning and we arrived at the spot soon after. There were several ships around us. It was very dark. There was much signalling going on between the ships and finally there was contact with the schooner, in which were two men, exhausted and weak from having been without food and water for a considerable time. Finally things seemed to adjust themselves and we got under way, and it was not until we had left that we learned what had happened. A Dutch tug had arrived about the same time we did and they took over the schooner, took the people aboard and headed for Cristobal. When we resumed our course I learned we had gone about 65 miles out of our way.

We remained on deck until three o'clock in the morning, went back to the room and I read until four. It has been a very exciting, interesting evening, with all of the traditions of the sea followed. It is the second time in my experiences at sea when I have been on a ship which received an SOS. The first time I was on the same ship I am on tonight when we received an SOS at the time the "Stockholm" and the "Andrea Doria" had their collision. I was visiting with the Chief Engineer, Mr. Johnson, when that SOS was received. We were many miles away from the accident but when we arrived the "Andrea Doria" had not been gone but a little while and the sea was still bubbling with debris. The "Isle de

France" had left with her passengers for New York and the "Stockholm" was still at the scene. I saw her smashed-in bow and the people she rescued on her deck. We arrived in New York first, for the "Stockholm" because of her condition had to proceed very slowly. It is exciting to be on a ship when an SOS is received, and far more comfortable than being on the ship which sends the SOS. It is early morning now and we are bound for Cristobal, in the Canal Zone.

Monday 7th March.

Our ship tied up at the pier in Cristobal at seven o'clock this morning and the heat was almost unbearable. We were very tired after the experiences of last night, but our weariness was almost forgotten with the arrival of our letters from home. I think most of us would write more often than we do to our friends and loved ones who are away from home if we realized how much it means to receive a home letter. We had most encouraging mail from Miss Smalley, our Study Secretary, and a letter from Mrs. Harrison, in our church office, telling of the activities and events of the church since we have been away. We did not breakfast until nine o'clock this morning and after breakfast I watched the harbor life until 11:30, when we met our Chief Engineer, Mr. Williams, and our second Engineer, Mr. John Simmons. We had arranged with them to spend the day ashore and a most unusual day it was.

We left the ship and had lunch at the Washington Hotel. This is the hotel where Peron was staying at the time of our last visit here. He left only two hours before our arrival, so we missed seeing him. We did not plan to go over to Panama or to Balboa. Mr. Williams is much of an historian and most familiar with all the ports and countries he visits. He has assembled many books and pamphlets dealing with the various places he visits and one of the joys of this trip was the opportunity of being with him at mealtime, for he is always most gracious with information and descriptions. We were his guests today and he arranged a trip into the jungle and across the Isthmus, which we had never visited. We stopped at Gaton Lock of the Panama Canal and watched the ships that were going through, but this was not the main objective of our day. We crossed the Lock to Fort San Lorenzo. This fort was built by Philip II of Spain in 1597. The walls and tunnels are still standing on a peninsula that juts out into the sea. The government has restored it and it is worthy of a visit. It was taken by the pirate, Henry Morgan, in 1620 and afterwards the British used it as a jail. In 1955, the U. S. Army excavated the Fort and cleared the jungle and made it one of the most historic spots in all Panama. The ride through the jungle was thrilling. We met many natives along the road and saw several wild animals. One native youngster we met we stopped, and he had four iguanas which they take back to the city and sell. I have never eaten an iguana but they say it is delicious. Another animal which we saw and which I had never seen in a wild state, was a tapir. The bird life was most interesting. The birds are colorful and large, but we heard few songs. It was a most enjoyable trip and one we shall never forget, even though the temperature was over 90° and we were unusually tired from being up most of last night. Mr. Williams has been a most admirable host and we are deeply appreciative of the opportunity he gave us to see what we have never seen before.

* * *

I am going to continue this day by day story of our trip in the next issue of the Liberalist, but I wish to use the remainder of the available space in this number for one or two other things.

In every church in all Christendom, the one day to which clergy and members all look forward is Easter Day. It is always the most largely attended, the most colorful and the most inspiring of all the Sundays in the church year. Our church is no exception to this tradition. It has always been our most inspiring Sunday.

Every noon during Holy Week I preached for the 34th year in the large Erlanger Theatre in the heart of Chicago's loop. The noon weather during the week was far from being perfect but it was not too bad. The attendance was most gratifying and encouraging. Nearby, the Church Federation, with hundreds of churches co-operating, and meeting in the Chicago Temple, had enthusiastic congregations. For one church to attempt a noonday Lenten service in a theatre that seats 1200 people is a challenge but we have met it from year to year and are most inspired by the results. The largest congregation was on Good Friday and, as I walked onto the stage my heart was filled with gratitude that after all these years a congregation that large would gather. My theme for the week was "Creative Living," and on Friday I spoke on "Creative Suffering." Wednesday night, Thursday night and Friday night we held Holy Week services in the church sanctuary. Thursday evening we held our annual Memorial Communion Service, in which we memorialized the 93 people whose funerals I had conducted through the year. Members of the families of the deceased attended.

