

Brazil News



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Editorial

And, Behold, It Was Very Good

A young man living in a developing nation purchased a ticket and flew to Miami. There he rented a car and traveled extensively. We transcribe excerpts from his diary. Ah, yes, he is a Holdeman Mennonite and this is his first visit to the US. Pay attention to his conclusions on different aspects of American life. (Doubts concerning his identity are shared by the writer.)

Day 1 – My flight touched down in the Miami International Airport at 6:30 this morning. Quite a few flights come in about this time, so customs were crowded. By the time I had claimed my baggage and rented a car, it was nearly 9 o'clock...

Day 5 – I navigate by GPS and Yearbook. So far I have managed to spend each night in a Holdeman home.

I marvel at the fact that I, a foreigner, on my first trip to the US, am able to easily reach any desired address, even out in the country, by watching street, road and highway signs, with the aid of my GPS (or maybe the other way around).

When I voice my admiration to the natives here about how easy it is to get around, they give me a significant where-are-you-from look. When they remember where I am from, they give an embarrassed little laugh. Not to worry. I have now navigated in the US for five days, and behold it is very good.

Days 8-26 – I have driven leisurely, enjoying the sights, trying to get to a Holdeman community before nightfall each day. Sometimes I don't get going much before noon. Now I am in a major Holdeman spawning ground. I am told that this area has the largest concentration of congregations of the entire conference. Because of the historical importance of the area, I pay attention to a lot of detail that the natives take for granted. For example, when I walk into a church building, I feel kind of like when walking into a planetarium where I can contemplate the perfection of creation, where nothing has been left to chance. Even King Solomon would have been impressed by these

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structures. After the service, as I begin striking up conversation, I comment, “You have a nice church here.” Soon I discover there are some standard answers: “Well, we like it.” “Our old building just wasn’t adequate anymore, so we decided to build this one.” “We decided to keep it simple.” I ask, “What does a building like this cost?” I have found that this question brings on a bout of temporary amnesia. (I also found that to find out what such a building cost, one must ask someone from a neighboring congregation. They know—although their figures don’t usually jibe.)

These churches are nice. Very nice. Comfortable. Functional. Spacious. I guess the folks who go to these churches do a better job of worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness than we do...at least there is a lot more beauty in their churches than in the ones we worship in back in my country. As I run it all through my mental processor, I must admit that, behold it is very good.

By now I’ve been around quite a little. The venerated historians, Will and Ariel Durant, believe that peoples living in temperate zones develop stronger character than those living in the tropics. If the Durants were alive today, they might have to rethink their position. I live in a tropical climate that, according to them, produces shriveled character. The mild year-round temperature is supposed to slide us into a lethargic existence...

Like I said, I wonder if the tables haven’t turned. America today is more tropical than my country. Yes, I know that in parts of N America temperatures hit 20 or 30 below in the winter and 110 or 120 in the summer. To my amazement, I discovered that in spite of these temperature extremes, one can be more comfortable in N America than where I live where central heating is non-existent and air conditioning is present in only a small percentage of public buildings and homes.

N America is what I would call a thermostat society. In the dead of winter or the heat of summer the temperature in homes (in even the back rooms and the basement), businesses, hospitals, schools, offices, restaurants, malls, cars, trucks, can be held at 70 degrees, or whatever, with a quick twirl of a little dial on the wall. Behold it is very good.

The cars. Everyone drives a nice car... OK, to me they are all nice. When I ask people what they paid for them (and here everyone shows amazing good memory), even the nicest and latest model cars are much cheaper than they are in my country. It’s when I ask the price of a car that obviously isn’t as new as some, but still is very nice, what they paid for it, that I clearly see that in my flesh there dwelleth yet an inclination to covetousness. I ask, “How much did you say?” The answer is, or something like this: “Ah, it’s just an old clunker, I got it for five thousand bucks.” Five thousand bucks! I do a quick mental calculation to transform that into my national currency. I look inside the car and see all the bells and whistles in that old “clunker” and ask again, “Did you say FIVE thousand dollars?!” “Yah.” Thou shalt not covet thy foreign neighbour’s...car... Even if it is an old clunker. Once I get my avaricious spirit under foot, I mutter, behold it is really very good.

