

The BRYAN NEWSETTE

Echoes from
THE BROW OF BRYAN HILL

Vol. XIV

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No. 8



Homing pigeons are released from Bryan Hill on Easter morning to start their homeward flight to Fullerton, Pennsylvania.

Sunrise Service

Because of the inclemency of the weather Easter morning, the Sunrise (less) service was held in the chapel. In spite of the fact that many members of the Bryan Family had gone home, or elsewhere, for the vacation period, some seventy were present, including a few friends from Dayton.

Visitors on the Hill were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miller and daughter, Carol Ann; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Marken, Winona Lake, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Goddard and son, Bernard, Flint, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Balzer, Birmingham, Alabama; Miss Mary Lisec, Atlanta, Georgia; Miss Nita Bookamer, Irvona, Pennsylvania; Miss Bernice Balzer, Nigeria, Africa.

In addition to appropriate congregational singing, a quartet composed of Messrs. Kenneth Marken, Edward Miller, Clair Brickel, and James Gahhart, provided special music. Rev. Earl Williamson brought a heartwarming message from Revelation

UNIVERSITY GIVEN BRYAN PORTRAIT

(Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Rogers, personal friends of William Jennings Bryan and owners of the home in which the Great Commoner lived while in Dayton, recently presented the University with a large portrait of Mr. Bryan. Beautifully framed, the picture measures better than twenty-eight by thirty-four inches. A small cut of the same picture was run on the first page of the March issue of NEWSETTE. The portrait was originally a gift from Mrs. Bryan to the Rogers.)

1:5, 6 on "A Christian's Epitaph to the Living Savior."

Following the service, the congregation met on the lawn, where homing pigeons were released to return to their owner, Mr. Harold Moll, Fullerton, Pennsylvania. Their flight into the heavens symbolized the uppermost tendency of the spiritual mind to soar homeward to the risen, ascended Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Trial by Mob

By a China Missionary
(For security reasons, place and personal names have been altered in this reconstruction of the martyrdom of a missionary in Communist China. Four of Grace Bronson's fellow-missionaries are still in the hands of the Communists.)

Missionary Grace Bronson stood erect before the squat little colonel of the Communist People's Army. Her ankles were chained together; her wrists were tied behind her back. Grace was arrested on Christmas Day afternoon, 1947. After four days in prison, she was now on trial for her life. The colonel pointed a tobacco-stained finger in the face of Grace Bronson and shouted: "Comrades, what shall we do with this Christian missionary?"

The response was immediate: "Sha! sha! sha! (Kill! kill! kill!)"

The shout rattled the Yamen windows closed against the wind and snow outside. New Year's time in North China is cold.

"Comrades of the city of Kiangan, what are the accusations against Missionary Bronson?"

"She has deluded the people by preaching the foreigner's Gospel to them!"

"She wastes the people's time by making them sit in services!"

"She takes the people's money away from them in church collections!"

"She is a spy for the Central Government!"

In quick succession heavy voices shout the accusations—each too carefully worded to be spontaneous. Quickly the accusations are written down. Quickly the colonel reads them back to the mob.

"Comrades of the city of Kiangan, you have heard the accusations. What is your pleasure?"

"Sha! sha! sha! (Kill! kill! kill!)"

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God Planted a Tree

Pastor J. B. Thornton
Hope Congregational Church,
St. Louis, Mo.

I have just returned from Bryan University, where for the second year I have been privileged to be the guest speaker at the annual banquet in honor of Mr. Bryan's birthday. As I sat among the faculty and staff members and some two hundred students gathered about the tables, I sensed the presence of Christ in the midst. My soul was filled with joy and gladness, and deep gratitude to God arose from my heart—and suddenly I thought how Mr. Bryan would feel if he could be present and see what God had wrought in response to his last expressed desire before He took him Home. So greatly had he been interested in the education of young people during his life that he had established over twenty-five scholarships in various colleges—but God gave him to see in vision just what I was seeing in reality, for God according to promise fulfilled his desire—"He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him" and "when the desire cometh it shall be a *Tree of Life*." So God planted a Tree in Dayton! And it has grown to boughs and fruit and leaves that shall not wither.

