







"The Son of God goes forth to
war. . . . Who follows in His Train?"

Official U. S. Navy Photograph

The LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

IN THE
ISSUE

Peacetime Conscription?

By BEN HIBES and WALTER VAN KIRK

VOLUME 3
NUMBER 6

"A MEDAL, please, for a service man's wife,"
I heard the young man say.
"I want her to wear it the rest of her life;
So make it large and gold and gay."

The clerk looked over the counter
At the young man standing there;
He was tired and weary from battle,
She saw premature gray in his hair.

"I'm sorry, sir," she answered,
"We've medals for soldiers, it's true,
But one for a service man's wife
Is obviously something quite new.
"We've locketts and bracelets and compacts,
And trinkets to please any wife;
Perhaps you would care to see them—
They are all guaranteed for life."

But the soldier smiled a kindly smile
And said in his own simple way,
"Don't bother, Miss, you've nothing here
I could take her on this special day.
You see, she's been more than a wife these
years—

She's been 'Daddy' to baby as well,
She never complained, or mentioned the tears
That no doubt very often fell.
Well, I'm home, and I'm safe, and I'm happy.
I'm on my way to her right now.
I'm sorry you haven't the medal,
But I'll make it up, somehow."

As the soldier went on his homeward way,
I couldn't help thinking aloud
That the best medal on earth for a service man's
wife—

And one of which she will always be proud—
Is the return of her dear one forever,
And to know that the battle is won;
To be safe from fear, and to know he is near
When the end of the day is done.

A Medal FOR A SERVICEMAN'S Wife



By
MARIAN LEWIS SCHMITZ

OFFICIAL
PUBLICATION
OF THE
SERVICE MEN'S
CHRISTIAN
LEAGUE



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The

Link MAGAZINE

CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor

Link Lines

... By The EDITOR



*Peacetime
Conscription*

DURING the past few months a fine old row has been going on along the home front. It relates to the question of whether compulsory military training should or should not be introduced in these United States as a peacetime measure. Arguments pro and con have been flying thick and fast.

And still, as this is written, the issues seem to be somewhat obscured, as such issues often are, by groups on both sides who have special interests to promote or to protect.

Generally speaking, it seems that the proponents of peacetime conscription have the backing of military leaders and the main body of the secular press. Opponents of the measure find lively support from the majority of religious groups, most of whom have declared themselves either against it unreservedly, now and evermore, or hold that this is no time to commit the country to any postwar policy that might be radically affected by the condition of things when war is done.

The position of the latter group is perhaps best represented by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which recommended in a resolution dated November 30, 1944, that Congressional action on the matter be deferred until after the war. The resolution goes on to say:

The churches believe that the peace should establish procedures for controlling military estab-

lishments everywhere. To this end the Christians of many nations are now directing their energies. They are doing this not only in obedience to conscience but also because the war aims of the United Nations, as defined in the Atlantic Charter, anticipate the establishment of a permanent system of general security and encourage "all other practicable measures which will lighten for peaceloving peoples everywhere the crushing burden of armaments."

We are not here pronouncing judgment for or against conscription, but we are pointing out that for the United States to change now its historic policy might be so interpreted as to prejudice the postwar settlement and jeopardize the possibility of achieving the kind of world order reflected in our Government's war aims.

That appealed to us as a pretty reasonable sort of stand. And yet, over against the plea for delaying decision until after the war, there is a sizable and influential body of press opinion supporting those who would enact the legislation now, while the memory of our miserable state of pre-Pearl Harbor unpreparedness is fresh in our minds and its tragedy on our hearts.

*"Majority
Against"*

TILL NOW we have been content to watch the fracas from our ivory tower, confident that the side with the soundest arguments would win out. What catapulted us from the sidelines into the fray was a statement we heard the other day from a representative of the opposition to peacetime conscription. This fellow, with all the attitude of omniscience, declared that the

measure should be defeated "because the overwhelming majority of men in the armed forces are opposed to it." And he proceeded forthwith to cite statistics purporting to show "a full 70% of the armed forces" aligned against the idea of enforced military training for their kid brothers and sons.