The roads. By now I’ve got quite a few miles under my floorboard. (The only thing that has kind of dampened my ebullience on this subject was overhearing someone

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ask—about me, “Who is that fellow?” and the answer, “Oh, he’s another one of those Holdeman globetrotters from...” I sit down in my rental, punch my next destination into my GPS (after consulting the Yearbook), and then, after pulling onto the Interstate and setting the cruise control at 70 mph, I go mile after mile after mile after mile without having to dodge a single pothole. That doesn’t compare to the streets of pure gold, but it does conjure feelings of being considerably closer than when at home. I get off the Interstate and the state and county roads are narrower, of course, but still with that slightly celestial nebula. Even the unpaved roads are so well-kept I have to ask myself if it is real.

It isn’t only the roads. The roadsides. I can’t believe it. There must be millions of miles of roadsides in N America that are grassed in and neatly mowed. (I am told that at funerals the people here like to sing the song about walking through fields of clover. Personally, I feel that is quite tasteless, to put it mildly, but if tastelessness is really necessary, maybe that could be changed to something about driving down an Interstate.)

And then, in the midst of those idyllic scenes, I see rest stops complete with spacious parking, picnic tables and chairs, clean (at least supposed to be) restrooms, vending machines, public phones (which really don’t make much sense anymore when everyone carries a cell phone). I ask myself how much Uncle Sam pays a year just to keep these rest stops resembling an oasis in paradise. No doubt about it, behold it is very good.

Wal-Mart. I could talk about stores, plural, but, if in Italy all roads lead to Rome, in the US all roads lead to Wal-Mart. It is interesting to walk into a store in which 90 percent of the articles displayed aren’t essential to survival, nor are they available to 90 percent of the world’s population. I walk into a Wal-Mart and my inertial gyroscope, that is supposed to keep me commonsensical, spins out of control. As I walk down the aisles, deliberately arranged to derange directionally challenged people like me, I see thousands of items on the shelves I never even knew existed, and that now have me wondering how I can live without them.

I walk into the food section and see several aisles—long aisles—where frozen prepared foods are on display. As I near each glass door, the lights go on. Even though this is strictly an electronic performance, ostensibly intended to save electricity when no one is near, I can’t help but notice how those lights coming on nudge my ego up just a couple of millimeters. But, what is displayed is so out of keeping with my gastronomical predilections; that I just gaze, like someone watching a movie (except now I move and the screen holds still). But I notice that the natives like that stuff. And buy it. It isn’t only in the Arctic section of Wal-Mart that see I prepared food. Everywhere I look I see prepared food; just remove the lid, add water, place in the microwave, and presto!

Being a woman in N America is getting to be easier and easier. (So easy, in fact, that it is no longer necessary to have, or be, a wife.) If I were a female, doubtlessly I would say, behold it is very good.

Home is a wonderful place in N America. It is where you eat your meals when you get tired of all the places you have gone to, or could go to. (First, of course, before

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eating at home, a quick trip must be made to Wal-Mart and...well, just reread the preceding paragraph.)

I can hardly believe what my Garmin GPS tells me. I punch Food, Lodging..., then Food, then I have the choice of All Food (too long to punch through), American, Asian, Barbeque, British Isles, Café/Diner, Chinese, Deli/Bakery, Fast food, French, German, International, Italian, Mexican, Seafood, Speciality Food Products, Steak/Grill... Most of those categories have dozens and dozens of eating places listed. And so what I hear is: “There is a good steak house out at...only about 25 miles from here; it is really good,” or “There is a fabulous restaurant out at...only 15 miles,” or “The other night we found a place at... It’s sort spendy and takes a good hour to get there,” or...oh shucks, this could go on and on. Anyway, there are a lot of places to eat, and behold the people there say that they are very good.

