

**A Korean Deborah.**

As was true of the saints of old, "time would fail us to tell" of how Bible women have visited far-away country places darkened by superstition and the debasing worship of evil spirits; of how they have gone from house to house with the message of life and hope; of the many prayers offered for the deliverance of a village from the power of the evil one it served; of how one by one those who were called to be saved accepted Jesus as Lord; of how they were assembled in some house or prayer room and taught what God requires of those who believe on Him until their number and strength increased enough to have a small church established.

Such experiences are doubtless recounted by many Bible women who now have the joy of being called the spiritual mothers of several groups of believers. But I am thinking especially of gracious old Sarah Choi, who recently called and spoke of her great desire to help with the building of one more church. For one of the daughter churches which she left, prospering nicely, two years ago, has been very severely tested during her absence. The new mysticism has hypnotized many members. Others have drifted away during the past months because their own homes, as well as the church site, are within the area of the new aeroplane field, which has necessitated removal and rebuilding.

During these two years old Mother Choi has helped with the building of the Sunkyori church across the river, where also she has found living stones to be built into a spiritual house. As she talked I wondered how many Pastors' assistants would definitely seek out the place where a new church is to be built. But Mother Choi has always chosen the more difficult bit of work, whether it is in a remote country place or in the city church near the railway, surrounded by factories, with the whirr of planes over her head.

Lois T. Mowry.

(Continued from page 1)

of the City, making a direct evangelistic appeal monthly. Many questions come from them that lead to private conferences. Last year many students were brought to a decision for Christ, while all these young men and women faced the question of their personal salvation.

"The Children's Companion" is edited under my direction by one of our last year's graduates. A continued story, of the Louisa Alcott variety, written by me and translated by Professor Yang, fitting into the life of Korean children, appears monthly. This magazine, adapted in language and thought for children, each month gives Scripture stories and presents a practical way for children to live the Christian life.



DR. SAMUEL A. MOFFETT.

**Prayer Availeth Much.**

(The prayer) Too late in the afternoon for more than one call, a special prayer goes up, as we walk, that He will lead to one whose heart like Lydia's He has touched. (The Answer) In the neighborhood of KyengChang Ni church, (the Cleland Memorial) a woman from a far country village on a short visit to her daughter welcomes eagerly the missionary and her message. In the midst of an explanation of 1 Peter 2:24, she interrupts, "This is just what I've been needing and wanting to hear" After further teaching, on being asked if she would accept this Saviour even today, very thoughtfully she replies, "Why not today?—for I believe what you have told me." Follows the prayer of the penitent in her own words. The next Sunday she greets us radiantly in the new believers' class, then she is gone, back to her village, but not without the promise that she will attend a not-too-distant church, and trust Jesus Christ to the end.

Mary Hill.

"Farmers' Life", a magazine we started five years ago last fall, continues monthly to reach eight thousand subscribers. It carries a constructive Christian message. Articles of practical knowledge on all lines necessary for Korean farmers are contributed. It is the only magazine for farmers in Korea and has received special recognition by Government officials. Almost all of the articles are written by our College professors. The business management has been able to furnish self-help for a number of students who in this way have been working their way through College, at the same time getting valuable experience for life after graduation.

George S. McCune, President.

**Seventieth Birthday.**

The celebration of Dr. Moffett's Seventieth Birthday, as told by his Son.

January 25th, 1934 was Dr. Moffett's seventieth birthday. Dr. Moffett is my father, and may be seventy, but it's hard to believe. At least he lacks the white beard and tottering figure I associate with that age.

The day began auspiciously with the arrival of a sleepy messenger-boy carrying an early telegram of congratulations from Charyung Station. This started the avalanche. The boys from the post-office wore a beaten track to our door and smiled wearily as they handed in the telegrams. The post-man unloaded huge piles of letters, until father was fairly snowed under with congratulations. Of course the day could not have been run off successfully without the usual gifts of chickens, boxes of oranges and strings of eggs which are an infallible sign of a birthday in Korea.

The small dinner party given annually for four whose birthdays come the same week, was, this evening, unexpectedly broken into by the community serenading with 'Auld Lang Syne'. Following this the whole station and all our Methodist friends, trooped in and prepared to spend the evening.

We learned things about father that night:—his weakness for red hats, his abilities as a soccer coach, his tender solicitude for a pile of tiles left out in the rain, and his undignified actions on the tennis court. All this came out when Mr. Phillips read from a Book of Remembrance presented to father by the community, and filled with pictures and congratulations and personal reminiscences from each member of the foreign community. In it he was commended for everything, from interest in baseball to unselfishness and high courage. Others commented on his zeal, his generosity and even his pep. He was called "an ideal missionary," and "the Archbishop of Pyengyang,"—and all this time had to sit up in front and try not to look self-conscious! This kept up for an hour and a half, and I certainly think he deserved everything that was said.

