

the

LINK

August 1969

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

CLIMB ANY MOUNTAIN

MR. WONG AND THE CLUMSY WAITER

SERVING GOD
AND MILITARY PERSONNEL FOR 25 YEARS







THE

LINK



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COVERS

Front: The girl back home. University Queen, 22-year-old Jan Wilson from Canadian, Texas; a student at Hardin-Simmons U., Abilene, Texas. Photo by John Best.

Back: Autumn in the White Mountains. Photo by Louis Williams.

Inside Front: Getting ready to sail. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: A boy and his dog. Photo by Marion Duckworth.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

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SOUND OFF

Chaplains and the Name of God

The U. S. Army dispatched a communique from Washington, D. C., barring all chaplains from using the name of God and to eliminate all deistic references including basic religious philosophy in lectures that are given for the purpose of instilling integrity and moral responsibility in its soldiers. To my dismay, this order had not made headlines in our news media and has not, at this point, caused any public reaction. Are the officials of our nation's churches, our city council of churches, and the church members themselves all asleep? Or have we as a covenant nation, gone down the road to destruction and godlessness to the point that we are ready to accept that "freedom of religion" really means "freedom from religion" and the right to destroy the only influence for right and wrong that's left? . . .

There are no atheists in foxholes and on the front lines where men are being killed to defend our American heritage—including freedom of religion. In our efforts to administer equitably every citizen's Constitutional right, the pendulum

(Continued on page 65)

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Arriving on Symi aboard the project boat, the Z.P., David Raycroft (center) steps down the gangplank, followed by daughter, Lynne.

A Day in the Life of

By David Raycroft

FROM the snow-capped Andes of Bolivia, to the sun-drenched isles of Greece is quite a leap to take. But this is the kind of quick change a Church World Service staff person can be expected to make in the course of his career. While the physical and geographical environment may be vastly different, the assignment is basically the same:

working with people to help them to help themselves economically, socially, and spiritually. The name, "Church World Service," itself, reflects what the purpose of this organization is: the church together witnessing around the world in serving its brothers through economic, social, and spiritual resources available to the organiza-



Symi Harbor

tion known as Church World Service.

Drinking water from the Aegean Sea, teaching English classes for grades six through twelve, conducting nursery school, reviving ancient boat-building craft, operating an agricultural station (experimental), making handicrafts (weaving), planting trees, carrying on a tourist information office, putting up a new hotel, making bank loans for private business, supervising typing classes, engaging in engineering studies for a new dam, developing a honey coop, starting a shirt-manufacturing project—these are samples of the activities and programs undertaken by Church World Service on the small island of Symi.

Symi? Where is Symi? This was my question too, when Church World Service asked if I would

accept Symi as my next assignment. Symi is an island in the Aegean Sea twenty-five miles from the larger and more famous island of Rhodes. Symi is one of the Dodecanese (twelve) island group which belongs to Greece. Symi has been around since Homer mentioned the island in his Iliad. The Iliad recounts the story of the Trojan Wars and Homer tells that Symi provided ships to take soldiers from the mainland of Greece to Troy (present-day Asia Minor).

Over the centuries, Symi, like most of the islands of the Dodecanese, has declined in importance until today it is a shell of its former glory. Once there were 30,000 inhabitants. Today there are 3,000. Symi is about twenty-five miles in circumference with many sheltered bays and beaches (ideal

Worldwide faith is expressed by a Church World Service director

for skin-diving and fishing.) It is also a rocky island with little vegetation.

AS an experiment in community development planning and operation, Church World Service chose Symi for a five-year program to test a number of concepts which could then be applied to other projects of Church World Service in other parts of the world.

With such a varied program, it is easy to see that no day on Symi is exactly like the previous day. Yet there is a pattern and cycle of work that makes a "day in the life of a CWS representative" go something like this. . .

- A 75-year old lady, dressed in black from head to toe, comes in requesting a loan to repair her leaky roof. She is referred to the social worker on the staff. The social worker will investigate the house and report her recommendations to me. (She received \$60.00 to purchase tiles, and the social worker was able to secure two young men neighbors to make repairs on the roof.)

- Two workers from the solar still (the distilling process that converts sea water into potable water utilizing the sun's rays) come in to report that the input pipe has come loose from the bottom of the harbor and additional men need to

Tree-planting project on Symi involves the Greek Army. Here Greek soldiers help to plant trees on one of the barren hills.





Women's Club of Social Center, Symi. Mrs. Jenny Farmakidis talks to members of the Club during open house tea.

Canning peaches is one of the projects carried on at the Social Center, Symi.



be hired to help fix this important element of the solar still installation.

• The English teacher drops by and asks for a supply of new reading books to supplement the text-book used in the four English classes. (Tomorrow I must visit the nursery school to see how the new teacher there is making out with the forty-three children she has in this program!)

• Next, the office bookkeeper asks for time to clear up accounts for the week, and then the payroll must be signed.

• I glance at my watch and realize that the conference with the Mayor is facing me. I leave my office and walk past the harbor with the gaily-painted fishing boats bobbing there. Past the solar still shining in the sun, and up the old stone stairs leading to the Mayor's office. First, I pause to look at the intricate mosaic pavement in the courtyard of the municipal building, one of the ancient arts of Symi.

As soon as I greet the Mayor, he offers me a cup of bitter, black, thick "Turkish" coffee. Only after this formality, can we begin to talk together. We discuss the plans for the dam which Church World Service provided for the municipality; the construction of a cistern for one of the neighborhoods in Upper Symi. And as always, the Mayor has a couple of stories to tell about the past history of Symi or some incident in the Mayor's life from his childhood. The Mayor is also the only medical doctor on Symi, so his work keeps him busy day and night.

• I return to my office again to meet with members of the honey producers co-operative. I have another round of coffee with this group (I must observe the formality of coffee, too!) The honey co-op is now ready to purchase some newer equipment, so they ask about an extension of a loan for this purpose.

• The director of the tourism development program comes in to discuss hiring personnel for the coming season: a guide who must speak German, Italian, French, Swedish, and English to take the tours who come from Rhodes on a trip through Symi.

• The local priest comes in to invite me to a special service in his church honoring the patron saint of his church. Also he asks whether or not I can also participate in the baptism of a baby tomorrow at the church. The parents are poor and cannot afford a local "godparent." (For the priest another cup of coffee.)

I now glance at my engagement book and note that tonight I give a brief talk to the high school teachers to interpret what Church World Service is doing, so they in turn may interpret to their students what is happening on Symi because CWS is here.

• Now, my stomach tells me it is two o'clock in the afternoon and finally time for lunch. Greek office hours are from 7:30 A.M. to 2:00 P.M. with no break for lunch—but all that coffee does help.

But, of course, the day is still not over. If this is a Friday, I now get a boat to go home to the island of Rhodes where my family live.

Getting "home" by boat will be anything from a small fishing boat to a liner on its way between the port of Piereaus and Rhodes. And whether or not I do arrive in Rhodes will depend a great deal on the weather, and the time of year.

• Once I do arrive in Rhodes, another pattern of life begins. I catch up on what my family has been doing; they catch up on what I have been doing on Symi. There is mail to read, newspapers to read, and additional work in Rhodes which relates to my work in Symi.

One aspect of life on Rhodes which has become especially meaningful has been the church life which is rather unique. Greece is a Greek Orthodox country and Church

World Service cooperates completely with the Orthodox community and hierarchy in its official relationships. The Roman Catholic church is a small minority throughout Greece. The Protestant church as known in the United States does not exist in Greece. (In Athens there is an interdenominational church related to the National Council of Churches in the United States which provides services for the large American Protestant community in Athens).

Thus, after a year of worshiping with the Greek Orthodox community and also with the Roman Catholic community on special church holidays, a group of Protestants decided to get together to see what kind of church could emerge within the

Volunteers carry wood to help in constructing the agricultural station at St. Michael's Monastery, Symi.





In the tree-planting project, schoolchildren also help. The Mayor of Symi is in the picture (right center), the man wearing glasses.

American community of Rhodes.

The group consisting of about twenty-five persons (including children) meet on Sundays in the American Community school building. Each family conducts the brief worship service on a Sunday assigned to the family. After the half-hour worship, classes for age-groups continue for another half-hour. Each family brings his own background and denominational experiences to these services. Thus, this worship is both enriching and educational. This small Church at Rhodes (as we have come to call it) had demonstrated the vitality and excitement that can come to Christians as they worship unitedly. This has been our experience in Bolivia and other countries as well where we have had the opportunity to worship in one church bringing together diverse

communions.

I should note here that we have had splendid cooperation from the Chief of Chaplains office and from the General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel who have given us much help in terms of resources and counsel and persons to contact.

The Christian faith is a worldwide faith whether it is expressed through a community development program on Symi, through a small Church at Rhodes, the Union Church in Lima, Peru, or the small deck-side chapel that sailors have onboard ship. (We have attended these services, too, when the ships come to Rhodes.)

This, then, is the day in the life of—a day that extends day after day around the world.



When Things Go Wrong

By Thomas W. Klewin

LIKE taxes, trouble seems to be an inevitable part of everyone's life. Yet when it comes to us as individuals, it seems so unnecessary, cruel, and unique. And we ask ourselves, "Why me?"

Is trouble inevitable, must things go wrong with our dreams, plans, and hopes? Somehow it doesn't seem right that an individual trying to live the good life, should find so much going wrong.

The first thought which comes to us is, "Why? What did I do to deserve this, or have this happen to me?" If there is any message from the Bible about a Christian and trouble, it's that specific troubles aren't necessarily brought about by specific failures on the part of the person trying to live for God.

An honest appraisal of life and the world around us should tell us imperfection is a part of how things

are on the earth. There is no perfection in human beings, in the animal kingdom, the weather, or the plant world. No flower designed for beauty and fragrance has ever asked to have its life shared by a weed—yet the weeds are there.

A basic belief of every Christian is that it was necessary for Christ to appear on earth because man, his world, and everything related to man's world is touched by sin. So things do and will go wrong, troubles will come, and difficulties present themselves to every person—including those who practice a meaningful Christian faith.

The Christian faith is no magic amulet guaranteed to ward off all evil, tragedy, or problems. Christ himself answered this question when he spoke to a group about the trouble which came to a group of Galileans:

And he answered them, "Do you

Chaplain Klewin is with the 1605th A.B. Group, APO New York 09406

think that these Galileans were worse sinners than all the other Galileans, because they suffered thus? I tell you, No” (Luke 13:2-3).

If there is any comfort in these words, it is that what happens to us is not the result of what we did or didn't do in relationship to God and his will for us. If trouble is inevitable, we can know it isn't the product of our own making. A guilty conscience doesn't have to be a part of what we endure when things go wrong.

A religious person with a sense of the essential nature of God—his love—can honestly face up to his troubles without looking back first to see why it came. He can devote his time to finding the strength and ability to live with what has happened, and to rise above it.

Why Do the Children of God Face Trouble?

There are times when good people face problems because they happen to have a living faith in God. The Bible has illustrated this with a number of character studies of those who had things go wrong because they had a faith in God and a determination to practice what God asked them to do. Job was tempted because he was devout. Jeremiah had things go wrong because he insisted on proclaiming what was unpopular with his own people. God had told him to continue to proclaim the truth in spite of what it might do to Jeremiah himself.

Peter and Paul never won any popularity contests or avoided trouble because they insisted on

being faithful witnesses to Christ. History is full of similar illustrations of what practicing a Christian faith can do to and for an individual in the way of having things go wrong because of that faith.

Christ never promised his disciples an easy way, and he left them with the reminder: “A disciple is not above his teacher, nor a servant above his master; it is enough for the disciple to be like his teacher, and the servant like his master. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebul, how much more will they malign those of his household” (Matthew 10:24-26).

How Does a Religious Person Face Trouble?

Perhaps it's simpler to face trouble when it's a result of a commitment to Christ, and comes because of a stand we make regarding our faith and life. But what if the trouble is intensely personal—as sickness, death in a family, overwhelming personal problems, none of which have any direct relationship to a witness about our faith?

Pain, whether it's physical, emotional, or spiritual is not an easy fact with which to live. It often distorts our senses, alters our personality, and clouds our perspective about life. And there is always the danger an underlying sense of bitterness can creep into our thinking.