Weddings occupied the Saturday afternoon preceding Easter Day and I retired Saturday evening hoping for a triumphant and beautiful Easter. I was awake early Easter morning, listening to the various sunrise programs broadcast from various parts of the country. As I looked out of the window and saw the dark clouds I knew that the day would probably be cold and rainy, and it was. There was no sunshine all day and it rained hard most of the day. However, the interest and co-operation of the people made amends for the inclement weather, for it was one of the most triumphant days in the history of our church.

At the nine o'clock service we received 52 new members and I christened several babies. This was the largest class of new members we have received in some years. For two hours prior to the 11:00 o'clock service the sky sent down copious showers, but it was the most beautiful and climactic service of the entire year. As I walked onto the pulpit and saw that sea of upturned faces, my soul was lifted and my heart was lightened.

Mr. Kraft spoke at the nine o'clock service and I preached at the other three. How can I ever express my gratitude to the people for their loyalty and support for these nearly 48 years in which I have been the pastor.

The Easter music was exhilarating and beautiful. Miss Doriss Briggs, a harpist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, was a part of our musical service. Our choir was never better and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, in charge of our music, are to be warmly commended and congratulated. Under the leadership of Mrs. Bennett the choir took entire charge of the Lenten and Easter decorations. Mr. Waldo Moe, a member of our Board of Trustees, designed and made several "flower trees" of wrought iron, which added immeasurably to the decorative opportunities

of the platform. We are very grateful to Mr. Moe.

I had a surprise Easter gift! I always enter the church through the rear door and do not see the sanctuary or any of the church activities until after the service begins. As I entered my vestry the surprise unfolded, for the vestry had been colorfully re-carpeted, a new writing desk had been installed and a large, adjustable lounging chair had been added, all as a gift from the various organizations of the church. I have often wanted a comfortable chair in the vestry where I could rest between services or relax when I arrive at the church. I was overwhelmed with this surprise and those who are responsible for it will never know how it added to my Easter joy. I made use of the chair Easter afternoon, for I did not leave the church after the Vesper five o'clock service until the conclusion of the evening service.

On our way home in the rain and cold after the evening service, our hearts were warm and lifted, for it was one of the most beautiful Easters June and I have ever known.

Keep looking up!

"HAIL AND FAREWELL"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Palm Sunday
April 10, 1960

NO CHARACTER of human history has been lifted more successfully out of the generation to which he belonged than has the character of Jesus. Down through history the interpreters, the theologians, the philosophers, the historians who have written and spoken about Him, almost to an individual (there have been few exceptions), have lifted Him right out of His own age, His own significance, His own purposes of life, His own ideals for His people and for man. This is more true of Jesus, the Prophet of Galilee than of any other person. He has been lifted, bodily, from the economic, political and sociological significance of Himself and His message to His age, and has been distributed down through the ages with all kinds of theological emphasis and historical interpretation. At the hazard (and it is a hazard) of receiving justly from you the criticism that I am not going to preach and will not preach the conventional Palm Sunday sermon, I'm going to say some of the things which are on my mind and heart to you this morning. It would be very easy to preach the "conventional" Palm Sunday sermon. You will read those sermons in the newspapers tomorrow. It would be "conventional" to pull out of one's vocabulary the highly descriptive and emotional phrases that are associated with the personality of Jesus and to restate them to people. It would be comparatively easy to draw comparisons and analogies between His lowly appearance on that humble beast of burden; it would be comparatively easy to talk about the emotional response of the people as they received one to whom they had attributed the power of delivery. All of this is the conventional involvement in presentations of the significance of Palm Sunday. I want to go beneath that this morning—underneath it.

(*Continued on page* 13)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

THE person who goes through life saying "It has never been done before," is a person who may take advantage of all that has been done and live a satisfactory life, but if there were no experimentation, there would be no development.

The Victorian period was a vital age in the life of mankind. More than all others who ever reigned upon a throne, Queen Victoria left the imprint of her personality and character upon a great age and upon subsequent history. One day when in conference with the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, the Queen said to him: "How do you manage to have the right answer for all the questions that are put to you?" Gladstone replied, "Your Majesty, I keep on the line of discovery." In that reply the Prime Minister gives us the key which will unlock the treasury of effective and gallant living: "I keep on the line of discovery."

What does that mean? It seems to me it means nothing less nor more than maintaining an open mind — a mind which is always alert to new truths, new methods, new discoveries, new inventions, new systems and new techniques. Without this attribute there can be no progress. Every great advance made in the whole history of the race has been made by the adventurous type of individual. We owe nothing to those who merely desire to maintain and preserve the status quo.

It is undeniably true that there are certain fundamental, unchanging principles which are as old as the stars and as eternal as the hills. But what would ever happen in the field of science or the sphere of economics—yes, and in religion, too—if all new light had been blotted out? Truth is ever in process of discovery.

I think it was William James who said that man must find a moral equivalent for war; and indeed he must. His problem for the future is to find an imperative which will command the same degree of loyalty and sacrifice for peace, which men give and make when they are at war. To say that this is beyond the capacity of man is to belie what man has indicated as possible in almost every century of his history.

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into The Peoples Church On Easter Sunday, April 17, 1960.

Mr. Wm. Carey Alexander,
2819 Saltwell Rd., Huntington, W.Va.
(From Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, Huntington)

Miss Helene Andersen,
3406 Medill Ave., Chicago 47

Mrs. Margaret Barnes,
2303 31st St., Moline, Ill.