About the time father arose to thank the station, several of the ladies disappeared toward the kitchen, so we knew what was coming. A huge cake was brought in, flaming with candles, and father unsuccessfully did his best to cut it symmetrically. As a parting present pictures of father—a look of grim determination on his face,—were given to each member of the community. Samuel H. Moffett.

**One Year Old**

North Sinnee Church across the river is one year old next Sunday. A year ago it was just a little Sunday School of 81 children started and run by the Academy boys. Last Sunday the attendance was 346. It has one of the Bible Clubs meeting daily for three hours with two College boys teaching and about 80 underprivileged children getting the rudiments of an education. Last Monday a kindergarten was also started with 25 children present the first day.

**Pyengyang Foreign School.**

The Pyengyang Foreign School is the only school between Kobe, Japan and Peiping, China, which provides dormitory accommodations for children from out-stations. Here for the past thirty-four years children from all parts of Korea have been taught not only the rudiments of an education but have been fitted fully to meet the requirements for admission to all colleges and universities in America. More than 400 children have in this way received more or less of their education and of these 120 have graduated from the Elementary Department and 69 from the High School Department. The school has the unique distinction of having sent 90% of its High School graduates to college and most of these young people have made enviable records as students. Thirty former students are or have been engaged in missionary or other religious work in Africa, Korea and in various parts of America. Eleven teachers who came to serve for a brief term of years have become missionaries in China and Korea. And a large number of the recent graduates of the school have returned to the homeland to continue their preparation for religious work of one kind or another, most of them looking forward to becoming missionaries if the way opens. Judged by the product, the school is one of the most profitable investments under the direction of the Missions at work in Korea.

The school claims as its natural field of operations Korea and Manchuria, but since 1927 there has been a large attendance from China, and beginning in 1933 students have been enrolled from Japan. The name of the school is known far and wide and applications are received from students whose homes are six days' travel from Pyengyang. The latter have to travel by steamer, train, jitney and canal launch to make the journey, changing conveyance from four to six times enroute. One student comes from Inner Mongolia where there are no schools for the children of missionaries whatever. Her father, in leaving her said, "I thank God that there is such a school as the Pyengyang school. If it were not for this school I would have had to take my family to the homeland in order to provide my children with a suitable education. This school will prolong my missionary career many years."

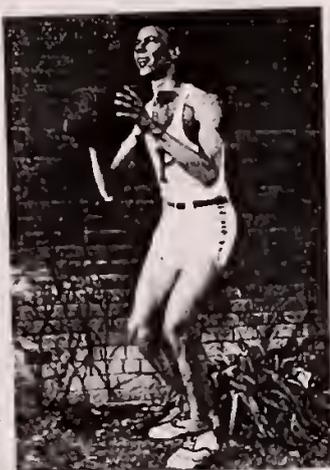
The name of the school is synonymous in the minds of its patrons with unfaltering devotion to the Word of God. But emphasis is placed also on Christ-like living as well as on knowledge of doctrine or rule. Teachers only whose faith and life harmonize with these ideals are appointed and the impress which many of them have made upon their classes is truly remarkable.

Year by year the number of applicants from outside Pyengyang has increased and as a result all available dormitory space has been filled. Already the 1934 applicants exceed the number which can be received by more than fifteen and each refusal brings a new heartache to parents whose children have so few opportunities for securing an education on the mission field. R. O. Reiner.

### BOYS' BASKETBALL



DAVE MOWRY, Capt.



HOWARD MOFFETT



ARCHIE FLETCHER

P.Y.F.S. fans were uncertain as to the prospect of the '33-'34 basketball season, but all fear was dispelled when, after little practice, the Blue and White quintette crashed through to tie for second place in the U.C.C. Basketball League.

Mowry at left forward, his position for two years, proved his right to the captaincy with a fast, snappy game, taking high point honors. H. Moffett, with youthful exuberance, piled up a score second only to Mowry's, and as running guard used his long reach to great advantage. Roberts, steady and dependable at center, shone as key man of the offense. Right guard Fletcher defended the basket with tireless determination. Talmage, the only varsity player not on last year's squad, added fighting spirit and scoring ability to the forward line. Bigger and Crothers went to make up the first seven players and were a powerful reserve of strength.

The team played erratic basketball in the League games, rising to top form in the tilt with the champion Soong Sil "A" bunch, but slumping at times in passwork and co-operation. The first four games were won easily with high scores. The team clicked together well through all opposition. By far the closest and most exciting game was with Soong Sil "A," lost by one point in the last three seconds of play. The last game, an unexpected defeat by Soong In, left the P.Y. five tying for second place. Pick-up games in Songdo and Peking were not very successful. The

1934

team was broken up and lost both China games, but came out on top in Songdo.