One of the first cries to escape from us will undoubtedly be, “Why Lord, why?” Or “Why this, O God? Why this to me or to someone I love?” It's a cry children of God have spoken ever since the Bible

has recorded God's dealings with men. It's one Christians have spoken down through the centuries as things have gone wrong with them, or with those whom they loved.

And the only answer God has given is: "Have faith! Believe! Trust!" "Believe in my love for you, my concern for what you are, my hold on you as one of my own."

The men of the *Pueblo* discovered to suffer alone was the most frightening thing to anticipate or endure. To face disaster with others somehow made it possible to hang on. They also learned they didn't ever have to be confronted with hardship and pain and handle it by themselves. Somehow God became very real to many of them as they suddenly rediscovered the promise of Christ: "And lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age" (Matthew 28:20).

It's this reassurance of God that he's present which gives to the child of God the courage, strength, and ability to face up to tragedy, trouble, and disaster, live with it, and emerge from the experience a stronger individual.

One of the miracles of the Christian faith is precisely this—that out of an experience we would hesitate to face with any foreknowledge, comes an ability to grow and emerge with stronger faith, deeper convictions, and a more understanding comprehension of suffering.

Fundamentally these are the two assurances God gives to anyone confronted by trouble. The first is the unconditional promise of God that he will be with us all the way.

The other is that out of what should be a tragic experience comes something worthwhile and profitable.

Perhaps that's why the Shepherd psalm, the 23rd, is used so frequently in times of distress and trouble. For when things do go wrong there are no more comforting words than:

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want... Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me (Psalm 23:1,4).

Things do go wrong both for the child of God and those who are not. What differentiates the two is how troubles are faced and what is gained from what could be a tragic experience. To turn a negative happening into something positive is what God promises to his children—and this is how they can face trouble without collapsing under the impact. ■ ■

SHE HAD LEARNED

A couple of ladies were talking about remodeling rooms and one of them said she was having a room done over. "Is your husband doing the work himself or are you having it done professionally?" the other lady asked.

"I'm having it done," said the lady. "The last time my husband did something, I was 17 years with lumber in the living room."—*Laughing Glass*.

Begin each day with prayer.

A Parent's Prayer

By Abigail Van Buren

DEAR ABBY: You once printed "A Parent's Prayer" which had some wonderful advice in it for parents. I kept it for about five years and now I can't locate it, and I am just sick. If you know the piece I'm referring to I beg you to print it again. Thank you.

LUCY ANN

DEAR LUCY: Thanks to a competent secretary I was able to dig it out. And here it is:

A PARENT'S PRAYER

O heavenly Father, make me a better parent. Teach me to understand my children, to listen patiently to what they have to say, and to answer all their questions kindly. Keep me from interrupting them or contradicting them. Make me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me. Forbid that I should ever laugh at their mistakes, or resort to shame or ridicule when they displease me. May I never punish them for my own selfish satisfaction or to show my power.

Let me not tempt my child to lie or steal. And guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness.

Reduce, I pray, the meanness in me. And when I am out of sorts, help me, O Lord, to hold my tongue.

May I ever be mindful that my children are children and I should not expect of them the judgment of adults.

Let me not rob them of the opportunity to wait on themselves and to make decisions.

Bless me with the bigness to grant them all their reasonable requests, and the courage to deny them privileges I know will do them harm.

Make me fair and just and kind. And fit me, O Lord, to be loved and respected and imitated by my children. *Amen.*

Reprinted with permission from "Dear Abby", January 12, 1969

Mr. Wong *and the Clumsy Waiter*

By Dan Ross

Another exciting mystery with Mei Wong and Inspector Bannerjee

MEI WONG glanced up from the fan painting of a landscape by the seventeenth century artist Yun Nan-t'ien which he had spread out before him on his desk and told Inspector Bannerjee: "This is one of the rarest examples of ancient art. Look at it! What a wonderful tangle of trees! Pines, I think. See how gracefully the wreaths of mist float among their tops!"

Inspector Bannerjee glanced impatiently over the elderly Chinese gentleman's shoulder and observed dryly, "Very interesting!" Then he marched around to the front of the desk with an exasperated look on his swarthy features. "I do not wish to seem disrespectful about one of your art treasures, Mr. Wong. But I am here on important business."

Mei Wong sat back in his chair

and smiled, an overweight Buddha in a white linen suit. He waved a pudgy hand to indicate the interior of his lavish studio which was located on the fifth floor of Bombay's Empire Hotel. "The things in this room are all that is important to me," he said pleasantly. "It is to these items of brass, porcelain, and china that I have devoted my life."

Inspector Bannerjee glared around the treasure-filled studio. "I grant all that, Mei Wong," he said, "But surely you regard the death of a friend important?"

Mei Wong's broad face became grave. "Which friend?"

"Matthew Dalton. He died in his hotel here last night," the Inspector said. "He arrived by boat from Hong Kong yesterday morning. His daughter had a cocktail party for



him in her apartment here last night. Weren't you among the guests?"

The art dealer nodded. "Yes, I was there. Matthew Dalton was one of my best clients. I am sorry to hear of his death."

"They're doing an autopsy on him now," Inspector Bannerjee continued briskly, satisfied that he'd gained the attention of the old man. "As you know the ship he came in on passed through a typhoon on the way here. Dalton fell down a gangway and the theory is his death was due to delayed results of the injury."

Mei Wong's eyes narrowed. "Possible," he said. "Matthew Dalton always had rather poor

health although he was a tall, heavily-built man. He suffered from recurrent bouts of malaria."

Inspector Bannerjee appeared disinterested. "Really?"

Mei Wong continued. "He was not in the best of spirits last night. Perhaps he was feeling ill then. I felt it might be because he was worried about his daughter's approaching marriage to young William Evans."

"Did you talk with Dalton last night?"

The art dealer shook his head. "You know how it is at cocktail parties. And there were perhaps a hundred people there. But I did speak with Grace, his daughter, and I know she was concerned about

the bad feeling between her father and Evans."

The Inspector shrugged. "I can understand his attitude. If I were a multi-millionaire with an only daughter I doubt if I'd want her to marry a man expelled from the leading club in Bombay for cheating at cards."

A strange look suddenly crossed the old art dealer's face. He glanced at the Inspector. "Do you suppose the results of the autopsy are known yet?"

"I suppose so," Bannerjee said looking at him curiously. "Would you like me to call?"

Mei Wong waved a pudgy hand toward the phone. "Please do."

The Inspector made the call and after a few minutes' conversation put down the receiver and turned to the art dealer with a satisfied look on his bearded, swarthy features. "A result of his shipboard fall as I expected. He must have hit his spleen and ruptured it. A slow inward hemorrhage finished him after he returned to his hotel last night."

The stout Chinese gentleman shook his head stubbornly. "I do not like to argue a point with you, Inspector. But Matthew Dalton did not die a natural death. He was murdered."

The Inspector's voice raised, "Murdered!"

Mei Wong nodded. "Murdered and in the presence of more than a hundred guests gathered in his honor."

Inspector Bannerjee gave him an incredulous look. "That's a weird and, if you'll pardon me, rather

ridiculous statement."

The old art dealer shook his head and got up and came around to stand facing the Inspector. "On the contrary. With a little luck I can prove my case. At the party last evening we had an extremely clumsy waiter. There were two rather odd happenings."

The Inspector's eyebrows raised, "What sort of happenings?"

"I would like you to meet a friend of mine who lives on the eighth floor of this hotel," Mei Wong said. "He is also an American like Matthew Dalton about the same age and build. He is interested in ancient porcelain. You must meet him. I'll see if he's in."

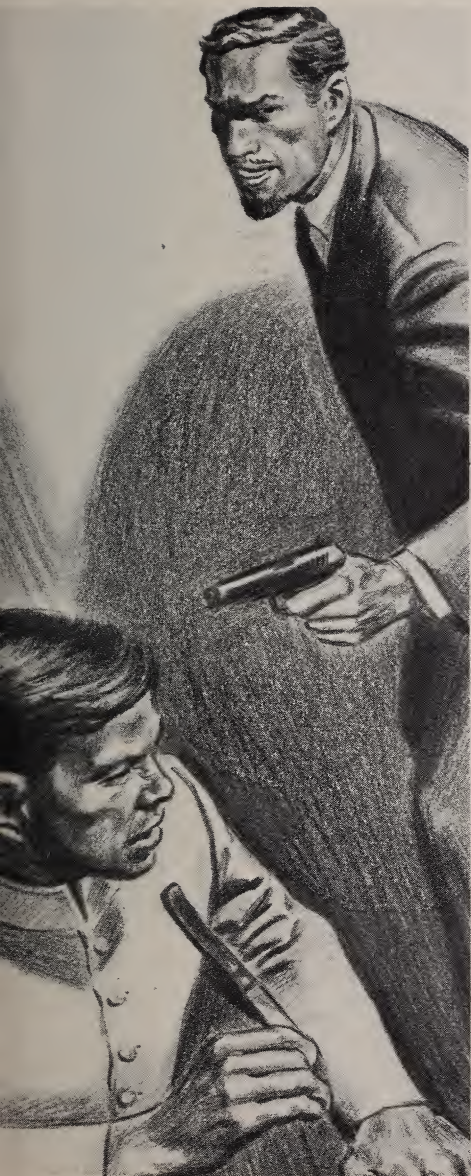
As Mei Wong padded to the phone the Inspector protested, "Really, Mr. Wong, I find your statements disjointed. What has this friend of yours to do with Matthew Dalton being murdered?"

But Mei Wong was already talking on the phone. When he finished he told the Inspector, "It's all right. We can go up and see my friend, George Hastings, now."

SOMEWHAT grumpily the Inspector followed him and they took the elevator to the eighth floor and George Hasting's expensive suite. The American was a bluff, white-haired man of heavy build. After Mei Wong had made introductions he invited them to sit down.

The big man frowned. "I'm still not feeling too good after last night," he said.

Mei Wong glanced at the Inspector and then asked George



Hastings, "Would you mind repeating what happened for Inspector Bannerjee's benefit?"

"Makes me rage just to think of it," George Hastings fumed as he patted his left side tenderly. "Grace Dalton had some dreadful-looking creature serving and he bumped into me. Clumsy buffoon! Luckily he didn't spill the tray but he managed to give me a bruise on my side that's still hurting!"

Inspector Bannerjee leaned forward in his chair. "He bruised your side?"

Hastings nodded. "Some stupid native fellow. And as if that wasn't bad enough only a few minutes later he bumped into Matthew Dalton in the same way. I can't understand why Grace would hire such an incompetent fellow."

Mei Wong nodded, and with a meaningful glance toward Inspector Bannerjee said, "I'm sure there must be an excellent explanation."

A few minutes later they excused themselves. In the elevator going down Mei Wong asked the Inspector, "Did you notice anything strange about George Hastings?"

"Nothing," Bannerjee said, "except he looks remarkably like Matthew Dalton."

The art dealer seemed pleased at his answer. "You are quite right," he agreed. "And now we will go and have a short talk with Grace Dalton, the daughter of the murdered man."

Inspector Bannerjee looked at him bleakly. "I still don't see why you insist there was a murder."

"Wait and you will see," Mei Wong promised.

Grace Dalton had an apartment in one of the big yellow stucco buildings overlooking the bay in a choice residential area. They waited some minutes to see her and when she came into the room her fragile blonde beauty was marred by the tragedy written on her face.

Mei Wong spoke gently. "We regret the intrusion at this moment of sorrow. But the Inspector is curious about a native servant you employed for the cocktail party. An ugly-looking fellow. Clumsy, too! He had several accidents."

Grace Dalton stared at him blankly for a moment and then remembering said, "Oh, I know who you mean, Abdul. He is Bill's personal servant."

The art dealer nodded. "Ah, I see. He works for William Evans, the young man you plan to marry." And then after a few more well-chosen words he and the Inspector left.

Inspector Bannerjee headed his official car along the broad highway that rimmed the bay and led to the district where William Evans lived in an expensive rented cottage. Mei Wong sat placidly beside him, his hands folded on his ample stomach.

"I'm beginning to see your train of thought, Mei Wong," he admitted. "I take it we are now going to pay a visit on William Evans and his man, Abdul."

"I think it will be worth our while," the art dealer said.

"You have still to make me see where murder is involved," the Inspector complained.

THEY drove through iron gates and into a gravel driveway to a secluded cottage half-hidden by palms and purple bougainvillea. They both got out of the car and made for the front door.