The fellow's presumption, based on "statistics" we have reason to doubt, is what aroused our ire—and it would have been equally aroused if he had been speaking for the other side. We may be developing into just a dour curmudgeon, but we are getting to the place where we increasingly resent these self-appointed "spokesmen" of yours who presume to know just what and how you are thinking—and then quote you in such a way as to advance their own interests. More often than not, their "polls of service opinion" are mainly a canvass of their own prejudices.

The editorial policy of THE LINK has always been to let you do your own thinking—not attempt to think for you. Of course, we hope we have been some help in guiding your thought processes into right channels; we could hardly stay on the beam of our purpose if we did not try. But if you've been with us for any time at all, you will have sensed by now that we have full confidence in your ability, once you have the facts in hand, to make up your own mind on questions of interest and importance to you. And then, when you have developed a sincere opinion—no matter in what direction—the columns of this magazine are open to you to express that opinion.

That policy obtains in this matter of peacetime conscription. Frankly, we don't know how you stand on the question. Unlike your unofficial spokesman quoted above, we won't hazard a guess. But we *are* interested in learning what you do think about it.

Therefore, it strikes us that the best way to find out is to lay before you both sides of the argument.

SO WE give you, placed smack in the center of the magazine where you can't miss it, a two-way treatment of peacetime

Eminent Debaters

conscription. The pros are well represented by Mr. Ben Hibbs, brilliant editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*; the cons' point of view is ably handled by Dr. Walter Van Kirk, who is perhaps best known as the voice of NBC's popular feature, "Religion in the News." Each is eminently equipped to give you the soundest reasoning on his side of the debate.

Anyone who has been even a cursory observer of the magazine field knows of the monumental job Editor Hibbs has done on the *Post*. Definitely on the youthful side, both as to age and attitudes, Mr. Hibbs came to the editorial chair of America's most widely circulated weekly magazine with this additional strike against him: he had to follow in the wake of the great George Horace Lorimer, dean of all editors. But what he has done to the circulation as well as the editorial content and physical makeup of that mammoth journalistic enterprise is something at which the magazine world is still gawping with envy. Mr. Hibbs' opinions herein expressed are both his own and the official position of the *Post*.

Dr. Van Kirk, in addition to his renown as a radio commentator and author, is executive secretary of the Federal Council's Department of International Justice and Goodwill, and is the able right-hand man of John Foster Dulles, chairman of the Council's Commission on a Just and Durable Peace. Dr. Van Kirk wants it made clear that the article he wrote for this issue represents his own personal opinion and not necessarily that of the Federal Council.

So there you have the two sides. We ask that you weigh both with impartiality, then sit down and write us your own opinion on compulsory military training.

LAST MONTH, at the suggestion of a sergeant stationed on the Rhine front, we gave credit to the denominations who are the "angels" behind the League that is behind THE LINK. In "Link Lines" we pointed out that their financial support of the Service Men's Christian League is mainly responsible for the 450,000 copies of this magazine that go winging into the service every month.

This time we'd like to pay tribute to another group that help to make the magazine available to you—the hundreds of local churches which purchase THE LINK monthly from us and send it directly to their own men and women in service.

If you are getting THE LINK under personal cover, and not from your chaplain or some other general source, you are probably receiving it from your local church. And here again it would be appreciated (by us as well as your church) if you would drop a line to the pastor or other person responsible and express your thanks—and your regard for this journal, if any.

The first local church which undertook this form of distribution of THE LINK—away back when the magazine was young, all of two and a half years ago!—was the Methodist Church at Lansdowne, Pa. The project got under way mainly as a result

of the enthusiasm of Mr. Fred Underhill, leading layman of the Lansdowne Church, who purchased enough copies to supply each of his church's 100 members in service. The reaction of the members seems to have justified Mr. Underhill's faith in the magazine, for he has not only continued to invest his personal funds in this project but everywhere urges others to do likewise.