This year, as in the past, the squad owes much to Coach Kinsler. Hard-boiled as ever, he alone could whip such a bunch into fighting trim. This acknowledgement is not complete without a word of appreciation for the efficient, uncomplaining services of Manager Smith.

SCORES

|                  |    |                                       |    |
|------------------|----|---------------------------------------|----|
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 30 | Kwang Sung B . . .                    | 8  |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 26 | G. C. . . . .                         | 15 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 52 | Longoo . . . . .                      | 21 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 37 | Zayu . . . . .                        | 19 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 24 | Soong Sil A . . . .                   | 25 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 2  | Kwang Sung A . . .                    | 0  |
| (Default)        |    |                                       |    |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 28 | In Moon . . . . .                     | 14 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 17 | Soong In . . . . .                    | 22 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 32 | Zayu . . . . .                        | 46 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 29 | Songdo Higher<br>Common School . . .  | 24 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 24 | Peking Y.M.C.A.<br>Youth's Team . . . | 40 |
| P.Y.F.S. . . . . | 11 | Peking American<br>School . . . . .   | 13 |



DAYTON ROBERTS



ROY TALMAGE



SECOND TEAM

↑  
SHM



COACH KINSLER  
MANAGER SMITH

Floor and Court  
Action.



Howie



Bob

Sam



What's the bloomer  
idea?



Trying  
to look  
big.

The  
Discus  
Thrower



'Sock her'  
team



Basketball  
team

S.H.M.

# The Kukyonger

Being a series of informal essays  
dealing with life and manners in Pyengyang.

Vol. 1

No. 1

## THE KUKYUNGER'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF

Mankind seems to find it quite impossible to judge a manuscript if the life and character of the author are obscure. Therefore that you may be properly and favorably introduced to these my humble speculations, I have endeavored to present a brief description of myself.

One may distinguish me from the other wearers of the purple and gold by my unusual habits. I live in a secluded world of my own. Although I love to observe the happy times of my school-mates and often moralize on their faults and virtues, still I find it difficult to enter into their frivolities. My modest nature rebels at the mere thought of making puns to the mortification of the patient pedagogues, or of tossing flower vases in study hall, or writing billets doux in the classroom.

I am a conscientious student and all my friends depend upon me as a reliable source of disagreeably but necessary information. Chief among these dependents is the honorable Roger D. Covington, who has been convinced by stern teachers and low marks that his mental abilities leave much to be desired. With me to remember assignments for him and write his compositions he now has very little trouble. For my part, I find great satisfaction in observing his many escapades and hearing his good-natured philosophy of life.

Nobody knows why I came, or from whence. Being reticent by nature, I shrink from discourse on the subject and so remain a rather mysterious character. All that is commonly known is that I arrived about the time that the seniors were studying the *Road to Covely Papers* in English class, and that I am a very convenient member of the class even though I do not participate in its activities but prefer to enjoy them from without as a KUKYUNGER.

E J F

## THE KUKYUNGER VISITS GLEE CLUB

"Arma virumque cano"  
Virgil

This year the ranks of the tenors in the Glee Club were so depleted that Roger nobly offered to sacrifice his magnificent voice for the good of the cause. One Thursday he invited me to attend the mysterious functions of this organization. The following paragraphs are those of an unbiased and amiable visitor.

The sacred rites begin at four o'clock sharp, with impassioned appeals by the officers for everyone to be on time, please, this once. There is invariably no response so the tedious hours are delightfully whiled away by a piano duet. When *The Moon Comes Over The Mountain*, by Sam's Crothers and Moffett, with a dull monotone accompaniment by Bradin at the radiator valve. In the meantime, our incorruptible librarian, Phillips, true to his great trust, is dutifully doling out the music books to the empty benches.

But they do not stay empty long. A prissy gang is organized, the loudest are corralled, Crothers and Moffett are pulled away from their third unsought encore, and Glee Club proper begins on a note of true solemnity, the Calling of the Roll, which corresponds to the Oriental Airing of the Buddha. Some of the glories of this impressive ritual are lacking today, however. The secretary, lost her hook, lost her hook—her hook" as the forceful old sta-chantey runs.

Despite this mishap, Glee Club has fairly begun. A particularly inane warming-up exercise is called for namely, Bee bay bi-bo-boo. At a given signal the contestants run rapidly up and down and all around the chromatic scale employing the scarcely intelligent refrain of bee-hay-bi-bo-boo. As always, this is a huge success and tends to promote good feeling and fellowship.

The uproar dies down, but the ensuing hush is marred by the dramatic and boisterous entry of Roger. He, despite a cold stare from the director, unabashedly waves a cheery greeting to his fellow-sufferers spurns with a deprecatory gesture the secretary's plea

for the tardiness (of twenty-five men, and proudly takes his seat.