On the way Mei Wong suggested, "It might be well to have your gun handy, Inspector."

The Inspector stared at him in amazement. "You're not usually in such a violent mood."

"I fear Abdul may not be in a pleasant humor," Mei Wong said, ringing the bell.

His prediction proved right. The door was opened by an ugly little man who took one glance at Inspector Bannerjee and then ran down the hallway and fled. The Inspector pursued him with Mei Wong coming behind. Halfway down the hall the Indian turned and hurled a glittering knife at the Inspector who dodged its impact by bracing against the wall. At the same instant he raised his hand and shot at the fleeing Abdul.

The bullet brought the ugly little man to a halt. He lay in the rear hallway clutching his leg and moaning. Inspector Bannerjee stood over him grimly and then turned to Mei Wong who had just come up to join them.

"Why did he behave this way?" the Inspector wanted to know.

"A guilty conscience," Mei Wong observed calmly. "He murdered Matthew Dalton on William Evans' orders."

The Inspector kept the wounded man covered and at the same time gave the old art dealer a questioning

look. "Please explain."

"Of course," Mei Wong said. "Abdul was sent to the party to act as a servant by Evans who was anxious to get Matthew Dalton out of the way since the millionaire was determined to break the marriage plans between him and his daughter." Mei Wong glanced at the man on the floor. "Abdul made an apparently clumsy servant, but he was really being crafty. He did make one error. He mistook George Hastings for Dalton when he bumped into him. But he corrected this a few minutes later by running against Dalton in the same way."

Inspector Bannerjee was dubious. "He bumped into both men in an identical manner. One of them only suffered a bruise and injured feelings. The other one died a few hours later. If Abdul murdered one, he should have murdered them both."

Mei Wong shook his head. "You

are forgetting a most important point. The means of death. It is a known method among thugs in this country. To murder a man by striking him a deft blow under the left rib cage and rupturing his spleen. There is only one condition necessary, the man must already have a badly swollen spleen from bouts of malaria. Matthew Dalton had such a spleen and Evans knew it when he set up the murder plot. Abdul gave both men vicious jabs with his fist under cover of the tray but Hastings escaped death because his spleen was healthy. For Dalton it was sure death."

Inspector Bannerjee gave a deep sigh. "So we did have a murder," he said. "Now all we have to do is round up Evans."

"That should not be difficult," Mei Wong said mildly, "since I doubt if he suspects anyone will guess the secret of his nearly perfect crime." ■ ■



"We've just had a radiogram. The union has ordered a walk-off!"

Climb Any Mountain

By Melville H. Leonard

& Lorena O'Connor

Fort Carson's Mountain Rescue Team teaches mountain-climbing techniques and helps stranded mountaineers

WHY DO people climb mountains? The usual answer, is "because they are there." But to members of the Fort Carson (Colorado) Mountain Rescue Team it's a different story.

"We'll climb any mountain anywhere we're needed," says First Sergeant Fred Tyler, non-commissioned officer in charge of the two five-men teams.

Formed in 1946 at Camp Hale, Colorado, the unit's original function was to train men for mountain and high altitude warfare with the 10th Mountain Division. Now, the members not only teach Army field



M/Sgt Donald E. Schrack, Darion, Wis., member of the 77th Sp Forces, Ft Bragg, N. C., jumps from the wall of North Cheyenne Canyon, Colorado Springs, as he rappels to the canyon a hundred feet below. This is a part of his mountain training with M & CWTC of Ft. Carson, Colo.

troops mountaineering techniques, but they are also on call to help stranded mountaineers.

The unit's busiest season is July through September, but the two teams—Alpha and Bravo—are on standby service twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week around the year.

Each Tuesday and Thursday dur-

ing the summer months the teams give an hour-long exhibition for the public on the steep rock faces of a natural amphitheater. Bleacher seating for 1,000 is available. These military mountaineers leap down steel cliffs, slide across rope bridges, evacuate a litter case, and climb a sheer pinnacle across North Cheyenne Canyon in what seems like a three-ring circus as spectators attempt to keep up with the action.

But in real life rescue there is no audience present to applaud. One of

their most hazardous missions was for Harold F. Affsprung of Norman, Oklahoma, who was climbing with a team of three and who had made a good climb to Mt. Baldy near Mt. Blanca, Colorado.

“We were getting into high cliffs and had stopped to rope up,” recalls Jay Stewart, a member of the party. “Dr. Affsprung climbed on up above us before tying on his rope. He called down and told us to watch our heads for loose rocks. Then, suddenly, we heard a scream

Approaching the summit of Pike's Peak are members of the 5th Inf Div (M) NCO Academy Mt. Rescue Team, who climbed the 14,110-foot peak in a 2-day hike. Leading the way are 2d/Lt Evan Marshall and H. G. Sorenson.





Mayor Harry Hoth of Colorado Springs takes part in the 1st official Fort Carson military mountaineering demonstration in North Cheyenne Canyon. His stretcher is being guided by SSgt Gether D. Russel and Pltn Sergeant Rufus Roper.

and he came hurtling past."

Dr. Affsprung was crushed to death after an 80 to 100 foot fall. The Fort Carson team was called in to rescue the body, which lay at about the 12,500 foot level.

"My team and myself left the

base of the mountain at about 8:00 A.M., and arrived at the body at 1:00 P.M." says Sgt. Tyler. "We started our descent about 1:30 P.M. and were caught in rain, sleet, and snow."

PICTURE for yourself a mountain climbing team climbing upward for four hours to reach the 12,500-foot level and then being faced with the necessity of retracing their steps in blinding snow. Visualize sleet and snow making the rocks even more slippery, and treacherous; snow covering and hiding the cracks in the rocks, where pitons might be driven; rain building up in 4 to 6 inch rills and cascading down behind them; and the added burden of carrying the litter bearing Dr. Affsprung's body. What a climb!

But Sgt. Tyler concludes matter-of-factly "Before reaching the bottom of Mt. Blanca at 5:30 P.M. we had used over 100 pitons."

"Dr. Affsprung had climbed high peaks in Austria, Germany, Switzerland and other countries, and he was rated a top mountain climber," Jay Stewart says. "We don't know what happened."

Anything can happen on a mountain," one Rescue team member says. "That's why we're trained to expect the unexpected."

Over one hundred hours of instructions are given those who seem particularly adapted for mountain rescue work. Instruction includes balance climbing (climbing with ropes in 3-man teams); climbing without ropes and artificial footholds; mountain walking techniques



Leading a tactical maneuver up the ropes on a steep rock formation is 2d/Lt Carroll Dickson.

Members of the Fort Carson Mountain Rescue Team "climb any mountain."



(negotiating different types of terrain); and tension climbing, in which litters are used in rescue work.

IF SPECIAL skill is needed in climbing a mountain, special equipment is needed, also. Primary gear includes nylon climbing rope in 120 foot lengths capable of holding about 2,000 pounds; sling ropes 8 to 10 feet long, used in rapelling (descension by rope); pitons (spikes of malleable iron that will bend into the cracks of rocks to hold firmly) and a piton hammer, which has a head for driving pitons in rock cracks and another head for chipping ice and snow.

"We also use a rucksack for our flares, food, first aid kits, flashlights, sleeping bag, matches, and other essentials," says Sgt. Tyler.

The unit has had some illustrious members. James Whitaker, who on May 1, 1963 became the first American to climb Mount Everest; and notable skiers Buddy Werner and Rip McManus.

These men who have come after them, the present-day teams with little heraldry, see to it that our Army field troops who tomorrow may be called upon to "climb any mountain" are familiar with mountaineering techniques. They also stand ready to help or rescue stranded mountaineers who "climb any mountain" just because it's there. ■ ■

Going around in circles doesn't make you a big wheel.—*Salada Tag Line.*

Daily Bible Readings

August

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Mark	1:16-28
2	Mark	1:29-39
3	Mark	2:1-12
4	Mark	2:18-28
5	Mark	3:7-35
6	Mark	4:35-41
7	Mark	5:35-43
8	Mark	6:7-13, 30-32
9	Matthew	14-22-33
10	Matthew	15:32-39
11	Matthew	16:5-12
12	Matthew	16:13-23
13	Matthew	17:1-12
14	2 Peter	1:16-21
15	Mark	9:30-41
16	Mark	10:1-16
17	Mark	10:17-31
18	Mark	11:11-26
19	Mark	14:12-25
20	Mark	14:26-42
21	Mark	14:53-72
22	Mark	16:1-20
23	John	21:20-25
24	Galatians	2:11-21
25	Acts	10:1-23
26	Acts	10:24-48
27	Acts	11:1-18
28	Acts	12:1-11
29	Acts	12:12-19
30	1 Peter	4:12-19
31	1 Peter	5:1-14

PHOTO CREDITS

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The first thing to do each day is pray.

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS

By Paul K. McAfee

A CHAPLAIN in Vietnam stood and watched helplessly as a crashed helicopter burned. There were men in the ship who had not survived the crash. The chaplain knew each man for they belonged to his battalion.

He stood and wept at his helplessness and the loss of his friends, and his heart cried out the age-old question, "Why? Why?" A large burly crew-chief from another helicopter came over to him and putting an arm about his shoulders, hugged him and said, "God knows, Chaplain, God knows." Then he disappeared into the groups that had arrived to aid in any possible rescue. He was a stranger and the chaplain never saw him again. But the most renowned minister in the world could not have spoken words of comfort more effectively. For a moment God spoke through the lips of a stranger and brought truth and solace.

Here was a man who moved

quietly into a need, served effectively, and then as quietly moved on. All we know about him is that he spoke comfortingly and compassionately at a crucial moment. We might list him as one of the quiet heroes of the time.

The Measure of A Man

Just what is the true measure of a man? What yardstick is used to measure him in today's world?

We live in a society which looks upon "things" as a measure of success. The man who earns the large salary, owns the large home, drives the large car, is looked up to as one who is successful. The one who speaks louder, gets his name in broad type in newspapers and magazines, moves the fastest and inhabits the circles of the "right" people, is honored by the society of which he is part. I do not say this is wrong—but is it the only yardstick? I think not.

When we think of those who

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moved about with Jesus as he tramped the roadways of Palestine, teaching and preaching, our minds immediately see Simon Peter, the large fisherman, whose impetuous nature continually got him into hot water. Or we think of James and John, sons of Zebedee, who vied for a special place at the side of the Master when he ascended to his throne. But there was another, seldom mentioned unless the entire roll of the disciples is called. He was Andrew, the brother of Peter.

Andrew moved quietly and inconspicuously in the background. Yet when he acted and spoke it was with purpose and results. Andrew first saw Jesus and brought his brother, Peter, to the Master (John 1:40-42). Andrew saw a lad with loaves and fish and brought him to Jesus, thus prefacing a great miracle (John 6:8).

Andrew was one of the quiet men. Yet when he acted we see him and feel we have met a great man. The yardstick which measures the true worth of a man does not reach only to the obvious, the overt action and voice, but also reaches deeply into the unseen effectiveness and weighs equally the inward worth of the man. Great things are done by the quiet ones who continue to work and serve, unseen and unsung, in the less obvious areas of life.

The Acclamation of Society

There is in the make-up of Americans something which causes us to applaud and elevate those who please us. We create movie stars by our attention. Pop singers, whose voices are mellowed, deepened and

enhanced by electronic equipment, are made millionaires by our adulation. If most of them had attempted to perform on a bare, open stage fifty years ago, without all the electronic props, they would never have made the climb to their present elevation of success.

Their success depends largely upon the man in the control booth, who spends hours twirling dials and flipping switches which lift and sustain, or cover up weaknesses. The actor would largely fail without a good director, a man who spends a lifetime studying action, mood, and performance. Who writes the lyrics and the music for a Sinatra? Or who coached Dean Martin or Doris Day? Behind the scenes are the unsung people whose life devotion to a calling creates a vehicle upon which certain individuals may ride to success. Their importance to our society cannot be underestimated. They are the Andrews of today's world of entertainment. Without them the play could not be "the thing."

The Worth of a Soldier

Who is a successful soldier? We have servicemen who have been and are considered heroes because of what they did at a particular moment in time. We would not for a moment detract from what they did. They enter the pages of history and we love and honor them, and rightly so.

But for every serviceman who is acclaimed a hero and is so honored, there are the thousands of men who have, unobserved, reacted in a com-

parable manner and moved quietly on in their given tasks.