A few weeks ago we had a letter from Mr. Underhill's sister-in-law, Miss Anna C. Macartney, who deftly handles the somewhat huge task of mailing, checking addresses, and communicating with the boys and girls whose stars adorn the flag of the Lansdowne church. Says Miss Macartney:

I thought you would be interested in the reaction of some of our boys and girls to your helpful and interesting magazine. One boy, who is stationed in Europe, wrote that he and his buddies eagerly await the arrival of each LINK. When the new copies come, then prayers and other choice articles they have earmarked for their own begin to disappear from the older copies. These are included in their letters home.

One mother in our church said to me: "I have never seen THE LINK, but it must be wonderful, for Bob sends me splendid clippings from his copies." And another boy, who was in an Army convalescent camp for many weeks recovering from a major operation, wrote that he especially enjoyed his copies during his "shut-in" period.

The other day I had a fine letter from one of our WACs; she said that before passing it on to others to enjoy, she reads it "practically from cover to cover."

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Lip Service



Facing a lifetime of deafness, why shouldn't he feel self-pity? Then along came a girl . . .

ALL bandaged up like a mummy, I lay there, a casualty in that military hospital, and watched the light from the window creep across the floor, until after a while it wasn't light any more—outside it must have clouded up. I watched the doctors and nurses, too, as they came and went up and down the ward. I saw two orderlies put a screen around the bed at the far end and I knew what it meant, even before the chaplain came in. I had been watching such things for six weeks.

What was going on in my head had been going on for six weeks, too. I wouldn't call it thinking: just the same old things, day after day, going round and not getting me anywhere and I knew they never would get me anywhere.

Where was I? Normandy? England? North Ireland? America? No matter: there's no point in telling you. It didn't make any difference to me, so what possible difference could it make to you? The only point is I wasn't a person any longer: I was a thing. Doctors and nurses decided where I should stay or be moved to; when I should eat and what; when I should go to sleep (sometimes I could fool them there) and when I should wake up.

Kind? Efficient? I'll say they were: from Dr. Simpson down to the refugee women who did the scrubbing. Kind and efficient every minute of their long days. Only, it was easier to put things across to others than it was to put them across to me. I don't blame them, if they gave me less time. But I wasn't neglected—don't you think for a minute I am saying that.

What had put me there? Plenty. But that wouldn't interest you either. In time most of it, they tell me, will clear up. I'll be able to walk again all right. Some day I may even be as husky as I ever was. But one thing I'll never get back, unless in five, ten, twenty years some bird finds or invents something as new as these sulfa drugs. And that is a long chance indeed.

That morning, as always, there was plenty to remind me of what was going to be a lifelong handicap. In the bed next mine a young naval lieutenant (j.g.) had some earphones clamped on and was listening to the radio. News? Music? How should I know? Three beds down, on the other side, a nurse was reading a GI a letter. His eyes were all right. My guess is that guy just isn't strong on book learning. It began getting real dark. I looked out the window

and it was raining. A minute or two later, I saw one of the nurses wince. A clap of thunder, I judged. Well—there you are. After that, they switched on some lights.

I didn't see the girl when she came in. Maybe I'd closed my eyes for a minute, lying there with my thoughts (if they *were* thoughts) going round and round, round and round. Then I looked up and—there she was. Not a nurse, though I think she had some sort of connection with our outfit: the office maybe—it takes a lot of paper work to run a hospital.

I SAW her speak to Dr. Simpson (always in that ward for that hour each morning), then she came straight down and stopped beside my bed. It almost startled me, because I'd never laid eyes on her before and anyhow nobody ever came to visit me. I'd have known it, if I'd ever seen her before. You don't forget that kind of girl: dark, wavy hair, just enough makeup to set you guessing whether she used any, and eyes that were never clouded one minute. In addition to all the rest, there was no doubt about her being American. She was as American as the Statue of Liberty. Just as a lot of casual visitors do, she spoke to me. I shook my head and pointed to my ears.