Miss Ivonne Baumgarten,
4923 N. Clark St., Chicago 40

Mrs. Albert Beaubien,
1257 Lunt Ave., Chicago 26

Mrs. Pearl B. Blackwell,
400 E. 33rd St., Chicago 16

Mrs. Alfred Blight,
4903 Walton St., Chicago 51
(From Bryn Mawr Community Ch.)

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Boe,
3918 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 13

Mrs. Eva M. Brown,
4547 N. Claremont Ave., Chicago 25

Mr. W. F. Brown,
1014 Broadway, Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Helen Christopher,
4717 N. Winthrop Ave., Chicago 40

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cockley,
2118 S. Harvey Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

Mrs. Virginia DeFriend,
1060 Wilson Ave., Chicago 40

Mrs. Cecil Devereaux,
4512 Malden St., Chicago 40

Miss Elsie Eysenbach,
3216 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago 41

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Goozley, Sr.,
4260 Hazel Ave., Chicago 13

Mr. Russell Hagstrom,
4938 N. Leavitt St., Chicago 25

Mrs. Leroy B. Herbst,
3180 Lake Shore Dr., Chicago 14
(From Bryn Mawr Community Ch.)

Mrs. Robert Hettinger,
855 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40

Mrs. Anna Jarrett,
911 A Ave., Vinton, Iowa

Mrs. Wm. S. Kerr,
5240 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 40

Mrs. R. E. Lee,
214 N. Myrtle Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.

Mrs. Esther McDaniel,
Miss Edith McDaniel,
4943 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 40

Mr. Rondey McGill,
Mr. and Mrs. Salvador O. Mendoza,
3709 N. Pine Grove Ave., Chicago 13

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Momsen,
2933 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 14

Mr. Harold E. Morris,
238 Commonwealth Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Popp,
1957 W. Henderson St., Chicago 13

Mrs. Alice D. Rice,
402 S. Maple Ave., Aledo, Ill.

Mrs. Ophelia R. B. Ross,
4923 N. Clark St., Chicago 40

Mr. Omar Ross,
4923 N. Clark St., Chicago 40

Mrs. Florence Schlichter,
1124 W Ainslie St., Chicago 40

Mr. Theodore Schwinnen,
1023 Argyle St., Chicago 40

Mr. Edward Smeeth,
2738 Pine Grove Ave., Chicago 14

Mr. and Mrs. Max L. Smith,
5724 Magnolia Ave., Chicago 40

Mrs. Evelyn B. Sont,
1345 W. Columbia Ave., Chicago 26

Mrs. Mary Stertz,
1909 Lincoln Ave., Chicago 14

Miss Jean Thomas,
901 Argyle St., Chicago 40

Mr. and Mrs. Ray L. Walker,
200 W. Menominee St., Chicago 14

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin A. Wendell,
8256 Hamlin Ave., Skokie, Ill.

Mr. B. W. Wilson,
543 Franklin Ave., Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mr. Robert A. Witmondt,
1241 W. Hood Ave., Chicago 40

HAIL AND FAREWELL

(*Continued from page* 10)

I would like to acknowledge the obvious aspects, both historically and ethically, of Palm Sunday, but I think there is a larger meaning to this day than most of us get, and certainly very little is ever told about it. One of the most striking things that I sense on this Palm Sunday morning above the shouts of triumph and hosannas and all the rest of the welcoming enthusiasm of the hour, above the effort of the people to acknowledge the coming of a king and a deliverer, above the evidence of their attempts to demonstrate their appreciation and their gratitude, underneath all that, is their hope that someone is arriving in their lives to liberate them from the tyranny in which they are all involved. I want to go down beneath all the obvious, deep down, underneath it all, and see what I think is the deeper significance of Palm Sunday and its real greatness and its real truth for us who are in the Judea Christian tradition of His life.

Probably never in human history were a people more completely disillusioned than the Jewish people were over Jesus! The people of His period, His epoch and His era—they were completely disillusioned with Him! We must never forget that Palestine was under the bondage of Rome; that the Roman Empire held it in its clutches; that every single element in the life of the people was in control of that country which ruled the civilized world, the Roman Empire, and they were in bondage! We must not forget the second fact, and it is rather interesting and, I think, very beautiful, that the ancient ceremony of Passover occurs tomorrow among those who hold the Jewish tradition. They belong together, because you see the Last Supper was the celebration of the Passover! That is exactly what the Last Supper was: it was the celebration, really, of "seder", an observance so precious to the Jewish hearts today!

Now we must never forget that they were in bondage and we must never forget the ancient Messianic hope which rests in the heart of every Jew, then and now, that the day of a deliverer will come. They had looked forward to the Messiah through the ages, ever since the delivery under Pharoah out of Egypt, to bring freedom to the people! The Jews of Jesus' generation were looking for a Messiah, for a deliverer, and that is one of the factors involved in this whole picture today. It is vastly important that we do not forget that. They waved palms and other branches. The palms have become almost exclusively associated with the day, but there is no particular reason why they should be, because the ancient scriptures are very careful in saying that they used other branches as well, possibly flowers probably from the fields; there were many things involved here besides palms, but in the traditional sense only the palm has come to be identified with the day. We must not forget that this strange, mystical, lonely, revolutionary young Jew out of Galilee (and the Galileans had no dealings with the rest of Palestine, none whatever) came without any social prestige, no family, in poverty, a worker (He was a carpenter); that He came into the scene at this time of political and economic difficulty of the Jewish people, that He never ceased to be a Jew, that He was born a Jew and died a Jew, and attended the syna-

gogue and read the Lessons in the synagogue, and that His own concept of His mission was pretty largely limited to His own people of the period, as He likewise believed that the end of the world was imminent! Jesus thought and taught that the end of the world would come during His lifetime! He taught that repeatedly! And these people, in their attitude toward Him, looked to Him as the great deliverer, the king!