And God found men and women whom He knew He could trust to dig about it and water it—yes, tears and prayers and faithful teaching, and God has given increase to this Tree to His own glory—and as in nature, where His trees take time and care and cutting back that they may have roots deep in God and fruit rich in quality, so He has dealt with this school.

He has not suffered this tree to lose the simplicity and reality and truth so often lost in prosperity. Necessity has kept this school close to God and His Word.

I have been very near to this tree of God for seventeen years and have marvelled at the grace of God revealed in the patient, suffering endurance of those He has chosen to plant and care for it.

After the banquet came an unforgettable day of prayer, when the tears and prayers of the students and faculty flowed together as faults and sins were confessed and washed away. Then followed some days of delightful fellowship in Christ through the Word.

As I am writing this, I am thinking of you who will read it, you who have prayed and given to this school

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The Class of '48

In this and the next issue of *NEWSLETTE* will be given pictures and brief sketches of our Seniors, a group of young people of whom we can be justly proud and to whom we look to carry on the teachings of Bryan in the service of the Lord, no matter what profession He may call them into.

* * *

Joyce Brubaker

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Joyce is one whose service to the Lord has been a task that means much to her fellow-students. Her ministry in the kitchen, preparing wholesome food and directing the efforts of less experienced workers has been a blessing to many. We understand that she sometimes entertains in the dormitory, demonstrating the seven ages of man. Perhaps that's just rumor.

"I praise the Lord," says Joyce, "for His continual grace and goodness. Because of Calvary, I must present my life for the mission field and through His constraining love, I can say, 'Not somehow, but triumphantly.'"



Gloria Cloer

Plainfield, New Jersey

Petite Gloria has traveled her four years at Bryan quietly and without much cheering from herself or from the sidelines. But she has traveled well, and has been faithful to her tasks in the library. In the

meantime, she delves into the mysteries of writing poetry and short stories.

"The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.' How wonderful it is to have a place of safety, rest, and peace in this turbulent world. How glad I am that God brought me to Himself, the only resting place, then led me so definitely to Bryan. I believe He would have me write for Him, and my prayer is that He might have the pre-eminence in my life always."

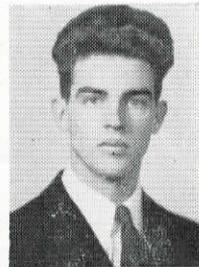


George Birch

Macon, Georgia

President of the Student Council and "governor of Vetsville, two offices which speak well for their holder, whose years at Bryan have shown his ability as an organizer and as a leader. We believe this wearer of the veterans' eagle and of the coveted *Who's Who* key will go far for his Lord.

"My years at Bryan," says George, "have taught me much, especially how little I really know. My sincere desire is that I may know Him, and through the channel of missionary teaching make Him known."



Ruth Hooks

West Kittanning, Pennsylvania

Archer, waitress, child evangelism worker, and chemist—this is Ruth. With little fanfare, she has gone about her work in a determined, quiet way and has accomplished much. A laboratory technician, perhaps, but whatever she becomes, a real worker for her Lord.

She testifies: "The Lord, in love, saved my soul from hell and my life from the curse of sin. This is the prayer of my heart: . . . that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."



Edgar John Lieb

East St. Louis, Illinois

A camera, a bunsen burner, a Bible—these characterize Ed's work on Bryan Hill, for he has been active in his use of all three. An ardent camera user, his more serious moments have been used as chemistry assistant and Sunday School teacher or preacher.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," has been my testimony while at Bryan. I



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 thank the Lord, not only for salvation, but for allowing me to train for His service on the foreign mission field."

Helen Gow

Columbus, Indiana

Active in child evangelism work, in forensics, and in archery—just for starters—Helen, a wearer of the Who's Who key, is sort of a Jack of all trades and master of many. Waiting tables in the dining hall is but one of several useful services. Membership in F.M.F. promises, the Lord willing, another worker in a foreign field.



"There hath not failed one word of all His good promise . . . What a wonderful Savior! It is my desire to carry the light of His glorious Gospel to those lost in heathen darkness."

