

# Chapter and Verse

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## Peace Pilgrim--And Her Story

Everybody is familiar with the story of the hoarder who hid his money in the cellar, had it stolen and then told police that he did not trust the banks.

Likewise you heard the story of the man who trusted nobody. Now meet the lady who trusts everybody. She identifies herself only as Peace Pilgrim, called of God, she says, for a specific mission.

Peace Pilgrim is a Medieval appearing lady about 48, beautifully tanned, who according to her own words has walked 6,625 miles in the interest of peace. She has gone from coast to coast and she arrived in Milwaukee for the first time Thursday after a walk from Racine.

Her purpose, she says, is to enlighten people she meets to the grave world situation. It can be conquered, she believes, by overcoming evil with good, falsehood with truth and hatred with love.

By her walks she has the opportunity of bringing her message to people.

"You would be surprised," she said, "how many people stop me on the street or highway and talk to me."

Dressed in blue slacks, slip-over jacket with pockets, she carries no baggage. In her pockets she might have a few cents or something else that people give her.

She does no begging, asks for nothing, yet she says that she has maintained herself physically since she devoted herself to this type of service for the past year and a half.

She won't tell you about her past, her family or any connections she may have because she believes that the present and the future are the things to be concerned about. Anyway she wants to keep the personal element out of it.

It is her aim to visit the governor of every state and from Milwaukee she will hike on to Madison. Sometimes she accepts rides, but she averages from 25 to 50 miles a day walking.

Some people who have given her rides have told her that it was the first time they had ever picked up a person. Sometimes she gets rides from women alone in the car, sometimes with families and sometimes with men alone in the car.

She recalled an incident a short time ago when an "obviously well to do" couple picked her up and the man was absorbed in her message. She said that the man actually broke down in tears, saying: "You are giving so much and I am doing so little."

When she was walking across the desert in Arizona late one winter night, she encountered a somewhat unusual experience.

A car had stopped on the highway some distance ahead of her. It was cold at the time and there was very little traffic. As she approached the car she could see a man in it. Shortly he opened the door and asked her if she would like to get in the car. She accepted. She described the man as big, burly and rough appearing. After talking to him for a few minutes she curled up and got a few winks of sleep.



Wisconsin's Dynamic Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1955

# MILWAUKEE SENTINEL