After all the experiences of His public ministry we find Him concentrating on what He knew would be His last and final entrance into the capital city of Judea, the City of Jerusalem! And the significant thing about all the shouting and all the noise and all the hallelujahs and all the palm waving and all the rest of it on Palm Sunday is the fact that the central figure in it wept! He wept! All the palm waving didn't matter to Him; all the shouting of welcome didn't matter to Him. By the foresight of His great creative understanding He *knew* that He was headed right straight to a lonely, rugged, wooden cross on a hill! He knew that! And so when He came to the gates of the city, we are told, Jesus wept! I should think He would! It would have been surprising if He hadn't wept! He was not deceived by the adulation of people who were looking for a deliverer in a materialistic way; who wanted to be relieved from the bondage that they were in economically, by taxation, to the Roman Empire, and that was the furthest from His thought.

When he looked over the City of Jerusalem, He wept! I wonder, in this modern age, if this same ancient prophet, with His same sensitivity to economic injustice, with His same abhorrence of that useless institution that men call war, in which almost the entire world is now bankrupting itself by the expenditure of its capital investment in that only which can destroy and not build; I wonder on this Palm Sunday, with the churches filled, and with all the music and with all the waving of palms, if this prophet so sensitive to the injustice, to the wrongness, to the tragedy of slavery and the serfdom of the people, I wonder if He could pause on the habiliments of Moscow and look over the manifestations of mechanistic and materialistic power which have settled down upon more than half the world, what He would do. I wonder what He would do if He could stand at the gates of the City of Paris, or there by the flaming torch (where I have often stood) at the Arc de Triomphe, there at the head of the Champs Elysees, and see the blue flame, the unquenched tribute to the dead of France? I wonder what He would say about Algeria, and I wonder if He would weep over the city? I wonder what He would say if He could come to the City of London and see the diplomacy, the hidden, almost deep, secretive attitude of the statesmen of the world as they toy with the potential of summit conferences in playing the ancient game of Europe, which has damned Europe for a thousand years and will damn it for another thousand if it is not changed, the ancient technique of "balance of power between nations"! I wonder what He would do with that, this Galilean prophet that a whole world welcomes on a Palm Sunday!

I wonder what He would do if He came out and stood in the Visitor's Gallery in the United States Senate? I wonder what He would do if He went to the Visitor's Gallery in the House of Representatives and saw the long, long torturous expenditure of words, words, words in arguments over some-

thing so fundamental that it ought not disturb a real sensitive mind for five minutes, while a nation seeks to find a way to restore the dignity of the human personality to a segment of its own population? I wonder what He would say as the representation of the embodiment of His own faith and His own church to Christian South Africa with its Calvinism and its dogma? What can the clergy of South Africa preach this morning in their pulpits? What can the clergy of the world preach in this hour? What a sad travesty and what an enduring tragic comment on the failure of Christendom—not a failure to organize Him in the creeds. That's no failure! We've got a multitude of them. Not a failure to organize this man into churches and ecclesiasticism; not a failure to build altars to Him; not a failure to sing litanies and chants to Him—we didn't fail there! That has been a tremendous success! But the failure to take Him in the simplicity and in the beauty of His love for mankind, a love that was coronated by the eternal truth that He loved mankind so much He was willing to die for them! That's the very heart and essence of the whole Palm Sunday truth! He wept! He wept! And where did He go? Immediately to a garden! Immediately to a garden! And with whom did He go? Alone! The tragic Garden of Gethsemane! And there, clenching that granite stone until His own palms spurt blood He comes into the great crescendo: "Oh, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" And then the great word: "Nevertheless"! "Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done!" And that has been misunderstood and misinterpreted down through the ages: God never willed a war; God never willed a flood; God never willed a tragedy; God never willed a murder! God is not in the business of willing disaster or cruelty to the sons of men: "Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done", and that will can only be expressed in the brotherhood of man, the leadership of Jesus, the fatherhood of the Divine! When we become sufficiently courageous to put that into the political, economical, industrial, diplomatic, educational and religious world, we shall build the Kingdom of Love upon this, our earth!

And now, into each of our hearts, might there go a deeper understanding and a finer appreciation of the significance of this prophet who, in a material sense, disappointed so many people that in a few days they were willing to murder Him! May we, of this century, not repeat the tragedy of the First Century!

BOOK CHATS

AS summer approaches we begin thinking about reading for the summer which will appeal to a wide variety of temperaments and tastes. I had two books placed at the side of my desk which appealed and which I intended to read and review, only to discover at the last moment that I was too previous, as one is to be published May 13th and one on the 20th. So I shall mention four or five in the short space allotted to the Book Chat this month, for we must publish our list of new members in this issue and are very happy that there are so many who have decided to join our number. Also we desire to honor our ushers by listing them.