Bargains and garage sales and junk... Is there a place in the world with more bargains than the US? To buy something worth a hundred dollars—brand new—for ten bucks, that’s unheard of in most of the world. Back where I live, if a store would put out a flyer with such an offer, people would queue up in front of the store the evening before and sleep on the street—in a line. Bargains are just as American as apple pie. Look at the flyers that come with your Sunday paper and decide if that is true. But, let’s face it, these bargains show extreme commercial acuity. The bargain brings the buyers to the store, to the laden shelves. Merchants have calculated the loss they take on the buyers who purchase only the bargain, which is sold below cost. Statistics show them that is an acceptable loss for the profits they will gain on additional items taken by bargain shoppers.

For the American with patience—patience to wait and patience to wade through stacks of flyers—these bargains can visibly shorten the distance between not having and having. I wish we had something like that where I live, for behold it is very good.

Day 27-49 – Even before I hit the road again, I had gotten into the habit of consulting the “Attractions” tab on my GPS menu. I never dreamed there could be so many interesting and educational places in such a short distance of most any place I find myself. There are natural attractions, such as national and state parks, historic landmarks, scenic highways, trails...

Then there are the manmade attractions. Everyplace. Museums of every imaginable kind, old this and old that, bridges and wharfs, towers and tunnels. Someone asks, “Have you seen the...? It’s only four hours from here.” They pile into a car, or two or three, and are on their way. Depending on where people live, they will not see all the attractions in their lifetime. Those outings are great, and behold it is very good.

As I get close to the end of my stay here, I ask myself what has impressed me most. I’m sure I don’t know. About all I can do is pick up on what hits me right now.

The possibility of getting ahead fast. Here we hit a cultural glitch. Thus an explanation. I see young couples from my country that have moved to the US. After only a year, they are living in a nice house—rented, sure—but a nice house. They have nice furniture—secondhand, sure—but nice furniture. They have a nice car—used, sure—but a nice car. They have a good job and are making good money—

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not as much as some make—but still good money. In a word, in a year they have managed to merge onto the freeway that leads to success (or, who know, *is* already success). With even rudimentary management, before too long they will be buying their own house—financed, sure—but a house that they can call theirs and that will turn their erstwhile rent money into an investment. They will buy new furniture and a new car, probably a van—financed, sure—but so what? Each paycheck they get will represent a contribution to the US government, which in maybe 30 or 40 years will—*theoretically*—translate into a comfortable retirement.

To the ambitious, this may seem as a rather cheap sellout. And it is exactly here where the cultural glitch hits. To the majority of the people in the world, this exact life, with a comfortable retirement, is what they dream about. If they could, within a year, in their own environment have just this, all that we have described, they would be looked up to by...well, by just about everyone.

In N America this is taken for granted. Even so, behold it is all very good.

Day 60 – I return home. Behold, it was very good—while it lasted.

As you read this, your emotions have been jostled around, like marbles in the bottom of a runaway wheelbarrow. At times your hackles may have raised, at times you chuckled, at times you reluctantly admitted maybe there was at least a little something to what was said, and then, maybe, you just called Quality Printing and cancelled your subscription to BN.

Call it coincidence, call it what you like, but as this article progressed, I was undecided as how to zip it up. I knew what I wanted to say, but didn't know how. Until I received a letter. I am printing excerpts, and an open answer, which is the closing to Behold It Was Very Good.

Dear Mr. Becker,

I have had a pleasure to read your newsletters in the past. Presently we are teaching school in Belize... [I married a girl] in Winton, CA.

My reason for writing you a letter is because I am interested in investigating the success of colonies in spreading the gospel. We live in a so-called “indigenous” congregation here in Belize, called Billy White. It is a pleasant place to live, yet seems that they need more direction and confidence in how a congregation works...

The future seems monotonous [to those living here]. The minister wants to move away to Canada. That would throw the congregation to the brink. Singing is marginal at best. It is a slightly unsettling atmosphere for even myself when I think of the future... It all depends on one missionary couple's initiative to make the difference, and they at best are only temporary.