The measure of success, the worth of a soldier, does not lie in his being a hero, or in that he reacted with brilliancy at an opportune moment. Few of us ever reach that status. The worth and success of a soldier is measured by the way he labors day by day at his task. His is the routine, the mundane. But what he does, without fanfare, dash and color, is by far the most important in the long run. A crisis met and conquered heroically is here and gone in a moment. The common, ordinary duties go on daily, welding together the vast movements of the military. Heroic moments flash and go—but the making of a morning report, the cleaning of a rifle, the mounting of a guard or patrol, the guarding of a perimeter, the cooking of a meal, the myriad small duties that mesh to create the whole go on, unsung forever.

General George S. Patton, Jr., was a heroic figure, dashing upon the broad screen of life during World War II. He is honored and we are proud to have had such a leader. But we are equally proud and as appreciative of those hundreds of men who labored daily to create the possibility of his being what he was!

The true worth of a soldier, then, is not so much how well he reacts at a given moment, important as that is, but how well he does his day-by-day duty, carrying out his assignment. He is the Andrew of the military service, and what he does is vastly important and we can

earnestly say that he is a successful person.

Everyman's Task Is Important

It is true that sometimes the daily routine leads to discouragement. The sameness day by day, the never-ending cycle of over-and-over again can pall. One may seem caught up into a dullness from which there is no escaping. He may feel compelled to cry out "What good am I doing? What is the worth of it all? There is no measure of success in what I am doing."

Jesus told the story of a woman who was very poor in material things. She went to church and when the collection plate was passed she put in all she had, a penny or two. But she gave freely and with love, and Jesus pointed out, "This poor widow has put in more than all of them (rich and affluent); for they all contributed out of their abundance, but she out of her poverty put in all the living that she had" (Luke 21: 3, 4).

The successful man, civilian or serviceman, is he who works honestly and takes pride in what he does, regardless of what it is. The societies of the present world revolve upon the countless acts of the quiet ones who work behind the scenes, contributing without thought of greatness or acclaim. Without them a nation would perish. Without a soldier who does his humble, routine duty, no army could take the field!

God bless them! They are the giants in the land—they are the ones who create the larger measure of success! ■■

Where the Map Begins

By Vincent Edwards

IF YOU have never heard of Meade's Ranch Station out in Kansas, it isn't surprising. But that is where you will have to go if you want to be in the absolute center of this continent. It is the starting place of all our maps, the origin of all accurate land measurement in North America.

To get there, you travel twelve miles north of the town of Lucas, Kansas. Then you must stop dead at latitude 38 degrees, 13 minutes, 26.686 seconds N., and at longitude 98 degrees, 32 minutes, 30.506 seconds W.

Perhaps it sounds rather hard to locate, but don't worry. The spot is marked by a metal tablet set in a block of concrete, two feet square at the top, that projects a few inches above ground. On this tablet as well as on the one in another concrete block underneath is stamped the date 1901.

That was the year when the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey established this important

location. They had grown tired of all the boundary disputes that had sprung from wrong starts in the first place. "We'll make one dependable, once and for all," they agreed. They were highly pleased when Canada and Mexico agreed to take their figures from this point also. It would mean that maps of those two countries would fit in squarely with that of the United States.

There is quite a story about how this step came to be taken. Although man has been told to "hitch his wagon to a star," it doesn't work so well when topographical engineers tie up their maps to stellar locations. The trouble is, the stars don't stand still. An engineer may pick his starting point, get his location by the stars, and proceed with his triangulation, but if he comes back to the same place a year later and goes through that same operation, he'll find he is fifteen feet off in his figures. Imagine all the confusion that would follow if this mistake occurred a thousand

Do you know which is the only continent having a single starting-point for mapmaking? Can you name the point?

times on a thousand different maps!

ALL SORTS of arguments and court cases have come about through unreliable maps. Probably the most famous was the quarrel between Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It lasted for two hundred years. And no wonder! Among the starting and marking points of this disputed boundary line were such things as a heap of stones, a small bush, a pitch pine tree, and a large white oak near a river.

When the affair was finally carried to the United States Supreme Court, Rufus Choate, the lawyer of Massachusetts, commented, "The commissioners might as well have decided that the line between the States was bound on the north by a bramble-bush, on the south by a blue jay, on the west by a hive of bees in swarming time, and on the east by five hundred foxes with firebrands tied to their tails."

This was only one out of a hundred mix-ups. Because Kansas maps were "hitched to the stars," the southern boundary was set 500 feet too far south, and the northern boundary 800 feet too far north. A line marker between Colorado and Wyoming is out of place by a good 600 feet. For some reason the southern part of Florida was mapped with no relation to the northern part, with the result that, when the engineers tried to fit the two parts together, some per-

fectly good real estate had to be left out. Between Colorado and Utah one boundary monument is all of 2,000 feet too far west.

America's first map markers were none too careful about what they used for points of departure. Sometimes it was a blazed tree; another time it might be an Indian mound, or it might be a pile of stones. For this negligence states and people often had to suffer dearly. Georgia lost a valuable mining region once because its boundary with North Carolina wasn't better defined. An inaccurate map even caused Ohio and Michigan to call out their state militia in an angry boundary dispute. More recently the Supreme Court at Washington awarded to Texas 226,000 square miles of land that Oklahoma had been claiming.

Today North America happens to be the only continent that has a single starting point for its mapping system. For years geographers and scientists tried to get other continents to do the same thing, but now it looks as if all such problems must wait until some form of world peace and understanding is established. When the time fully comes for men to get together and iron out their differences in this field, the International Geodetic and Geographical Union will undoubtedly lead off in trying to give the world a map of proved value and unerring accuracy. ■■

Savior of the World

By W. J. Smart

VAST AND immeasurable is the difference between writing about Jesus and writing about all other Bible personalities. All the others are dead; if they speak to us, it is through their teaching and example. But Jesus is not dead; he is alive, gloriously alive, and he speaks to us today through his living Presence. To write about him as if he were merely a figure in history, no matter how incomparable we admit him to have been, would be a falsification. He was a figure in history, and he was incomparable, but he comes to us just where we are today, making himself known to us at all levels of our need, offering us an entirely new dimension of life and power in the wonder of his abiding.

He was born in Bethlehem in Palestine, about the year 4.B.C. Very little is recorded about his boyhood, except that he was brought up in the small hill town of Nazareth where he was known as the Carpenter's son, and that he went up to the Temple in Jerusalem at the age of twelve, the age when every Hebrew boy merged into the legal status of manhood.

When he was about thirty years old, a remarkable religious revival broke out in the rocky region of the Jordan Valley, led by

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Series for 1969. Next month: Disciple Number One

John the Baptist, and Jesus identified himself with that revival and was baptized in the river Jordan. Soon afterwards he began to preach in the villages of Galilee, calling people to repent of their sins and believe the gospel of God.

He also healed the sick and his healings received sensational acclamation. By his touch he healed lepers, from whom all others shrank; he touched the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf, the tongues of the dumb, and whoever he touched began a new life of health and usefulness.

His healing works were without number. A stonemason with a paralyzed right arm, a man with his mind deranged, helpless people carried on stretchers, a demoniac living among tombs who terrified the neighborhood, and blind beggars, all found healing in Christ. Sometimes whole cities were agog with excitement over him, and sick people were carried into the streets that he might touch them. One sick woman touched the hems of his robe, believing that by so doing she would be healed, and she was. But Jesus told her "thy faith hath made thee whole." She had been cured because she believed that if she could get only within touching distance of Jesus, her life would be changed. But in one place where there were many needy people, he could do no mighty work because of their unbelief.

Jesus The Teacher

In his teaching, Jesus compelled those who followed him to rethink their inherited religious ideas. It was not only what he said about God but the way he said it that caused people to say "never man spake like this man." Drawing parables and analogies from the everyday lives of ordinary people—the home, the farm, the market place, peasant women patching clothes, people mislaying things about the home, stray sheep, bread-making, candles and candlesticks, sons with ambition, others smitten with wanderlust, hidden treasure, rare pearls, befriending travelers, marriages, children at their play; in such homely speech and pictures he brought God down out of the distant heavens into the everyday life of his hearers. Listening to him they felt that God was real and near and infinitely compassionate, that the Almighty Creator

of the universe was interested in them as individuals, that God loved everyone and gave of his best to all who trusted him.

To the religious leaders of the day such teaching was outrageous. They were angry and scandalized and said this way of talking about God made it appear that God loved all nations and people alike, that he even loved Gentiles as much as Jews, sinners as much as saints. Jesus replied that this was exactly what he was saying, God's love was ceaseless, inexhaustible, and indiscriminating, as wide as the sky, as deep as the fathomless sea.

His fundamental teaching about human conduct was as simple as it was unprecedented. Great Jewish teachers like Shammai and Hillel had urged men, as Confucius also had done years before them, never to do to others what they would not like others to do to them. But Jesus turned that negative into a positive. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (Matthew 7:12 KJV). The "don'ts" of previous teachers need not mean more than inaction, but the affirmations of Jesus called for initiative in doing good.

While "common people heard Jesus gladly," the religious authorities were hostile and conspired to kill him. Finally Jesus was crucified. It was the deed of evil men, but "God was in Christ (not merely suffering, but in action) reconciling the world unto himself." And ever since that day at Calvary, contrite men have looked in faith to Jesus on his cross and proved in changed lives that he is their Savior.

He did not come to judge the world,
He did not come to blame;
He did not only come to teach,
It was to save he came;
And when we call him Savior
We call him by his name.

This Jesus, who was crucified on Calvary nearly two thousand years ago, is alive today, putting forth his life-changing power. Let us look at the evidence.

Jesus Changes Life

Percy Rush, a victim of inherited alcoholism, was as morally debased as a man might be—loose women, drinking bouts, drugs—by his own confession "completely and utterly depraved." But he

had a praying mother and a praying wife. He was guilty of cruel and outrageous sins, drink-sodden, devil-possessed, extremely violent in his attack upon his wife—all in his own words—until one night he heard a group of students telling how Christ could change people's lives, and he knelt and prayed that Christ would change him. "My prayer was answered," he says, "by a sudden inflow of new life and power, vitalizing and quickening."

He was forty-six years of age at that time and had been an alcoholic for twenty years. Nine years after his conversion he told me that the craving for drink and drugs was taken clean away at the time of his conversion, and had never returned. Twenty years after his conversion, he wrote me a letter saying "I still rejoice in the saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. I found in Christ One who could liberate me from the evils without, and cleanse me from the evils within."

An entirely different kind of evidence comes from Queen Wilhelmina, the former Queen of the Netherlands, who definitely took her stand on the side of Christ at the age of thirteen. It was a period when vital religion was unfashionable, when religious doubt was the vogue, when intelligent people were expected to be materialist and cynical about matters of faith. Even those responsible for the young princess's religious instruction were skeptical about the existence of God and the practical value of prayer. Providentially a Swiss preacher visited the Palace about this time, a man of radiant faith and utterly dedicated to Christ, and from him she learned that true Christianity was a personal experience of the living Christ, expressing itself in daily living. It was then she gave herself to Christ.

At the age of eighteen she was crowned Queen, and she marked the occasion by giving herself afresh to Jesus Christ, praying for grace to glorify him in all she said and did as Queen. While reading the books of Sundar Singh, she became overwhelmingly conscious of the Presence of Christ, giving her an expansion of personality and a new fullness of joy. She looked around on the world in its moral and spiritual darkness, and longed to be free from the duties of the monarchy to point mankind to Jesus Christ as the one and only Savior of the world. Twenty years later she abdicated the throne in favor of her daughter and became a free agent, as she said, "to bring men and women to Christ." The burden of her message was that Christ was neither in the distant

past nor in the distant future, he was not far away at all, he was present here and now and able to save all who would come to him.

A third piece of evidence comes from Miss Williams, a little old lady in her eighties living in straightened circumstances in an almshouse when I first met her. Her hair was already silver, her face was deeply lined and wrinkled with age and suffering, but when she smiled it was as if a light had been switched on behind her countenance and pure joy came shining through. I used to call on her once every week, and I did so on her 84th birthday.