Gladys Malvern, author of *Dancing Girl,* a story set in Biblical times, and published by Macrae Smith Company of Philadelphia says, "I'm always amazed when people speak of writing books as work. To me it's fascinating, rewarding — wonderful. I'm especially fortunate because I'm writing for those candid, keen-minded young adults, my favorite people. I respect them highly; I admire them heartily." The publishers description of the book sounds extremely interesting, not only from the point of view of a love story, but because through this book one can perceive the beginnings of the Church. Rhoda, a beautiful and well-bred girl who returns to her family in Jerusalem after a long stay in Cyprus finds that her family has given up all its wealth and joined the sect known as Notzris or Believers, and that her home has become the gathering place for the simple and dedicated men who are known today as the Apostles of Christ.

Those who are interested in Napoleon might choose *The Last Years of Napoleon,* his captivity on St. Helena, by Ralph Korngold, published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. The publishers claim that it is the most comprehensive account ever published in this country of Napoleon's exile on St. Helena. There is an absorbing account of the daily life of Napoleon and his household. In the fascinating story of the relations between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, governor of the island, the author makes a notable contribution to historical scholarship and presents a view of Sir Hudson Lowe that contraverts the findings of many previous historians.

Hannah Closs, author of *High Are the Mountains,* published by the Vanguard Press, is the wife of Professor A. Closs of Bristol University in England and the daughter of a famous London medievalist. She has a fine tongue for literature, a sharp eye for landscape, and a genius for human understanding. This is an adventure story of blood and torment, love and philosophy, religion and penetrating insight. This novel touches very close to the concerns that absorb us today. One does not leave this book even after it has been laid aside.

For those interested in looking into the biographies of political candidates, there is *The Real Nixon,* an intimate biography, by Bela Kornitzer, published by Rand McNally & Company on April 11th. Bela Kornitzer has had an interesting writing career which has included numerous exclusive interviews with two of our presidents and such other public figures as Einstein, Bernard Baruch and James A. Farley. The book is the result of two years of patient exploration by the author into what makes Nixon the man he is.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE work at the Study and Dr. Bradley's engagements just "swamped" us at Eastertime and we have not yet caught up with our work. For this reason the May Liberalist will be a bit late, as was

the April one. We are very sorry when this happens and it only happens when it simply cannot be avoided.

The reason for the above explanation is because I wish to tell you that due to our being late, I can include information about events at the Chicago Public Library. As a rule we get that information just too late for our Liberalist and can only record past events.

There are to be special Music Week programs on May 5th and May 7th. These are free programs, given at 12:15 p.m. in the Assembly Hall on the second floor at the Randolph Street side of the building.

On Thursday, May 5th there will be a lecture with demonstrations at the piano by Dr. Rudolph Ganz, a greatly valued friend of Dr. Bradley's, on the subject "The Beauty of Dissonance." Dr. Ganz is well known throughout this area, is a delightful personality, and we know that anyone at all interested in music from any standpoint will enjoy this program.

On Saturday, May 7th, there will be a concert by the Chicago Sinfonietta, under the direction of Dr. Leon Stein, of the DePaul University School of Music.

The exhibits during the month of May include, at the Randolph Street entrance:

"The New Hyde Park — The Redevelopment of a Neighborhood" in co-operation with the University of Chicago.

11th Annual Exhibit of Chicago and Midwestern Bookmaking, in co-operation with the Chicago Book Clinic (May 5-31).

Music Department: Band Instruments, courtesy E. K. Blessing Instrument Co.

Science and Technology Dept.: Story of a Tin Can, Continental Can Co.

Metalsmith Designer Exhibits (May 3-31) by Harold A. Milbrath, of 3218 N. 87th St., Milwaukee, Wis., who has been the recipient of several awards for his work. Ecclesiastical pieces, table silver and jewelry in the Art Department. Educated at the Milwaukee State Teachers College and Cranbrook Academy of Art, he is currently Metalcrafts instructor at Milwaukee Vocational and Adult Schools. A former president of the Wisconsin Designer-Craftsman, he is now Chairman of the Midwest Designer-Craftsman.

I have "happened on" many fine exhibits at the Chicago Public Library which I am sure many more people would like to know about than do know.

* * *

The Ravenswood-Lincolnite, a local newspaper, published the photograph which Mr. Henagow of Myers Publishers took at the Art Exhibit given on Sunday, April 3, our Second Annual Art Exhibit given for Uptown Chicago. The picture was published on April 12th and the same edition contained a picture of Dr. Bradley with Rev. Kubose of the Chicago Buddhist Church, and three lovely Japanese girls who took part in their Wesak Festival in celebration of the birthday of Buddha. Dr. Bradley was the speaker.