I wonder at the example of the apostles and our forefathers' way of spreading the gospel. They, by at least two men, went about spreading the gospel. A husband and wife are one unit. It is better to provide two men to a missionary effort, in my mind, for flexibility and to keep the ministering fresh and effective. Then we come to the point that God used persecution and other methods to ensure that his people spread their wings and reached out to new places and areas. It wasn't just the martyrdom that spread

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the gospel, but it was also the exposure and movement of the peoples to new areas that spread it like wildfire.

We comfort ourselves with the thought that not all are cut out to be missionaries. That is true, but still what is our personal part in the Great Commission? The Great Commission was a commandment from Christ himself. We say some need to stay back and provide the funds—and there is truth to this. We observe youth engaging in more extreme sports and yet the parents are comforted that they will settle down locally and not go to a dreadful place like Africa. Money is spent on trips to get away from it all and take a breather. Money is spent on homes and meeting places that John Holdeman warned about in *A History of the Church of God*. The amount of money we as the Church of God are willing to spend on new church buildings bring questions to what really are the motivators. Renovations seem set on padding our creature comforts. Kitchen, benches, and sound systems have high priority when it comes to building or renovating. The belly's need, softness of the flesh and the itching of the ear are appeased at the cost of lengthy council meetings that bore the senses of some and boil the blood of others. Let's not make too many over-generalizations, but enough to make a point. Are our monies being used wisely?

Finally, if a maximum amount of people could be induced into the pulse of service and mission effort we would be the better. Why couldn't we encourage more couples to move to Belize and beyond instead of just moving to another congregation. It would give us a place to invest our time and monies in right priorities. We could support members on a congregational level until they could be self-supporting after a number of years. A group of people on the field would attract national youth more readily and provide the stability they would need. Once you have youth, you have a future. The people could observe a working congregation in action. Just the fact of sitting alongside the people in the work force is the place to show the gospel light. In works and example.

Other Mennonites in Central America have shown it can be done. Sweat, blood and tears can make a lot happen. The fields are white to harvest, but where is the vision to bring forth the reapers?

My enthusiasm is to get people interested in moving into Central America to provide a base to stabilize our Church in the region. It seems more young couples could be open to these kind of ideas if they were more openly discussed as options. That is the purpose to my research.

I wish you could write me about how the Colony in Brazil proved as a mission effort.

[Questions follow here that will be answered in the open letter.]

Sincerely,

Jon-Luke Toews

Dear Jon-Luke,

We'll take your questions one at a time.

1. *What was the main motivating factor in moving to Brazil?*

The motives were good. As in all human endeavors, there is always some chaff

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among the grain. That was the case with some of the ideas we brought with us. By no way does it discredit the sincerity or motives of the move.

2. *What are the main challenges with overcoming cultural differences?*

A leopard can't change its spots and is almost equally hard for someone from a superior culture to truly descend to someone of low estate. That's about the long and the short of it. When we go to a new culture, as bearers of the truth, we do so sincerely and forcefully. The problem is we fail to see the tenuous line between doctrine and culture. Thus at times we find ourselves unconsciously proclaiming our cultural heritage as loudly as we proclaim our spiritual values.

3. *Is it true that some of the national members want to separate from the church? Why?*

This is a simple question that doesn't have a simple answer. Yes, some have left the church. It has been a hard blow. I think it can be safely said that 90 percent of the problem came about because of a very influential and talented brother who lost the way. It is bad, but it could have been worse. The church will survive.

4. *If things could have been done differently in the light of spreading the gospel in Brazil, what would they be?*

The mission aspect of the colonization project got off to a good start. Almost from the first meeting we had Brazilian visitors in church. Even though the move to Brazil was never labeled as a missionary venture, there was a definite missionary zeal. The results were good. As time went on, Brazil assumed both the funding and the personnel aspect of the work. This was a logical approach. The problem was that as first Americans, and now Brazilians as well, began moving to N America, funds began to wane. And, let's face it, funds and zeal are pretty good buddies.

You ask what we could have done differently. If you would poll the Colony, you would get a variety of answers. If the initial surge of zeal could have been maintained, I have no doubts but what the results would have been more positive. The unrest that grips the Colony, with the now bi-racial exodus unabated, does not create a favorable platform for mission work.