She proudly showed me the birthday cards she had received, taking up one after another. "This one is from a retired Colonel," she said. "I was once his housemaid. I saw a column by him quite recently in a daily newspaper. It told how he had been sitting in a London park when a blind man with a white stick tapped his way to the same seat and sat down beside the Colonel. On trying to start up a conversation with the blind man, the Colonel found he was stone deaf and almost dumb. Conversation was therefore impossible, but the Colonel went to the same seat every morning and each morning the blind man came and sat down beside him. The Colonel went on to say in his article that lately there had grown up between them a very wonderful silent fellowship and, although they could not talk to each other, yet the Colonel felt he was really talking to the blind man through the Presence of Christ."

Very soon Miss Williams was telling me about her own religious experience. She was converted, she said, at the age of eighteen. "I had been reading a story in my bedroom about someone's conversion, and I was so moved by it that I knelt at my bed and gave myself to Christ. I felt so different afterward that I expected everybody to see the difference in me the next morning. That was sixty-six years ago." I ventured to ask her what Christ had meant to her through those years. "Everything" she exclaimed, "just everything!" She had worked as a domestic servant all her life. She confessed that it was very hard work and she rebelled against it "earlier on. But after my conversion Christ took the sting out of drudgery." Then she reached for her Bible near her fireside chair, took out a slip of faded paper, and told me to read the quotation which she had written on it many years before. It said: "If you can't do what you would like to do, get to like what you have to do." "Very good," I said. She giggled, then added, "Christ has helped me to do that very often, and given me peace and joy." ■ ■



CPL Jerry Bollman watches his new sister, Ly Mai, try on coat. Betty Kirchner of El Toro NCO Wives Club welcomes pair to Orange County, California.

Marine Adopts a Sister

A 19-year-old Texas Marine has adopted a 7-year-old South Vietnamese sister. Ly Mai is her name. Lance Corporal Jerry L. Bollman is the Marine and he lives in Dallas.

Bollman found Ly Mai in February, 1968, while driving through the streets of Hue. The child was emaciated and scared and had been living from hand to mouth in the streets of the city.

Bollman placed her in an orphanage and visited her whenever he had free time. He wanted to adopt the little girl himself, but found he was unable to because he was not married.

But his father, Carl O. Bollman of Dallas, was eligible and began adoption proceedings in April, 1968.

The process was completed in January, 1969.

Bollman and his adopted sister arrived in the USA last February and were processed at El Toro, California. Afterwards they left for Dallas where a delayed Christmas celebration awaited the two.

There Ly Mai found her new sister, Ginger, 17; and new brother, Richard, 9. The family knew her only through letters and photographs. Ly Mai started to school in June and has a private tutor.

Staff NCO Wives at El Toro—Mrs. Betty Kirchner, Mrs. Amy Smith, and Mrs. Dale Weekly—presented Ly Mai with a coat to keep her warm and a cowboy hat to make her feel at home in Texas.

From the *Orange County Register*.

The New Wind

By Ruth Victoria Woods

Laura really wasn't grateful to Aunt Millie for leaving her most precious possession—her house—to her

THE dreaded moment had arrived. Although the weather was quite warm, as I pushed open the heavy front door cool air nipped my face and I shivered.

I hadn't meant to enter the house by myself. I had needed and wanted John beside me. Since our wedding day seven years before I could hardly recall a moment when I had wanted him more. But as we got out of the car five-year-old Chris had scampered toward the creek and the wooded area beyond. John, of course, had run after him.

John didn't understand my apprehension about this old Victorian house on the outskirts of Mayville. To him the past was past and ghosts of the past didn't haunt the living. But I, Laura Mitchell

Prescott, a woman of thirty, knew how well this house had intimidated me. Its former mistress had disciplined me with severity. Aunt Millie had been dead four months now. Still, I sensed that she waited somewhere among the shadows beyond the doorway's light.

Years before I vowed I would never return to this house. Then John's chronic bronchitis had worsened and Chris had shown evident signs of inheriting his father's weakness. They both needed the country air. When the unexpected news came that I had inherited Aunt Millie's house, John made plans to move.

"She must have cared for you more than you realize," he had said, "Sure, she was strict but that was her way.



She could have let you run wild. I'll admit she had a strange way of showing affection but she must have cared."

"No, she didn't," I insisted. "She hated me. Every day I spent in that house was miserable. How can I ever return to it?"

But John's health was more important than the estrangement I had with the house and its memories. We didn't have money to buy other property. I had no choice but to give the old house a trial. Perhaps with John and Chris close by the frightening aspects of the house would disappear. But now, when I needed them most, both husband and son were not even within calling distance.

I stepped into the dim hall where musty dampness caused goose pimples on my arms. Suddenly a sense of movement on my right froze me to the worn carpet and I turned, trembling. My own reflection in a dusty mirror! I tried to control my shaking body. How was I going to walk through the house? Somewhere in one of those rooms Aunt Millie's spirit walked. She was watching. Was I so presumptuous to think that I could ever take this house from her?

I slithered quickly into the kitchen where the morning sunlight danced across the floor. How silly to be afraid, I told myself. This was an empty house. The sunlight could pass through its windows here as well as anywhere.

"I say 'bless old Aunt Millie' for giving us the house," John had said only yesterday. "You've got to forget

and forgive the past, Laura. The old gal couldn't have been all bad."

"That's easy for you to say. You never had to live under her thumb. That house has so many bad memories. Every step I'll take there I'll feel her eyes on me, making sure I do this right and that exactly so. I'm not sure I can live there."

"Of course you can—that is, if you can let the past be past. Maybe redecorating the place will help."

"Will it? It won't be easy to chase away her presence."

I looked around at the kitchen walls. Yes, I'd have the walls repainted immediately. The linoleum on the floor had to go, too. I stared down at the worn green and tan blocks. How many times had I scrubbed those squares? And how many times had Aunt Millie inspected every inch?

"Laura Mitchell! Look at this—did you wash the floor with dirty water? There's a black streak by the stove. Get back down on that floor and wash it again. It's going to be clean if you have to stay here until midnight. I'm warning you. If you're going to live in this house you'll learn to do things right. I won't have any foolishness. You hear me? Stop that blubbering! I do believe you're every bit as lazy as your mother."

I clapped my hands over my ears and tried to come back to the present. How could I ever wash that floor again? Aunt Millie was still here. Her shrill voice was still darting angrily from wall to wall. John! Chris! Where were they?

I RAN into the dining room and yanked aside the draperies to allow more sunlight to fill the rooms. Sunshine—that was what the old place needed. Aunt Millie didn't care for the brightness.

"Laura, pull those drapes shut. Look at the hot sun all over the chairs and the rug! I can't afford to have everything faded by the sun. How many times do I have to tell you to keep those draperies closed?"

I hurried on into the living room where I pulled back more drapes with great delight. I almost hoped Aunt Millie was watching. If she possibly could she'd come back from the dead to haunt me now. I sank into the sofa cushions and glared at the rocker where she customarily sat every evening, crocheting, crocheting. Was the rocker actually moving again? I shrunk back against one of her embroidered pillows and stared while my heart fluttered uneasily. No, a trick of imagination—and so many memories of myself in this same spot listening to Aunt Millie's tirades.

"After all I've done for you, Laura Mitchell, taking you in when your folks were killed. Is this the thanks I get? Coming home from school with one of the married teachers as bold and brazen as can be for all the neighbors to see and start gossiping about."

"But I told you I was helping Mr. Prentice and Miss Eastman with the yearbook and I missed the bus. Mr. Prentice was only being kind."

"Kind—my eye! I don't ever want to hear of you accepting a ride with a married man again. Heaven only

knows what terrible gossip will start now."

"There's nothing to talk about . . ."

"Don't talk back to me. I feed and clothe you and you go riding with a married man for the whole world to see!"

"Oh, God," I sobbed. "I'm going to quit school and get out of here."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. It's my Christian duty to raise you and I'll do it one way or another. What would the neighbors say if I let you quit school? You're going to stay here until you're at least eighteen or I'll send the law after you. Next time you miss the school bus you walk home before you let a married man bring you. You hear me?"

"Yes, yes, I hear you. What else can I do?"

"Don't get smart, young lady. Stop that crying or go to your room!"

I had gone to my room and cried myself to sleep.

How could I live here again? I wrinkled my nose as an odd familiar odor wafted through the room. Aunt Millie was here. A chill scurried up and down my back as I recalled the spicy talcum powder she always used.

I jumped and raced up the stairs to my old room where I flopped upon the same old bed with the same faded rose bedspread. Just as I had done years before I began to cry. Aunt Millie had chased me to my room again. Somehow I felt as though I had been scolded. That woman was still here, ranting, berating, criticizing, complaining.

"I thought I told you to clean

your room, Laura Mitchell. Look at the dust on this floor! You're nothing but a lazy, ungrateful child. Why didn't your mother and father live to take care of you? Get off that bedspread! Look how you've mussed it up. I don't buy bedspreads for you to lounge around on and get dirty. You hear me?"

Yes, I heard her. I'm still hearing you, Aunt Millie, I'm mussing up your old bedspread again, too. What are you going to do about it? I asked. She was in the room. She had to be. She was everywhere in this house. Why didn't she step forward and slap me for not getting off the bed?

Instinctively I got up and straightened the spread. I had to go into Aunt Millie's own room. If she was anywhere in the house, that would be her sanctuary. It was a room I had seldom entered. Aunt Millie had instructed me quite often that I had no business there.

I WALKED boldly down the hall, but at her door I hesitated. The odor of spicy talcum powder was extremely strong there. There's no one here, there's no one here, I kept repeating to myself as I took a step forward.

The room was shaded by a huge oak outside the window. The curtains were also pulled so the room was filled with its usual dimness. Still I could see there was not a wrinkle in the tufted bedspread on the four-poster. The dresser scarf was starched to perfection and the articles upon it had been set there exactly so.

"Aunt Millie, are you here?" I

asked in a whisper. I had to ask. Did I really expect an answer? Cautiously I tiptoed in. She had not screamed at me to stay out. There was no sound—only the overpowering hush of death saturated with a spicy odor. A sudden weakness forced me into a stiff-backed chair. I sat there a moment or so staring at the closet door. The closet. That had been a forbidden spot. Never once had I opened those doors. Did I dare now?

Why not? Wasn't this my house? This was my closet. I leaped from the chair and jerked the door open. A piercing essence of spice. Hats. Dresses—and the dresses moved! A green-flowered crepe fell to the floor—her favorite dress!

I cried out in sudden terror and fled from the room. But at the top of the stairs I came to a stop, grabbed the bannister and scolded myself. "You silly idiot. That wasn't Aunt Millie. You created a sudden draft when you yanked that door open. Now go back into that room."

Trembling, I slid carefully back into the room, glancing hurriedly in every direction. Nothing had changed. I rushed to the window and let the shade snap to the top. Moments later the lace curtains were fluttering in the unfamiliar breeze. I took in a deep reassuring breath. Why should I be afraid?

I looked at the dresser. There was the jar of talcum powder. Aunt Millie had loved its spicy odor. She had loved that dress, too, which now lay in a crumpled heap on the floor. Yes, there had been some things that Aunt Millie had loved. The

house itself. She had poured all her love into it as well as her reputation as a housekeeper. And she had given me what she had loved the most. I returned to the closet and put the dress back onto its hanger. Nothing happened. No Aunt Millie slapped my hands for touching her dress.

She had worn the dress only on special occasions—like the party for the new minister or the dinner at the hotel for Mrs. Grayson's ninety-tieth birthday. No man ever called upon Aunt Millie that I knew. Had anyone ever loved her? How lonely her life must have been! So lonely, in fact, that she needed but one "good dress." Aunt Millie had seen to it that I had at least two "good dresses." Had she, after all, cared?

Why hadn't they buried her in her

favorite dress? Surely that had been her wish. She had not been allowed to wear her best dress to her biggest and final affair in Mayville. Second cousin Clara Creighton had selected a dismal gray wool instead. I fingered the crepe dress almost tenderly, then stepped back into the room where a new wind was sweeping across the bed.

It was a quiet wind full of warmth. No scolding. No reprimands. The spicy talcum powder breathed only softly through the room. Had Aunt Millie and myself, through the touch of a dress, reached a reconciliation after all these years?

I inhaled deeply the new wind and hurried down the stairs to welcome my family to their new home.



"Lately, I don't feel so guilty about passing our debts to the next generation."