Our Art Exhibit was a very successful one from every viewpoint. There were exhibits of fourteen professionals and twelve amateurs. The professional artists included Mrs. Mae B. Alshuler, 717 N. Sheridan Rd., Waukegan; Mrs. Peggy Palmer Burrows, 5820 Sheridan Rd.; Mrs. Paul S. Hirt, Sr., 4200 N. Hazel St.; Erwin W. Hobby, 708 Hilles Av., Joliet; Mrs. Judy Loeb, 916 W. Agatite Ave.; Mrs. Alverna Nedeau, 4645 Kenmore Ave.; Mr. Rudy Ohrning, 3318 Wilder St., Skokie; Mrs. Flora Raymond, 6816

N. Ridge Ave.; Marcia Raymond, same address; Seraphia B. Sterling, 4909 Ravenswood Ave.; Mrs. Sigrid Sutton, 1819 Lawrence Ave.; Mr. Carman Thomson, 1534 Pratt Blvd.; Mr. Charles Vickery, 4533 Wolf Road, Western Springs and Edna Smith West, 72 N. Brainerd Ave., LaGrange.

Those who listed themselves as amateurs were Helen Anderson, 1515 Hollywood Ave.; Diane Benjamin, 7535 E. Prairie Ave.; Rita Goldstein, 3857 W. Jerome; Mrs. Joan Gordon, 902 W. Agatite; Donna Graf, 203 N. Kostner (16 yrs. old); Rogene M. Kraft, 1426 Hinman Ave., Evanston; Robert Lockhart, Jr., 1459 Highridge Ave., Westchester; Herbert Prauer, 1709 Carmen Ave.; Mr. Charles Price, The Craft Studio, Hillside; Ethel Wells Smalley, 2608 Lakeview Ave.; William Schwedler, 132 Desplaines Ave., Forest Park, and Miss Gerda Wohl, 5945 N. Greenview Ave. Where not otherwise mentioned the addresses are all in Chicago.

Some of the amateurs must have been very modest, as their paintings seemed quite professional.

The Professional and Business Woman's Club of the Church, which organization sponsored this exhibit, may well be gratified at this effort to bring art appreciation to Uptown Chicago, for it has already proven itself, after only two exhibits, to be well worthwhile.

The audience was highly interested and entertained, as Edna Smith West, of LaGrange, demonstrated a water-color painting of a wedding reception (planned on the spot) in which there was audience participation. Despite the hectic efforts of some participants to splash many colors on the painting, Mrs. West contrived to bring the whole into one final harmonious expression, the while Henry J. "Sarge" West "sounded off" on his ideas on "Drip, Drizzle and Dream," finally insisting that he knew (even if Edna Smith West did not) that her painting was, or should be, finished. It was all delightfully informal and altogether enjoyable.

Dr. Bradley arrived before the close of the program and was presented, and to the delight of all gave a short but classical dissertation on art, which certainly was an inspiration to all present.

Because Anderson Hall, where the exhibit was displayed, is a much needed and used hall, the exhibit could only be on view in the afternoon and evening. We look forward to the time when it may be on view for a week or even a month. But we are very grateful that from our first efforts we have come so far. Here below is a letter which I, as Chairman of the Exhibit, received a few days afterward.

Dear Miss Smalley:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for three things: First, it was a great thrill for me to have the opportunity to participate in the Annual Art Exhibition in your church. This was the first time I had ever shown any of my pictures in public and had seen them viewed by so many people. I feel a deep sense of gratitude towards you for initiating this exhibition as a great service for our city, the community and the professional and amateur artists.

Secondly, I want to thank you for sending me the March issue of your magazine, and I not only enjoyed reading your wonderful article but the whole magazine from cover to cover. I am subscribed to the monthly magazine "The American Artist" and it was especially pleasing to see that your ideas on sound art correspond with the editorials of the "The American Artist."

Then, I want to thank you for your wonderful letter of April 7. That Sunday, April 3rd, I decided to offer my picture, "The North Woods" as a gift to Dr. Bradley. I cannot tell you how deeply I was moved by his enthusiasm for my picture, by his understanding and by his kind words. There is no price for this picture; the satisfaction, pride and the feeling of accomplishment Dr. Bradley's love for the picture gives me, cannot be measured in terms of money. It is a rare experience which will be with me for the rest of my life.

Dr. Bradley will receive the picture shortly; let's make it a surprise for him!

Thanks again for everything, and with kindest personal regards,

Sincerely,

Herbert Prauer.

We all thought so well of Mr. Prauer's work that when, early in the evening, some of the professionals had to leave and took their paintings with them from the stage where we had the professional work displayed, we placed Mr. Prauer's work on the stage for better viewing.

We did the same with Diane Benjamin's work also.

I felt very grateful for Mr. Prauer's letter and thought the entire effort—and it is a lot of work to plan and put on an art exhibit—was well worthwhile to give inspiration and satisfaction to one creative artist. While there is joy and satisfaction in creative work for its own sake, the frosting on top of the cake is certainly made from the appreciation and encouragement of others who take pleasure in viewing it. And to know that our exhibit did mean encouragement to even one of our exhibitors will lighten our hearts when we put on Exhibit No. Three in 1961. Thank you, Herbert Prauer.

I wish to thank one of our professional exhibitors, Mr. Rudy Ohrning, of Skokie, for his great help in the placing and arranging of the Exhibit, as well as the very generous loan of a dozen easels without which we could not have displayed our paintings. This was the second time Mr. Ohrning had exhibited with us and had given us his valuable assistance and advice.