"Nothing doing," I told her. "Can't hear a thing. Never will hear a thing again, world without end. Sealed up for good."

She didn't look sorry and move on, as most do. She stood there smiling and I reached under my pillow, dug out my tablet and pencil, and handed them over to her.

"Would you mind writing it?" I asked her. "I *can* read. What was that you said?"

When she handed the tablet back, I read: "I asked you, 'How's the Great Stone Face this morning?'"

The impudence of it! "Who's calling me the Great Stone Face?" I asked her.

Two words on the tablet: "I am."

"That's all right then, I thought maybe

it was a name the doctors or nurses had hung onto me."

This time she scribbled more. "Can't you give me credit for thinking up something for myself? You *look* like the Great Stone Face."

"How come?" I said.

She closed one eye and studied me, as if I had been a picture in an art museum.

"Well," she reported, "you look as if you smiled about as often as the G.S.F. does. Can you smile?"

"Stick around and I'll try," I told her. "I haven't had much lately to keep me in practice."

"So?" (The tablet again.) "How did you get that way? When did your troubles start? Tell me all about it. You must have smiled once. Long ago, of course; maybe when you were a baby."

"You want the whole story?" I asked her. She nodded.

I started with D-Day and she never took her eyes off me, her face tense and animated. You would have thought it was the first time she had ever heard that story.

When I was in college, at Fremont, one of our speech teachers told us: "So few people know how to listen. Good listeners are far rarer than good speakers." And I thought of it now, as I watched her. Really I think I told a pretty good story and I'm not ashamed to say it, because she deserved a lot more credit for it than I did.

"Walter and Vin thought I was dead." (This was away on toward the finish.) "For that matter, I did, too, till I woke up there in that ditch, in that thicket of nettles, with both legs out of commission and every long breath driving a knife right through me.

"My arms were all right though. So I dragged myself out into the open and it was safe enough. The battle had gone on and left me—a piece of debris to be picked up. After a while some stretcher-bearers did pick me up. One took a quick look at

me and gave me a shot of morphine. That made everything lovely. Pretty soon I was at the first-aid station and pretty soon after that I was on a plane."

She touched her ear and smiled a question.

"Yes," I said. "They were out then—out for good. At the first big hospital one of the docs . . ."

A nurse coming down the ward stopped, looked at us, and came over and put her hand on my head. Then she said something to the girl. The girl answered—I, of course, was out of it. Only I could guess some and it made me good and mad.

"Okay! Okay!" I said. "Maybe I am getting too excited. All the old soldiers do, you know, when they start fighting the war over. But I'll pipe down, if you say so."

The girl smiled at the nurse, smiled at me, took the tablet and scribbled: "She thinks (and so do I) that I'd better not stay much longer. Mustn't tire you, you know."

"You're not tiring me," I told her, "but I've learned to obey orders and right now, as sure as my name is William Prescott Engle, I'm going to stop talking. Cross my heart! Hope to die! You talk now. What's your name? Where do you come from? Tell me all about yourself."

WHEN the tablet came back, it said: "Name—Doris Biedermann; residence—Posey County, Indiana. And don't you go thinking things, just because that name Biedermann is German. I'm the third generation born under the Stars and Stripes and Great-Grandfather Biedermann was a forty-eighter. That means, in case you don't know—which a lot of people don't—that he was dead against the special brand of tyranny Germany was playing up then and he had to get out—quick. He was one of the German Pilgrim Fathers."

That nurse had her eyes on me. When I answered I didn't lift my head from the

pillow. I even tried to look a little bored.

"Nothing wrong with a German name," I said. "Look at Eisenhower! And my name, they say, is German."

She grabbed the tablet and scribbled: "Engle? I'll say it is. It means angel. Not particularly appropriate, if you ask me."

That tickled me and she wrote again: "I knew you could smile."