They say we all have 20-20 hindsight. Some do, but too many people have lost their rearview mirror and no longer learn from mistakes. Really, hindsight isn't going to change a lot of things at this point. Foresight might. (This is an ambiguous answer, and it is meant to be.)

5. *What do you think of the colony as a mission tool? Any pros and cons? Any advice?*

The book of Acts is all about mission work through colonization. There is no better method. Read the Martyrs Mirror. No, I have no advice.

Jon-Luke, you say that you are enthusiastic about getting people interested in moving to Central America. I appreciate your vision. I share your vision...

But don't get your hopes up.

We can go around and around looking for answers. We can generalize and we can specify, without getting anyplace. So let's just make a few observations. Prosperity, now called affluence, is a high priority concern of the church in N America. It is discussed in Sunday afternoon conversations, in Sunday School; it is the topic of

sermons, it is brought up as a concern in brotherly councils, in Annual Meetings and at General Conference. Always in the hope that things will get better.

Prosperity is not an issue as much as it is a place, an atmosphere. Affluence is not neutralized by a simple declaration of non-affluence. Again, prosperity is not an issue; it is the air that is breathed.

People decry affluence, but love it. So much so that, paradoxically, today American affluence is doing the church more harm abroad than at home. The many congregations that could, and should, exist in Central and South America, indeed the world over, are stillborn—indeed, they are never conceived.

From the seed of persecution, many spiritual sons and daughters were born to Abraham throughout the known world. Prosperity is the contraceptive that places pleasure before progeny, the curse that shuts the womb. ▲

News from Africa

Sudan

by Natalie Jeffery, R.N.

[Natalie lives in Birmingham, England, although she and her family are members of the Monte Alegre Congregation, in Brazil. Her dad was born in Brazil to a missionary family. His life has been spent between Brazil and England. This was also true after marriage, when he and his wife, Rose, and children continued spending time in Brazil as missionaries. Thus the South American connection. Before becoming acquainted with the church, Natalie was frequently called to Africa to work on medical teams bringing relief to the suffering. She continues to be called for tours of duty, which is how she begins this narrative.]

“Natalie, we know that Sudan is not your favorite place to work, but would you be able to help us out for a few months?”

Medair, the Swiss humanitarian organization I have worked with over the past seven years first contacted me by e-mail and then a telephone call. Their emergency response team based in southern Sudan was in need of a manager. Having worked as part of the team two years previously, they wondered if I would be willing to go for a few months until they found someone more permanent. The usual feeling of excitement and trepidation arose in me and I accepted the job.

What wasn't made clear to me was that over the two years I had been away, the ERT had dwindled and gradually phased out. Then at the beginning of the year the European Union gave over one million dollars to Medair for the ERT for the year of 2007. Medair called me, then started calling doctors, nurses, engineers and others to come and make up this new team. I arrived and was given the task of managing this budget, the new staff and the work. I have to admit to various nights of tears and desperate prayers!

During the first six weeks I was there, our team received eight new staff, gradually going to 10 members when I left. I was working on policies and guidelines, making

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contact with government officials and other agencies, and orientating the new staff, for many of whom this would be their first time working for Medair.

Our main task was to be available to response to outbreaks of diseases occurring over southern Sudan, diseases such as meningitis, measles, cholera and yellow fever. Local government officials, other agencies and military officials would ask us to come and assess any situation where a large number of people would get sick or die over a small period of time.

Generally a small team would fly in initially and if any intervention was needed, others would be sent in. It was my responsibility to organize these teams, chartering planes to send in people, camping and medical equipment, even a car now and then. The team would then send out daily data for me to analyze and report to the Sudanese Ministry of Health. It was a challenging, extremely pressured, but rewarding job.

The situation in southern Sudan is currently fairly stable [November of 2007]. A somewhat fragile peace is in place between the north and south. The various militias and military groups are being amalgamated and this sometimes sparks small riots or skirmishes as talks over pay, food and authority are carried out. The population of southern Sudan remains affected by the many years of war, with minimal education, health, environment and sanitation structures, poor living conditions and food availability, frequent epidemics sweep across the country. Now with peace, the government is working on improving these structures, not only to deal with outbreaks, but also to prevent them.