All is again comparatively quiet. The leader shouts out, "Page 127." There is a crashing chord from the piano and the first song is underway. The triumph is short-lived. The strains of "Doo Da" are detected mingling sweetly with the more aristocratic "Star Spangled Banner." Although the sentiment which inspired such a touching melody may be wholly commendable, nevertheless, the mass effect is hardly tuneful. A halt is called and a quick search reveals that the basses and altos are using brown books while the sopranos and tenors have declared in a body for green books. An open quarrel is averted but the outraged basses and altos preserve a sullen and injured air during the rest of the program.

A second attempt is more successful. Hoarse growls from the basses announce the opening chorus. The girls join belatedly in, but the tenors stubbornly hold off, waiting for something more worth their effort. Coldly disregarding the madly frantic exhortations of the director, they have for some time been silently preparing their souls for the coming struggle. Zero hour arrives. Eagle eyes discover that the music has descended nearer their top range. A high wailing sound indicates to the listeners thousands that the tenors have once more taken up their share of the fighting.

For another half-hour the youthful voices continue action. Strong men weep and the mighty gnash their teeth, but here is no sign of weakening. A minor diversion is afforded by Covington. Loud and piercing "wow wows" break through the general hubbub and put a brief stop to proceedings. An inquiry commission discovers that Roger, forgetting the words, has resorted to his poetic nature for improvised lyrics.

The whirling grind cannot last forever. Suddenly the hack row rises as one man and gives a striking impersonation of a clock striking five. Others, forgetting past grievances, take up the hint and rally nobly around. Feeble protestations from the leader are unanimously voted down. A wild whoop, a mad stampede for the door—Glee Club is over and an unnatural stillness hangs over the school.

S H M

## A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

"No! You simp! Haven't I told you fifty times already that I won't taste the beastly stuff? Hound! Don't you speak English? Get out of here pronto, or I'll assist you in a way which may not be to your liking."

The object against which this tirade of wrath was directed hastily deposited the opened tin of Fresh Japanese Crabs into his overcoat pocket and made for the door.

"Hold on there a moment, Clid, old boy. Let's part amicably. You must realize we could never sell that evil smelling stuff. Why, it's worse than H.S."

"Well, Bob, I guess it is pretty bad," replied Clid. "Next time I'll bring some swell tins of Chinese ducks' throats mixed with sharks' fins. So long."

As the door closed, Robert C. Clapham, head of the Buyers' Department of the International Chain of Grocery Stores, settled back in his plush chair with a sigh of relief. One more enthusiastic salesman disposed of! Not perhaps, as he would have preferred for friendship's sake; but then, personal preferences must be waived in this business.

The rattle of a 1920 model Ford, grinding to a stop outside, interrupted his reflections and a moment later his secretary announced, "Mr. Edwin Braden, salesman for Boots' Cider Company, to see you, sir."

"Show him in," moaned Bob.

A stout individual with a retired business man's aspect entered, lugging an undersized trunk. With a final grunt he heaved it on to the desk where it broke open and revealed a mass of bottles with that sickly, yellowish green color which proclaimed them to contain cider.

"Good grief, and I suppose you want me to try out my internal organs on that stuff" groaned Bob.

"You're quite right there, old top," remarked Brazen with a cheerful grin as he held out a bottle labeled Boot's Guaranteed Belchless Cider.

Bob closed his eyes, grabbed his nose, and with a sickly smile falteringly downed the contents of the bottle. His stomach heaved in and out, and his mouth frothed, but after a few anxious moments he exclaimed:

"Well, the crisis is passed. I guess it will stay down now. Wowie! that makes only the eighteenth thing that I've sampled since dinner. It sure is tough on my gizzard, but then, it's used to that sort of thing.

"Well," said Edwin unsympathetically, "how many cases do you want at \$2.00 each? I don't have to make any sales talk for a fine product like that. It speaks for itself."

"Ughuh!" muttered Bob dubiously. "It sure does, and how! However, my sense of taste is utterly destroyed by the end of an afternoon, and since Boots manufactured this, it must be fairly good. I'll take . . . . ."

At this point Junior Phillips came burning in exclaiming, "Step on it, Bob! Here it is after 6:30, and you haven't finished yet. We've got just time enough to get a bite to eat and snazz over to the show. You know that Sam Cros and Mary Caroline Bercovitz are in One More Kiss, Sweetheart, don't you?"

"No! are they? Holy mackerel, we can't miss that. Let's go quick."

"Hey! Hey!" yelled Edwin after the departing figures. "How many . . . . ?"

The door slammed in his face and he stood there, gaping, with a blank stare on his face.

HOWARD MOFFETT.