Tall, Thin Giant

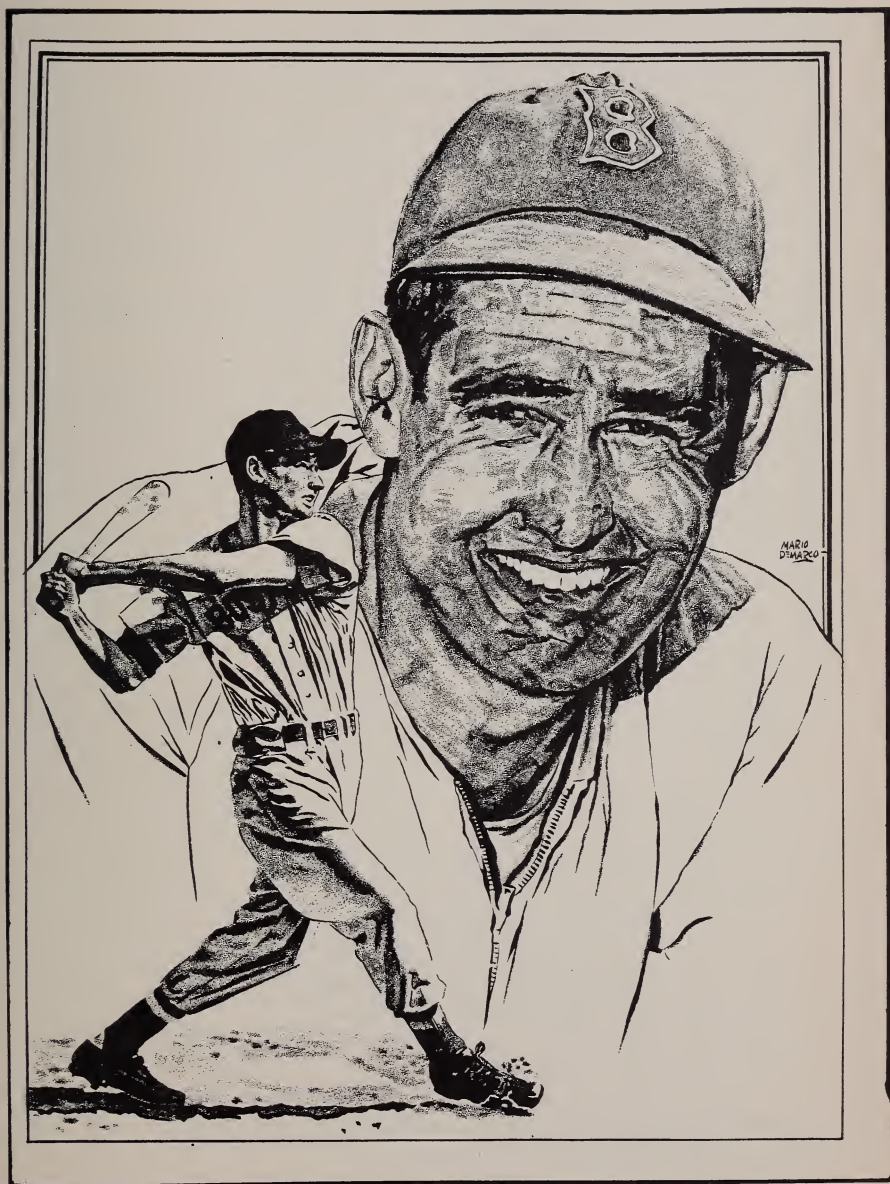
By Mario De Marco

THERE were only about 10,000 people at Fenway Park that bright, sunny afternoon on Wednesday, September 28, 1960. Truly a small crowd, but most of them had come to see the last game that Ted Williams (the tall, thin man with the big stick, one of the last of the super stars) was to play in. He ended his colorful career like a true champion. With his last time at bat he swung with all of his might and the ball sailed like a missile into the center-field bleachers, over 435 feet from home plate. It was Ted's 29th home run of the season and his 521st as a major leaguer in his last trip to the plate. It was struck off Baltimore pitcher, Jack Fischer.

Williams received a standing ovation from the fans for a full four minutes after he had hit his final homer. Old number "9" would never thrill the fans again with his bat and glove. It must have truly affected Ted also, because he refused to come out of the dugout to wave goodbye to his loyal fans. There wasn't a dry eye in the ball park that afternoon.

Ted Williams was finally calling it quits to a golden career. He was hanging up his glove and spikes at 42. He had blazed many records in the baseball log book. Some will be broken, but there are others that will stand for some time, or at which athletes will only aim.

His baseball uniform now is hanging in Baseball's Hall of Fame, next to the uniforms of other greats like Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Ty Cobb, Joe DiMaggio, Jimmy Foxx and the other stars who helped shape the greatest game in sports. Along with this are his records and history—and it was a glorious history. Looking back on the years of his career, few fans realized that Ted spent seven years in two separate hitches in the Marine Corps. Seven years is a long time. A cracked elbow (1950), a broken collarbone (1954), the game's most celebrated pain in the neck (1959), plus numerous lesser injuries and ailments



that meant that he could have broken and established many more records if he could have played during this "off" time.

1959 was considered his worst year. With a pain-wracked shoulder, he batted a very un-Williams-like .254 average.

In 1960 he redoubled his efforts to erase the previous bad year, and erase it he did! He finished the season with a .316 mark, plus topping his lifetime home run mark at a fantastic 521, only 13 behind his old teammate Jimmy Foxx.

He has a .344 lifetime batting average, 1,800 RBI, 2,600 hits, 2,000 walks. He batted .406 in 1941 and at 40 actually toyed with another .400 average, winding up the season with a fantastic .388! He became the oldest batting champion in history, topping Honus Wagner, who won the title with .334 at the age of 37 in 1911.

Today Ted is manager of the Washington Senators. He is doing what he said he'd never do—manage a Big League team. Apparently the contract was so inviting Ted found it impossible to turn down. (Rumor has it that Williams signed a million-dollar contract.) Money comes in from other places, too. One of the largest companies in the world carries a complete line of sporting goods with his name on each item.

Whatever it is that Ted does, he gives it his "all" as he did whenever he swung at the plate or chased a ball in the field. To the youngsters ready to fill his shoes, he gives this recipe for becoming a star: conditioning, desire to play, practice, and the will to win. The baseball manager who first saw "the Kid" swinging at a fast pitch some twenty-five years ago, said "That youngster is going places." And sure enough, he has!

CONTENTMENT NOTE

**Folks who think that life is empty
Ought to change their ways a bit;
They will gain a new perspective
Putting something into it.**

—F. G. Kernan

To Thine Own Self Be True by Cort R. Flint. Droke House, Publishers, 1109 S. Main St., Anderson, S. C. 1968. \$3.95.

This book seeks to create honesty in persons—helping them to overcome modern man's greatest handicap—the inability to be himself.

The Cross and Tablets— A Busy Intersection

By Allan M. Blustein

OUR AGE has witnessed the beginnings of a new surge toward rapprochement between Christians and Jews. Highly motivated leaders of both groups have striven, often against the more conservative elements within their ranks, for a new feeling, a new sense of awareness, a new realization of the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God. Those ministers, priests, and rabbis who have attempted to reconcile those of us whose feelings are still influenced by past injustices, deserve the plaudits of all peoples. Indeed, does there exist a nobler



Jewish chaplain playing organ at Christmas-Hanukkah party at U. S. Army Chaplains School.

aim in life on this war-torn, plague-ravaged earth, than that of bringing men closer one to another through the common denominator of faith in God and in his sacred Scriptures?

Achievement of this goal need not and does not imply any diminution of our respective beliefs whatsoever. Christians and Jews, as has been affirmed through the centuries, share a common belief and a

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First Jewish wedding performed in the Jewish Chapel at the U. S. Army Chaplains School, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

common trust in the base known as the *Judeo-Christian* heritage. Neither demagogue, dictator, bigot, racist, nor malefactor of any ilk can ever demolish this immutable fact. If there be any place or institution on the face of the earth where this fundamental principle of humanity can be affirmed and re-affirmed continually, that institution is most emphatically the United States Army Chaplaincy.

This is one story that demands telling because tragically few people know that it exists, vibrantly unfolding on a day-to-day basis in a world pathetically ignorant of such things. It's a story of man's

humanity to man instead of that opposite affliction with which we are all too familiar. Christians and Jews meeting, mingling, interacting, sharing, giving and receiving constitutes a truth that should be heralded from the rooftops in a society beset with the malignancies of racism, bigotry, and hatred. It looms as a lesson in living for the world.

From all corners of this heterogeneous land of ours, ministers, priests and rabbis come together, ostensibly to go to school, but in reality, to comprise and thus become a living part of the greatest friendship movement ever in religious history. In sharp contrast to

the reticent attitudes of some civilian clergy to meet one another on equal ground, military chaplains arrive at Chaplain School eager, hungry for knowledge, understanding and cooperative effort with their peers of other faiths. We give voice to this story in the hope that the enunciating of it might in some small way contribute to a better understanding, a deeper awareness of spiritual accomplishment by the few for the benefit of all.

The United States Army Chaplain School trains chaplains' assistants as well. This fact is vitally important to our story for it is here that soldiers of the three major faiths come together to share

ideas, gripes, vicissitudes, aspirations, and examinations, where they prepare and are prepared for their roles in helping chaplains to accomplish the religious mission. Students in the Enlisted Training Department at *USACHS* are oriented concerning the denominational requirements of the major faiths in addition to their academic and military instruction. Logically they ask and answer questions among themselves and their instructors. Such interactions are the building blocks of religious tolerance and understanding between peoples. From seemingly insignificant acorns of the quest for knowledge grow big oak trees of appreciation and regard for the

Interior shot of the Jewish Chapel at the Chaplains School.





Catholic chaplains are saying field mass during their one week of training at Fort Dix., N. J. They are taking the Chaplain Basic Course at the Chaplain School, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

beliefs of others. A conscious effort to accomplish these results is unnecessary; they just seem to arise spontaneously among the students. Soldiers of every persuasion, these men exemplify the best of American youth.

No religion is taught at the Chaplain School. But before we dismiss this fact as misleading, it must be stated that although religion is not taught, it is nevertheless *practiced* at the Chaplain School—practiced as it probably never has been before! Where else for

example, can a Jewish Chaplain, a rabbi, stand before a total of some 700 Christian chaplains (over a span of three years of Basic and Advanced Classes) and sneak a few answers about Judaism into the lesson plan on Organizational Maintenance? Where else can rabbis sit at the feet of Protestant and Catholic clergymen, ostensibly to learn about Chaplain Staff Duties and Post-Installation Chaplain Operations, but also to gain precious insights into Christian leadership.

Several illustrations are in order. To begin with, rabbis discover that Christian chaplains are impelled to enter the ministry for the same reasons they do. When a rabbi is ordained, the ceremony is called *Smicha* which implies a coming near (to God and to the people). Ministers and priests study and are ordained as a result of a call by God to bring his people near unto him and his word. Christian spiritual leaders in the military discover that their Jewish counterparts have the same problems with which they themselves must contend: disinterested flocks; atheistic movements; sermon preparation; counseling cases; battling

with life's problems in a thousand different directions.

After discovering these common denominators, Jews and Christians gather in the snack bar, in the halls during class breaks, at the receptions after convocations, at formal dinners, at informal times anytime, anywhere within the space of the two months or nine months they spend at Chaplain School, to compare notes, analyze difficulties, propose solutions, trying to come up with some, if not all, the answers. This is the divine made manifest in men.

The friendships and associations sown and nurtured at the Chaplain School carry over beyond grad-

Protestant chaplains gather for a field service during their training at the Chaplain School. The field worship service is held at Fort Dix, N. J.





Field training for chaplain enlisted assistants is given at Fort Tilden, N. Y. As students, they learn how to set up for the Jewish reading.

uation into both the years of military and civilian ministry. Advice, counsel, suggestions, help of all kinds rendered on a kindly and fraternal basis mark the relationships of these Christians and Jews who have finally, somehow, gotten to know one another, and what is far more important, to love and respect one another. Rabbis, priests, and ministers play on the same team; they do their best to reach the goal line of peace with justice for all. The United States Army Chaplain School, their precious Alma Mater, cheers them on, strengthening them so that they might achieve victory after victory over their formidable foes. So

long as the spirit and the drive remain, growing within the minds and hearts of these dedicated leaders, there need be no worry for the future of our beloved nation and its ideals. It is a story that demands emulation by all people everywhere.