Ila Ruth Mahr

Aurora, Illinois

Though her willing hands, with a flair for shorthand and typing, have kept her busy in the Office of the Dean, Ila Ruth also found time for forensics, archery, and the Lord's work in nearby communities. Along with her other activities she has won the Who's Who key.



"At Bryan the Lord has taught me," writes Ila Ruth, "the ineffable value of things not material—friendships rooted in Christ, a better understanding of our inheritance with Christ, the reality of the Power of Christ. It is my desire that my life shall magnify Him, whether it be by life, or by death."

Vivian McBride

Mansfield, Ohio

One finds the mosaic with the poetic in the combination of chemistry and music that makes Vivian most useful and interesting. For three years she has traveled with the Gospel Singers, nor does that preclude



a regular ministry of solo work throughout the school year. Her talents have been His talents. Did we mention waiting tables and basketball?

Her testimony: "My precious Savior has been so faithful to me. Though I can never repay His faithfulness, I want my life to be a vessel from which gushes forth a fountain of His love to the dying world."

Dean Risser

Ashland, Ohio

It's tough sledding when one works his way through college, but Dean is one who has proved "all things are possible through Christ Jesus," and he comes to the end of his training with a variety of tasks behind. His voice, both as a singer and as a speaker in forensic union, has often been heard in public and will be again in behalf of his Lord.



"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." Psalm 126:3.

Lois Weyhe

Griffith, Indiana

When one asks, "Weyhe Lois?" it is not always just a pun, but frequently seeks the answer which comes from a reputation for faithful, efficient work and a real desire to serve. Her ability and willingness



have kept her busy in the registrar's work and in the business office. Ask Lois—she can do it. Maybe that's why she wears a Who's Who key.

"The Lord is good" can be well said for the way in which God has led my life. The blessings of the past have been many and for the future "the Lord directeth my steps."

"What goes on in people's minds—and in their hearts—is more important in determining the fateful future than what goes on in laboratories and production centers."—David E. Lilienthal, Chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

SENIORS DISCLOSE CLASS PROJECT

To the great delight of the speech department and those other departments that will find such an instrument useful, the Senior Class recently presented to the University a Webster Wire Recorder. The advantages of being able to hear yourself as others hear you are obvious, but whether it will encourage or discourage public speaking and singing on Bryan Hill remains to be seen. We are reminded of the student many years ago, who, upon hearing a recording of his number, turned to the operator and asked: "Do I sound like that?" "Well, the machine records what it hears." "Then," came the terse, emphatic reply, "I'll never sing another solo."

We believe the recorder can and will be used of the Lord to help students equip themselves for their chosen field of service later on. Many thanks to the Seniors for a useful, welcome contribution to His work on the Hill.

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The windows rattle at the shout as the Trial by Mob turns back the clock to the guillotine-thirst of the French Revolution.

"What shall we do with the Kiangan church elder, Missionary Bronson's 'walking dog?'" He points at bound Elder Wang, standing in Chinese gown beside the white woman.

"Sha! sha! sha!" again rattles the cold windows of the Kiangan Yamen. The colonel picked up his riding whip and struck the missionary across the face. Then the Chinese elder.