While waiting for the ERT members to arrive, the first three weeks I spent in Sudan. I, along with two other Kenyan nurses and a teacher from Canada, were sent to intervene at a meningitis outbreak. We were dropped by a small plane with our equipment and slept the first night in our tents near the airstrip. The next morning local officials met us with a car to take us to the affected area. They had been loaned the car from the nearest town, six hours away. We drove three hours through brush arriving at a burned-out building. Stepping into the long room, an overwhelming sight hit us. As my eyes adjusted to the gloom of the room, I realized the floor was covered with people. I heard children moaning and saw a lady convulsing. “Yesterday 15 were brought here and out of them nine died,” a local official explained.

Sending one nurse and the teacher to set up camp and unpack our medical equipment, the remaining Kenyan nurse, Amos and I started working on the patients, starting at our feet and working our way to the back of the room.

So began three weeks of working, seven days a week, from morning till night (and often at night). I left after three weeks, but the team continued there. By the end of five weeks we had treated over 500 people with meningitis, and of these 16 died. But one little boy stood out in my mind. He was brought in one afternoon, a small child about seven years, convulsing and with all the signs of meningitis. He was carried by three women and two small girls straggled along behind. I was doing triage and admissions that afternoon, so handed them a mat and found a space on the floor to place the child. We then began to give medications to fight the meningitis, lower the fever and stop the convulsions. It was a difficult case. At home he would be in ICU, but here he was on

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the floor of a bombed-out building with simple nurses using minimal equipment and drugs to help in this battle against the disease.

Amongst the many, this little boy and those with him captured my attention. His frequent convulsions, vomiting and high fever kept me often kneeling by his mat. It was hard to look into the faces of the three women as they looked on trustingly while I inwardly prayed for this sick little boy.

As the days passed by, he gradually improved, but he wasn't the same; his limbs were stiff, he couldn't talk coherently and cried continuously. Yet each time I passed by this little group, I was impressed by these three women. At least one of them was always massaging his stiff limbs, laying next to him and holding him when he cried, singing and talking in comforting tones, making food for him and patiently trying and trying again to feed him. It seemed as if all their energies were being placed in keeping this small boy alive. In a country where death is more common, this stood out to me.

Due to the constant influx of patients, we generally had to send patients home sooner than is normal in developing countries. I was doing ward (or bombed-out building!) rounds the day he was ready to be discharged. He was able to walk now, staggering slightly on his skinny, stiff legs. As I discharged him, I wanted to express my admiration for the care these three ladies had given. I knelt on the mat with them and explained how I had been impressed by their care. As the translator translated, one of the women explained: "I am the boy's mother." Indicating the other two ladies, she added, "That one is my sister and the other one is my mother. My sister has lost her husband and child. My mother has lost her husband, our father. My husband was killed in the war. We had 10 children, but seven have died. The other two children are girls. My son here is now the man of the family."

I guess the sadness of this and my tiredness all hit me as I began to cry. Then the old lady reached across the mat and took my face in her hand. She said, "Thank you for helping us!" One by one the three ladies took my face in their hands and shook my hands. It is a moment I will never forget.

As they rolled up their mat with their few belongings inside, I watched them till they were out of sight. There they were, the three ladies with their bundles on their heads, two supporting the tottering boy. I knew he was safe in their loving hands.

I also realized that I am safe in my Savior's loving hands. He loves so much more than those three ladies loved their little boy. When I am weak, perhaps tottering like this boy, God carries me, sustains me and encourages me. It was a privilege to meet and learn from those three ladies.

I spent five months in southern Sudan, also spending a week visiting our church mission in Kenya. It was an encouragement to be with Min. Melvin and Elvera Penner and meet the Kenyan brethren.

Unfortunately, during my time in Sudan I contracted typhoid, but after treatment and getting as much rest as possible, I am feeling much better. I want to thank all those who prayed for me or sent me letters while I was away. It was truly appreciated. ▲

Readers Contribute

What it took to get an 8th grade education in 1895...

Remember when grandparents and great-grandparents stated that they only had an 8th grade education? Well, check this out. Could any of us have passed the 8th grade in 1895?

This is the eighth-grade final exam from 1895 in Salina, Kansas, USA . It was taken from the original document on file at the Smokey Valley Genealogical Society and Library in Salina, and reprinted by the Salina Journal.

8th Grade Final Exam: Salina, KS - 1895

Grammar (Time, one hour)

1. Give nine rules for the use of capital letters.
2. Name the parts of speech and define those that have no modifications.
3. Define verse, stanza and paragraph
4. What are the principal parts of a verb? Give principal parts of “lie,” “play,” and “run.”
5. Define case; illustrate each case.
- 6 What is punctuation? Give rules for principal marks of punctuation.
- 7 - 10. Write a composition of about 150 words and show therein that you understand the practical use of the rules of grammar.

Arithmetic (Time,1 hour 15 minutes)

1. Name and define the Fundamental Rules of Arithmetic.
2. A wagon box is 2 ft. deep, 10 feet long, and 3 ft. wide. How many bushels of wheat will it hold?
3. If a load of wheat weighs 3,942 lbs., what is it worth at 50cts/bushel, deducting 1,050 lbs. for tare?
4. District No 33 has a valuation of \$35,000. What is the necessary levy to carry on a school seven months at \$50 per month, and have \$104 for incidentals?
5. Find the cost of 6,720 lbs. coal at \$6.00 per ton.
6. Find the interest of \$512.60 for 8 months and 18 days at 7 percent.
7. What is the cost of 40 boards 12 inches wide and 16 ft. long at \$20 per metre?
8. Find bank discount on \$300 for 90 days (no grace) at 10 percent.
9. What is the cost of a square farm at \$15 per acre, the distance of which is 640 rods?
10. Write a Bank Check, a Promissory Note, and a Receipt.

U.S. History (Time, 45 minutes)

1. Give the epochs into which U.S. History is divided.
2. Give an account of the discovery of America by Columbus.
3. Relate the causes and results of the Revolutionary War.
4. Show the territorial growth of the United States.
5. Tell what you can of the history of Kansas.

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6. Describe three of the most prominent battles of the Rebellion.
7. Who were the following: Morse, Whitney, Fulton, Bell, Lincoln, Penn, and Howe?
8. Name events connected with the following dates: 1607, 1620, 1800, 1849, 1865.

Orthography (Time, one hour)

[Do we even know what this is??]

1. What is meant by the following: alphabet, phonetic, orthography, etymology, syllabication
2. What are elementary sounds? How classified?
3. What are the following, and give examples of each: trigraph, subvocals, diphthong, cognate letters, linguals
4. Give four substitutes for caret 'u.' (HUH?)
5. Give two rules for spelling words with final 'e.' Name two exceptions under each rule.
6. Give two uses of silent letters in spelling. Illustrate each.
7. Define the following prefixes and use in connection with a word: bi, dis, mis, pre, semi, post, non, inter, mono, sup.
8. Mark diacritically and divide into syllables the following, and name the sign that indicates the sound: card, ball, mercy, sir, odd, cell, rise, blood, fare, last.
9. Use the following correctly in sentences: cite, site, sight, fane, fain, feign, vane , vain, vein, raze, raise, rays.
10. Write 10 words frequently mispronounced and indicate pronunciation by use of diacritical marks and by syllabication.

Geography (Time, one hour)

1. What is climate? Upon what does climate depend?
2. How do you account for the extremes of climate in Kansas ?
3. Of what use are rivers? Of what use is the ocean?
4. Describe the mountains of North America.
5. Name and describe the following: Monrovia, Odessa, Denver, Manitoba, Hecla, Yukon, St. Helena, Juan Fernandez, Aspinwall and Orinoco.
6. Name and locate the principal trade centers of the U.S.
7. Name all the republics of Europe and give the capital of each.
8. Why is the Atlantic Coast colder than the Pacific in the same latitude?
9. Describe the process by which the water of the ocean returns to the sources of rivers.
10. Describe the movements of the earth. Give the inclination of the earth.

Notice that the exam took FIVE HOURS to complete.

Gives the saying "he only had an 8th grade education" a whole new meaning, doesn't it?

Also shows you how poor our education system has become and, NO! I don't have the answers! ▲

Just for Fun

Cna yuo raed tihs? Olny 55 plepoe out of 100 can.

I cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacly uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid, aoccdrnig to rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it dseno't mtaetr in waht oerdr the ltteres in a wrod are, the olny iproamtnt tihng is taht the frsit and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it whotuit a pboerlm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Azanmig, huh? ▲

News Year Day

[This was sent by a Brazilian and I have translated to English. It involves an Arab family. English not being their native tongue, they exchange the P sound for B.]

“You’re crazy Dad. I can’t believe what you are saying.” Jakob is yelling so loud that all Jerusalem hears him.

“That’s the way it is. We can’t stand to even look at each other anymore. We’re going to sebarate because that which was sweet has turned sour. Call your sister Rachel and tell her what is habbening.”

Scared out of his wits, the young man calls his sister in Vienna. After hearing the news, she looses it too.

“No way, our barents are NOT going to sebarate. Call dad to the bhone.

The old man comes to the phone and his daughter fairly shouts:

“Don’t do anything until we get there tomorrow. Do you understand? I will call Moishe in São Baulo, Shloimo em Buenos Aires and Esther in New York. Tomorrow night we will all be there. DO YOU UNDERSTAND, Dad?”

She slams the phone down without even giving her dad a chance to say anything.

The old man hangs up too, a lot more gently, and whispers to wife, so that Jakob won’t hear.

“Everything is arranged, Sarah. The whole family will be home for New Year’s Day.”

He hugs his dear old wife and a wicked little grin creases his old face.

“And this year we won’t have pay for their tickets.” ▲

The Husband Store

A store that sells husbands has just opened up in New York City, where a woman may go to choose a husband. Among the instructions is a description of how the store operates. You may visit the store only once! There are six floors and the attributes of the men increase as the shopper ascends the flights. There is, however, a catch. . .you may choose any man

from a particular floor, or you may choose to go up a floor, but you cannot go back down except to exit the building.

So, a woman goes to the Husband Store to find a husband... On the first floor the sign on the door reads:

Floor 1 – These men have jobs and love the Lord. The sign on the second floor reads:

Floor 2 – These men have jobs, love the Lord and love kids. The third floor sign reads:

Floor 3 – These men have jobs, love the Lord, love kids and are extremely good looking. “Wow!” she thinks, but feels compelled to keep going. She goes to the fourth floor and the sign reads:

Floor 4 – These men have jobs, love the Lord, love kids, are drop-dead good looking and help with the housework. “Oh, mercy me!” she exclaims, “I can hardly stand it!” Still she goes to the fifth floor and the sign reads:

Floor 5 – These men have jobs, love the Lord, love kids, are drop-dead gorgeous, help with the housework and have a strong romantic streak. She is so tempted to stay, but goes to the sixth floor and the sign reads:

Floor 6 – You are visitor 4,383,012 to this floor. There are no men on this floor. This floor exists solely as proof that women are impossible to please. Thank you for shopping at the Husband Store. Watch your step as you exit the building and have a nice day! ▲

Knock, Knock... Who's There?

A nurse on the pediatric ward, before listening to the little ones chests, would plug the stethoscope into their ears and let them listen to their own hearts. Their eyes would always light up with awe, but she never got a response equal to four-year old David's comment.

Gently she tucked the stethoscope into his ears and placed the disk over his heart. “Listen”, she said, “What do you suppose that is?”

He drew his eyebrows together in a puzzled line and looked up as if lost in the mystery of the strange tap - tap - tapping deep in his chest. Then his face broke out in a wondrous grin and he asked, “Is that Jesus knocking?” ▲

Brazil Exports Zebus to India

A hundred and twenty years after importing six thousand head of zebu cattle from India, Brazil is about to reverse the procedure and sell the Indians breeding stock from their genetically improved herds. ▲