Transcending perhaps even the religious experiences shared by these men, an even more meaningful relationship exists interculturally. To the halls of the Chaplain School come men who have been nurtured in the sunlight of Buddhism, who have known racial and religious persecution under alien and repressive regimes, and who are as di-

verse from one another as day is from night.

Into the hopper of a common educational experience, these clergy come to learn and to teach their brothers so that a better world may emerge. They sit in the classroom together, joking sometimes, taking notes sometimes, laughing sometimes over wrong answers on an exam, waiting sometimes nervously for their turn to speak in class. The essential point is that they do these things together; not as Protestants or Koreans, not as Jews or Black men, not as Catholics or Buddhists but as human beings, sharers of the message of faith and proponents of God's Word.

It is comforting indeed to observe the warmth, the unadulterated affection which flows so lavishly and unselfishly from one to all and from all to one irrespective of individual differences. Admittedly, science and psychology reveal that men do have differences but at the Chaplain School the accent is on the similarity—the need to serve, the need to help, the need to reach people—compelling drives in every military chaplain.

However, let's not kid ourselves. Chaplains are human beings and as such they are subject to the same feelings, the same prejudices as anybody else. Candor forces us to admit that perhaps the *dislike of the like for the unlike* may be present to a degree in the classrooms and on the fields of duty of the military chaplaincy but

experience proves that it is there in infinitesimal size, waging a losing battle against the overwhelming odds of the majority, who admire and cherish the lives of their fellows!

We know of no overnight panaceas for the ills of this world. This does not alter the fact that cures are present and available—the fault lies in our failure to utilize them to best advantage. The military chaplaincy provides our pastors with the most intimate, the most candid of glimpses into how the other chap lives—what he feels, what he thinks, what he wants, what he does not want. Armed with this ammunition, our religious leaders suddenly find themselves in positions of strength accorded to no other organized group. With the facts at their disposal, ministers, priests, and rabbis take this clay of affection gained in the halls of learning and on the fields of honor into their hands and mold it into an eternal tribute to peace and harmony.

This then is the story of the United States Army Chaplain School and of the military chaplaincy. Let the world's leaders emulate the example set by American chaplains. Let them love and be loved as our chaplains of all colors and creeds are and learn well from the lesson. If they do, then peace in our time, indeed in all time will change from an idle phrase to a wonderful and glorious reality.



The Church: S O P Reexamined

By Peter D. MacLean

THERE are all kinds of ways of breaking up friendship these days. One is to tell your friends that you really believe that the younger generation has some important things to say to adults and the world and that you are even willing to include the hippies in on the discussion.

Another way to lose friends and alienate people is to calmly announce that as a Christian you have come to the conclusion along with Saint Paul that all institutions are reflections of the principalities and powers of darkness. If you think an attack on motherhood and apple pie is a bit too risky, try a subtle but soft attack on the institution of the church. All will create the desired effect.

Ask Some Questions

Now there are ways of attacking the church that produce an unwanted backfire. If you make a

frontal attack on its tax status, or status quo or status anything else, you may find yourself some unexpected allies. A more subtle way to attack the church is to raise innocent questions. One should ask and quietly demand an answer to questions like:

Do you feel that churches today turn to the New Testament for help in determining their daily routine of work?

If you had to make a statement about the mission of your church, what would it be?

Do you feel that all of your members have a common understanding as to what is the real function of a church?

Describe the way in which your church actually functions and if you will take the dare, compare this to the functional analysis of the church as found in Acts 2?

If you draw more than one *er-ah*

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and few long-winded *hums*, you might do your friend a favor by just asking, "Well, just what is the basic function of a church anyway?" If you play around with questions like this for awhile, you will discover that it is possible to relive the experience of chaos. The whole process of asking questions about the function and mission of a church will produce not only the *er-ahs* and *well-nows* but some down right tense moments, and might break some friendships.

The fact is that most Christian people haven't the foggiest notion what a church is supposed to do. Well, that's not true either. The fact is that most Christian people do have ideas about what a church is or is supposed to be. It is just that there is no honest agreement as to where the common ground between and behind all the pet ideas will be found. Each of us will tend to describe the function of the church in terms of what we want. If a man feels that the basic problem in his life is his apparent inability to cope with his teen-age son, he may see the church as a possible partner in disciplining and controlling his son. This man will be the first to stand up in open church meeting and demand that the church do something about the teen-agers. A woman whose marriage has lately developed a bitter taste may see the church as a partner to make her husband conform to the image she has set for him. It is not unusual to discover that the first people who demand that the local church organize a couple's

club has a troubled marriage. Church is what we want.

What Did the New Testament Church Do?

If we try to set forth a discription of what the real function of the church is or should be in terms of what its members are demanding from it, we are still wandering in our confusion. To the extent that our demands are rarely met we also have a large number of people who have thrown their hands up in dismay on the whole idea of church. Mention church to them and they will either give you a polite yawn or a not-so-polite noise. So maybe we should stop demanding for a bit and come back to our questions. *What is the basic New Testament function of a church?*

To explore this question with any sort of honesty we must turn to the one common source of authority that still has a claim on Christians. The answer as to what is the real function of the church or of a particular church (one is a reflection of the other) has to be rooted in the heart of the New Testament. If it is not there, it just isn't.

Take Saint Paul with radical seriousness. He is after all a lot of good fun when you get to know him. Paul does not identify or call the church the Body of Christ for nothing. He means what he writes. The church, the gathered community of people who dare to call themselves followers of Jesus, Christians, are none other than the Body of Christ. This community is the con-

tinuation of all that Jesus is, was, and is to be.

The Church at Main and Maple

Focus in for a minute on the local church. The one down at the corner of Main and Maple—or take the congregation there in the Base Chapel. Wherever two or three are gathered together you have the makings of church. If we take with radical seriousness the idea that this get-together is the local manifestation of the Body of Christ then we may have come a long way toward solving the image problem as to what the function and mission of church should be.

The local church (or any other way you want to group it) is meant to be:

1. An extension and continuation of the earthly ministry of Jesus.
2. A community whose common and individual life reflects the love, the suffering, and the triumph of Christ.
3. A community of persons in which you can not only experience the gospel but be trained to share it with the world outside the community.

There are some fairly solid Christian words in those statements. Think them through. At this point all that is suggested is that we start to define church in terms of the life, the ministry, and the death and resurrection of Jesus. It could be said that the task of the church down there at Main and Maple as well as the congregation who worship together at the Base Chapel have the same basic task. *Do the ministry of Jesus in the*

world here and now.

You Are the Church

Reader, please note. Nowhere in this article does the writer say that the man you call minister or chaplain is the person who is supposed to fulfill this task or function. Clergymen are not the church. You are the church. It has been suggested that clergymen would be a happier lot if they were given the job of being trainers of Christians, and coaches for those who seem to be having trouble sharing the ministry. It should also be said that the average congregation of Christians would be a lot happier if they could grasp the truth that when they come together on Sundays or any other time, they are joined together for training in the art of sharing the ministry. However, we have not heard of a single clergyman yet who dares to put over the door of his training center (church building) a statement to the effect that through these doors pass the best-trained Christians that love can create.

It may be just too much to expect that local churches or even the congregation at the Base Chapel will catch the idea that the reason that God has called them together is that HE wants to train them and send them out to do HIS work. It may be too much for us to give up our mood-boost-dose-of-religion each week for some solid training in sharing the ministry. It may be just too much for us to give up demanding that we get

ministered unto and turn and be converted so that we can start sharing the ministry ourselves. It may just be too much. We hope not.

But if it is too much, where do we go? If the church is not doing the work that God has given it to do, whose work is it doing? Ask that question and see what happens. ■ ■

NEWS BIT

Conference on Evangelism

A U. S. Congress on Evangelism will be held in Minneapolis, Minn., on September 8-13. Among the speakers are: Senator Mark Hatfield; Dr. Richard Halverson; Dr. Leighton Ford; Dr. Paul S. Rees, and Dr. Harold J. Ockenga.

WITHOUT CEASING

I do not need,
Lord,
to give you a recital
of the circles of my life
today, tomorrow, and
carried over from yesterday
for You know them
even better than I . . .

I need,
Lord,
that You open
my awareness of each,
that You be found
working through me, with me,
and releasing from me
in each, Yourself.

—Pollyanna Sedziol



"Why can't you just save bones, like other dogs?"



"Guess who I ran into on the way from town?"

Lift Up Your Heart

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men that the country turns out.—Ralph W. Emerson.

Speak well of everyone if you speak of them at all—none of us is so very good.—Elbert Hubbard.

Christianity has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and never sufficiently tried.—G. K. Chesterton.

In life, as on a crowded bus, you needn't worry about finding your station; sooner or later, someone's bound to tell you where to get off.—Joan I. Welsh in *Quote*.

Few of us ever get dizzy from doing too many good turns.—*Megiddo Message*.

Humility is a strange thing, the minute you think you've got it, you've lost it.—E. D. Hulse in *Bashford Methodist Messenger*.

Most of us would be delighted to pay as we go if we could only catch up from paying as we've gone.—*Midland Schools*.

It may be true that most people can't stand prosperity, but it's also true that most people don't have to.—*Chicago Tribune*.

You'll find a lot of satisfaction in looking cheerfully on the dark side of life.—*Megiddo Message*.

Prejudice is a loose idea, tightly held.—*Kentucky School Journal*.

The trouble with our age is all signposts and no destination.—Louis Kronenberger in *Company Manners* (Bobbs-Merrill).

Faith sees the invisible, believes the incredible, receives the impossible.—Rowland Bingham in *The Christian Reader*.

When an optimist gets up in the morning, he says: "Good morning, Lord!" When a pessimist gets up, he says: "Good Lord! Morning!"—*Minute Man*.

Brief News Items

Gift of an Organ

Protestant churches in the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) presented a 15-stop, 962-pipe organ to the Ecumenical Center in Geneva, Switzerland, as "an expression of the gratitude of the community of Christ." The ecumenical center contains the World Council of Churches, the Lutheran World Federation, the World Alliance of Reformed Churches, and the World Council of Christian Education.

Easter at Fort Hamilton

The Fort Hamilton Sunrise Service, begun in 1802, is one of the oldest continuous services of its kind in the metropolitan area. This year the Rev. Jeffrey C. Wood narrated the program and the Rev. Richard B. Martin preached the sermon. Subject: "Easter: Heaven's Affirmation—Earth's Amen." More than 2,000 people attended.

1969 General Assembly of the NCC

The 1969 General Assembly of the National Council of Churches will meet at Cobo Hall, Detroit, Michigan, November 30-December 4. The Assembly will focus on the theme: "Therefore Choose Life."

Why Join the Church?

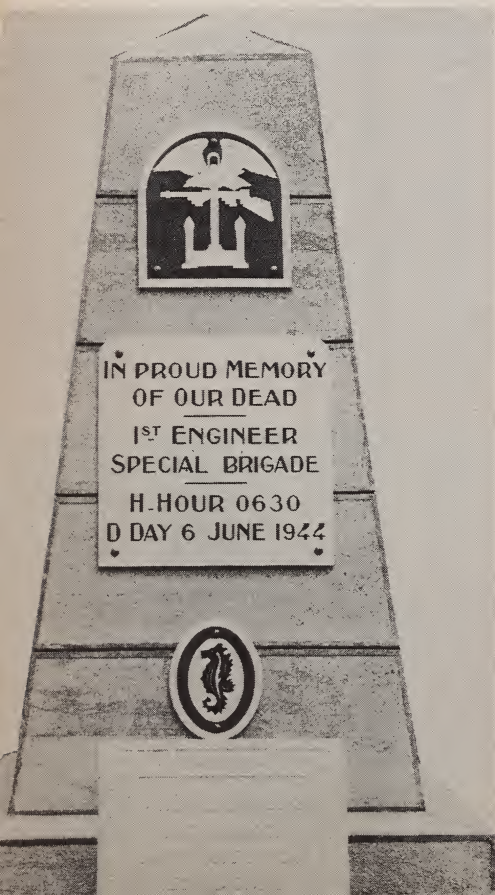
A survey of 1,318 new Methodist congregations reveals that the main reasons given by persons joining a particular church are: Had been a member of this denomination; liked the location; it was a friendly church; liked the minister.