"Why not?" I told her. "Stick around: maybe I'll do it again."

But she shook her head. "No," she wrote, "better be going. Dr. Simpson has his eagle eye on me. It won't do to be thrown out."

"Good-by, Doris," I said, as she rose, "May I call you Doris?"

"Why not?" she wrote. "If you'll let me call you Bill."

SHE put her fingers to her lips, rolled them slowly, as if she were molding a little pellet and then tossed it to me.

"I got it," I said. "Thank you. And—Doris, come again. Won't you? Locked in this way behind dead ears—you don't know what it's like. Hearing nothing, not even the thunder, day after day, and knowing it's going to last forever."

She smiled and, for the first time since we had been talking, it was like the smile of an older person, a much older person, looking at a child. Then she took the tablet, wrote a line or two, handed it back to me and was off.

I stared at what she had written. Then I stared at her, stepping it off down the ward and not looking back once. You know—! It was as if she had hauled off with that little fist of hers and socked me one right between the eyes. For here is what it was:

"Oh, is that so? I don't know a thing about it, don't I? Why not break out from behind those dead ears? Learn to read lips, the way I do? Because, Bill, I'm stone deaf, too—as deaf as you are."

(Reprinted by permission from Classmate)

THEY'VE MADE A

Happy Landing

AT COLLEGE



IF Ohio Northern University had an airfield somewhere on its spacious campus acres at Ada, the dozen returned veterans there would feel more at home—but not much. Though most of them are flyers, they are rapidly taking to life and learning on solid ground.

There is Larry Archer, for instance, a charter member of the "I Bombed Japan Club." He was a tail-gunner on one of the Liberators in the first heavy bombing mission over the Japanese homeland, and he had thirty-five combat missions under his belt, and appropriate ribbons on his chest, before he suffered a third and final crack-up somewhere in the Aleutians. He is back at school, trying to make a lifework out of the scientific accuracy that was so important up there 10,000 feet above the military objectives of Tokyo.

With a little time off from the engineering subjects he is studying, he could tell about that first exciting trip—rising a long time before dawn, going through the painstaking process of briefing, waiting impatiently for the take-off, listening to his heart

pound as the objective was approached, dropping the "eggs" through the clouds that almost always enshroud Tokyo, winging back over vast stretches of unfriendly ocean, reporting everything seen to the intelligence officers, and then re-living the adventure in talk before climbing into the "sack."

But that's the past, and the future is a career in engineering, with college algebra and trigonometry prominent among the objectives. "Fellows who come back to college will find the going pretty smooth," he says with a grin. "Everyone here has been more than anxious to help."

Taking Advantage of the G.I. Bill

Paul Rizor, sometime of North Africa, is another of the veterans who are taking advantage of the well-known "G.I. Bill of Rights" and the special plans that have been made at this particular school. Here students can take short technical courses requiring up to two years and leading to certificates. They can enroll for the pre-professional courses that look in the direction of advanced courses with degrees in medicine, dentistry, law, agriculture, forestry, conservation, journalism, optometry,

PHOTOS AT TOP: Three men, about whom this article is written, who have returned to civilian life—and a college campus—after overseas service are: (left to right) Lieut. Willis Jarvis, S/Sgt. Larry Archer and Gene Smith.

veterinary medicine, laboratory technique and theology. They can work in the regular degree courses in liberal arts, engineering, law and pharmacy.

But, to get back to Paul, who is a pre-law student. He is the sole survivor of an anti-aircraft crew of fifteen that had shot down seventy-three Axis planes when a bomb found the gun emplacement. The concussion blew Paul against another gun, and his forehead was cut by a flying piece of somebody's rib. One of his legs was broken. He suffered injury to the other leg and hip, a shoulder wound and shock. Lately he has been walking without a cane, which is almost unbelievable after all that happened to him.

He likes both courses and teachers at Ohio Northern. "They are always ready to talk with me when I have a question or need a suggestion," he comments. "This school has a congenial atmosphere, and I like it."