Several members of the Woman's Club helped us with the social amenities: Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the president, Mrs. Evert Hallberg, vice president, Mrs. H. A. Winbaugh, Ways and Means Chairman, and Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, past president of the Ninth District, I.F.W.C. and of the Woman's Club. The marine painting of Mr. Charles Vickery, of Western Springs, owned by the Woman's Club was raffled off and won by a very lovely and charming woman from the far South Side who heard an announcement of the Exhibit that very Sunday morning.

Hostesses of the Professional and Business Woman's Club who served were Miss Winifred Jacobsen, the president, Mrs. Alice Pearson, courtesy chairman of both Woman's Clubs, Mrs. Helen Eddins, vice president, Miss Madeline Jacobsen, musician and assistant program chairman, and Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, artist, poet and past president.

* * *

Mrs. N. G. Disney, of Royal Heights Drive, Route 9, Knoxville, Tenn. wrote in after one of Dr. Bradley's broadcasts and sent him this lovely little verse:

"Life may hold the darkest shadows
Like the pall of the blackest night,
But the Poet's Heart keeps whispering
'Sing on! God will make things right.'
For in song you will find new courage
And will sing through the years to be,
Till all that is left is an echo
Floating back from Eternity."

Mrs. Disney was at the time she sent the poem a shut-in because of a heart ailment. We thought it a lovely poem with which to start our look into the Mail Bag.

* * *

Dr. Bradley spoke at the headquarters of Senior Centers of Metropolitan Chicago, at 1149 N. LaSalle Street, and received this letter from the Director of Counselling:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I wish to thank you on behalf of our members and staff for the inspirational talk which you gave at Green Center on March 30, 1960. It was challenging and stimulated much thinking.

Our members have a warm regard for you and were pleased to have this recent time with you. Several said they were looking forward to your Fiftieth Anniversary celebration in 1962, and feel they have a date for that time. We anticipate having you with us again much before that time, however.

We all extend our best wishes for a satisfying and fruitful trip this year.

Sincerely,

Edith Close.

* * *

A letter with a check for a contribution came from Mr. and Mrs. Ray F. Hoy. He was in the Illinois Central Hospital for a serious operation, and before he left for the hospital he had made out the check for the church. Mrs. Hoy says in her letter:

"Today I was with him at the hospital and at 11 o'clock he listened to the Peoples Church. You had the most beautiful silent prayer—nurses stopped their work for a moment. I was asked to step out into the hall while internes were dressing the incisions. I decided to walk the full length of the hall. I was surprised to hear the many radios that were tuned in to the Peoples Church. It was quite an experience. Mr. Hoy is doing nicely after his serious operation.

"We pray to God to keep you well and strong for many years and again, thank you for the beautiful prayer. Everyone felt it as personal."

* * *

No doubt our visitor's register will soon show the names of Mr. and Mrs. Roger N. Wentworth, according to this letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Back in '41 Mrs. Wentworth and I were residents of Evanston, Ill., and enjoyed a great deal of spiritual uplift from thoughts expressed by you on the radio, as well as our attendance at your church, many of them having remained in our consciousness ever since.

In '42 we became permanently located in Ohio and in harmony with the desires of Mrs. Wentworth we became communicants of the Anglican Faith and members of the first church of any denominations west of the Alleghanies.

On being transferred here (Acton, Indiana) a little over one year ago we became members of Trinity and have been quite regular in our attendance which has been partly contingent upon the weather, inasmuch as our home is in the country about 15 miles from the city of Indianapolis.

About six weeks ago on a very snowy Sunday we were complaining because we did not think it advisable to drive to the city to attend church, when I happened to sit down and turn the knobs of our Magnavaux and all of a sudden your voice came through as distinct as though we were in your church. Mrs. Wentworth exclaimed, "Do you know who that is? It's Dr. Bradley."

Today was another day we remained at home and were very much impressed with your remarks about your expe-

rience on your recent trip to the Caribbean.

Before many weeks have passed we are hopeful of driving to Chicago over a week-end, primarily to have the pleasure of meeting you once again in the flesh, and attending both morning and evening services.

Sincerely yours,
Roger N. Wentworth.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was well into your "Along the Way" column in The Liberalist for February before coming to your most welcome paragraphs about the League.

It struck me most forcefully that there was nothing incongruous about a discussion of the League, flanked by paragraphs discussing the Christian faith, Dr. Schweitzer, and the Peoples Church.

"Ding" Darling always said the Izaak Walton League was his Church. Perhaps it is for more of us than realize it.

Cordially,
Frank Gregg,
Executive Director.

* * *

Mrs. Francesca Falk Miller Nielsen, who wrote the lovely poem on "Immortality" which Dr. Bradley has often read, before she came back from Palm Beach this Spring, sent Dr. Bradley a Sunday calendar of The Royal Poinciana Chapel, a Flagler Memorial Church, of which the Rev. Samuel M. Lindsay, is minister. This is an interdenominational church. We thought you might be interested in this quote from the back of the calendar:

GOOD RELIGION

"Get religion like a Baptist
Enthuse over it like a Methodist
Understand it like a Congregationalist
Practice it like a Christian Scientist
Be proud of it like an Episcopalian
Glorify it like a Jew
Stick to it like a Lutheran
Pay for it like a Presbyterian
Propagate it like a Roman Catholic
Enjoy it like a Negro."

