

STILLWATER, PA.

July 6—Still very little rain. We hear of other places all around where rains fall but not here within 50 miles. The other day Pittsburgh had two inches and Philadelphia had of the same rain. Here we had sunshine. They used to say, more rain, more rest, but I think it's the other way around if it holds off long enough, for when it's so very dry there is very little to do on the farm. We had only a fraction of the usual amount of hay to put away, and there certainly will be no second crop. Even the weeds do not grow. What weeds there are kind of stand there and hang their heads. The grass on the lawns is dry and brittle. When you walk on it, it crackles.

How much we take for granted. When it does rain it drops tons and tons of water per square mile and we think nothing of it. To us it just rained. We wanted to have more things in our garden, at least, so I borrowed a tank truck which holds 550 gallons and three loads of that isn't sufficient to wet it as much as a half-inch of rain would.

It takes so much effort on our part to get anything done, or to go anyplace. But when the

Lord does something it's done so effortlessly. For instance, if we would want to move three sextillion tons of dirt it would cost more than we could imagine for just the equipment, and would take a very long time to get anything done. Now they say the earth weighs approximately that much but God moves that through space at the speed of 18,000 miles per hour, and we don't even realize it. It seems to go so very easy just of itself, but we know the Bible says He upholds all things by the word of his power, so He makes it go, and if we want any water that amounts to anything we will just have to wait till he sends it down from the sky.

Our neighbor is quite extensively in the berry business, and has two ponds with which to irrigate if the rains don't come on schedule, but his strawberries only amounted to one-tenth the usual amount, and his source of water supply is about exhausted. Hardly any other berries will develop now anymore, even if rains do come, such as raspberries, etc. We get small showers now and then, but in a few days it's as dry as ever. It's dry far down in the earth, I know, because I've seen several holes dug to install septic tanks about six feet deep and even the hard pan is dry. We haven't had a real good rain in months.

John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

July 14—We are officially declared a disaster area here in the northeastern part of the country. I'm not sure what all is involved by being in such an area, but I suppose the big farmers who are in the farming business trying to lose money to reduce their income taxes will make a lot now because it's so dry, in receiving help from the federal government.

The U. S. Weather Bureau knows why it is so dry here but are powerless to do anything about it. There is a huge dry air mass over this section of the country, thus pushing all, or at least most of, the rains that would normally fall, around us. They say it is drier that it has been for sixty years. Everything is about brown now except the trees, and the corn still looks green, although the leaves roll up during the day; at night it broadens out and looks nice in the morning. We even have very little dew which is usually a big help, probably because of the dry air high above us.

It was also announced that the corn is too far gone now, that it will not amount to anything, as far as ears are concerned, only fodder. We have been farming now for sixteen years and never seen anything like this. But we are enjoying ourselves anyway, and the prophet Habakkuk is a big help, for he says: although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vine; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no

herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Last night I was to Lancaster to a book auction, the first of its kind I have ever witnessed. They had 250 used books at the Weaver Book store; there were about 24 bidders present, and they sold fairly well. No book sold for less than a dollar, for they all started at that and if no bid was received they were put back. They were each sold individually, except where there were more than one volume in a set. They hold an auction like this every 2 months, and most of the books were there on consignment. If someone has good books that they no longer want, or someone dies, and the library he has acquired is valuable, they may be taken there, and be sold. There is no junk sold here. All the books are in good condition, and are of some value to someone. But most of them were not sold to those present. They have a list of all the books that are to be sold at least a month prior to the sale, and if anyone is interested in any book he can put in his bid, and if it brings no more at auction it will be mailed to him. If a person wants a book bad enough he can make the bid real high, like ten dollars or so, and if the book is bid up to only three dollars he will then get it for \$3.25 plus postage. One book I noticed was an old one and was bid up to eight dollars.

Again Lancaster: Our conference has decided to put up a new building, at the cost of \$150,000.00. This is supposed to house three different departments. A historical library and archives, and a Christian workers library, and the Mennonite information center. The first is a library of old books, writings, manuscripts, diaries, and other valuable writings of the past, to keep the coming generation informed. The next, the Christian workers library, is for the purpose of giving young people or students, the privilege of going there and looking things up, or gaining the information they wish to acquire, without investing in the literature themselves, just like any public library. The third is the one I'm most interested in—the Mennonite Information Center. That is already being operated, at the church for the deaf. They have a sign along the road, and many tourists drive in asking for information. Some are just plain curious, and others want spiritual help. I have been informed that this is a very worthwhile project, and many people take advantage of it every year.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

July 20—Finally the rain came; local thunder shower yielded us 2 inches here in this area. It was much appreciated, although it is to be feared that it was plenty late for a good corn yield. Much of the corn is too small for this time of the year, yet it is coming out in tassel.

On July 2nd is the day that Mary went over the mountain to visit her cousin Elizabeth, according to tradition, and if it does not rain on that day, it won't rain for six weeks. We are now only three weeks away from that and it rained anyway, however, according to news reports the rain was spotty. It's the first rain of such a nature that we had here since early in April, and the only measurable amount we had for about 3 weeks.

On Sunday, July 15, we had baptismal services at our church. Two adults, a husband and wife were admitted to church membership, Edward and Shirley Ker. Ed is a teacher in the Warrior Run school, however they live on a farm, and have a herd of cows to attend to. He is an Agriculture teacher, and likes to practice what he teaches. What made the service outstanding was, before they were baptized they were given the privilege to testify as to their relationship with the Lord, before the whole church. They came from a different background than most of us, in that they weren't cradled in religion like we were. Their parents did not know the Lord, evidently, nor do they yet; for they are opposed to having their children joining a plain church, and Ed's are suffering some persecution for their faith. Their parents do belong to a church but do not take their religion seriously. So their public testimonies were very touching and moved them, along with the congregation, to tears. Now tears are not out of place but so very few are seen any more, because so many are ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

This fault cannot all be put on the laity, saying they are so hard-hearted and indifferent; I believe much of the blame for the laxity must be placed at the feet of our teachers and pastors. Now-a-days it is almost popular to become a Christian, and seems like the only logical thing to do,

for we are told we have nothing to lose, but our sins, and an eternity of torment, and everything to gain in this life and that which is to come, and who in his right mind wouldn't make a bargain like that? Now all this is true; but it is not the whole truth.

It's so much like the song we used to sing when I went to the

Amish singings. All Christians will gladly hear of the kingdom of glory, because they think all along that it has been prepared for them. But when they hear one say that we must bear the cross of Christ, when we would be His disciple, oh then so very few, lend their support to it. Far too much of our gospel preaching is just like that. It is watered down to make the gospel more palatable to selfish individuals, so they will respond to the invitation. This will also tend to make for larger memberships.

We put on big gospel crusades, and spend thousands of dollars trying to win men to Christ, and have evangelists in our local churches, but little happens. It seems to be almost like the Lord told the children of Israel in Deuteronomy, "if they forsake him His curse will be on them, and they shall sow much seed, but gather little in." Now, I don't want to be pessimistic and look on the dark side of things, but may I ask; if we are doing the right thing in the right way where, Oh where, are the results! I see so much today among people that really profess to know Christ, that just does not measure up to the doctrine according to Godliness. And then they have the audacity to wonder why the Lord does not bless our efforts. If I am wrong in my attitudes I wish to be corrected, but may I again say the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

July 27—Now that the weather has returned to about normal, perhaps we can profitably write about something else this week.

I sometimes help a man who cleans and installs septic tanks, and have seen so many mistakes made that it would be profitable to issue a warning. Many people have the mistaken idea that when a tank is installed that the sewage disposal problem is solved. This is true for a while, but not indefinitely.

The reason for a septic tank is to catch the solids that pass down the drain. It contains a baffle at each end. Now a baffle is an obstruction in the way at the end of the pipe where it comes in so as to turn the flow down. Also between the inlet and outlet baffle is a quiet place where the bacteria will work in disposing the solids when they come in and lay there. That is the main reason for a baffle—to give the bacteria a chance to work. The work it does is about the same thing a fire does with a brush pile. It reduces greatly the bulk of it, but it does not eradicate it completely. There will always be some ashes. And after the bacteria has disposed of all it will, the solids are lighter than water so stay on top.

Now, the outlet baffle usually is about 18 inches below the outlet pipe. This is to prevent solids from passing out of that pipe, thus clogging the drain tile which are supposed to handle nothing but water. After so long a time the solids, or ashes, in the tank will get thicker until they are thicker than the baffle, and the solids will pass out the drain, and then you are in for trouble, because these solids, and the soap and grease will just plaster the soil so that water cannot leech away. To be on the safe side, your septic tank should be pumped out every 5 years, depending of course on how much it is expected to take care of.

Septic tanks are something relatively new, for it is not so long ago that they have been in existence, and many people still do not have any. It used to be that one could just dig a hole in the ground and the water would leech away for years, but in our complicated way of living this does not work so good any more; these high detergent soaps and things that modern science has brought us takes new methods of disposal.

I was down in several of these holes in the past few months

cleaning them out and what I saw convinced me. In a cesspool the decomposed material is heavier than water, and will not mix with water, so sets in the bottom. Several of them we cleaned were in use for 20 or more years, and caused no trouble, but their time of usefulness came to an end, and they had to be cleaned.

I enjoy going down in and cleaning them out, and view the fine craftsmanship that was employed by those who have laid them up with stones. Very beautiful work, just about perfect, round and straight, and the stones fit each other so well; but after being in use for so many years the cracks between the stones fill up just as though you took a trowel and plastered them with mortar.

We take a hose and go down in and wash them out and the stuff falls to the bottom, and we have a big hose that sucks it up and into the tank. Because this will not mix with water but is heavy, somewhat like porridge, one must take a shovel and feed it over into the hose.

And when I'm thus employed in a deep dungeon I think of Jeremiah who was maliciously cast into a dungeon and sank in the mire. Doubtless it was similar to this. Without outside aid it would be impossible to get out. I had aids on the outside who, when I called for the ladder, gave it to me, but Jeremiah had enemies on the outside who sought his life. He probably called but no one answered. And he was in for many days it says; how would you lay down and rest in a dungeon with mire up to your knees? You would have to stand day and night.

I also wonder, as I clean them, who laid up these stones, what their thoughts and intents of the heart were, and where these men are now. And I wonder about the people whose refuse I'm cleaning out. Years ago they lived upon the earth, and many of them have gone the way of all flesh. Now has come my time to live and work and think and labor among the sons of men. And soon my time on earth will run out. Others will take my place as I have taken the place of those before me. That's why I like to go down in a cesspool and wash down the walls with water. Seems I can think better down in the earth, having to depend on aid to get out. Truly we need each other.

J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 4—We had several good showers which helped greatly, and before one of the showers we had quite a quantity of hail that reduced the oats crop some places by about 75%; the corn also was damaged quite extensively, the top leaves being sliced up into slivers. It is hard to say just what the corn crop will amount to, if anything, but one thing for sure where cows are kept, most of it will go into silage. I would suppose we now have enough for all our acreage to fill all the available capacity for silage.

We received a phone call the other morning, from my brother who lives a hundred miles away, that if I would come and help him thresh that day he would give me all the oats I could haul away. We accepted the offer.

There was a meeting here, sponsored by the County Agent, which we attended. It was to decide what to do to aid the drought-stricken farmers. The first advice was to help yourself as far as possible. Plow up some ground and sow it to Balboa rye—an acre for every 4 cows. But you must first sow around 800 lbs. of 8-16-16 fertilizer per acre. Then, providing the Lord sends the necessary moisture, it will yield pasture this fall, and again about a month earlier in the spring than blue grass. Also, if alfalfa was seeded this spring, it is possible and quite probable that it did not grow; the ground should be worked up and firmly worked down, and seeded with sufficient fertilizer, and 12 lbs. alfalfa, and four lbs. timothy per acre, then again if the Lord will provide, you may expect a good hay crop next spring, but you should sow fertilizer with del-drin this fall to get ahead of the weevil and spittle bugs.

Recently I went to Harrisburg for new license plates. Because I purchased some equipment from a private individual, I could not operate it on his license plate, and didn't want to wait for 2 weeks to use it. It was decided the quickest way was to go and get them. But this was not as easy as I supposed it would be. There are many large buildings in our state capitol, and the Department of Revenue is in one of them, and the Bureau of Motor Vehicles in one part of that. Inside of this department I went up to the proper window and

showed the man my papers, and expected him to hand over the license; but not so. He said I must first follow the line, go to window 17 and pay the tax, then do what he tells you to. He took the tax money, that is 4% state sales tax, then he sent me to window 15, from which the lady took my papers and sent them downstairs and told me to sit down and wait until my number is called. Well, I waited and the little paper with the number on said it would be necessary to wait about 20 minutes. I waited about twice that long, then she called my number, gave my papers back to me and sent me to window 15 where he took them, and gave me another number and told me to wait until he called that number which I did and got out of the building about 2 hours after I entered.

John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 17 — The other Sunday when we came home from church there was a strange automobile in our driveway, with Illinois license. They were Willie Hostetler from Tampico, and his wife and six children. They have read this article from Stillwater in times past, and since business brought them to Lancaster to a school meeting, they wanted to see this scribe.

We, of course, wondered to what conference they belonged or denomination, for they were plain people, and spoke Dutch, but they insisted they didn't belong to any conference. There is just one church like them and that's near Tampico. It started years ago when John Kauffman (known as the sleeping preacher) was proclaiming what he claimed was a message from the angel Gabriel, and told the people to come back and down in every way, and back to the true faith. They claim to have kept what he taught until this day, like the Rechabites. We have also discovered by way of the grapevine that they expected to meet a "bapple-maul", but found I was of kind of a quiet disposition.

Their uncle John is married to Manda Byler who was sick and bedfast in Belleville, and from here they intended to sleep in a motel, then go on to Belleville the next day, but we discouraged the idea as absurd, when there are so many Christian friends who would be glad to give them a bed for the night and free meals, and we sent them to Kore Peachey's.

Kore Peachey's and my wife's brother Dan's were here for dinner one day after visiting Jake Lapps near Selinsgrove, and then intended to visit Simon Benders on the way home. We like when friends drop in.

All these visitors confirm what the Editor said last week that there are so many people traveling and want to make a report in the Budget, that they are pressed for space, and leave some of the things out that we write as not so important. But this, in our mind, is like leaving some not so important things out of a recipe, when baking a cake, like salt, and seasoning.

We received a letter this week which is self explanatory . . . "Read your letter in the Budget as I always do, and was aroused when reading about putting so much fertilizer on Rye for pasture. We had some disastrous results with heavy fertilization on Sudan grass for pasture. The cows started in good with high production but soon some started to get lame in the right front legs and later in both legs, then they couldn't walk any more, but still had no appetite so we fed them laying down. My! how sickening, until we finally found the cause which the veterinarian diagnosed as phosphate poisoning. Now since we have them on other pasture for three weeks they are some better but still have one that cannot walk and may never be able to. The Vet. said if we would have plowed it down or had more rains between planting and pasturing it may not

have happened. Milk production dropped 500 lbs. in a short time and had a big veterinary bill, plus a lot of extra work caring for the sick cows. It was an expensive lesson which I gladly share with others. The Vet. said a crop that is fed so soon after sowing hasn't had time to dissolve the fertilizer and is still poisonous unless you get very much rain. If it's plowed down it does not get in the plants so much."

"I studied quite a while whether to write to the Budget an article about fertilizer warning, or let you write about it, since you had in about fertilization. But I do think it wise to inform others about our lesson. If you write you may refer to me as an Indiana farmer, but if you would rather use my name I won't get mad. —Enos Yoder, Ashley, Indiana."

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 24—It seems much of our concern about the great lack of rain was rather useless, now that we have rain as we need it, we can look back and think it wasn't too bad after all. The hay crop is practically nil; but the wheat was fair, and much of the oats was good, and the corn now looks promising, barring an unduly early frost. The nights are already cool and seems like fall is about here. We do have grass for the cows and don't have to feed them out of the barn anymore. Milk production rose too. But the milk price is down below four dollars per hundred after the freight is taken off.

We had a very full house at church last Sunday, more than I ever recall, 184. So many were there from Mt. Joy they wanted to have a gathering at Clarence Zeagers in the afternoon. Many elderly men with grey hair. I felt that I was hardly qualified to stand before them and teach the Sunday School lesson. I gave opportunity for those who regularly teach at home to take the class but nobody would volunteer.

The current International Lessons are entitled "To Captivity and Return." Taking the time of King Josiah's reform to the capture and seizure of Jerusalem, and the prophecies of Jeremiah, Habakkuk, and Ezekiel. The lesson on Sunday was Ezekiel's prophecy concerning the Lord's promise of the return of the Jews to their own land, and that he would set up a Shepherd over them, namely David the prince. Now I suppose those who follow this lesson pattern had many different interpretations concerning this, but I like to take it literally, and I don't believe this promise for the Jews—along with hundreds of others—has been fulfilled yet. They never have dwelt safely in their land yet.

This scripture can hardly be applied to the church either, for not everyone who belongs to the mystical body of Christ enjoys unlimited material success. In fact, those who do enjoy it are usually not among the most spiritual people. I find that the more material success we have, the less we welcome the Lord's return. If we have it so good now, why look for anything better?

I personally wish we would

stop using the International Lesson plan and just use the Bible—it would be much cheaper than this literature. I suppose less than half the people study it anyway. Every once in a while I like to ask those who have read the lesson over once to raise their hands. Not nearly all do, and only seldom are there those in the class who claim they have really studied the lesson.

Furthermore the lesson covers the same scripture every six years, and not near all the Bible is covered. Practically no doctrine is taught, for doctrinal scriptures might conflict with someone's ideas, so they are not mentioned.

Many of our people are very ignorant of historical facts found in the Old Testament. For instance, the other Sunday I asked if any one knew who was the father of the Ammonites and Moabites, and not one person out of the 30 knew the answer. Now I know there is no salvation on how much you know about history, but it does show a great lack of Bible reading. These things were not written for nothing, they were put in for our learning and admonition, and I would suppose if we would throw away those expensive crutches and use the water right out of the well, and get the meat right off the bones, we would be a more healthy people. Any ways, if I am not misinformed, the International Lessons are prepared by modernists who do not believe in the verbal inspiration of scripture. Why must we ask them to decide for us what spiritual food we shall have in our Sunday School classes.

John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Aug. 31 — We are sorry that Mrs. Denver Yoder will discontinue writing from the Mifflinburg area. We are better acquainted with that area than the southern areas, thus making her writings more interesting.

World's End Park. This is where I worked today. Yes, I'm too busy to work for the man that cleans septic tanks anymore, seeing I purchased a small excavating business, but he wanted me so much that I put a price on further services that I thought was pretty high and he agreed to pay it if only I would help him out. There is a great shortage of work, or so it seems, but men that are not afraid to get their hands dirty with work are increasingly difficult to find. So it was another chapter in my book of experience.

This sure seems like a good place to get away from it all. There is no running water, only a few pumps, and some have to walk quite a ways to get water. No electricity either. No radios or televisions blaring away, except perhaps small battery sets, and furthermore it's hidden away so in the mountains that it takes a real good radio to get anything clear. There are also no cabins in this part of it. A few have house trailers, but the most of them live in tents.

Now, for my part I thought the people looked kind of forlorn, and many of them were scantily dressed. But eating! It seems some just sat at the table all day eating, and at most times of the day.

I was impressed with the quietness of the place. It's a State-owned park and only costs a few dollars to be allowed to camp there.

We cleaned two big outside public toilets, each holding around 22 hundred gallons, and the man I worked for gets 2.2c per gallon to clean them.

We had very agreeable visitors on Sunday again. They were Percy Yoders from Big Valley. He reminds me so much of Barnabas you read about in Acts 11:24. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people were added unto the Lord.

STILLWATER, PA.

Sept. 8 — We have sufficient rains now for growing things, however it's getting late in the fall. Corn is usually late due to stunted growth, but should make a fair crop. We had a frost already on Sept. 7, but it was light and did not hurt the corn. We had our last hard frost the 10th of May, so that would leave us only some over a hundred days frost-free.

It was claimed by a reporter in the U.S. News and World Report that our winters will be cooler from now on. It will again be a cycle like the older people talk about how they had so much snow all winter, with hardly an interval without any snow. All during my life time we had mild winters with an occasional harder one, but now he says they will all be hard and cold, and snowy, with an occasional exception of a mild one. Am I getting soft? I just don't care much for winter any more.

There is a man from Amsterdam, N. Y. who says he belongs to the Holy Jesus Old Order Disciples. He claims to have been baptized Roman Catholic but having a thorough theological and philosophical understanding of things he left that and caters to the more plain people. Now he himself is not dressed plain according to the snapshot he sent me of himself and daughter, but is a great lover of horses. He says he is a former college engineer, and has full comprehension of what tractors are and can do.

He is convinced that from a scientific, philosophical and theological viewpoint that the only Godly way to work the soil is with horses. He says if I will give him the chance that he will prove to me that the tractor is an instrument of the devil, just like guns and atomic bombs.

He says he believes the gospel is the absolute truth and it is how a man lives by the word of

God that counts, regardless of his church affiliation. He wants none of this "born-again" nonsense, but wants a man that is consistent in his behavior and not the kind he generany finds who preach about how they were saved one minute and skin you alive to make a dollar the next. Men who talk about giving up all for the Lord, but when you visit them you find them sitting by their TV sets, drinking beer.

In conclusion he says that using a tractor is not serving the Lord but satan and just to make an easier dollar. He, as an engineer, could be making bigger and better bombs, but thinks this is the same principle as using tractors to farm. He would like to have more Amish friends that think like he does, and if any one wants to write him, his address is Woodrow L. Wroblewski, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Recently I was fixing fence, something I'm not used to doing, and many thoughts raced through my mind of olden days. I enjoyed it. Days when I worked for my uncle Ezra, after he bought another farm that had very poor fences, I worked for and with him the biggest part of a summer, making fence and doing repair work. Ezra was a very practical man, although he was of a nervous and high strung disposition. I learned many valuable lessons from him that I will never forget. He has helped me more than he ever knew. It seems when you get older you live more in the past in your thought life, for it seems the past holds more for you than the future on earth will, for it is longer. But I am really looking forward to the eternal future, when I can be with the author of all wisdom and knowledge.

John R. Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Recently there was frost so that we could see the grass was white, but did no damage to the late corn. Some places the temperature was down to 26, but here we had 32.

I read some things about the increasing strength of Russia, and the diminishing strength of America. It was stated that at the end of World War II, America was the strongest power on earth and everyone listened when she spoke. But now only 17 years later we have fallen so fast that people in other countries look at us reproachfully. It was stated that never before has any country fallen so far in so short a time. Also Russia now has a missile base only 90 miles from American soil and we seem to be powerless to do anything about it but to just threaten a little but do nothing else.

Our national debt is now or will soon be three hundred billion dollars, and it is said that we are not only spending our children's but also our grandchildren's money.

It is very interesting to work for the public, especially if you like to meet different people. I was digging a hole for a cesspool at a place where the man is only 59 but has a bad heart. The doctors only gave him a few months to live but he still lives on. One doctor said he is too mean to die. But they are very hospitable. They invited me in for lunch, and seemed very common and friendly. They have a daughter 16 years old that was born with cerebral palsy. She is almost helpless, so that she cannot take food herself. She knows when you are talking about her, or what you are talking about, and even laughs at jokes, but cannot talk herself. Her mother seems to understand what she wants pretty well by her efforts at talking and the expressions she makes. She does all her audible talking with grunts and groans. She sits on a wheelchair and can go about the house some. She has some use of her hands but can't control them well enough to eat. She waves her hands and kicks her feet to express herself, but they are kind of crippled. Her mother said she always watches her during a time of crisis, like a thunder storm or something, and as long as she stays calm and reposed the daughter will too, but if she shows the slightest sign of worry the daughter becomes frantic.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Sept. 22—Weather is very cool and damp. Early frost froze the corn before maturity. Egg prices are better than they have been, although that is nothing permanent, for with cages one man can get almost three times the amount of chickens in the same building as formerly, and do the work in less than half the time, with automation. Farmers in the west have been on strike and withholding their cattle and hogs from the market. It has raised prices at least temporarily, because there was less meat to sell. But that is no solution for cattle cannot be held indefinitely, and they must be dealt with, if not now, then later. I can see no advantage in withholding them for a short time.

President Kennedy was in Harrisburg the other night at a Democratic fund-raising dinner, where ten thousand people each paid \$100 for a plate of food. This million dollars is to be used to buy votes to get Richardson Dillworth in for governor of Pennsylvania this fall. Things aren't like they used to be where the popular vote of the people put our rulers in office, but votes must be bought.

The Russians are building a great military machine of men and technicians, and missiles, and anti-aircraft guns only 90 miles from our shores in Cuba, and they say if this country does anything about it there will be a great war. And the Cubans themselves, who are only a very small country, speak great swelling words of violence towards the U. S. who seems to be powerless to do anything about it. It is God and not man who holds the destiny of countries in hand. I do not know what is in store for this country, but I do know that the bible says that we should not be deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

The diabolical wickedness that is going on unhindered in this country will be dealt with sooner or later. We are raising a generation of soft, pleasure-loving people, who are losing their sense of justice and integrity, and whose sense of values is greatly warped. Not only is this true of what is known as the present evil world, but is also true of professed Christianity, and this is what matters. This is what determines the fate.

It is hard to find men who stand on the principles of the Word of God because they want to, and cannot be pressured into compromise by popular opinion.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Weather is cool, and wet. The streams are still lower than normal. Seems the drought conditions last summer are still felt in our water supply. We are still officially declared as a disaster area, saying that of all the crops we had, none bore the normal amount of production. Corn is supposed to yield far below normal. The rains were too late, so they say, but personally I don't think it's that bad. Our corn looks as though it may make something, although the early frost we had will hinder the maturity. We still don't have our silo filled, because this year we were too busy to fill it the old way with cutter and corn binder. We are waiting for a man with machinery to come and do it for us. I like the corn hard, too. When ensiled it makes a much better feed and lasts longer, and the valuable juice does not run out and down the drain after the silo is filled, the way it does when filled while the corn is still too green.

By changing the amino-acid balance of baby chicks diet, biochemists have been able to postpone growth for 9 months, and at the end of nine months they were no older than at the beginning of it, for they remained alive but didn't grow nor age at all. When restored to normal diet they matured into old hens and lived as usual. By this they increased the life span. They also tried it with mice, and got the same results. Now, don't you think they will try it on humans next? Well, they may, but so far it won't work in adults—just in those who are in the pre-puberty period. And biochemists refused to speculate on the implication.

And did you know that when we put two pieces of metal together here on earth that they don't actually touch each other. home in Shanesville on Sunday oxide film or gas which keeps them apart, but if a perfect vacuum is created they will stick together as if welded, or as if they grew together. These things I found in the Reader's Digest, just in case you would like to know, and I thought they were interesting enough to merit a place in the Budget. No, I didn't copy them as that's illegal, but just read them and reviewed them.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 8—When the season is wet it rains so very easy, and when it's dry it can be ever so cloudy and threatening, but it still does not rain much.

Last Thursday morning it started getting cloudy, and by 9:30 it started to rain lightly. To look at the sky one would have thought it won't hold out very long with so light a cloud cover, but it just kept on coming faster and faster. It rained all day and the next night, yielding almost 4 inches.

We put up more ensilage than ever before, and the corn was real close to the silo so it didn't take long to fill. In a little over two hours we filled our 10x30, and the rest into a big trench. The man charged only \$9.50 per hour, as compared with \$16.00 per hour which is what another man charges, so we got the one that costs the least, and he is the one that works the best, and has his machinery in good working order.

A man who lived close by, whom we got to help us haul it in, also hired this same machinery to fill his, but his corn was so far away, and it was planted very late so that they had to put on about 12 rows to get a load. Said it cost him \$150 and he didn't put up half as much silage as we did, but we

got it done \$20 cheaper than he did, because our corn was so close, and it took only four rows to make a big load. Incidentally this man is a schoolteacher who teaches other farm boys how to be successful farmers, for he teaches nothing but agriculture.

This is Monday morning, and perhaps a little late to write for the Budget, but Saturday I didn't feel like writing, because my heart, which is supposed to pump blood through my body, ran so very slow and weak that it made me that way too. No, I don't think it's anything serious. I'm just being penalized slightly for over-taxing it about a week ago. You see, I'm strong and sometimes on the spur of the moment do more than I should. Seems like I'm getting older and can't take it like I used to.

Yesterday I wasn't at the morning worship service, but still know what went on. We took in six new members, four by baptism, and two by transfer of letter. The four that were baptized were Mr. and Mrs. Bartram Booth, and their 2 daughters. They are people that live in the community and didn't go to church anywhere until some of our members invited them. The result was that they came, attended our revival meetings, and accepted Jesus as Saviour, and desired to become members of the church.

The two who were taken in by transfer of letter were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Stoltzfus, who moved into the community from around Middleburg, and the Boyer congregation. He is the son of the great student of philosophy, Sim Stoltzfus. Furthermore, we sent two families away from our church on the same day. They are supposed to help with the work at the Derry church, which is located about 7 miles from our church. The Hershey brethren from the Hershey congregation started a work there several years ago, having services only every other week, but now they want services every week and were in need of workers so we spared two of ours. They were Amos Jutzi's and Albert Heebners and their families. This will make somewhat of a difference in our church for they both have sizeable families.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 13—Heart disease is a major cause of death in America. But about the worst part of heart failure is the fear that it will stop. When once a person knows that his heart is not functioning normally, then he begins to fear for his life. Fear is a major cause of heart trouble, fear of things that may come, but never will, and fear of things that are not as they should be. Because of fear, Americans spend millions each year for tranquilizers to calm and deaden their senses, so they can rest or sleep.

First of all and more important than the heart is the nerves, for they control the heart. Having your nerves on edge continually will cause illness eventually. Envy and jealousy are also very dangerous bedfellows & they will shorten your life on earth as well as banish you from the author of life in that which is to come.

The heart is a muscle in your body, and like any muscle, if it is injured in any way, its functioning is impaired. Now if the muscles in your arm, or some other part of the body are injured you let them lay idle and rest until they recuperate, but not so with the heart. It must go on continually, and cannot lay idle. Of course it rests between every other beat, but it is supposed to do that normally, and when it needs extra rest the whole body must be at ease, and that for a long time, or disaster will result. Just to cease from physical labor, but continue to worry and fret does not rest the heart; much better it would be to go on doing light work, than to just sit and worry.

There are those who go to see a medical doctor as soon as something is wrong, but for myself, I am not so inclined. I believe God has made the human body to be self-sustaining and self-recuperating, if injured. Because the nerves control the whole body, and more than this

because the head controls the nerves, each nerve must come to the head, and to do this they must pass through the neck, inside of the bone. Now the bone that holds the head erect, cannot be rigid, like another bone, else you could not turn your head. Neither can it be as solid as the back bone, with notches in the vertebrae to hold them in place. They must be free to turn, and yet hold the head erect, and yet let all the nerves function properly at the same time.

Once in a while you do something, and one of the vertebrae in the neck is twisted just a little, out of its place, and in being so it will block the nerve function, and whichever nerve that happens to be, that part of the body will be ailing. In due course of time the vertebrae may come into its proper place, if you rest and are careful, but if you don't want to take that much time it is my opinion that a good chiropractor can help. There is a difference in chiropractors. It has been my personal experience that the one who hurts you the most is the one that does me the most good. I have been provoked at him, for treating me so rough and went to another, and much more milder treatments, but always with the same results. I came back to the first for permanent and fast relief.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 20—We have almost forgotten the dry weather we have experienced last summer. Now we have an abundance of rain and the springs are back to about normal once again.

It took four hundred million dollars, and thirty thousand men to put one man in orbit around the earth, for three trips. He went around the whole earth 3 times, in about the same time it would take me to go from here to Ohio. But still I cannot see the value, or wisdom in spending so much money to accomplish that which is very questionable in value.

I was in a bomb shelter recently, the first one I've ever seen, or been in. It was heavy concrete, re-inforced with steel. To enter there was a trap door of steel on the top of a little knoll, and iron pipe put into concrete formed a ladder to step down in. You went through the hallway over into a little room about 8x10 with shelves on two sides to serve as bunk beds. It was wired with electricity, but lamps were provided, in case that went off. It was built right beside a well, and a little pitcher pump provided plenty of water. An inside toilet was there. To flush it, you pumped a bucket of water, and poured it in. And a transistor radio with which to keep in contact with the outside world. I don't think I will build one for ourselves, I just don't like the idea. It seems so faithless. Of course the one who built it is a man who has his treasures in this life only, and when that is over he's not sure what.

I also attended the monthly meeting of the local fire company. I had business there, but what impressed me was they elected two fire police, and gave them their charge. Then, to swear them in, one man held an open bible in his hand and the men laid both their hands on that open bible, and promised to

be faithful to their charge and discharge their responsibilities accordingly. Now, I wonder, why do they take a bible as their pledge of allegiance? None of these men as far as I know obey the bible in other things. They take the name of the Lord in vain, and hold the author of the book in utter contempt according to their lives, but still respect that book as truth, and harbinger of justice; why? It is good that they do that much, and I am glad for the respect they show, but it would be much better if it would register in their speech and daily lives. John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Oct. 27 — Unseasonably cold weather, and the ground covered with snow. The U. S. weather bureau says it's the seventh time since 1900 that we had snow this early in October. Up north farther around Moscow, Pa., they had much more than we had here. We don't have any corn husked yet.

The beginning of the week it looked very serious as though there would be a disastrous war and bloodshed on our own soil once again, and the threat is still not abated, but when Khrushchev is put to the test it seems he will always back down. There were several ships on the way

to Cuba with weapons and when the U. S. put on the quarantine against all such deliveries to Cuba they seemed to disappear. It was just questionable what would happen if such a ship would come and would be commanded to turn back and if it refused, it would be sunk, and the war would be under way. But so far it has not happened.

They are also commanded to take all of the missiles out of Cuba that they have erected there, and if they don't within a given time, the U. S. says she will go down and take them out or just send a missile or two down there and blow them up, and then war would also be under way. There is a great preparation being made in the Florida Keys right now, forces are being marshalled, and getting ready for something.

All down through history thousands have suffered from the ravages of war, even the innocent have been made to suffer along with the guilty. Their possessions were destroyed, and many of them suffered shameful abuse and even in Bible times, David at one time cut the people through with saws and arrows of iron, after he had conquered the city. But here in this country we have never seen anything of the ravages that war causes. We have only heard of it being brought to pass upon others, and it is possible we have concluded that we are so good it can't happen to us.

I personally would not enjoy being driven out of my home, and leave everything behind and have nothing but the clothes on my back, and not too many of them. And to see my children separated, or hungry and crying for food, and not being able to provide for them, and having no shelter, or any of even the bare necessities of life; this is horrible to even meditate upon, but it happened to others, and it could happen to us. But I do know that we have the promise that nothing can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 10—Very wet weather. As much too wet when we want to harvest the corn as it was too dry when we wanted it to grow. The heavy snow last Saturday, being very wet because it was above freezing, clung to trees, breaking them to the ground, and pulled down many telephone lines, as well as electric lines. Some places were without power for 15 hours.

The modern and the convenient can become very inconvenient, as we discovered when we came to church, on Sunday morning. The current being off, there was no heat because the oil-fired furnace is controlled by electric, and when there is no electric there is no heat. So, rather than be cold, we all left and went to the Derry church which still has the old method of heating, and worshipped with them. That is a Mennonite mission started a few years ago, 7 miles from our congregation, by several Hershey brothers, from the Hershey church.

To be out in the forest among the great trees alone in meditation and thought is a wonderful experience, so quieting to the nerves and soothing to the mind and body. My work takes me to varied experiences. One day it may be in the noisy and boisterous city, where all is hurry and scurry, lest someone over-run you. The next is out alone in the great outdoors. We were cleaning latrines, for the park, and the Dept. of Forests and Waters.

World's End Park is a nice, quiet place, as was afore mentioned in these columns, but I saw more of it recently. There were no people around, only the caretakers, and all was quiet and serene, far away from the busy city. Only high mountains, and deep ravines, that the sight is breath-taking. There are those who go west to see the Grand Canyon, that haven't yet seen

World's End Park. It is a large area covering hundreds of acres, and only a small part of it is cleaned out for tenting areas. There are also about 18 cabins there that can be rented, by the week at a very nominal charge. They are built of stone, and large and roomy, and the men there keep wood cut for the heating facilities, for there are those who live in them during the winter, a week at a time. Then there is Canyon Vista, where you drive up alongside a steep mountain, and when you've reached the summit you can stand there and overlook a large area of forests, and the roads that wind around, along with the stream. The Park proper is in a deep ravine, and on the one side is Canyon Vista, which is said to be more to see than the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania, although I haven't seen that; and the other side is what they call High Knob, which is a very high knob, and it is round at the top. You have to get out the same way you got in for there is only one road, and goes around the top of it.

Then there is the Lake Jean area, and the Ricketts Glen Falls, which is about 40 miles from World's End but even more scenic, and elaborately furnished with natural wonders. Here there are tall pine trees that are virgin timber, tall and mighty, and the water falls that come tumbling down that mountain with a mighty roar, and millions of horsepower go to waste.

That is the more exciting, and boisterous part of nature. The other is quite the other extreme. It is Lake Jean, a large lake that is very quiet, and is high up in the Red Rock Mountain, 2,330 ft. above sea level, but is only a mile or so from the large government radar base to watch all airplanes. That doesn't interfere, nor make any noise, it just goes 'round and 'round, day and night, with its mysterious eye to watch all objects in the atmosphere. On this lake there dare be no motor boats—only sail and row boats of which there are plenty, but room for plenty more. Here there are no cabins for rent, but much

area where people bring tents and live in them during the summer and hundreds of picnic tables, that now stand empty and bare, and covered with snow.

The lake is also quiet, and to sit beside it and meditate, and watch the wild geese lazily float along with an occasional honk, is very good for those who are possessed of high tension nerves. The breeze whispers among the trees, and the blue jays scold, and the snow birds peck at the trees in search for their food. The chipmunks, the squirrels, and rabbits, all busily employed, and there is no danger here of them losing their life, due to hunters, because this is forbidden territory for firearms. Here all dwell together in safety. Even saw quite a few white-tail deer while here. They, too, are unmolested, except from natural enemies.

All was quiet after the election, except the humans there employed, for they were put in during the Democrat administration, and are now facing certain unemployment. There were very many disappointed with the election returns. J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 17—We are finally at the corn; and it isn't too ready yet because of the early freeze. The crop, however, is fair. It's very wet, and the ground too soft to bear the machinery in many spots, and it looks like more rain before the day is over.

Revival meetings are in progress at our church at present, with Norman Bechtol as evangelist. He is at home at Pottstown. He, along with Ben Lapp and wife, were here at our place for dinner one day, and we had a very interesting discussion. One thing that I'll remember he said was, "two things are very hard on the heart; running upstairs, and running down people."

The grave seems to be a cruel sting that separates us from our friends and loved ones. There are two cemeteries nearby in which I am supposed to make the graves if anyone dies that wants to be buried there. It used to be the pallbearers made the graves, and still is among some people, but not so here. They hire a man who has possession of a backhoe to do it, and he gets \$40.00 per grave. Now that seems like a lot of money for a small hole, and it would be too, would it not be that the hole should be half decent, with straight sides, and it's very hard digging in both cemeteries. This takes a lot of hard work, and quite some time, and not only is it required to dig the grave but also that you be there at the time of the burial or shortly thereafter, to cover it up and make it nice and cover all your tracks, etc.

Recently I buried a man who was an invalid for quite some time, and he was Catholic by denomination. Never having witnessed a Catholic burial I was interested in how they proceed. They came to the graveyard like any other funeral procession, and after they got out of the cars they were like anyone else except the priest who wore a long black robe, and a high turban which looks like a high crowned

hat without a brim. He left his head covered during the services, while everyone else removed their hat, except when he was just about finished, then he removed it to say a few words. No, I didn't understand anything that he said for it was all in a foreign language. He faced the casket, with his back to the congregation, and talked fast, and while he was talking, another man in common clothes also started speaking in Latin, and after they had thus proceeded for a while the other man started to chant while the priest spoke. When you chant it just sounds like a slow tune that is still in use today some places.

When they had finished talking, the priest then took of the holy water and speaking frantically he slung it over the bier, back and forth, then taking a small shovel of dirt he did likewise with that. Then it was all over, and the people left almost as suddenly as they came. While they were speaking, the congregation made the figure of the cross over their breasts. I don't know how they knew when to do it, for it was all in Latin, but I suppose they are so used to hearing the same phrases that it is nothing new to them and they know that much of the language, even though they do not understand it. A Methodist preacher was there, too, but he didn't cross himself. I suppose he didn't know when, and probably wouldn't anyway. John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 24—A Christian wedding is a joy and an inspiration to behold. It is to be feared that with those who are bothered with social pressures, the type weddings they prepare are not according to the doctrine of Godliness.

Rufus, oldest son of Aaron Peachey, was married to one of Noah Miller's daughters. The wedding ceremony was in their new church, near Vicksburg, and the noon meal was at the community hall in Vicksburg.

Now these people are what is known as the Beachy Amish, and they still maintain somewhat of the positions held to by the O. O. Amish, and thus they are able to hold their weddings more with the Spirit of Christ pre-eminent than those of us who say we want to be free from all those old traditions received from the fathers. For we must needs bow to fashion somewhat or be ruled out as odd.

They sang only one old slow tune, that which is practical in Amish weddings, "Gelobet Sie Goot Im Hachten Trone," but the rest of the songs they sung were all fast tunes sung rather slow. Now I like a slow tune occasionally but do get kind of bored when it drags too long, so I was glad for the moderation. The occasion was plain, no corsages, or rosebuds, or white bibles, or ballerina-length gowns or what-other-foolishness-have-you, and the bride did not walk down the center aisle, causing all attention to be turned towards her. In fact, you hardly knew it was a wedding, except that the preachers constantly reminded us of it. The bride was there of course, but it seemed that Christ had the pre-eminence, and not the bride, as fashion has designed it for too many of us.

The religious service was long too. It started at nine-thirty, and lasted until twelve. There wasn't just a little sermonette, for sermonettes make Christianettes. Three preachers, or rather bishops, had charge of it. The first was Elam Kauffman, from near Intercourse, Pa., and he had many nice admonitions for all, and especially for the young couple.

STILLWATER, PA.

Nov. 30—Here we are the last day of November, the days, the weeks, the years go by with increasing rapidity, soon we will go the way of all flesh and will figure no more with time. Even now a man whom I have known just casually, lies in the morgue. He was unusual in appearance, in that he was very stooped and could not look up at you but just turned his eyes upward; and was drawn together so that a big hump appeared on his back. It would seem that one had a just cause to feel sorry for such a deformed figure, which all possibly could have been avoided, had he not fallen down a set of stair steps years ago. But it is to be feared that now that he is in eternity it is worse with him than life was. He was well up in years, but in spite of his old age, which should have caused him to think more seriously, he used profanity, and lived a life of sin to his last as far as I know.

We can find it recorded in Holy Writ that those who through faith in Jesus obtain an incorruptable crown, shall be rid of all their deformities which they developed in this life, for it says the tongue of the dumb shall sing, the ears of the deaf be unstopped, and the lame man shall leap as an hart, but for those who insist on taking their own course through this life we can find no comfort whatsoever that their deformities shall be corrected.

I wonder why men will go on

and refuse to be comforted by Divine presence. Why do they insist on living a life apart from the Eternal, by whom they were created, but go about seeking for something they know not what? Men are not prepared to live until they are prepared to die. I wonder why men just go on and refuse the sublime, the marvelous, the ideal, the fabulous, the perfect way of life, in preference to that which is evil, and corrupt, and very unsatisfactory. How do they become fools like that? Why does man insist on corrupting his way upon the earth? Why are some men tyrants, and despots, taking the advantage of those over whose lives they have become lords.

I wonder why Fidel Castro is allowed to rob and plunder his own countryside. They are flocking to this country by the hundreds, and thousands are here already. To be eligible to leave they must sign everything they possess over to the government, and leave with only a few changes of clothing, and come to a new country where they do not know the language. But they do know freedom awaits them there, and they surrender everything for that bit of freedom. They intend to go back home some day, and live in peace if only that tyrant could or would be dethroned. I wonder why it had to go like that; let us pray for the peace of Cuba and her people!

What a difference the gospel makes! There are around Miami several brothers who were raised with Fidel Castro, lived close by, grew up with him and his brother, even belonged to his army when he was a fugitive in the Escambara mountains, and then for a while at Havana, until the "hate America" policy became so strong they could not go along with him; and now they are ministers of the gospel, while he is a wicked despot. Why???

J.R.R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Dec. 8—We have just had nine days of the most beautiful weather anyone could ask for. But now it's all over very suddenly, for one day it started raining, and by evening turned to snow from the west, and gave us about six inches, and blew it into drifts. So now we have the ground underneath us soft and muddy with the top camouflaged with a white garment. It's not nice to get around with modern machinery.

In these long winter evenings it's nice and cozy to sit on an overstuffed chair and read a book. Or perhaps that's just a little too cozy and induces you to sleep, so sometimes I sit at the table and hold my head in my hands with the elbows on the table, then I don't fall asleep so easily. But the contents of the book I was reading was rather interesting, so I assumed it would be constructive to relate it here. It's an old book printed back during World War II. The print is fine and the paper cheap, and it has about a thousand pages so that you can't consume it at one sitting. It was written by Sholem Asch and I don't know who that is except that the name sounds Jewish, and is written on a subject that would take a real Jew to know what he writes about. In fact I have two books by him. The one is about the Virgin Mary, and the other one about the Apostle Paul; and it is about this that I wish to inform you.

We sometimes hear the saying that Rome was once a powerful authority in the political world, and it was. We also hear of the corruption that set in and she was destroyed by herself. And we also hear that America is going the same way, and will reach the same bitter end borne by internal corruption. I am not arguing this fact, but I do know that America is yet a long ways off from being as corrupt as

Rome was, according to Mr. Asch. They had slavery in its worst form, and these slaves were not all black Africans by any means — they were white prisoners of war. And once a person was a slave it was for life, unless you were freed by a good master, but that was seldom, and then they slit the ears of the slaves so that they always carried that mark. A slave could not think for himself, or do what he thought right, he was just expected to do what we expect of our animals, and indeed they were treated worse than many an animal was.

It is here referred to how the Apostle Paul was a prisoner in his own hired house for 2 years, chained to a soldier, and he preached to many and won many to the faith, and among these was a slave from the household of Nero's chief man. And to show how cheap human life was it is related that if a chief officer had a son by any one of his many wives and concubines, it was brought to him right after birth and if he wanted it, it was taken back to its mother to raise, and if not it was thrown into the public sewer.

Nero's chief officer had such a son born to him and was brought to him by this slave who was converted through Paul's ministry. When he brought it to him, lying so helpless in a pillow crying and waving its hands and feet, he denounced it and told the slave to go throw it away. The slave went on his way, but while going he thought to himself that here was a human being like himself, and he was going to destroy it. But he was a slave and forbidden to do anything except what he was told. When he got to the sewer he fell on his knees and cried to the Lord Jesus, holding the infant in his arms. From that he received strength to do what his judgment told him, and at the risk of his own life for disobedience.

He took it to an orphanage run by some Jewish converts. He went back and told what he had done, but he was not killed because he was a valuable slave, but only received 30 strips of the lash.

It was thought strange by the Romans that anyone should keep an infant that was not normal, which the Christians did; the sewer was full of the infirm humans who were thus destroyed. In fact life was so cheap that anyone could be killed for any reason, if his enemy was a friend of Nero.

Nero had his own mother killed because she resisted an urge of his to marry someone who didn't belong to him. She was very beautiful, and maintained her beauty by bathing in ass's milk, of which she had 500 to produce milk for her daily baths administered by her many slaves. One slave had only one thing to look after, like her eyelashes, or her toe nails, or her hair, etc. She spent all her time on that particular part of the body. The rich lived filthy rich, while the poor became more desolate. America is on her way but isn't there yet.

J. R. R.

STILLWATER, PA.

Dec. 15—The cold, icy winds from northern Canada, sub-zero temperatures, and cold, frozen snow crunching underfoot, must have everyone convinced that winter is here, and has us in its grip. It came quite unexpectedly, after the superb weather we had enjoyed for twelve days prior. It all started in as a rain, which later turned to snow, and then cold, and more snow. If much more comes, we will have many thoroughfares blocked, for the stage is all set; high banks along the roads that were plowed, and another foot or so, with high winds, and we're snowbound.

The Foremost Dairies of Philadelphia, one of the largest in the world, has just rejected 75 milk shippers. Forty-four in the Gettysburg area, and thirty-one in this area. They simply received

letters from headquarters that as of Dec. 31 they could no longer use their milk. And they also told them that they were notified in due time so they could find another market before the surplus season comes. The milk company says that the prices that they must pay are pegged by the Federal Government, and they must sell on the open market according to supply and demand, and this puts them in a position where they cannot make ends meet. I suppose they are unaware that farmers were in this place since the early 50's.

They just caused this area to change over to bulk tanks, and within a few months these same people were notified that they no longer had a market. The farmers are not the only ones in a dire predicament. Indeed they have little to worry about, for another company agreed to take the milk and pay a better price than Foremost did; but they have their own hauling facilities, and this will be a calamity to a local man who has just invested eighty thousand dollars in trucks and tanks to haul the milk to Foremost. He has no contract, or article of agreement whatsoever, and is at the mercy of the farmers to provide him with hauling.

This ban on milk did not affect us, for it happens that the area over around Waller is thus affected, and we still have our market the same as always.

In my mind it is inevitable that America will eventually succumb to her foes from without, and within. I have been studying history and I find down through the streams of time that Republics would arise, and they would be prosperous. They would be masculine, they would beget science and arts. They were proud, heroic, and virile. They emphasized God and glorified Him. And Republics turn into Democracies, where there is equality, and eventually the strong die off and each succeeding generation becomes weaker than their fa-

thers were. They lose power and initiative, pride and independence. They lose their splendor, they forget God and turn away from the source of all wisdom and knowledge. They feel self-sufficient without Him. They feel they can now run their own affairs. The forefathers fought long and hard. The struggle was fierce, but they died off, and their children and children's children enjoy the fruit of their labors, or think they do. But the bible says sleep is sweet to a laboring man, and this would in-

dicate that it's not so sweet to one who labors not.

Democracies become soft. They have no goal anymore. They have arrived—or so they feel—there is nothing to strive for anymore, and they acquire feminine traits. They forget what a horrible thing slavery is; they figure what's the use to strive for the right. It's too much work. They just live for pleasure, and for time, and for what they can get out of it NOW, with no thought for their oncoming generations. And the governments become just like the people—for they are the people. They became spendthrifts, carelessly spending the taxpayer's hard-earned money. The taxpayers become in dire straits, they cannot make ends meet, so the government gives them aid, and in turn the people come to depend on more and more government aid, which is Socialism, and this is but the doorstep to Communism, where men become drunk with power and they oppress their own countrymen, and smite them into obedience and fear. The once freedom-loving people now become slaves, by their own requests, and slaves must have masters over them, so it turns into a police state, where tyrants and gangsters have free course, and keep going until they seal their own doom by their own disobedience, and rebellion against natural laws.

John Renno

STILLWATER, PA.

Dec. 23—George Adams was at our house for dinner one day. Now George has very little to worry about according to our way of thinking. He has no home, no relatives, no possessions, except the clothes that he wears. He lives on what people give him, and even gets his clothes that way. He has learned to frequent the Catholic institutions, for they are more charitable towards those of his kind than many who claim to be evangelicals. All he does is walking and hitch-hiking from one town to another. He knows the town police in nearly every town, for when he has no place to lay his head for the night, in cold weather, he asks the police and they let him in the jailhouse. He is the son of a rich doctor who came to this country from London, England. He had two brothers and they were both killed in World War II, and left no posterity; one sister also died childless, and he himself never got around to marrying, and now it's almost too late for he claims he is 69 already. His Dad had quite a lot of money, being a doctor, but he claims his uncle who operated his father's farm just went thru the money, until the banks foreclosed on him. And now George is homeless, penniless, with no relations, and none who cares for him. But he has one quality that most of us who have many possessions do not have. He has peace of mind, and is quite content with his lot in life, and I believe he enjoys it thus. When he gets hungry he just goes into a restaurant, and asks for food. Sometimes he gets it and other times he is just cursed at.

When I first saw him he was walking along the road near Selinsgrove, and the weather was around zero. He waved his arm for a ride and I saw an innocent looking old man, so I stopped, and before he was in the car he began thanking me for stopping. He told me he was a believer in the Lord Jesus, and his testimony seemed to verify it. He also said I should let him off at Danville. I asked him if he knows anyone there, and he said not, so I invited him along to my home, which he gladly accepted, and said that's the first time for about seven years that he sat down at a family table to eat. He was hungry for he had very little the last two days. After dinner he

ter dinner he was up and seemed in a hurry to go; said he doesn't want to wear out his welcome. He was clean, polite and congenial, a nice man.

The same day my brother, Eli, was also here for dinner. He brought me some lumber and took a barrel of oil along. He gets to visit us about once a year and we always enjoy his presence and fellowship.

Lloyd Eby was at church last Sunday and brought us a missionary message, for he is on the executive committee of the Eastern Board of Missions. He said this mission board alone increased the missionary force over 100% in the last ten years. In 1952 we had 82 foreign missionaries, and now have 167, which is one to every 90 church members. He himself is the father of Mrs. Ivan Leaman, whose husband is a doctor, and over in Samolia. Now all the mission personnel are getting far less for their labors financially than they

could be getting if they were at home, and going after the material like we are. Ivan is the only doctor in that hospital and although he is no surgeon he has surgery to do. He has two nurses to help him, and they average around 70 patients per day.

Samolia is 99% Moslem, and they will not listen to the true gospel, so the missionaries must communicate with other than words; they must show by their actions that they have their concern at heart, and an excellent way to do this is through hospitals and schools. This is one area where they will listen, for actions always speak loud that the world can't hear what you say. And the money we give for missions is one way we who are at home can also help to communicate to the less fortunate, for we are no better than they. We did not ask to be born in America, of Christian parents, neither did they ask to be born in Africa of heathen parents.

The budget of the mission board costs 77c per member per week to operate but there has been a deficit and they only had 65c per member. They hope to make it up this fall yet, for they always have a mission Sunday in which it seems people give more if there is a special plea for funds. This mission board claims to be the most economical in existence, for they spend only 5% of the money they get for administrative purposes. 95% of what we give goes direct to the intended place, and the operating costs are lower too than anyone else. It costs \$1400 less per person than the next lowest mission board, which is the Christian Missionary Alliance; and \$6500 less than the Peace Corps costs taxpayers.

Merlin Grove was murdered in Samolia last year, but that has tended to increase the interest there rather than diminish it. Then they had 180 people come out for evening classes, but this year they had 360 come out with 100 turned away for lack of room. The Grove slayer was tried and given life imprisonment.

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Dec. 29 — People who should know say that this will be a real winter, just like the older people talk about, only in this age we are better prepared to cope with it, as far as snow removal equipment is concerned. Both the U.S. Weather Bureau, and the Old Farmers Almanac, which are two rival prognosticators, say it will be long, cold, with lots of snow and rain, and will probably last far into spring. I hope they are wrong just for once!

How much people are willing to pay for pleasure! And they go on preparing to live in this present time, and probably very few prepare for the next life after this one; they consider it foolish to invest in that which to them seems an uncertain future; so why worry about it. To me it is not an uncertain future, but a very certain one, as true as God himself.

A few miles from our place is a man-made lake, around 50 acres in size, which was built around ten years ago. Those who did it were in a hurry to get it done evidently, for about half of it was grown up with second growth timber, and these they just cut down and let them fall and lay where they happened. They finished the breast and the water started rising, and covered all the unsightly trees and brush and everything. It all looked fine from the top of the water, but those who went fishing found it rather difficult to pull in all the big ones that got hold of the hook. Furthermore many motor boats found it rather inconvenient to go where the brush wasn't too deep at the upper end of it. And this may all have passed by but just this last summer hundreds of fish died, and floated ashore, making a horrible odor, as well as hampering good fishing. They got some experts around who told them the fish were drowned!!! Yes, they claimed all this wood in the water eventually took so much oxy-

gen out of the water that the fish didn't have enough to survive.

And, as mentioned, people are willing to pay huge prices for nothing but pleasure and recreation. Nearly all the lots are sold out around this lake, and they cost around two thousand dollars each. And no fish, nor good boating, etc. So the lake commission decided to do something about it. First they hired my backhoe to dig a ditch across the breast, and they herein placed two 8-inch water pipes. These they didn't put down to the water level so it wouldn't run out when it wasn't supposed to.

The pipes were placed about 3 feet underground, and with an elbow down to the water, these they then filled with water and siphoned it out of the lake; and when they wanted to stop the flow of water they just let air in at the top and water will stop, without a shut-off.

The water level now being down about ten feet or more, much of the brush and fallen over trees appear on top of the ice which is about 8 inches thick, and I, along with some others, am being hired to get the excess wood out of this lake, and burn it. To look at the awful mess almost makes you say it's an impossibility, but the work is underway.

The first day I was out on the ice with a small bulldozer, and it just snapped the brush off, and worked well. As far as brush was concerned, it didn't seem to present any problem. But the water was frozen during the last cold spell, and then the ice covered with snow, so that it didn't freeze any more, and they decided to drain some more water out, for it is always running in. This left the ice suspended above the water, and after running over it with the dozer for a while the ice seemed to weaken from the constant jar of the steel tracks. All at once, with a great plunge, the ice broke, and down went the dozer. No it wasn't completely submerged, for the water is

only four feet deep there and the blade didn't go down either, it being lighter than the rear end. So we stood around and looked at it for a while, and finally decided to go for steel cable, and hitch a big dozer to it from the shore. This being done, it walked right up out of the water, and on top again. How thankful we were that the blade didn't go down in. This would have made it extremely difficult to get out, and also would have drowned out the ignition.

Today, the second of many days it will take to complete the job, we played it a little more safe, and pulled in the fallen trees with a cable, and burned them. But it's messy, because the snow prevented the ground from freezing at all, and it's just mud to work on. After the water level rises to where it will again support the ice we will probably again try pushing off the brush. You will possibly hear more about this, for it will take about all winter to complete the job.

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