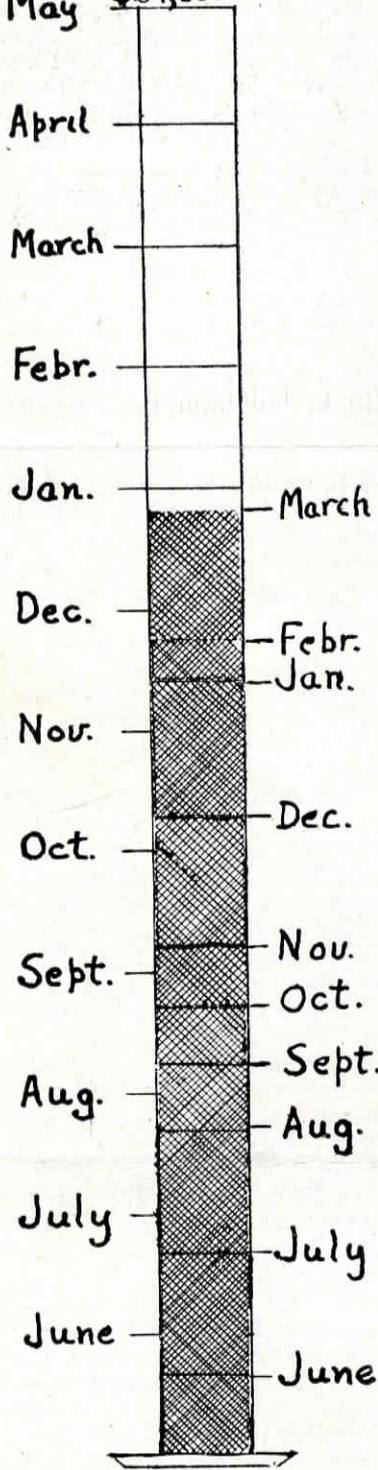
It was the signal that soldiers and mob were waiting for. The butt of a rifle on the elder's head crumpled him in a heap on the floor. A carrying-pole swung in an arc crashed into Grace Bronson's legs; bones snapped and she sank to the ground. Soldiers and ruffraff pressed in for a blow on the quivering bodies.

The Trial by Mob was over.

Kiangan church members were too frightened to claim the bodies. Christians from the neighboring town of Ankiang rowed across the Yellow River, took up the broken bodies and ferried them across the river to bury them.

The four accusations brought against Grace Bronson and against her Chinese fellow-worker could be brought against every evangelistic Protestant missionary and church worker in China. Not one can escape death if the Kiangan Communist pattern is applied throughout China.

Our 1947 Budget 1948 Our Income
 May \$39,600



March Operating Gifts..... 3,453.93
 Monthly Budget 3,300.00
 Total Gifts (10 months).....25,353.14
 Budget deficit to date..... 7,646.86



Some of the Bryan Family apparently enjoyed the stunts held at the large fire the last night of Campus Clean-up. An annual event, the bonfire is featured by group singing and a stunt from each of the clean-up teams.

GIFTS TO CHAPEL

	March	To Date
Staff		\$ 549.00
Students\$ 35.00		1,453.04
Alumni 69.00		845.16
Friends 213.38		4,104.63
	\$317.38	\$ 6,951.83
Deficit (from other funds)		10,755.18

Cost (through March, '48) \$17,707.01

CONSOLIDATED GIFT REPORT

March, 1948

Operating Gifts.....	\$3,453.93
Building Fund Gifts.....	90.50
Chapel Fund Gifts.....	317.38

Grand Total.....\$3,861.81
 Total previous month..... 1,307.67

BUILDING AND EQUIPMENT FUND REPORT

Balance (March 1st).....	\$5,202.02
Building Fund Receipts	
No. 138-144	90.50
5% of Operating Gifts.....	152.70
	\$5,445.22
Less Expenditures	13.83

Balance (April 1st).....\$5,431.39

Christ Above All

Judson A. Rudd, LL.D.....Editor-in-Chief
 Lloyd E. Fish.....Business Manager
 Dale Mead.....Student Make-up Editor

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through the years because you love young people and long for just such a school—if not for your own, then for the children of others. And I write to assure you that your confidence in the Lord concerning this work has not been misplaced. It is fully justified by the lovely spreading boughs and the fruit that has already come to pass.

All the time I was there, and since, the words of Song of Solomon 2:3-4 have kept coming to my heart and mind. Of course, they refer to Christ Himself among all other men—but they equally apply to The Home—The Church—The School when He is honored.

Finally, I must say that here is an opportunity to make friends for eternity of many young men and women by means of investment of resources—so that when we come to the end of our stewardship on earth they will receive us into everlasting habitations. Surely this is the blessed meaning of our Lord's wise words regarding our present privileges and future glory.

CAMPUS DAYS

Campus days have once again come and gone, leaving behind them the usual quota of sore backs, blistered hands, aching muscles, and—best of all—a clean, almost leafless campus—leafless, that is, so far as last year's crop is concerned. With the dogwood and redbud, the jonquils and forsythia, the spirea and lilacs all bursting into their spring finery, we hardly need add that Bryan Hill is one of the lovely spots in Tennessee these days.