Judge Lewis Fawcett

This church lists 22 different denominations among its members.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As we are both Michiganders (Ann Arbor) and listening to you on Sundays, we feel pretty well acquainted with you.

We are members of Richard Street Methodist Church since 1911 when Mr. Grose came here to teach in J.T.H.S. He taught there 33 years, resigning in 1944. We were active in our church until ten years ago, when I had two cataract operations which were quite successful, but arthritis followed and so I was no longer able to attend or be active in the affairs of the church, and Mr. Grose who was 80 December 1st last, does not hear too well. So we sit in our two comfortable chairs and attend your church services on Sunday mornings.

We wish we could send you more, but when Mr. Grose taught salaries were small and pensions of the oldtimers are the same. We try to do our part in all the various collections nowa-days and keep our home up, so necessarily our donations must be small. Enclosed find $1.00 to help in the broadcast. We are looking forward to your being on TV some day before long, so we can see as well as hear you.

Sincerely,
Amanda M. Grose (Mrs. Harlow D.)

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

1—In Martinique, French West Indies.
2—In Barbados, British West Indies.
3—In Grenada, B. W. I.
4—In La Guaira, Venezuela.
5—In Curacao, Netherlands West Indies.
6—At Sea
7—In Cristobal, Canal Zone.
8—At sea.
9—In Kingston, Jamaica.
10—At sea.
11—In Port-au-Prince, Haiti.
12 and 13—At sea.
14—Arrived New York at 2:00 p.m.
15—Arrived Chicago and left for Des Moines, Iowa.
16—Address. Des Moines Woman's Club.
17—Worked in Study.
Made hospital calls.
18—Made hospital calls.
Worked in Study.
19—Attended Bar Mitzvah, of Milton Lakin, New Israel Congregation.
20—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Made Hospital calls.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
Three Broadcasts, WLS; WCFL; WEBH-FM.
21—Address. Advertising Men's Post.
Address. Woman's Club of Milwaukee, Wis. Annual Dinner.
23—Two funerals.
24—Funeral.
Cut five films for WBKB-TV.
Attended Reception for Pat Hoy, Pump Room, Ambassador East.
25—Cut records for WCFL for April.
Made hospital calls.
26—Funeral.
Hospital calls.
27—Morning Service, Peoples Church.
Three Broadcasts: WLS; WCFL; WEBH-FM.
Evening Service, Peoples Church.
28—Worked in Study.
29—Worked in Study.
30—Worked in Study.
Address. Chicago Senior Center, 1149 N. LaSalle.
Evening Lenten Service, Peoples Church.
31—Cut ten programs for WBKB-TV.

FUNERALS

12—Mr. Charles Bemis
18—Mr. John W. Brill
23—Mr. Michael G. Kanzer
Mr. Russell Young
Mrs. Mabel Campbell
26—Mr. George Baker
Mrs. Mabel A. Gardner

WEDDINGS

5—Miss Florence E. Gannon and Mr. Saling I. Kaufman

CHRISTENING

20—Peggy Ellen Henkel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Henkel

EASTER SUNDAY
April 17, 1960

Carol Jean Petersen,
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Petersen
Denise Louise Bramwell,
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. John Bramwell
Jeffrey Mark Nelson,
son of
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wayne Nelson
David Robert DeArkland,
son of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert DeArkland
LeAnn Hettinger,
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hettinger
Dawne Renae Reller,
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Reller
(Adult) Lillie Robson Coffman,
daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robson

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall ..... 9:30 a.m.

Pre-school children ..... 10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for adults, Anderson Hall ..... 10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) Sec., Mabel Snively BU 1-0416

Sunday, May 1st, Don Wilson, of Third Unitarian Church. A piano technician will present a tape-recorded program "On the evolution of the piano, its development from the Virginal and the Harpsichord to its modern structure." Donation 50c ..... 5:00 p.m.

Tuesday, May 3rd.

Woman's Club: Annual Spring Luncheon, Glass Hat Room of the Pick-Congress Hotel, $3.75, incl. tax and tip. Reservations to 12:30 Monday, May 2nd, with church office ..... 12:30 p.m.

For summer events and Bazaar Work, contact Mrs. Viggo Jensen, KI 5-1708, 4631 N. Keating, Chicago 30.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Sunday, May 8th, Annual Spring Dinner, Plentywood Farm, Bensenville, Ill. Chartered bus furnished by the club for those without cars. Reservations with check, $3.50, incl. tax and tip, to Miss Marjorie Carlson, 2915 Jarvis St., Chicago 45, by May 6th. A delicious dinner, an afternoon in the country. Bus from Peoples Church 2:30 p.m. Dinner at ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club: Annual Show, Tuesday, June 7. Mrs. Cathryn Bennett has written and will produce the show, "The Circus Comes to Town." "Tea and Crumpets" will be served in Anderson Hall at 5:30 p.m., while Betty Bruce gives Spiritual Readings, Hand-writing Analysis and Palm Readings.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

Every Sunday

WLS, Broadcast of entire morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WBKB-TV will present Dr. Bradley Monday through Friday of each week, beginning in June.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check ... money order for $2.00

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** .....

When patronizing our advertisers please mention "THE LIBERALIST"

OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services are carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season. This is the second season in which Magikist Services have thus supported the work of our church.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services are thus extending to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley