Interview with Rev. Milton P. Andrews*
January, 13, 1992
by Robert Ewing

^{*} Source material cited in the interview is contained in the bibliography, on page 26, of the essay "A Path to Liberalism".

4 MA: . . .for his [Dr. Harold Bass's] experiences you can borrow one of my copies.

5 He wrote Orthodoxy Heresy and a Faith for Today. It is a pretty complete account

of his religious battles, with his own back ground of fundamentalism and Seventh

Day Adventism and missionary work in Korea and becoming doubtful about

Seventh Day Adventist assumptions concerning their being heathen and pagan

and not having a true religion. If you have any questions you should read it. It is

quite a story.

RE: Where would you like to start?

MA: I've got my notes here. I'll just go ahead and pick it right up and you tell me if it isn't what your after. I 'm starting with my early remembrances of religious and social back ground and influence and so forth.

I was really born into a parsonage family. My dad and mother were both ordained ministers in the Free Methodist Church. That's a fundamentalist branch of Methodism that goes back to the mid nineteenth century, about 1835 to 1850, when the church got started and its original name had to do with the abolitionist movement actually. Free worship for all races was one of their tenets -- They had

1	five things: (1) free worship, (2) freedom from costly apparel (they were very
2	conservative in dress, and never did have a wedding ring myself, no gold or silver),
3	(3) freedom from secret societies, (4) freedom of the spirit ("low church" versus
4	"high church"), (5) freedom from instrumental music (the choir and organist were
5	often the "war department" in churches of that day). They felt that the Methodist
6	Episcopal Church in the Genesee Conference of New York was dominated by
7	people that were in secret societies like the Masons you know and so on and that
8	was the kind of thing that five different emphases on how they chose Free
9	Methodism.

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But the problem is that they hardened around that theological emphasis of fundamentalism and looked backward instead of forward. Looked backward to John Wesley and what they considered to be pure Methodism. So that was the heritage that I grew up with, a very stern strict religious atmosphere, although my dad and mother were not red-necks or racially prejudiced like many fundamentalists down in Missouri and below.

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RE: Where about was this?

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MA: I grew up in Missouri. . . . I was born in Oklahoma City but my folks moved when I was about one year old to Missouri and my dad had pastorates through out the Northeast of Missouri Conference. We lived in California, Missouri, Sedalia,

Missouri, St Joseph, Missouri, Rhineland, Missouri, Hannibal, Missouri. That is where I went to High school and so forth --.

Anyway it was very conformist and it was called a holiness sect. I used to feel very defensive about my religious connections, or kin, when I used to go out to play with the kids or go to school, they had this term "holy roller" they had heard about people, who had conservative (pentecostal) religion and how they were holy rollers. I didn't want to be classified as a holy roller, I hated that word. So I kept a pretty low profile about my religion with my peers, young people and children I played with.

The emphasis of that holiness movement is upon two works of grace: You have to be saved and then you've got to get sanctified. You go to the "alter" to get these conversion experiences (mourner's bench, actually). The first is called justification, and second sanctification. And there would be quite a discussion among people as to whether Milton who went to the alter and got saved was sanctified yet? Did he need to go back and get sanctified. That kind of thing you see. So the result was I was going to the alter just about every time there was a special service or anything because I always felt guilty (said with chuckle). And latter on some of us had a funny saying (among teenagers you know how you get cynical about things), we said "In the Free Methodist Church you are saved, sanctified, ossified and petrified".

We were all so poor! You see I was born in 1922 and grew up right in the heart of that depression, the great depression, and things just got worse and worse until the 30's so in my childhood all I can remember is how we scrambled just to put food on the table. We used hand me downs cloths from anywhere we could get them, and mainly from our relatives mailing us "hand-me-downs" or second hand stuff they had come across one way or another.

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It was hard scrabble and much of Dad's support, in those little Missouri charges he had, was what you call in-kind stuff, like someone would bring a dozen eggs to church and give them to Dad or maybe some one would loan us a cow that we could pasture in the back yard so to speak, and maybe give us some cow bran to go along with it.

I can remember one year in Chillicothe, Missouri. I was just old enough to begin to understand what was going on when they had their little business meeting and brother George Yeoman stood up, he was the treasurer of the church, and he made a plea with the people. It was the Sunday before Annual Conference, and Dad would be taking us off to camp meeting. That's in the days when you had a big tent and camp meeting. He made a plea with the people to make an especially good offering because he liked to have, to be able, to send in a report that they had given us(our family) \$365.00 for the year. That would be a dollar a day, and that stuck in my young head. I was probably in the fifth or sixth

grades at that time. But that's how it was, and there were already seven of us in our family then, living on one dollar a day. Those were hard days, and we were really saved by the fact that there was just a lot of love. My folks saw to it that my family lived on love, a lot of love. Though we were lower class, or maybe lower middle class and poor we never had that feeling (as I look back at it anyway) of being "in" poverty. There was always the sense we were doing God's work and therefore we weren't the scum of the earth at all. Even though our clothes might look like it, and food on the table might look like it, we really were special and Mom especially drilled that into every one of us kids that God had a special place for us. We were all given that sense of destiny. That is one of those priceless gifts that parents can give their children. That the world really needs what you have to offer. Don't' ever sell yourself short. That was drilled into us.

I grew up in sand lot games and sports and that kind of stuff with "down home" music. All of us kids learned how to play an instrument. I remember for Christmas one year, all I wanted was a guitar and that's what I got. I only found out later that my folks had bought that guitar on time. It took them six monthly payments to pay for that guitar for me, but they must have done the same thing with my brothers and sister. Because we all got our instruments. Les played the mandolin, Alice played the trumpet, you know, it just went right down the line.

RE: How many brothers and sisters?

MA: I am the oldest of nine (eight living). Mother beside the nine of us live births (actually the ninth one was a still birth, umbilical cord strangled it, Little Joe). But in addition to those nine births, full term pregnancies and births, Mom had six miscarriages. She didn't tell me that until Kate and I were expecting our first child, and I don't know why in the world she felt that would be helpful information to us, that she had six miscarriages. I think she centered it on the point that she was trying to make that she loved giving birth to everyone of us kids. Even with six miscarriages, she would do it again. It was that kind of thing any way that was a sobering bit of information to me and helped me to under stand why in all of the years of my youth, until I went away to college, I never knew a day that my mother wasn't sick. She was either recovering from child birth or having morning sickness with the next pregnancy. And I never understood that, I thought she was a sickly woman. Now I understand how strong she must have been to have done all that.

But I was lucky I had some good teachers along the way. I think we all can say we owe a lot to good teachers, and one of them was a lady named Miss James that taught music in Chillicothe, Missouri when I was in fifth and sixth grade. She was just very appreciative, proud, she even said, astounded, at my ear for music. She said I had an absolutely perfect ear for music. She taught me to sing, the alto part, the second part, in all the songs the kids sang, so we had harmony in our class room music. And she would have me lead others who would try to do

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The reason I mention that, however, is that along the time I entered junior high school, -- I went to seventh grade in Chillichothe, Missouri, and then we moved right after that, -- but about the time I was in seventh grade my voice was just changing into baritone from soprano you know. There was a man in town named Peterson, who owned a shoe store, and he wanted to form a quartet because he wanted his boy to star in it and he was trying to find out where there were three others to sing the other parts. But this Miss James, I don't know whether she suggested any other people or not, but she suggested me for the low part. Evidently told him that I had done this in her music classes. They tried me out and it was a cake walk for me. The songs were familiar to me. Negro spirituals, and just old time songs like I love you truly and folk songs. So I sang the parts easily and they accepted me, but they were just appalled at my dress, so they bought me my first white shirt -- a dress shirt, and my first suit -- a black suit, dress suit, and my first pair of black oxfords, and a pair of socks to go with them, a tie to go with my shirt. The only thing is they didn't trust me to take them home with me. So they kept them at the Peterson's house where we practiced the quartet songs. And when we got ready to dress up to sing on any program that we had an invitation to in the community, I would go over there and they would make me take a bath and then dress me up in my fine cloths. I would come home after all these experiences, you know, and we sang at this Kiwanis and the Rotary and at the PTA and all these different clubs and in school houses and every where. And finally on the radio stations and I got to go to Kansas City with this quartet and stay in a hotel, which was a whole new world to me.

[Problem with tape 238 to 225. "Small caps" sections were presented in written form, but are substantially the same as the lost tape sections.]

I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE LUXURY OF IT ALL -- THE CHANDELIERS, THE THICK,
PLUSH RUGS, THE RICH FOOD, THE MUSIC, AND DANCING -- THE WOMEN IN LOW-CUT,
FORMAL GOWNS, AND MEN STRUTTING AROUND IN TUXEDOS AND SMOKING BIG
CIGARS, LIKE MILLIONAIRES!

WHEN I GOT HOME AND TOLD MY INCREDULOUS BROTHERS AND SISTER ABOUT IT ALL, THEIR EYES GOT BIG AS SAUCERS -- AND THAT'S HOW DREAMS ARE BORN IN EAGER YOUNG MINDS AND HEARTS.

Well, in 1932 Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected president and things began to change. My brothers and I had scrounged around in alleys and ditches looking for scrap metal to sell at the junk yard. We would get one cent per pound for iron, four cents for copper, and ten cents for aluminum. They called us "alley rats" -- and I remember our quartet singing at some Rotory Club, and the chairman called us up front

1	AND LECTURED US ABOUT HAVING HIGH GOALS: "NONE OF YOU ARE GOING TO MESS
2	AROUND IN THE ALLEYS AND DUMPS LIKE THOSE ALLEY RATS WE SEE AROUND TOWN
}	ARE VOILS!" AND WE ALL SHOOK OUR HEADS "NO!" (SMILE)

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BUT WITH F.D.R. WE GOT A "NEW DEAL." AND I MUST SAY I GET A LITTLE IMPATIENT WITH PEOPLE WHO SAY THE "GOVERNMENT PROGRAMS" ARE A WASTE OF MONEY, ETC. -- BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT THE WPA AND THE CCC AND THE NYA DID FOR PEOPLE LIKE US. THE WPA (WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION) BUILT THE HIGH SCHOOL I GRADUATED FROM IN HANNIBAL -- AND I WAS JUST BACK THERE FOR OUR 50TH ANNIVERSARY AND IT'S STILL IN FULL USE AND GOOD CONDITION! THE CCC (CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS) PUT YOUNG PEOPLE TO WORK WHO WERE OUT OF SCHOOL AND JOBLESS -- BEAUTIFYING OUR PARKS AND FORESTS, AND ROADS, ETC.. AND IT WAS THE NYA (NATIONAL YOUTH ADMINISTRATION) THAT GAVE US HIGH SCHOOL KIDS PART-TIME JOBS AT MINIMUM WAGES, TO EARN A HOT MEAL AT THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA AND A LITTLE EXTRA CASH -- WHICH WENT TO HELP MY FOLKS. I PUSHED A BIG BROOM UP AND DOWN THE HALLS AT HANNIBAL HIGH, AND CLEANED UP THE ROOMS AFTER SCHOOL. THE SCHOOL CUSTODIAN LIKED MY WORK AND GAVE ME EXTRA JOBS ON THE WEEKEND, CLEANING UP AFTER SPORTS EVENTS AND DANCES, ETC..

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BUT MY BROTHER, LES (LESLIE), WAS ASSIGNED TO A JEWELER'S STORE
WHERE HE DID THE SWEEPING AND CLEANING UP. AND THEN HE WOULD LOOK OVER

L	THE SHOULDER OF THE JEWELER AS HE WORKED ON WATCHES. THE JEWELER ASKED
2	HIM IF HE'D LIKE TO LEARN HOW TO DO THAT WORK AND LES SAID, "YES!" SO THE
3	BOSS TOOK HIM DOWN IN THE BASEMENT AND SET HIM A BENCH WITH A "BIG BEN"
1	ALARM CLOCK, AND TOLD HIM TO TAKE IT APART AND THEN COME AND HAVE HIM

CHECK IT -- AND THEN HE HAD HIM PUT IT BACK TOGETHER.

MY BROTHER, LES, HAD A HIGH IQ, AND HE DID WHAT THE BOSS SUGGESTED IN RECORD TIME, SO LES WAS SOON WORKING ON WATCHES - AND EARNING HALF OF EVERYTHING THE BOSS CHARGED HIS CUSTOMERS. THAT MEANT THAT LES WAS EARNING MORE THAN DAD. IT WAS A TIME OF REJOICING FOR OUR FAMILY. LES TAUGHT MART, AND THEY TAUGHT BOB, AND THAT SKILL MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO EARN THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE. AND WHEN DAD RETIRED FROM PREACHING AND MOVED TO MCPHERSON [KANSAS] (SO THE GIRLS COULD GO TO A "GOOD FREE METHODIST COLLEGE", THE BOYS TAUGHT HIM HOW TO DO WATCH REPAIR, AND THAT'S HOW DAD AND MOM SURVIVED (THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH HAD NO PENSION AND DAD GOT VERY LITTLE SOCIAL SECURITY INCOME).

BUT LOOK AT WHAT THAT "NEW DEAL" DID FOR US -- JUST ONE FAMILY! I
MISSED THE WATCH REPAIR BUSINESS (I WAS ALREADY OFF TO GREENVILLE
COLLEGE!), BUT WE ALL GRADUATED. I BECAME A METHODIST MINISTER, MY
BROTHER, DR. LESLIE ANDREWS, ALSO BECAME A METHODIST MINISTER. MY
BROTHER, DR. MARTIN ANDREW, IS A LEADING PHYSICIAN IN OKLAHOMA CITY (AND

1	HAS TAUGHT AT THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL). MY BROTHER, DR. ROBERT				
2	Andrews, is a retired Bishop of the Free Methodist Church and my				
3	SISTERS: ALICE IS A BUSINESS WOMAN, EUNICE A CAREER WOMAN WITH THE				
4	VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, MARTHA A RETIRED SECRETARY AND BUSINESS WOMAN				
5	ANNE THE WIFE OF A BUSINESS MAN.				
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7	SO DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU CAN'T SOLVE ANYTHING BY GOVERNMENT				
8	PROGRAMS OR BY "THROWING MONEY AT PROBLEMS," THAT'S JUST CONSERVATIVE				
9	SEMANTICS				
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11	that it doesn't solve anything that way that's baloney. You do solve things.				
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13	At Hannibal High School I became an officer in my class and in student				
14	council, and I was on the high school debate team which won the in the state of				
15	Missouri. And we went to Beverly Hills, California to national contest and won				
16	second. I got to go to the world's fair in San Francisco, that was in the year				
17	1939, Treasure Island, that was my introduction to that. So really I've been				
18	lucky in a lot of ways.				
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20	I was also, during all of this time, considered to be the golden boy of the				
21	Free Methodist youth program in the Missouri Conference. I was elected				

president of this and that and was allowed to be their representative at all the big

meetings, and so forth. So I got a lot of good training in public relations and speaking and presiding and that kind of thing at an early age.

[start bad tape 360 end 414]

I also became determined to get a college education. So the summer after I graduated from high school I talked my parents into letting me hitch-hike to Greenville College in Illinois (about 125 miles from Hannibal) to look for work so I could earn my way through college. I packed my clothes in a suit case, and made it to Greenville, Illinois in record time, with 25 cents in my pocket. I walked into the president's office (I had met him a Annual Conferences) and said "Dr. Long, I want to go to college."

HE SMILED AND INQUIRED WHY I HAD COME SO EARLY IN THE SUMMER, AND I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO DO SOME JOB HUNTING, AND I NEEDED A ROOM TO STAY IN.

HE LET ME HAVE A BED IN THE MEN'S DORM AND I BOUGHT A POUND OF BOLOGNA AND A LOAF OF BREAD, AND BEGAN SCOURING THAT LITTLE COLLEGE TOWN FOR A JOB. ALL I GOT WAS PROMISES, THAT WHEN SCHOOL STARTED IN THE FALL I COULD GET WORK -- "RUNNING" CLOTHS FROM THE MEN'S DORM TO THE CLEANERS FOR A COMMISSION, OR CHECKING STOCK, A STOCK BOY IN THE GROCERY STORE, ETC., ONLY PROMISES.

On Sunday I went to services at the college church and Dr. Long spied me and asked how I was doing. "Any work yet?" I said no. but I had some promises for the fall. "And where are you eating?" I told him I had bought a pound of bologna and a loaf of bread, and I had been eating that while I looked for a job. President Long looked quite concerned.

"This whole week?" I said yes sir. He said, "Well you come home with me to dinner." Here I was eating with the president of the college already (laugh). I wonder what he really thought. I've always wondered what he really thought about that. All through the eating he grilled me about my set up. How I expected to go to college and all that. I told him I was working my way through. In fact I hoped to get enough money to send my folks money because they really needed it. And somewhere along the line it got though to him that I really wanted to go to school. So he offered me a cleaning job there at the college to pay my room and board sweeping the floors and mopping, dusting, and cleaning out the rooms and all that stuff. So that's how I got started at Greenville. I wound up doing that cleaning business, running for the cleaners. I did a little bit of a stint in grocery store, but not much because I got a job working at the press at the print shop—college print shop.

Then when they had the quartet try outs, I tried out and I got baritone on the quartet, college quartet, which was a real plum! It wasn't just the fact it paid my tuition, but that's what they did. That's how they paid the quartet. The quartet was one of the public relation arms of the college. You would go out and sing at the churches and tell all the young people to go to Greenville. Sing at the schools, high schools, and tell them all to go to Greenville. So I got on the quartet.

Then during the next summer I went along the roads in that area and developed a milk route for the Hygienic Dairy. I had gotten a job driving a milk truck shagging milk as we called it, with the Hygienic Dairy. I built my own route for myself and the boss then gave me a truck and let me run that route to help me work my way through college.

Also during the summer I would paint and do contract work for the college. They found out I was a good worker. So it did wind up, by my second year I was sending money home to my folks from college, paying my own way. Then the problem was I didn't know when to rest. This has been a problem all my life of course, because I'm a high energy person. The guys in the dorms had no concept of what it meant to me to have to get up at 4:00 in morning and run that route before my 9:00 classes you know. So I was lucky if I could get to sleep by midnight, or later than that actually, after they had all quieted down. Then I had to get up (but they could sleep on), but I had to get up at about 4:00 and be down at the dairy at about 4:30 to start running my route, every day of the week. It began to wear me down. What happened actually was that I would just fall asleep

in some of my classes. Everyone got to worrying about me, you know, the kid's 1 2 killing himself just to get an education. My mother most of all, because they 3 evidently communicated with my folks that I was working too hard so she would 4 write me letters worrying about me, "I wish you'd quit that milk route." She knew that's what got me up early in the morning. "I wish you would guit that milk 5 6 route I'm so afraid you are going to have an accident. You are working too hard 7 and they tell me you fall asleep in class. If you fell asleep at the wheel you'd be 8 killed." So that was almost like a self-fulfilling prophecy. . . The only way I could 9 get a day off, any of us, at the Hygienic Dairy was to give each other a day off. So 10 Ralph and I had a deal going, (he was another driver, he was a town route driver, 11 I was the out of town driver). He knew my out of town route, I taught him that, 12 he taught me his town route. We'd give each other a day off by working a double 13 shift that day. . . . I got up at 2:30 in the morning. There had been a heavy snow 14 fall and I ran Ralph's route first, the town route, and I used his truck because it had a heater and my truck didn't have a heater in it. And it was just bitter cold. 15 and I was fine as long as I was doing that town route from 2:30 to about 4:30. I 16 ran his route, shagged all his milk. Then the temptation was too strong, and I 17 18 decided to just stay with his truck because he had that heater. I got in there and 19 started to do my out of town route along the highway, all those different filling 20 stations and places I delivered the milk . . . Praying I would find a place that was open where I might get coffee. Nothing was open, nobody got up on that morning. 21 So I delivered all my milk. I got by pretty well, going on my route, but coming 22

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All I needed to do was get back to the dairy. And I fell asleep at the wheel. I could have done that any of a hundred mornings because I would doze and then the car would jar as it started to go off the road and I would wheel it back, you know. But that morning I guess I was really tired and I passed out and all I remember was a blinding crash. I woke up in time to see a light spinning off into space. It was the head light on the side that hit the bridge. I had gone down a hill or slight rise in the road, down into a culvert area where there was a stone bridge across this culvert. And evidently the truck had wandered off enough that the right fender and front of the truck hit that bridge and swung the rest of the truck around and I rolled over three times the length of that bridge. I think the fact that I was asleep was all that saved me because my body was just so relaxed I just flopped around with the impact, in fact a case of bottles hit me in the head with the impact, and knocked me out, anyway, I think because I know I had a big goose bump back there (points to back of his head). That was the only injury except a little scratch right on this wrist under my gloves. I had those -- I had two pair of gloves on. One was a tight fitting glove and other was a big flared type that had a big cuff on it. A piece of glass got under there and scraped me.

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When I came to, I was down against the pavement. The other door was up

there and I heard a motor coming. And I thought, "God I'm going to get run over, somebody is going to hit me." So I doubled up and kicked that door open and stood up waving my hands, and it was the bread truck. He and I passed each other coming and going, you know. He saw the mess. He got out and said, "Milt! what in God's name did you do?" and I told him I must have gone to sleep at the wheel. And he said, "Are you all right." And I said, "Yea." And he said, "I'll call the state patrol. You get out here and flag down traffic. Don't let anybody hit that mess on the bridge." So I . . . that's the way we worked it out.

But I tell you this because there is an interesting coincidence along with it. A couple of days after that accident I got a card from my mother, dated that morning [date of the accident]. She couldn't sleep. She got up about 2:00 in the morning, and she prayed for me, and there were tear stains on the post card. Mom could get more on a post card! (one cent that is all she could afford, but boy she packed it). And she wrote on both sides clear up to where she addressed it. She told about praying and worrying about me and then finally she signed it "I'm tired and its 5:00 and I feel you are in the hands of God, love Mom." Quite a thing to get in the mail after an accident like that.

Well I was elected president of the student body there. I think they probably felt sorry for me; wanted to give me a little compensation for all the hard work and the accident and everything. I was also in the a cappella choir and we

got to go clear across country on a big tour to Miami Beach. I remember I was on Miami Beach, Florida under a full moon with everything blacked out, it was war time. Everything was blacked out; that was coastal, so they were blacked out. Full moon with my girl friend. It was an unforgettable time; not really my girl friend, but a girl friend, my girl friend Kate was back home. But Joanna was closer (chuckle) at that time. Anyway I had all those wonderful experiences.

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Then of course the war had broken and we had been pushed into it by the bombing of Pearl Harbor. So what the government offered us was: if we were in college, if we wanted to finish that school year, they would let us do it, if we would enlist rather than waiting to be drafted. So I enlisted in the Navy under a program called V12 officers training. And they said, pick out the university or college you would like to go to for your training. And I picked out Columbia University, New York, or North Western University, Chicago. I wanted to get to the big city, just a country kid you know. So where did they send me? They sent me to Oberlin, Ohio. And I thought that crazy Navy, they were just playing with me, but they didn't know what a favor they'd done me. Oberlin is probably one of the finest schools I could have gone to. It was like Greenville, in a small college town, and that's all it was, but what a tradition! The first school to allow women to attend in the United States, the first coeducational college. The first school to allow blacks to attend, Negroes. When I got there I looked up the history of that college. The Cleveland Plain Dealer had headlines "Niggers" and women in the

same college" -- in Oberlin your know. Talking down the policy of the College, too liberal. So this was a liberating experience for me.

Greenville actually was liberating in terms of Free Methodism because just like all [church] college campuses they are far ahead of their constituencies. And the church gets really worried about them, what's going on, on the college campuses. So I was moving in the direction of liberation but it was actually at Oberlin, that there was a whole new world, academia, for me. A wonderfully explosive world of new ideas, and new challenges, and it was troubling, too, because I was struggling inside with the conflict of my fundamentalism and this liberalism that I was learning about.

Again, I was in uniform by then with the Navy and I was elected president of the student body. I think it was the uniform that did it, and the fact I was a good public speaker, because they had all of us candidates speak at the big student assembly or rally before the student election and nobody knew me except by the fact of my name and the fact I was part of the V12 officers program there. But, you know, in those days, or do you remember Robert?

RE: Those were before my days (chuckle).

- 1 MA: Alright! Officer's uniforms and a big world war going on. That was the
- 2 male image. The officer, especially the Navy officer, Navy blue. There I was
- 3 walking around campus with girls whistling at me. So I just walked away with
- 4 that election.
- Nobody even knew me. Just crazy! I already had one college campus, a very
- 6 conservative one, I was president of to the student body. Now here's a very liberal
- one. What a difference, what an experience! That's what I got to have.

RE: How did you deal with it?

MA: It was a struggle. A struggle for me constantly. For instance they wanted me to go to all the dances and be the, what do you call it?, not the chaperon, but leader of the dance. I forget, they had a name for it. But anyway, I didn't know how to dance, I had a couple of girls, who'd figured they'd teach me how to dance because I was the president of the student body, I think. They had a hard time teaching me anything. I walked all over their feet (laugh). It was joke on campus. The president of student body can't dance, and in fact my whole presidency was a joke to the campus because they knew it was my uniform and public speaking that got the job. But they were surprised that I had experience as a president of a student body. And that I could handle a student council, and relate to the faculty I knew how to do that. I had a very good relationship with president Wilkins, there at the college faculty.

RE: Was Oberlin, -- did it have religious back ground?

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MA: Yes, Presbyterian. The famous evangelist, what was his name?, . . . one of those famous evangelists, who founded the college, I can't remember his name right now. Anyway there is a joke on campus, that when he was there as the pastor, the president and founder of the college, people would come to visit and his daughter [the evangelist's] got old enough to answer the door. When she would answer, and Father wouldn't be home, she would say, "Father's not here, but come in you poor lost miserable sinner and Mama will pray for you". That's how the kids would joke about it. Also that was evidently the period of the hoop skirt. And he, this evangelist, this pastor that founded the college he just . . . denounced the hoop skirt as the work of the devil, in his passion. The kids had this joke, that one day he went to the post office and the president's wife was coming out of the post office in a hoop skirt and he, this evangelist stepped back and said "good afternoon child of the devil," and she tripped through the door and said "good afternoon, father". (laughter) That's the kind of stuff kids thrive on you know. Making fun -- of the past.

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That was Oberlin. Great experience for me. I was forward on the soccer team, lettered in soccer. Became a member of the Heisman Club, by the late John Heisman, . . . player and then Coach of Oberlin and founded (?) (not sure, it was named after him) the Heisman trophy. So Oberlin is the only college that can

claim the Heisman club because it's club, it's their school.

Also it was the college that had the primary stock in American Aluminum. The guy named Hall, a student named Hall in the chemistry class there at Oberlin was challenged by the chemistry professor to go for a formula for making aluminum. He said, they were so close to it. He gave the student all he knew about it and the student, Hall, after he graduated went to his home, he lived right there in Oberlin, and set up a kitchen where he kept experimenting, until he got the formula for aluminum. So Oberlin has the primary stock in aluminum, the Aluminum Company of America. Even when I was there they had twenty-three million dollars just in that one account. So that's how it got to be an Ivy League deal. One of the wealthiest colleges in America. I had wonderful professors at Oberlin that I will always be indebted to.

And the pastor at the First Methodist church [not Free Methodist], Dr Harold Williams, was an influence on me too. In fact when I got elected as Student Body President he invited me to his home, and asked me to be youth director for the church. He knew a plum when he had one. So I became youth director at the church and I listened carefully to his sermons which were liberal.

Then I had professor Walter Marshall Horton, in theology, one of the most liberal theologians of his time, and a very fine teacher. He could take a question you'd give him (you know how dumb student questions can be) and rephrase it

and make it sound like the most profound thought you had, and then he would expound on it. It just gave us the feeling in his classes that we were dealing with great stuff! Because he saw how smart we were, what great students we were, what great questions we were asking (chuckle). Wonderful guy, wonderful guy! He was one of my teachers.

And Herbert Gorden May, Phi Beta Kappa guy, wonderful teacher on the Old Testament. Probably influenced me to major in Hebrew and the Old Testament in my graduate studies and he's the one who saw that I was really struggling. I would sit there after class, after he told things about the back ground of the history of the Old Testament. Thinking to myself, "What does all of this mean?" He could tell I was struggling and he would come over and sit down in a desk opposite me and say, "Milton I know what you are going through." I remember him telling me he had gone through the University of Chicago, divinity school, and that his first week he stayed up all night arguing with his room mate and other students about the virgin birth of Christ. He really gave me the feeling that I wasn't out there doing some strange thing by wrestling with these matters and questioning my faith. That this is a normal natural process. I really have to say how much that helped me during those years.

And Clarence Tucker Craig, in the New Testament did the same kind of thing. A different kind of a guy, but he was actually a member of the church were

I was the youth director, the First Methodist, so he helped me a lot too.

And then it came time for me to go to officers' school in Champlain, New York -- that's were we studied. It's an old Army base but the Navy took it over because it was on a lake so you could use the ships. They put me through line officers training for ensign's commission. I was within two weeks of commissioning, already had my suit from Hart, Scheffner and Marks, . . . in New York City. The stripes already on the suit for me. And the CO (commanding officer) called me and said, "Andrews, we have new orders for you, but I'll go to bat for you," he said, "if you don't like the orders. They want you to go back to Oberlin and enroll in the Graduate School of Theology, and become a chaplain. We're short of chaplains. And you were majoring in lit. and theology, evidently, in college." I said, "Yes sir, I was planning to be a religious journalist." He said, "I don't know about your journalism, but you are going to be a religious chaplain unless you want me to go to bat for you?"

I had already heard by the grapevine, of course (you know how it is when you are going to be shipped out: Where are you going?). Scuttlebutt had it that we were headed for Tokyo Bay with landing crafts. I was going to be in charge of one of the landing crafts. And I knew what that meant! I knew that Tokyo Bay was mined . . . just about every yard or two, . . . and I said, "No Sir, I don't think I'll ask you to go to bat for me. I'll take the orders." So I went back to Oberlin and

they put me through staff officers training. Twenty thousand bucks for line officer training, and twenty thousand bucks for staff officers training as a chaplain . . . and I was within just a little more than a year of being commissioned a lieutenant commander as a chaplain in the Navy when the war was over with Japan . . . no it was Germany, the war was over with Germany. And they didn't need as many chaplains then. And finally they dropped the atomic bomb. That's what ended the war wasn't it? It was Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I was just within a little more than a year of commissioning when that happened, so it was over!

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[turn tape over]

MA: Before I go on with my discharge, I want to tell you the experience I had while at the officer's school, there in Plattsburg, New York. We were in our training at the point of hand to hand combat, and that's when they gave us guns and told us to kill-kill! But part of that hand to hand combat was that we put on gloves to get into the ring and slugged it out until we dropped. It was an elimination type of thing. Starting at the platoon level and working up to the unit and who ever survived. I survived the first three conflicts. I was up to the semifinals. Then I got eliminated because you were getting guys then that had golden gloves training, or actually knew how to box. All I knew how to do was just slug.

But one night during that period I had a terrible nightmare. The most awful nightmare I ever had in my life. It is still just as vivid as yesterday, when I think of it. In this nightmare, I saw an old farm house built in the old stately style, with the cupola on top, sort of like a little tower, and a gables on the sides of the roof, and then a veranda type porch extended like a horse shoe almost around the building, a big spacious yard, and then a fence, and a gate, and drive road up to the house. But it was all run down and dilapidated.

My father was standing there at the gate looking longingly down the driveway. I was driving away from the house in our old Model T, which was one year older than I was. It was a 21 model with running boards and isinglass and all that. My mother was on the running boards right beside me, the driver's side. My brothers and sister (I think there was just Alice that I saw in there in my dream, because the others were still too little to enter into my struggle) . . . they were all yelling at me, crying and telling me, "Stop - Stop!" I was gripping the steering wheel trying to keep the wheels from falling into the ruts of the road. It was one of those old muddy farm roads, we used to have leading up to the house. And Mother was right there beside me grabbing at the steering wheel, trying to get my hands off the steering wheel, trying to wrench the steering wheel away from me. Which meant the car was plopping into the ruts and back out again, and one by one my brothers and sister were falling off and I would run over them. And then I could see in the chauffeurs mirror that I crushed them, their bodies,

and there was blood all over the road. Finally they'd all dropped off but Mom, and there was Mom screaming at me, tears streaming down her face, and clutching, and finally the car bumped into the rut and out again, and she fell off, and I ran over her.

And I woke up screaming in a cold sweat in a dormitory full of Navy officers. They were all around that bed. I was on the lower bunk and they were saying, "Andrews - Andrews, what in Hell's wrong?" Trying to wake me up, and I was just shaking and looked and was dazed. I couldn't orient myself - where am I, that was so real! And finally they got me calmed down and I said, "It was a nightmare, guys, I'm sorry. I got to piss." So I excused myself and went down to the head [toilet] and I grabbed a whole roll of toilet tissue and a pencil, and I wrote out that nightmare so I wouldn't forget it. I thought I would forget it. I never would have forgotten it, anyway. And then the next day I wrote to my folks and told them how terrible this officers' training was. They were making us fight and slug it out, and telling us to kill-kill, and look at what had happened, and I told them the dream. I killed all of you. That's how mixed up and terrible I feel about this war.

I didn't tumble to the meaning of my dream. It was years later when I was in La Grange, Ohio (that was my first pastorate) that I began to have that question at all. I went through a hay-fever and asthma clinic (I had developed

hay-fever allergies by then). A psychoanalyst there was part of the staff. After they tested me for foods and dust and all kinds of stuff, then he invited me into his office and said, let's have a little free association. I didn't know what that was, but he said, "Have you ever had bad dreams or nightmares or anything?" and I said "I sure have, and I had one that I never will forget." And he said, "tell me about it." I told him, just what I told you. He said, "What does that mean to you?" I told him, what it meant to me, and I noticed he didn't agree with me. He didn't disagree. He just tipped his head back and looked back up into the air, and got a thoughtful look on his face, and he said, "What are your plans for the future?" I told him I was planning to go back to New York City, to do graduate study at Union Theological Seminary. He said, "Good, you go ahead and do that."

Then he never said anything else.

You know, that it was 1955 or 6 at Rainier Beach, right here in suburban Seattle. I was sitting at my study one day reading Dr. Leslie B. Weatherhead's book Psychology, Religion and Healing. It was full of case studies, but he was telling about a case of a woman who had rashes on her breasts at crazy times. She couldn't figure out what was causing them. Doctors said, that there was nothing wrong with her. He had her keep a notebook in which she would record when this rash would occur, and everything that she could remember about the circumstances surrounding that time, when that happened. She brought that back to him and he noticed that in the circumstances, she had indicated seeing a

certain car, automobile. And he said, "What does that mean to you? It looks as though you see an automobile. Do you recognize that kind of a car?" And she said, "Yes I do." And he said, "What does it mean to you?" She said, "I'm embarrassed to tell you." He said, "Well maybe it is the answer to your rash."

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She told him that she had an affair with a guy in the back seat of that make of car. Dr. Weatherhead said, "Now do you understand why I wanted to know what that car meant to you?" After that her rash went away, because she understood it. I was reading that and he had a wonderful paragraph in there (it's a classic that book of his). He had a paragraph in there explaining how there is a psychosomatic connection between our body's disfunction and our mind's torment. What ever it is. Especially if there is guilt involved.

So, of course! - I felt guilty about leaving my fundamentalist religion, and it just hit me like a ton of bricks. "That's what my nightmare meant!" I had to symbolically kill my entire family, who were the last bastion of tenacious opposition to my becoming a liberal [liberal is used in more than the political sense and includes a very strong religious element, that is counter posed to fundamentalism, RE]. I had to drive away: from that run-down church, that looked like the old dilapidated farm, stately farm building, from my father whose mode was to always let me run my course and be there if I needed him, always worrying about me but never trying to tell me what to do. My mother, the

dominant parent, who was always determined to make me do the right thing, and agree with her. I destroyed that last barrier to liberalism. Not until then did I really become free. Not until I understood **that**, at Rainier Beach, did I begin to become free of my fundamentalist background. Maybe I never will be totally free of it, but that was the beginning anyway, a turning point.

I take time to tell you that because I think that is significant in everyone's life. I think everyone has similar types of turning points in his or her life, that you can look back at later on, and say "ah-ha" that was it.

RE: You don't always recognize it at the time?

MA: You don't always see it at the time.

But where was I then? Oh yeah. I got discharged and I got married that very same year. I was discharged in the winter of '45 and in the spring or the summer of '46 I was youth pastor at Central College (that was a Free Methodist college in McPherson Kansas). And my wife Kate had just graduated from the college there. She stayed on so we could be together, and it was a long hot summer, and before it was over we were married (chuckle). The college president had asked me (he saw we were in love), and he clinched it by offering me an apartment and the job of dean of men, at the college . . . it was just a glorified

an apartment there. My wife got a teaching job in a one-room school house, out in the country. We settled down there, that first year of our marriage. She taught elementary school and I taught English and world history for the college. Then we went back to Oberlin to finish up my graduate work at the Graduate School of Theology. Then I was ordained as a Methodist minister, and I immediately went to New York City, New York State, to enroll in Union Theological Seminary for graduate work.

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RE: You were a Methodist, was there a hyphen to the Methodist?

MA: No, I was a Methodist. That is an interesting point there. The Methodists saw that I was becoming liberal and they clinched that by offering to ordain me as a Methodist minister rather than a Free Methodist minister. Even though I had gone to Navy officer's training as a Free Methodist candidate for the chaplaincy. So that was a big disappointment to the Free Methodists bishops in the church. They really never have forgiven me for that. That's how that happened.

Well, after we went back to Oberlin, Kate went on to do some college work and I went on to finish my graduate study. We took a charge, that was my first church, La Grange, Ohio. It's nine miles outside of Oberlin, and that was La Grange Methodist Church. Just a little one horse town. It was really simple with

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the streets going four directions like spokes out to the country and 500 people in the immediate environs there, of La Grange. They didn't have any community services, no city offices, or services, including no trash pick up. So I organized the kids in the youth group (I had a big youth group), to be the garbage collectors for the community, and I became the driver. I put one of those trailer hitches on my old Chevy, and we bought a wagon, and I hooked that wagon up behind my car. I tell you this because it was such a blow to the ego of my congregation, that their pastor had become the garbage collector, and the youth group had become the garbage collectors for the community. But the community loved it. They thought that church is really trying to serve this community. And I lost my feeling of compassion for garbage collectors because we made so much money! I told the kids to charge fifteen cents a basket for people who put out their garbage, some of them didn't have baskets so they'd put out a pile and kids would always call me over and say, "Milt how much should we charge them?" And I would look at it, and if it looked like two baskets I'd say, "30 cents." If it looked like a huge humongous pile, I'd say, "50 cents," judging what I knew about the income the people. So nobody would argue with the pastor, and the kids knew that. They wouldn't try to argue. They would just call me over and I'd just give them my official pastoral look on my face and say, "50 cents, 25 cents," what ever, and they paid because then they were paying the pastor (chuckle).

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We would load that wagon and head out to the dump that was between La

Grange and Elyria, Ohio (half way). . . . I would line the kids up along the side of the wagon. I would take some great big can or something down and put it on a heap down in the center and say, "Anybody who hits that can gets an ice cream cone!" And they would unload in about five minutes flat. And one or two of them would hit the thing and I would buy them an ice cream cone. After all, we were making money. We had more fun, you know that's how we would spend a Saturday afternoon gathering garbage. I don't know if we did it every week, or twice a month. I think it was every week. It didn't take too long, just a small community.

Anyway we made over a thousand dollars in that one summer and we rented a hall, and we equipped it with all kinds of games, shuffle board, ping pong, everything. We paid all the fees for all the summer camps and retreats and institutes. La Grange always had a huge youth group there and they wondered how we could afford it (chuckle). And we gave to all kinds of charities. We gave out of the fund. I wanted the kids to get the missionary attitude.

That was the kind of thing that got me into trouble in parish after parish. Just doing things that ministers shouldn't do. I remember when old Grandma Rawsow called me and said, "Milton you don't need to do that. You don't need to be the garbage collector for La Grange. People can take their trash out to the dump (pleading with me)." Well we did it anyway. I finished at Oberlin and we

1	went to New York.	I took a charge at a little church called Gardnertown in	ı up

state New York (not too far up state), up river, up the Hudson river from New

3 York City about 60 miles. It was a two point charge, Gardnertown and

4 Fostertown. I waded in there gung-ho, and soon had the biggest youth group in

town, and did an awful lot of stuff I shouldn't have done. I should have

6 concentrated more on my graduate work, but I thought I could do both, you know.

I -- did what I've always done, just poured myself into it.

I became the state director, the State Council of Churches, Director for Migrant Ministries for the Hudson Valley. Migrant workers from Jamaica--Jamaicans, Southern blacks, Puerto Ricans -- that was the main types we had. And this got me in trouble with my Methodist churches because many of my members were fruit growers and owned those farms. And they didn't like it that their pastor was defending the rights of the migrant workers. And yet they couldn't take it out on me because I was their pastor. All they could do was to plead with the district superintendent to move me (laugh) and he didn't do it! I finally moved myself. But those were experiences I had.

Boy that experience at the Union Theological Seminary was a wonderful experience. Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, Samuel Terrien (the editor of Interpreters Bible series), Harry Emerson Fosdick -- homiletics, Ralph Sockman, -- these were all my teachers. We had visiting lecturers: Bultmann from

1 Germany, lectured at Union while I was there. Billy Grahm came and spoke while

I was there. Everybody stopped at Union Theological Seminary. Who's the

3 Jewish scholar, "I/thou" relationship guy [Martin Buber]? He lectured there. Just

a tremendous experience.

The first place, the only place where I've ever been where I sat beside full professors from other universities who had come to hear Niebuhr and Tillich lecture. Sat right beside them. Professors from Columbia University, Barnard School for Women, Jewish Theological Seminary of America, these were all schools right there in Manhattan right around Union Theological Seminary. That was my training in theology, the apex of my training. Although Union at that time was a center for neo-orthodoxy. Niebuhr, he led the school of neo-orthodoxy you know, but it was still liberal, liberal-orthodoxy. Neo-orthodoxy was just a reaction against liberalism, against the superficiality of some liberalism. A good balance for me because I had gone through the apex of liberalism at Oberlin, see. So I got that balance. Helped me to understand the winds of doctrine and theology in America.

My children were born, three of them, back there. I feel really sorry when I think of what Kate went through. She was just practically a student's widow at this time. Because I would have to go down to New York City. She was up there

¹ The Morning News Tribune, 3-21-92, appendix.

in Gardnertown, Fostertown, Milton-on-the-Hudson which were the three charges that I served during that time. They were born there. With Irene, the third birth, Kate went into postpartum depression. She was actually depressed all the time, but this was serious, this was mental disorder.

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After Irene was born Kate attempted suicide one night while I was up there. It was after she was so sick and so depressed I said, "Honey, you get some rest and I'll take Irene." And I took Irene on my lap on a little cushion mattress, jiggling her while I typed my thesis. Kate felt so guilty about all this, I know, she told me later. . .. That after I came and fell into bed and went right off to sleep at about 2:00 in the morning, she got up and turned the gas on in the oven, and tried to commit suicide, but she couldn't do it. The room was too big. She thought because she smelled the pyrofax gas so strong, it was enough to kill her. It just wasn't. So she came back into the bed room and shook me awake, and I remember her glassy fixed stare. She said, "Milt, you've got to get help for me. I just tried to kill myself." I was dazed, you know (just so tired from working so hard). I couldn't believe I heard her right until I looked at her eyes and saw that glassy fixed stare. I said, "What did you do?" She said, "I went in and turned on the gas," and then I could smell it. Then I said, "well Honey we will get you help." I got on the phone and called a psychiatrist. And he said if she is willing to commit herself, you can take her over to Poughkeesie State Hospital (that's across the river from Milton-on-the-Hudson), and she can commit herself for 60 days, and then leave under her own recognizance. I told Kate this and she said, "I'll do it."

So we went over there, and I left my wife behind bars.

That was probably the beginning of my growing up, as a husband. Up 'til then I was just into the macho world of my study, my training, my this, my that is what's important. Kate is my help-mate, she will be right there to support me in all this, but I never thought about what all this was doing to her. I had to face it then. I had three children then. One of them just a babe in arms a few days old. So I had to give up my thesis right on the verge of my orals and take care of that family. Summer came and the counselor out at Poughkeesie State Hospital said, "you're going to have to take this girl back to where her folks are. She has had all three of these children without her mother ever being near her. And you haven't been here either." I had to admit that. I was down in New York City when both Twila and Irene were born. This all began to hit me, what I had done to her. So I began to grow up, as a husband, right there.

Well, I told my district superintendent that we were going to have to make a transfer. I arranged to come out here [Washington] with district superintendent Dr. Clark J. Wood to adopt me because I had visited Kate's folks who lived out here on vacation and just in passing I'd gotten acquainted with him [Dr. Wood] and he tried to get me to stay out here and take a church then, but I told him I was still doing graduate studies in New York City. He told me, "You come out

- 1 here when you're done." So I wrote to him and told him what was happening,
- 2 that my wife was in a mental hospital. That I had to make a change, and he
- 3 offered me Rainier Beach Methodist Church. That was my coming to the Pacific
- 4 Northwest.

Which just brings us down to where your third question (laugh)?

RE: How was you're trip?

during those days of our separation.

MA: I'll tell you about that trip. I had to say good bye to Kate and she wept she said, "Milt, Lars! will you ever come back and get me?" I knew she could walk out of there after sixty days and I said, "We will be back together. I'll never leave you," but she had to be reassured. There was a popular song back then, which really became kind of our theme song. You know how husband and wife will have certain subtle signals, that they and only they know about. I think this song was called Unchained Melody something about, oh my love. my darling, I hunger for you or something like that. Like the river hungers for the sea and I need your love. I remember some of the refrains in the song. That became . . ., every time we would hear that for years and years while the kids were growing up, if she would hear it she would come put her arms around me; if I'd hear it I'd go find her. We'd listen to it and bond, just bond to each other. That's what she thrived on

I put Paul and Twila in the back seat of our old Chevy. They stood up, (there were no seat belts back in those days) because they wanted to see the sights and I played games with them. Irene was on a little cushion on the front seat beside me and I drove all the way from Milton-on-the-Hudson, New York to Rainier Beach, Seattle with those three babies. And having to convince every motel along the way that I wasn't kidnapping the children. And the way I was able to convince them was to show them my Methodist minister's order. I was a Methodist minister so I couldn't be kidnapping those children. And the way Irene survived, I would stop at drug stores and buy distilled bottled water which I used for her formula, and I bought Similac, which is what the obstetrician back there told me to give her. Fed her that, and told Paul and Twila to watch for ice cream places. "If you see an ice cream sign, we will stop and get you a cone." I stuffed them with ice cream cones all the way across the United States. We would stop every now and then at a park, and I would let them play on the swings, while I'd just pass out on the lawn beside Irene in the grass. We got across country that way to Rainier Beach. And a truck brought all my belongings out. And then, Kate joined us later.

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That little Rainier Beach church was really good to us. They welcomed us with open arms. That's where we really had a terrific pastorate. The church loved us and we loved the church. It was between wars, so my activism didn't hurt quite as much. Although the bomb thing was in everybody's mind, and the

Sobels -- not [Helen and] Morton Sobel, he was a friend of, the Rosenburgs -- The Rosenburgs were executed and Morton Sobel was put in prison for life. Out here on the West Coast a group of ministers, among whom I was one, drew up a petition like they were drawing up all over the country for the freeing of Morton Sobel² because we felt he had been railroaded on the bases of perjured testimony by a guy named Max Fellicher. . . I was elected to take back those seven thousand signatures to Washington, DC and deliver them. This was the most controversial thing I did while I was at Rainier Beach. There were people there who felt I shouldn't be defending that communist. That's how they felt. There was still a lot of that McCarthy era type thing around at the time. This would be 1955 to 1960 that I was at Rainier Beach.

I got into all kinds of social action things during that pastorate. I was district director of Christian Social Concerns for the Seattle District. I was also elected to the board of the Alcohol Problems Association, and on the board of the Seattle Committee on Alcoholism. I was elected chair of the State Council of Churches Legislative Committee, and planned the legislative conferences in Olympia for all the ministers. And in general I was just doing the same thing I had always done in my life, I was just going-going-going all the time, morning to night. But by this time Kate was used to me, and took it in a lot better stride,

² letter, 6-10-70, appendix.

and I also was more careful to express my love to her and cherish her and the children after that experience of her having to be in the hospital. There is so much I could say around that factor alone.

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We were at Rainier Beach for six years from '55 to 60-61, through '61, and then I was transferred to Colfax First Methodist over in Eastern Washington. At the county seat for Whitman county, Paluse country we called it. Wheat growing country, so I had wealthy farmers in that church. And I just took along my social activism and liberalism, and I -- they didn't know what hit them. Both of us didn't know what we were up against, but it was a rough experience as a pastorate. Kate was so discouraged, as she thought I had made a mistake going out to a rural charge like that. From Rainier Beach, we doubled the membership there, built a new church, bought a new parsonage. I could, she felt, I could have moved into a big position, but I wasn't into that yet -- ever! I never had been. Maybe I would have gotten into it if they had pushed me into it. But I didn't, too controversial. So at Colfax I just preached the same liberal sermons I'd always preached. I began to challenge some of their narrow patterns and assumptions in their community. There was a Whitman County Sponsors Club, they called it, that got wind of the fact that I was a liberal and they began a campaign of vilification. Tracking all of my liberal involvement including the famous Sobel's signatures, and so forth. And they began to label me a communist. In that little community you could have picked them up, and shaken out all the pockets empty, and no communist would have fallen out of any pocket in that community. But that's how they saw me.

The Kiwanis club, Rotary Club and all those community clubs invited me to join. The First Methodist Church was the church there in Colfax. I had refused to join because I wanted to give full time to calling on all of the members, I had 400 members in that church. So I had a secretary, just make appointment, after appointment, after appointment and I called and called and called in that community. And they chafed under that. When I got through with my calling and applied for membership they knew about my sermons and they black-balled me. They had this system where if any member had reason, personal reasons, for black-balling an applicant the person would be turned down. So I was black-balled. And things just went from bad to worse in that respect.

There was a radio station, one radio station in the community, KCLX, that had a Dr. Carl MacIntyre on there every morning, a very rabid right wing religious/political type speaker. A defrocked Presbyterian minister who was against the schools, the government, the churches, everybody. They were all pinkos and comsymps. He went after the Methodists on his programs. So I decided when I got my turn -- This station had a slot of time just before Carl MacIntyre which was supposed to be devotional time given over to the ministries, the ministers of the community. And you took turns, a week at a time, you got a

whole week, so I planned my week as a series of sermons dealing with the church and social controversy. One thing I was determined to do was answer this Carl MacIntyre, who was lying I said. In one of my talks I said, "How to lie with documentation," and I pointed out what he was doing. I got a hold of his papers, and sources he was quoting, and saw how he was using these quotes out of context. Then I gave the people in my talk — I gave them the full context, and I said, "You see what this man is doing?" I just ripped him apart. Quote by quote, and oh, the phones lit up at that radio station! On the third day of my presentation, the title of my talk that time was going to be . . . "Who are these people really against?" The owner of the radio station canceled my talk. When I got there, he just cut it off. He said, "they'll never let you talk." I found out later that the Whitman County Sponsors's Club had told him to either to cut me off, or they were not going to advertise with him.

So there I was in the middle of controversy again. The local hardware store man who was a member of the Congregational Church, and one of their elders put up a bulletin board that showed a picture of Khrushchev on one side and me, my picture on the other side. Khrushchev the leader of the communist world and Andrews, the "Red Bishop of Colfax", is what he called me. He had all these thing about me that were definitely, incontrovertibly "communistic."

Well let me tell you about an interesting thing just to give you an insight of

what Kate had to go through as being the wife of this pastor through the years. 1 2 She wanted to have shish kebobs for our supper one day, and she didn't have skewers. You know what shish kebobs are? So she went to the hardware to get 3 4 the skewers and here he was, the owner of this hardware store, berating a woman 5 about that God Damn Methodist minister, red minister in Colfax. He kept saying 6 Andrews this and Andrews that. Kate walked up behind him and said, "did you say Andrews?" and he wheeled on her and shook his finger under her nose and 7 said, "yes, young lady and I don't care if you are a Methodist!" And she said, "I'm 8 his wife!" And of course he turned all the colors of the rainbow. Kate stayed right 9 10 there and bought her skewers. The other lady left, and he tried to stammer out 11 an apology and said, "I didn't know you were his wife. I'm sorry." And she said, "I'm sorry I came here to get my skewers." And she walked out. I didn't know 12 about any of this until after midnight that night. I woke up needing to go the 13 bathroom. I heard her sobbing, and I listened to her a few minutes to make sure 14 it wasn't just a dream or something, and she was really sobbing. So I rolled over 15 and grabbed her and said, "Honey what's wrong?" And she wouldn't tell me and 16 said, "it's nothing." I said, "there is something wrong, Kate, you have got to tell 17 me." Then she blurted out this whole story to me. She was the one who had to 18 answer the phone when I wasn't home. When a guy would call up and say I'm 19 going to send you a blivit (that's five pounds of shit wrapped up in a plastic bag), 20 that kind of stuff. No wonder she got an ulcerous condition. The doctor had to 21 put her on a milk diet for a while, just before we left Colfax. But you get the 22

picture. In Colfax, I became persona non grata, and they asked me to move again.

We moved back over again to the West side. That was 1963 when they asked us

to move out of Colfax.

I also had a confrontation with the school board. They had fired the principal and the superintendent of schools after the April 15th dead line, which is when teachers have to know so they can get a job for the following year if they aren't going to be rehired. So I challenged them on that, and we had a big community meeting, and that added fuel to the fire for their wanting to me move I guess. They said, I made them hang out their dirty linen (chuckle).

So we were asked to build a new church in Alderwood Manor. Which is where Lynnwood is now, they call it all Lynnwood now, but that used to be called Alderwood Manor. In fact the mall there I think is still called the Alderwood Mall. When I moved there they said, there were more horses there than people. Kind of an estate area. The Methodist Church had bought an old farm estate there, and that's where we were going to build the Alderwood Manor Methodist Church. So I started from the grass roots there. Literally, that's all we had there was grass. I went from door to door, began to build a congregation. I was there from '63 to '67 and we chartered a church there. When I left they had 267 members. And the reasons I had to leave there, I'm sorry that in everyone of these cases it was kind of like I had to move, but the Vietnam War had begun to

1 heat up and I came out in opposition to it. I had nephews over there.

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RE: What year was this?

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MA: This would have been about '66 -- '67, which is early I'll admit to begin to oppose the Vietnam War but you could see the hand writing on the wall: I could anyway. I had young people from former churches that were over there too. I had correspondence, and I felt I was on solid ground because I had really studied. I had read up on Vietnam, and one of my mentors was Costigan of the University of Washington.³ So I came out to opposition to that war and I joined the CALC, Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam. I went back to Washington DC in opposition to the war. Flew back with ministers there. Again the congregation didn't like it. I had officers from Paine Field in my congregation there. I had thought that starting a church from scratch, and all the people knowing me from day one that I could be honest with them. Even though controversial, I could be honest with them, and they wouldn't turn tail or doubt my veracity and sincerity and my conviction about something as important as that war. But it still created quit a bit of up roar, and I remember my Christmas sermon "Joy to the World?" I just exposed the whole thing for what I saw in the future. If you read that sermon now, you would say I had already been through the whole Vietnam War, and was looking back. I told them exactly what I thought was going to happen. It all did

³ letter, 5-23-70, appendix.

happen. Interestingly enough some of those officers who shipped out and went to Vietnam began to write back to me and said, "you were right." Even after I had left Alderwood Manor and come to Epworth here in Tacoma. One of them came to visit me and really apologized and said, "Milton what can I do to make up to you what we did to you, in Alderwood Manor?" I said, "there is nothing you can do to change that. Just go out and be honest with your fellow citizen about what our military, our pentagon is doing in cases like this. Tell the truth," is all I told him. "I tried to tell the truth to you and to others." So they kicked me up stairs so to speak. Sent me to Epworth, this big cathedral church here in Tacoma. I just went right on preaching against the Vietnam War. Witnessing against it.

At that time there were a couple of young ministers' sons here that were organizing a group called the Resistance. It was Dave Soltman who was the son of the pastor at Mason Methodist, and David Vance who was the son of Father Vance at Saint Luke's Episcopal. They sent out a plea to the ministers in the community to study the Vietnam War, and to come to their meetings and join them in their resistance to this terrible (and they had all kinds of adjectives about the war), terrible war. I went and I agreed with them, and I said you're right, and they appreciated it. I was the only minister in Tacoma who did that. That got me into some trouble with my congregation. They found out about it. I began to put up materials on the bulletin board at the church, that questioned the Vietnam War.

In our youth group we studied the war. I had some young people, especially the son of an officer, military officer, who was rebelling against his dad, and maybe just as much as he was against the war, and he was elected president of my youth group, and when it became "Youth Sunday" I had him speak. He denounced the war just like the pastor did. They said I put the words in his mouth. I didn't at all, he was much more radical than I was. He knew. He had argued with his dad about this. But anyway that was the kind of upheaval that was going on.

A hundred people left the church during my three years at Epworth, out of a congregation of four hundred, so that made a dent, a sizable dent, and finally the bishop and the cabinet began to panic, I think, a little bit about it. Especially after I was arrested in Wright Park with the Resistance. We chained ourselves together with a chain because at all the rallies we had gone to they would always separate me from the rest of the kids. "They'll probably do the same thing if I don't link myself with you kids somehow." So we decided to use this chain link and tie ourselves together with a pad lock. But of course the police had these great big old clippers, and clipped the chain and arrested seven and arrested me this time along with the kids. And I spent the night in jail, and that upset my congregation further. My family were of course worried, too. You have been here at my home at Christmas time. Have you seen the decorations that Kate made,

the doves and the peace symbols on my Christmas tree?

RE: Yes.

My wife made those. That was her way of supporting me. Kate had come full circle by now, and was almost as radical as I was. Only she did it in her own way. She had open house in the parsonage. She decorated a big beautiful tree with those home made decorations. Having her children, my daughters, and sons make those decorations with her make those decorations with her, the white doves and peace symbols. As her educational (she was a teacher at McCarver), as an educational, as well as a Resistance action, and then invited all the congregation to come to our open house. She didn't say a word, but that tree was right there in the center of the living room. They had to see it when they came to our open house. And our kids were right there with her -- Paul, Irene, Twila and Carl (I don't know if you know any of our kids?)

RE: I met Carl.

MA: You met Carl. Carl was just a baby, just a young kid then, early elementary, fifth or sixth grade I think. But the others were older and they remember very well, and Carl does too, he remembers.

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So they finally circulated a petition. I think the lay leader of the my church did it. I never asked to look at it. I didn't want to pollute my sermons with knowing that when I looked at people making a point, knowing, "you're the one you son-of-a-bitch, I ought to be saying this to you." I didn't want that. I wanted to able to look everybody in the eye and make my point without knowing a thing about whether they'd signed a petition against me or anything like that. So I never have known for sure, but I've been told it was the lay leader of the church, who circulated the petition that I had to leave. As they were losing too many members and so forth. And the bishop called me over to the cabinet meeting and I think they were meeting in Federal Way. I went, figuring maybe they had a new appointment for me or something. I had to move almost every place I'd been. I was ready for that, but I wasn't ready for what happened. I went in there and the bishop said, "Milton you're going to have to leave Epworth and nobody wants vou." Which wasn't true. I found out there were churches that would have been glad to have me. But what he was really telling me was, "we don't want you to go to another church, to upset another congregation." So he said, "we are asking you to take voluntary location." Now that's a technical phrase to most of the unenlightened. Even Methodists don't know, the average layman doesn't know, what that means. It goes back to John Wesley and the circuit riders. The circuit riders were called **traveling** elders, which meant that when they got an appointment, they had to take on this point and ride the circuit. Travel the circuit. Traveling elders,

ordained elders and they were traveling elders. Of course that time had long since 1 2 passed. So I was ordained an elder, not a traveling elder. And yet the old terminology persists in the Methodist discipline. "Voluntary location" means that 3 a minister agrees to guit because he is no longer a traveling elder. He is located, 4 see, voluntary location. That's what the bishop asked me to do, and the cabinet. 5 6 They said, if you don't do that we are going to initiate involuntary location. Which 7

meant they were going to fire me, as a Methodist minister.

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RE: Is this anything like being excommunicated?

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MA: Well, it just means your being fired as a Methodist minister. It is more like a regular corporation firing somebody. Firing a foreman or a boss. You are really fired. So -- I left, I didn't feel like arguing. I knew I had worked hard at Epworth. I'd called on every member of the congregation just like I did at Colfax and the other churches. I said to the bishop simply, "I wasn't called as a Methodist minister to be successful, but I do feel I was called to be faithful, and I think I have been faithful." And I walked out.

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I was notified that I was to appear before the Board of Ministerial Training or Ethics or what ever it was for a final dispensation of my case. In the mean time I studied the discipline and found out there was a clause in the discipline that said that any minister, any Methodist minister, who served acceptably for

twenty years may at his own discretion and request be granted retirement in full connection. I had served twenty three years. So when I went to that meeting at which they were going to lower-the-boom on me, I beat them to the draw. I said gentlemen, "I here-by request the twenty year rule retirement." They looked it up and looked up my record and said, "you qualify. There is nothing we can do about that. Retirement granted." It let them off the hook in a sense, really, and left me off the hook, too. So I'm still in full connection, eligible for my retirement pay and so forth.

So I took a leave of absence, a one year sabbatical. And after that I simply went back to school at the University of Washington, and got teacher certification, through a program called TEPFO, Teacher Education Program Field Oriented. In which you'd go to university "methods" lectures for half a day, then be put in the class room immediately. Not like teacher trainer, at teachers colleges, where you go for four years and then a year of cadeting. We got it all in one year. This was for second career people of course. You had to have a college degree to qualify for it. So I took that and I taught for a while. During this time I had to move out of the Methodist system of course, and Kate and I joined another Methodist family that had withdrawn from a Methodist ministry. That was Chuck and Mary Gruenewald up in Lake Forest Park, just above Seattle. We became an extended family. Moved into their home, and paid them rent. I got a job at OEO, that is the Office of Economic Opportunity, under Johnson's administration, working for

an agency called Extended Services for the Elderly in Seattle. I became Director of Public Relations, and helped to establish the meals on wheels program for Seattle which is still going. I did that until I finished my course at the University of Washington. Then I began to teach.

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In the mean time, however, my wife had been killed in an auto accident, summer of 1971. We were just coming back from Seabeck Conference, Fellowship of Reconciliation, July 4th weekend. Got back to Tacoma and stopped at Baskin's and Robin's to get ice cream cones. When we got back into the car, Dave Gruenewald, who was riding with us back, and had been sitting in the center without a seat belt and Kate on the other side of him, said, "Mrs Andrews would you like to trade places with me so you can sit by your husband?" She said, "well yes, thanks Dave." So she took the place there without a seat belt. Dave was over there and I was driving. As we came out of Tacoma onto the freeway down there where you go around that bluff heading towards the Puyallup exit, where you can't see until you get around it, I began to accelerate to freeway speed. As I got onto the freeway it began to rain, or it had started raining and it began to rain a little heavier, and as I went around that curve I saw nothing but a sea of tail lights, all lighted as thought the brakes were on, and they were. What had happened was a guy towing a boat with a VW bug coming home probably from the lake or I don't know, the ocean. And he began to fish tail. The boat began to fish tail and finally got out of control and rolled him and the boat and the VW over

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and over again and blocked all four lanes of the freeway. So all the cars came smashing against each other. Twenty-four cars in the pile up. I hit the car ahead of me and a pick up truck hit us from behind. And when I hit the car ahead of me, we all had our brakes on, it was just like butter. Just skidded right into each other. When we hit the car ahead of us, Kate's head went flying into the windshield, her head made a big goose egg in the windshield; didn't break, thank God. But then when the pickup truck hit us from behind it switched back and her head snapped the steering wheel, broke that segment of the steering wheel off, and smashed my face into the center column of the steering wheel and broke my nose and knocked me out. When I came to, I looked down and there was Kate's head just hanging by the skin of her neck. She had broken her neck at the third cervical and her eyes were still open . . .

[2nd tape]

His head [Dave Gruenewald's] had smashed against the dash board and had immediately blinded him, temporarily. His eyes were puffed shut so he couldn't see, and of course he was numb and thought he was blinded permanently and had broken his nose, too.

The ambulance came and hauled Kate away. Miraculously her spinal cord had not been snapped by the break so they were able to set her head in traction

and then operated, putting a new vertebrae in there. Dr. Ben Blackett was the physician, neuro-surgeon. He showed me the x-rays. It was a beautiful job. He had taken a bone out of here (hip), but they lost her three times on the operating table because the third cervical is the one that controls all of the involuntary actions of the body, breathing, swallowing, etc. She had no way to sustain herself. They almost lost her on the operating table. But she did survive for a week. Trouble is that Dr. Blackett was so tired he didn't make the collar they usually make for broken necks and it slipped out, the vertebra he put in slipped out, and instead of being a help it was a hinderance. She couldn't swallow, and she had trouble breathing. He couldn't operate again because it was too delicate an area and it could all rupture from the surgery he had just done. He said, "we'll have to wait until that heals until we can operate again." We'll Kate just went right down, and the following Saturday night she died, in my arms. That was a horrendous experience for all of us. The kids, of course, will never recover fully from it. It is buried in their psyche so deeply. I'm sure they may blame me for that because I was driving. And they always felt I wasn't as careful a driver as I should be. But I admitted to them I had accelerated up to freeway speed, going on the freeway.

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I was in shock. I went on and finished my degree at the university for teaching. In the mean time one of Kate's sister teachers at McCarver asked me for some advice, some counseling, she was just divorced from her husband. Jean

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Hotsco was her name. That was my second marriage. She and I fell in love.

That was her design, anyway, she told me later. She needed the counseling to get me acquainted with her. We had seven years of marriage, but she was nineteen years my junior -- almost a generation gap. Excellent for my kids. Just the person they needed at that time. She understood their language, their cultural milieu. The Vietnam syndrome and all that. I tried to be understanding, but I was their father and way over thirty, and they weren't supposed to trust anybody over thirty. So Jean and I got married in '72, that was a year after the accident and moved to Gig Harbor. A marvelous, marvelous home over on the bluff we called it "Shangralee," not Shangrala, and it was a beautiful place.

In the meantime Dr. Harold Bass had heard about my experiences at Epworth. I got acquainted with him because he sent me a letter of support, and then we met at some of the rallies and demonstrations. He introduced himself to me and then he began to invite me to come and preach for him here at Hillside. It got so they liked to have me speak, so he developed the pattern of having me preach for him on the fourth Sunday of each month. He was up in years. He was in his eighties, and not really up to carrying the full load anyway. So it was a spell off for him to have me speak. I did that, and I also preached at the Unitarian church here in Tacoma. And the Unitarian church in Everett. They evidently contacted Tacoma and said, did you know any good speakers? They recommended me to them in Everett. So I was really kind of doing a little circuit

myself there. Three churches that had me preach almost every month.

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During this period I became active in war tax resistance and Fort Lewis and the stockade. As a minister I insisted I had a right to get into the stockade to talk to the conscientious objectors there. And they yielded to me on that. I went over to Ground Zero [an anti-nuclear, anti-trident submarine organization based outside the Bangor sub base] and became part of their resistance. I was arrested on the tracks.

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RE: This was with the Douglasses?

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- 12 MA: Yes, Jim and Shelley [Douglass] are good friends of mine.
- I was arrested a couple of times there on the tracks. Just general, continued,
- social activism. I tried to apply for, oh what is that teachers program? . . .
- 15 Teacher's Corps. That's what they called it, Teacher Corps. I applied for
- 16 Teacher's Corps. Dr. Delores Silas, she was just divorced, it seems to me in those
- days, but she was on the committee at District 10 that screened those Teacher's
- 18 Corps applications. She represented the minority, maybe not all the minorities,
- but at least the black community. So she told me what happened when they came
- 20 to my application. The Director of Personnel down there took out the newspaper
- 21 article that showed my picture being arrested at the park with the Resistance.
- And he put that on the table and said, "I don't think we need to consider this one."

3 RE: When were you arrested at Wright Park?

MA: That would have been 1970. That was before I left Epworth, you see, that was sort of the last straw. That's when the lay reader circulated the petition to have me removed.

- RE: Do you know, approximately, what the date was? I would like to find the article.

- MA: Oh, I have the article. I have a whole file on that. [Eureka! RE] If you
- are really interested. If you want to hang up there for just a minute . . . [Rev.
- 14 Andrews left for a back room.]

Well we can move on from that. I might say in connection with that arrest and trial, Paul Braune volunteered to give us legal counsel, free. The ACLU also came in on the case and gave us free assistance. Many members of the peace community here, Friends and Hillside members forwarded money for our bail. It was \$400.00 for nine of us. We had that kind of support from the community. I have been active in the Fellowship of Reconciliation and they really rallied around

us. They supported us. We paid all that back when the Tacoma Police and Park

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1	gave us back our bail money. We paid them back, the people who supported us. I			
2	remember somebody asking me, at that time, asking me, why are you doing this?			
3	You know it is not going to effect the war. Just a little rally in a little park.			
4	Why are you risking your whole career? I remember saying to them almost these			
5	very words, "I know that this one little action by me and by the Resistance here i			
6	Tacoma is not going to stop the war in Vietnam. But I have to believe that in			
7	community after community all over this country, this nation, there are other			
8	ministers and other young people and other supporters in the communities that			
9	are also taking a stand, and the tide will turn."			
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11	[Rev. Andrews paused to answer the telephone].			
12	Just a well wisher. I have so many friends that have been calling and			
13	sending notes and things of support. Telling me to keep a stiff upper lip and all			
14	that stuff you know, wonderful people. Worrying about me, if I am going to make			
15	it. Do you know about the crisis that we are going through?			
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17	RE: More or less.			
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19	MA: You should, if you don't, I can fill you in. But if you know I will not take			
20	your time.			

RE: Maybe at the end, if you want to talk about it.

MA: In addition to the arrests at Wright Park and over at Ground Zero, I 've been in other altercations around the community. Most of them haven't resulted in actual arrests, but warnings or forceful evacuations or what ever. I've participated in tax resistance demonstrations down at the Post Office and been told to get off the property on tax day while trying to pass out literature. Out at Fort Lewis we've had demonstrations in opposition to actions in Grenada and Panama, and so forth.

I found out (one of your questions seems to indicated how I react to these things, and what I see happening), I found out that as a minister I have a peculiarly advantageous position from which to operate. For one thing, I found out, I can serve effectively as a bridge or a liaison, lets say, between the straight community and the radical community. Not just on the war issues, but on gay issues, on many issues, women's rights, racial confrontations. I went down to the docks when they were trying to unload those boats from South Africa, and joined the demonstration down there. I could relate to the labor unions and bring it back to the church and relate to the blacks down there marching with me against the South African thing. I found this everywhere I go, including Fort Lewis. I get into the stockades when others can't. . . . I feel that is an advantage.

And I must say to you Robert, I lament the fact, that my colleagues in the ministry, there aren't enough of them that see the importance of that advantage,

which I think is a responsibility. The community needs ministers and other leaders that have the aura of, what ever you want to call it, of respectability, authority, morality, whatever it is that gives us that aura. We have a responsibility to use it effectively, in the causes of peace and justice, I feel.

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I have seen lots of red-baiting and intolerance, which I have indicated along the way here. I still get it on the telephone, in the mail and various other places. And when I was testifying down there at City Council meetings about the ordinance 29, you know, to expand it to include the gay community -- got the same kind of gas. But over the years I learned to expect it and take it in stride. And I think the fact that I had such an early running start on dealing with the public and with issues. . . . both as a chairman of maybe a meeting, also as a public speaker and a officer in clubs and organizations, that has all been to the good. All built into strengthing my ego. So I expect these things; I don't let them get me down. I don't burn out, which is something they are always talking about. So and so is burned out, you know. I see, I think I have a realistic idea about what can be and what can not be accomplished. I just believe like Reinhold Niebuhr and that little prayer that has become so famous that he just prayed at the end of a faculty meeting there at Union. "Oh Lord help me to accept the things I can not change. But to change the things I can. And give me the wisdom to know the difference."

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I loved being at his home [Rienhold Niebuhr] and talking with him. I used to be so brash and so ignorant, you know. I would say, "what is the destiny of mankind?" He had written this book The Nature and the Destiny of Man or something like that. Flippant little questions, but he was always very kind, with beer mug in hand, taking a sip of beer and telling me what I wanted to know (chuckle). You know that guy, his mind was so quick. John Gunther had it right. He said, "asking Reinhold Niebuhr a question is like throwing confetti into a moving electric fan (chuckle)." He did that in lecture after lecture, when one of those professors from Columbia University or where ever would ask him a question; before the question was finished, Reinhold Niebuhr was answering it. He knew just as soon as you began to frame the question, just exactly where you were coming from and started answering it. That was just an absolutely fabulous mind. -- So glad I experienced him.

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You had a question about my ministry at Hillside, inside the church and outside, and the relationship between the two. I have intimated it already, but the beautiful thing about Hillside Community Church is: that its a committed and united family of faith. Not a large church. You've attended Hillside. On a Sunday morning you might have 20 - 25 people in the congregation. At a potluck dinner you might get up to 35 or 40. The total constituency of that church, my mailing list, is 60. You can't expect those people who are invalid and sick to get there. We are lucky to have 20 to 25 people on a Sunday morning.

But look what we do! Look at what a committed, focused, loyal and unified family of faith can do. It is absolutely incredible, if you knew the full story of this little church. So from within I have a solid a base of support. (I have had, I'm not the pastor any more. . . .) I have had a solid base from which to operate. Never any question about whether my people would run me out because of a stand I'd take. It is a free pulpit, a really free pulpit. A sense of being the extended arm of a loyal group. So that when I go outside of Hillside in the community I have no hesitancy in saying I am the pastor at Hillside Community Church, and in speaking of that in positive terms. Now there are negatives, of course there are. We're too small to swing a big swath. There are problems with our smallness. We can't seem to muster a youth group or a Sunday school. Just too few children, too few youth. Wonderful kids, though, the ones that we have that have grown up. Joanna Gentile is over right now in the Soviet Union touring. We've got terrific kids. Where ever they go. But we're limited in that sense. But still I would say that pound for pound, member for member, dollar for dollar, Hillside Community Church has more proportional influence in this community than just about any church you can name. I include churches like Mason United Methodist. I'm talking pound for pound member for member. Of course Mason Methodist has a larger budget, larger membership, probably larger influence. But I'm talking relative proportion. I feel that in the community I have been able to build on that reputation and that influence.

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[short blank spot in tape] up to the present moment. I realize that this
is a crisis that may destroy a lot of the dream because of the sadness of it and the
seriousness of it. I so regret it, and I ache for my kids because they are going to
have to spend their lives dealing with the after-math of guilt in connection with
all of this. That's so sad, Robert. Nobody knows but I will survive and they will
survive and the Church will survive. I have perspective on these things. Life is
not just a matter of fragile present because there is no future because we have
a crisis. Life is fragile but it is very, very flexible and tenacious too.4

RE: I am trying to get back to that question. Maybe you don't see it that way, but . . . to get some reference. When I first came to Tacoma, I didn't know anybody. I lived a little bit in Seattle but we, my family, came from Hawai'i. And they had a guy just about the time we got here. He was Reagan's secretary of defense [Wineberger]. He came down here to the Dome [Tacoma Dome]. And the only person I can remember down there was you.

MA: Is that right?

RE: I didn't know who you were. I didn't know you were a minister or anything.

I am putting my views together as somebody that's outside Hillside Church. Do
you see yourself as having . . . when you go to WILPF and FOR, and how many

⁴ see paper, epilogue

other meetings I don't go to, do you see this is part of your ministerial flock out

there or is this just a kind of political outreach of Hillside? I don't know if you see

it that way. The people I am talking to out there see it that way.

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5 MA: Well I'll tell you how I describe myself, and I've already almost said it to you.

I see my self as a liaison between the straight community and the radical

7 community. This goes for the Church -- I am the liaison between the Church and

8 the secular community. Interpreting one to the other. Speaking to both from the

advantages that I've said that a minister has. These auras of authority and

morality and influence, what ever it is, education, what ever. I feel I have a

responsibility to use the skill, the influence -- the power, if you want to put it in

more harsh terms, that this gives me, in the direction of increasing the sense of

peace and justice in our society. The reality of the "beloved community" that is

supposed to be the ideal. And when ever I have a chance to put in a plug for that,

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If I'm operating within the gay community I explain to them how the straight community . . . what we've got to do help the straight community to understand. And when I am dealing with the straight community I interpret to them how the gay community is operating. How we need to understand where they are coming from. Often I will position myself in an organization in connection with the program. I am program chair for FOR right now, I was

program chair . . . for United Nations Associations, I'm program chair for PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays). Nobody else wants to do it. I know how valuable it is to have someone follow through to get the right speakers, the best you can get. My goal is always to get the very best.

The program for PFLAG this month is going to be gay couples with long term relationships. Helping parents to understand that when their children come out to them as gays, that doesn't mean the end of stability in their lives. Help them understand, give them support so that they can form good long-term monogamous relationships. I am always thinking about how to move things in that direction.

When I joined the Tacoma Human Rights Commission I had as part of my goal to raise concerns down there at the Human Rights Department concerning the churches and the peace groups in this community and the oppression that comes down on some of these people, these activists in these groups. I said let's talk to them, invite them to our meetings, or go out to their meetings and participate. We went to Marty Gentili's PAVE group (Parents Advocating Vocational Eduction for Handicapped Children) and had our board meeting right there in the offices and let Marty talk to us about what we're missing here in human rights. That the kind of thing. Maybe I didn't answer your question.

RE: No, that's the direction. You were talking earlier about red baiting and things like that. There is a real dichotomy, or struggle in the country's celebration of the Bill of Rights. But yet, tell me if you agree? I don't know to what extent you have consciously seen yourself defending the constitution, but on higher moral authority or what. Could you elaborate on that? Because it is the secular side versus the religious side of sometimes the same issue.

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MA: Well I've probably framed most of my stance on issues within the frame work of my religious commitment because that is primary. But I have never limited it to that. I have always felt that the only way to be effective is to be prepared. So I've studied the issue, what ever it is. If it's the issue of the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobel, I studied so I know what I am talking about and I deal with it. If it's gay rights, I read all the books, I go to their meeting, I study it. I become a member of the community. I've served for years on the Executive Board of the NAACP. Instead of sitting off some where with a bunch of whites talking about the black community problems, I went down and joined them. So I know the black establishment in Tacoma, and I know where they are coming from, I know that when you talk peace to the blacks it is not in terms of anti-militarism because that's been their main ladder of upward mobility. It is a valuable tool for them. So you go from where they are. Work at it from the inside and this is the kind of thing . . . I suppose I have a built-in experiential dedication to the rights of the underdog. I am almost a congenital champion of the underdog because I've

been there. I feel, if you are going to lift society you are going to have to start
with the guy that's at the bottom. You don't lift society unless you lift him or her.
So I guess I am a kind of complicated amalgam of all these things.

But I do believe in being prepared, doing my homework on any of the issues I'm involved in. I think that's so important. One of the things that discredits so many movements, even radical movements, is that too many of the people go off half cocked, and they really don't know what they are talking about, and they really make some bad mistakes in judgement and in articulation of the issue, and really become an embarrassment to the cause. That is sad when that happens because it is like going one step forward and two steps back. When some body comes along like that and so easily destroys what you've tried to build, patiently.

... Outside the church I suppose I'll still be operating in my ministry as a person. I won't any longer have that prerogative, that aura, that authority of my ministerial position, and I won't try to claim it because that would taint the essential integrity of my being a non-minister. The best thing I can do is show through my life that I can be a real person as a non-minister, too.

RE: Where do you think Hillside is going to go now? Not to pin you down at all, but you have been with them for a while and eventually you were going to retire or resign or what ever. It is just now. It is a small church and an older

congregation it seems to me that they are going to have to renew to keep things going. What are your thoughts?

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MA: What I've suggested to them is that they explore with the Friends Meeting here in Tacoma a merger of some type. The Friends haven't had much of financial or membership success either. They've struggled along just as we have. We have a lot of bonding between the two groups. Many of the people know one another. Dr. Harold Bass had good bonding with the Friends. I've had good bonding with them. Probably my best friend in terms of the laity is Leonard Holden. We're really soul brothers in many, many ways. So I suggested that they explore that and I've also talked to Leonard about exploring it from their side. I think there are real possibilities there. I think together those two groups might have enough financial and membership strength to do the things you say to do a renewal. . . Beyond that, if that doesn't work out I think Hillside will have to face the possibility, if not the probability, of a slow demise. And maybe the best thing they could do would be to hasten that by maybe deeding their property over to some group that still wants to continue, or is able to continue like the Unitarians or the Friends or who ever. Or to sell everything and divided up the money among the members and go their separate ways.

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But I really think that other option has possibilities (the Friends and the Hillside congregation). What I've said, my own vision for this valuable property

and this valuable congregation is that they think in terms of the future as, if nothing else, at least a center for the exploration of sort of a cutting edge of social and spiritual exploration. The kind of thing that larger establishments tied up with their property considerations and their lager memberships, that are more diverse and harder to unify on things get bogged down on when they try to deal with — for instance, we have had our first gay wedding here in the church. Churches like Mason or Fist Methodist might have a good liberal minister who would be willing to do that but, it would be tough to actually accomplish it with a diverse congregation. Too explosive, you know.

Same thing would be true with theology. The reason Harold Bass had to have his own church was because he was too far ahead. He was too radical in his theology. He was questioning the virgin birth way back there thirty years ago, and other theological points: women's rights, gay rights and slavery, the racial issue, things that the Bible seems to take for granted as all right, so he was questioning all that. Well this Church has the tradition to carry that out. Right now Dr. Susan Donaldson, has just joined our church, is working on a new inclusive language hymnal for this church. She is just brilliant at it. She is very good at it. I've seen her first manuscripts already. It's just too darn bad we've gotten bogged down in this crisis, of the charges against me as a pedophile, which are so outlandish, but they are there and have to be dealt with.

RE: What are you going to be doing now?

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- 3 MA: I've sold articles. I could do writing, but trouble is I'm so much of an activist.
- 4 Alex Haley really put his finger on me when he said, "you have got to want to
- write not just be a writer." I know I'll continue to be active in some of the
- 6 organizations. If some of them don't want me any longer, that maybe true too, but
- 7 I will still lend my influence as much as I can. I am dealing with leukemia, of
- 8 course, I can't laugh that off, so my time frame may be more limited than even I
- 9 know. All I can say is I want to be faithful as long as I have the energy and
- strength and acceptability to others to add my influence and support.

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RE: Do you want to go off in any other directions that I didn't elicit there?

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MA: On this point, this point of how I view the times we are living in and the effect of all this. -- I just would have to underscore in my own life and experience what others have already described in their experience. There is a kind of a swing of the pendulum, back and forth on social and political issues. There seems to be a wave or swing of liberalism and then there seems to be a countervailing force, or back-lash, or what ever it is that moves back in the other direction toward conservatism. So it goes back and forth. When I was a kid they were fighting over liberalism . . . lets see, they called it modernism and fundamentalism. And then along came liberalism and then there was neo-orthodoxy. And now we're into

a period which seems like a back-lash against liberalism and more of a neoconservatism, but I think there'll be a back-lash on that. It seems to me it is sort of like a big, big old clock -- the pendulum swings back and forth, but the swings, as the kinetic energy dies down, are shorter and less volatile in a closed society, which ours is more or less. That doesn't mean there aren't hugh swings going on in the Soviet Union or these other places. They will have to go through their own biographical discussion of that.

But here in America it seems to me we have gotten away from the most radical swings of the pendulum -- when people used to, at the drop of a hat, go out and duel and shoot each other dead, to where now they may get up and call each other all kinds of names or play dirty tricks, or go find a letter like they found on Clinton [US presidential candidate in 1992], and read it to the public. But Clinton isn't going to say, "alright your going to duel with me tonight. We are gong to shoot it out." That swing of the pendulum, that extremity is gone.

The same way with the racial issue. There was a day when the white, red neck type would tell the "nigger", get out there on the bridge of the stream, we are going to use you for target practice and shoot him and let him drop in the water, dead. They still might want to do that kind of thing, but they don't do that anymore. They figure out a way to make them lose their jobs now, if they can figure that out, and maybe there are legal barriers against that. But the swing of

the pendulum is narrower, it seems to me, in most of these issues.

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In the field of religion, as volatile as fundamentalists are some times, and as hypercritical as the liberals are, there is more of a coming together. There is more social action now among fundamentalists, and more theology among liberals, than there was back there when I was a kid, when it was Harry Emerson Fosdick on the East coast against Matthews on the West coast down here at Seattle First Presbyterian (the fundamentalist and the modernist). Now they are still angry with each other, maybe, the liberals and fundamentalists, but they are beginning to yield to the other's criticism. The fundamentalist has always said you liberals don't study the Bible, you don't even read the Bible anymore. The liberals are reading the Bible now, and studying it. The liberals used to condemn the fundamentalists: all you guys think of is pie in the sky -- you don't care if your brother lives in the slums, or if he white man is killing the black man in the South. You don't care about people, you just care about your theology. That hurt! That stung! So the fundamentalists now have big social action programs going. Gathering food for the needy. Let's have people get out on the streets at night and minister to the street people and all . . . quite a movement among fundamentalists on these things. So that's what I see happening. That's the old man in me beginning to look back.

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RE: When the pendulum is going back and forth it is not the clock, the hours

1	turning, or what ever.	It's not the same, it is not	the pendulum coming	back to
2	the same place, there i	s movement in a direction.	Do you have a vision	?

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MA: Of where we are going? Well I really believe that we are going to come out with a better society, but I don't think it's going to happen with out a lot more suffering. Especially since we are involved in something now that is no respecter of theology, or sociology, or anything else. The whole drug scene and the corollary diseases that are coming with it, including AIDS. These thing are going to impinge on all of our lives if they don't already. The trauma that we are going to go through on that is going to be horrendous. I don't think it will leave any family, any individual unscathed. You can see what the sexual climate we have right now is doing to me on the basis of just what my daughter and son think they remember in their dreams. This experience is convincing me that the EMOTIONALLY CHARGED SUBJECT OF SEXUAL ABUSE IS FUELING A VERITABLE "GROWTH INDUSTRY" OF "PROFESSIONALS" IN THE SOCIOLOGICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND POLITICAL ARENA -- GIVING RISE TO A REGRETTABLE NUMBER OF UNQUALIFIED OR AT LEAST OPPORTUNISTIC PRACTITIONERS WHO DO MORE DAMAGE THAN GOOD.

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Unfortunately, I happen to be a victim of such unprofessionalism -and I believe my two children, Carl and Irene, are additional victims. As
my investigation and exposure of the mismanagement of this case

- 1 PROCEEDS, I'M SURE IT WILL BE ANOTHER INCREDIBLE CHAPTER IN MY CHECKERED
- 2 CAREER!