Karl Karpa, Coordinator of the Ministry to Service Personnel in Japan (right), is shown receiving a Certificate of Merit awarded to him by the Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Navy. The citation was presented by Chaplain R. G. De Bock, USNR, at the Servicemen's Center in Iwakuni, Japan. Congratulations to Karl Karpa for the fine work he is doing.



At Utah Beach, France, on the anniversary of D-day, WW II veterans of the 531st Engineer Shore Regiment met and rededicated the monument which honors their dead and marks the site of the regiment's D-day landing in 1944.

On Normandy, by the dawn's early light on D-day, 531st foxholes edged those of the infantry near Sainte Marie du Mont, a war-torn village now rebuilt, site of the 25-year-old war monument which French patriots often decorate with flowers.



Faith That Makes a Difference

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake spoke at the installation of Dr. William H. Kadel as executive secretary of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church U.S. in Richmond, Va. He pointed out that the church does not exist to produce a Utopian blueprint for the world. But it should be "a dynamic center for remaking men" ... Noting that the church is sometimes criticized because it "does not produce results," the WCC general secretary said it should be producing Christians in community distinguishable from other kinds of men, for, he said: "knowledge of Jesus Christ is the beginning of faith that makes a difference."

Chaplain Pace to Korea

Chaplain, COL, Ralph R. Pace, Command Chaplain, Aerospace Defense Command is now in Korea. He is no stranger to the Far East having served there over three years as Professional Chaplain at Hq. 5th Air Force in Tokyo. The Pace family will continue to reside in Colorado.

Laubach Literacy Institute

Dr. Frank Laubach, 84, former missionary and world noted literacy expert, has established at Syracuse, New York, an institute offering major courses on the techniques of teaching and writing literacy. Since 1930, Dr. Laubach has worked on literacy projects in over 100 developing countries. He

has taught millions to read in 350 languages through the Laubach "Each One Teach One" method.

For detailed information about the school and courses write Registrar, Laubach Literacy Institute, Box 131, Syracuse, N. Y. 13210.

Baptists in Japan

Reports to the 1968 session of the Japan Baptist Convention

show that the 268 churches and missions related to the convention now have a membership of slightly more than 20,000. Eleven new churches were recently admitted. There are six English-speaking Baptist churches in the Tokyo area and one in northeastern Japan. The membership of these churches is made up primarily of United States military personnel.

On March 13, 1969, the PWOC of NAS, Imperial Beach, Calif., held a pot-luck luncheon to celebrate the 5th anniversary of the group. In the 5 years since the group started with about 15 women and Chaplain W. N. Detrick, a deep feeling of Christian fellowship has grown. The number of women meeting once a week for devotions, study, and discussion has been as few as 5 and as many as 30. Since the group was started it has been under the guidance of Chaplains W. N. Detrick, R. H. Heath, B. C. Fairchild, and presently John Q. Leshner.



The Link Calendar

- Aug. 1-3.** All American Indian Days. Aim: To further the cause of the American Indian.
- Aug. 3.** Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 3-9.** National Greeting Card Week. Send greetings.
- Aug. 4.** Coast Guard Day. 179th anniversary of the founding of the U.S. Coast Guard.
- Aug. 4-9.** National Smile Week. Look on the bright side of things. But please, no canned smiles!
- Aug. 6.** Transfiguration Day.
- Aug. 6-9.** National Reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans. For info write James P. Brown, 892 Eleven Mile Rd., Berkley, Mich. 48702.
- Aug. 7-10.** Scandinavian Festival. Junction City, Ore.
- Aug. 7-17.** Shenandoah Valley Music Festival. Woodstock, Va.
- Aug. 8.** International Character Day. Jimmy Award. Emphasis on good character.
- Aug. 10.** Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. Also Family Reunion Day. And Herbert Hoover's birthday. B. this day in 1874.—31st President.
- Aug. 14.** Atlantic Charter Day. Charter signed by Roosevelt and Churchill this day 1941.
- Aug. 14.** Victory Day or V. J. Day. Victory over Japan, Aug. 14, 1945. Also WW II Memorial Day.
- Aug. 15-Sept. 30.** California Strawberry Festival.
- Aug. 15-23.** West Virginia State Fair. Lewisburg, W. Va.
- Aug. 17.** Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 17.** 26th Anniversary U. S. Naval Station Oceana. Virginia Beach, Va.
- Aug. 18-23.** International Congress of International Assn. of Physical Education & Sports for Girls and Women. Tokyo, Japan.
- Aug. 19.** National Aviation Day.
- Aug. 20.** Benjamin Harrison's birthday. 23rd Pres. of the U.S. Born this day in 1838.
- Aug. 21-Sept. 1.** Ohio State Fair. Columbus, Ohio.
- Aug. 24-31.** Boy Scout World Congress. Helsinki, Finland.
- Aug. 24-31.** Edinburgh International Festival. Edinburgh, Scotland.
- Aug. 24.** Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 24-30.** Freedom of Enterprise Week.
- Aug. 27.** Lyndon B. Johnson's birthday. 36th Pres. of the U. S. Born this day in 1908.
- Aug. 31.** Fourteenth Day after Pentecost.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading, but also for group discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. When Things Go Wrong (page 12)

Biblical Material: Luke 13:2, 3; Matthew 10:24-26; Psalm 23:1, 4

How inevitable is trouble? Why does trouble come to people of faith? What specific troubles come to children of God? How can a religious person face trouble? What assurances do we find in the Bible when things go wrong?

2. The Measure of Success (page 27)

Biblical Material: John 1:40-42; John 6:8; Luke 21:3, 4

How many times does Andrew appear in the New Testament (compare with Peter, James, and John)? What criteria would you set up for success? Which contributes most to the progress of an army—heroic deeds or daily routine? Why?

3. Savior of the World (page 32)

Biblical Material: Read in Mark, Matthew, and Luke. Take two weeks on this study.

How does Jesus differ from all other persons? What was the relationship of Jesus and John the Baptist? Why is Jesus known as healer, teacher, preacher? Cite some examples of his work in these three fields? Why did the common people hear Jesus gladly? How does Jesus change life?

4. The Church: S O P Reexamined (page 54)

Biblical Material: Acts 2:1-47

What is the church? What is the mission of the church? How does the church today differ from the church of the New Testament? What are churches for? How can you best help the church?

Books Are Friendly Things

Woodrow Wilson by Arthur Walworth. Penguin Books, Inc. 7110 Ambassador Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21207. Paperback, 1969. \$3.50.

This book won the Pulitzer Prize for biography when it was first published in 1958. It now has been revised in light of new material and is issued in paperback by Penguin. It is an enormous book, 439 pp. "Arthur Walworth blends a subtle analysis of Wilson's mind and character with a dramatic account of his life and an objective assessment of his accomplishments and failures."

The Bible Speaks Again by Annebeth Mackie. Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. 5th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415. 1969. \$3.95.

Confronted with the problem of the widespread ignorance of the Bible, the Dutch Reformed Church set up a commission of distinguished writers to produce a book which would lead its members to a better understanding of the Bible and its role in the modern world. This book is the result. It is a comprehensive book, dealing briefly with how we got our Bible, what the Bible is all about, the Bible's authority, how to read the Bible, and the like. In its aim—to stimulate the reader to give the Bible another chance to show its living power—it succeeds magnificently.

Thoughts for Doubting Christians by Robert G. Tuttle. The Upper Room, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203. 1969. 75 cents.

The author tackles the problems facing a Christian in this age of space, nuclear power, credibility gaps, unrest, and plain old-fashioned search for a better understanding of God.

The Wars of America by Robert Leckie. Two Volumes. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y. 10016. 1969. \$1.25 each.

"Compelling accounts of America's military involvements." Vol. I deals with the period from Quebec to Appomattox. Vol. II follows with the wars from San Juan Hill to Tonkin.

The Gunfighter—Man or Myth? by Joseph G. Rosa. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 1969. \$5.95.

Were the gunfighters of the old West protectors of the innocent or trigger-happy rascals? Were the lawmen like Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, etc. heroes or killers? This book answers in interesting fashion these and other questions about the early gunfighters and show their place in the developing West.

Sound Off! *(Continued from page 4)*

has swung so far to the left that the vast majority of our nation's population is being discriminated against by a small minority who are trying to enforce their atheistic opinions on our nation under the guise of "freedom of religion."

Our nation was founded by men who had faith in a divine Creator and it was this "faith of our fathers" that our nation, under God, became a world power. If the difference between our nation's heritage and that of the Communist bloc is not that we are a covenant nation under God while they are atheistic, then what are we fighting for? . . .

A chaplain without God's message cannot carry out his mission. When crime, theft, venereal disease, lack of discipline and other intolerable forms of behavior show the slightest increase among military men, commanders call on their chaplains to do something about it. What is a chaplain going to use to instill honesty, integrity, discipline, and devotion to duty in the hearts of the fighting men if love of God and country is eliminated? The basic laws of our land are not man's laws but God's laws. The military portion of our society cannot condone a crime rate, lawlessness, and disrespect for authority like our nation suffers under—and I can assure you that if we did, we as a nation, would not have a fighting force or national security.

It is amazing that in the judgments of high officials in Washington, D. C., the climate of our nation's citizens is such to think that this communique could possibly stand. It was released a few days before the Christian world commemorates Christ's triumphal entry into the city of Jerusalem. On that first Palm Sunday Jesus wept as he beheld the great national capital of Jerusalem and he pronounced its destruction and the reason he gave was, "Thou knewest not the day of thy visitation."

Jesus came to bring salvation, but the political officials and leaders of the church that day had him crucified. Nevertheless the city of Jerusalem was utterly destroyed. . . . If America is going to defect from the commitments of our founding fathers and our Judaeo-Christian heritage, the same warning could be very apropos today . . .

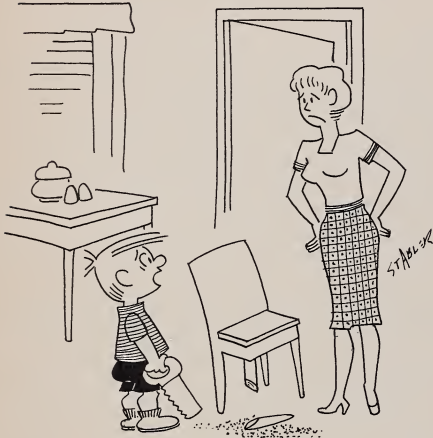
The time has come when citizens of our nation who want law and order, peaceful opportunity for higher education, and freedom of religion must take a stand and express their convictions so that this nation's direction toward *disrespect for authority*, and *freedom from religion and discrimination against religious convictions* will be reversed.

—Victor H. Schroeder, Chaplain, Colonel, USAF, Base Chaplain, Elmendorf AFB, Alaska.

Don't speak your mind when you're angry. That's the time to mind your speech.

—*Salada Tag Line.*

At Ease!



"I'm at the destructive age."

A Civil War Confederate General was telling his grandson about one of the famous battles of the war. He went into great detail and told how the Confederate soldiers won a great victory in this battle. After going at great length to describe the battle the little boy finally said "Well, grandfather, how did the war come out?"

To this the grandfather replied, "Son, that is yet to be determined." — *Cumberland Presbyterian.*

Passenger: "Have I time to say goodbye to my wife?"

Gateman: "I don't know, sir; how long have you been married?"

"Man, I'm so mad because my son Mike struck out with the bases loaded in the Little League play-off," moaned Eddie, the disappointed father, "I've decided to trade him!" — *Parts Pups.*

Bella: "I hear that new boy in town is teaching you how to swim. What have you learned so far?"

Stella: "I learned he's 21, single, has a good job, and just inherited \$10,000." — *Successful Farming.*

Talk about shrewd sales gimmicks. How about that new cigarette that gives you green stamps in every pack? And when you get 50,000 trading stamps—you receive a free cancer operation. — *Jim Kelly in Quote.*

Before marriage, he talks and she listens. During the honeymoon, she talks and he listens. After marriage, they both talk—and the neighbors listen. — *George Q. Lewis and Mark Wachs in The Best Jokes of All Time and How to Tell Them (Hawthorn).*

The little boy ran to his father and exclaimed: "Wow! You should see the great new lawnmower the people next door got—it doesn't need gas or anything! All you have to do is push it!" — *Journeyman Barber.*

If you are expected to make a witty remark, just think of something very stupid, then say the opposite. — *P.G.S.*