Jeep Threw Him for a Loss

Bits of scenery in Australia and New Guinea are in Willis Jarvis's duffle-bag of memories. He was an armament officer for a bombardment squadron, rising at two o'clock to prepare planes for missions, before a jeep—of all things!—got him. He was traveling on bad roads in the kind of rain that only the weather man in New Guinea knows how to put out.

Of course, Willis is glad to be back at school, pursuing an interrupted course in public school music. He is majoring on instruments. "It's all preparation for doing my part in the postwar," he explains. For him, education is a field in which he can break new trails.

When Gene Smith was aloft, he did his shooting, not with the trigger of a gun, or the releasing switch of a bomber, but with the shutter of an aerial camera. It was a fancy Trimetrogon job, designed to take pictures of terrain before bombing started

or invasion barges nosed the shore. Most of the work was done at 28,000 feet, though lower altitudes were used for photographing bomber runs.

A cracked knee-cap that required surgery was Gene's hard luck when the landing-gear of the plane acted up and threw him. Yet, he has made a recovery that permits him to major in physical education. Ohio Northern has a gymnasium with special techniques for retraining physically those who require it. Everything considered, Gene remarks: "As we say in the Army, I think this G.I. Bill schooling is a good deal."

Knows What He's Heading For

William Freeman was a crew chief on a plane that patrolled the West Coast from Southern California to Alaska. One night, flying back to the base at Santa Maria, Calif., the plane developed engine trouble. There was no dodging a forced landing, but the landing-gear failed to function. Several crewmen suffered severe injuries in the crash. William's was a wound on the right side of the head that resulted in the almost total loss of sight in his left eye.

Remembering the experiences that have been his, he says: "I think I am much better prepared to enter college now than if I had gone directly from high school. I am more settled and decided on what I want to do. Every returned service man should take advantage of the schooling the Government is offering. There will be great need for it in the age of specialization that is ahead."

On the Ada campus young Mr. Freeman, who was once a mechanic, is now enrolled in the college of liberal arts, majoring in history and political science. He has zoology, too, and a pair of languages, English and Spanish.

His remark about high school prompts the statement that veterans who are not graduates of such schools may find courses available according to their schooling and

experience before and during service with the armed forces. In some cases credits earned in training programs with the forces may be applied to courses leading to certificates or degrees. Furthermore, a veteran may enter at the beginning of any one of the four quarters, thus avoiding loss of time in getting started.

The roster of veterans at Ohio Northern also includes Richard Goforth, who is studying law, and Jack Hanley and William Foulk, who are students in pharmacy, plus some others who will have entered between this writing and your reading.

When they change from uniforms to civilian attire, the veterans do not shed the attitudes that war experiences have developed. They have learned to keep their things neatly packed away in an unbelievably small space, and their ideas locked in their heads. They are tired of being inoculated and of standing in line. They judge professors, students and townspeople by what they do, not what they say. And these fellows, for

whom so much of life has been cold and bloody, are eager for a warm, glowing faith in life, which they must find for themselves.

Although all of them have had experiences that the other students can never know, these veterans do not hold themselves aloof. They mingle with the others in the sports program (an intramural football game last fall will not soon be forgotten) in the social and religious activities, as well as in the work of classrooms and laboratories.

"We want them to feel at home," says President Robert O. McClure, himself a chaplain in World War I. "In a sense the whole world has become their home. We look to them for help in broadening the horizons of young people so that our college group will be at home in all the world."

Ask the returned service men, and they will tell you that they have made a happy landing at college, and found it homelike

---❧ FACTUALLY SPEAKING ❧---

A Brazilian fungus that grows on dead trees emits a light so bright that you can read a book by it at night.

Thunderstorms usually travel at a speed of approximately twenty-five miles an hour.

The Philippine Islands were named for Philip II, king of Spain.

All the gold that has been mined in the world since Columbus discovered America could be put into a forty-foot cube.

Lions roar with their heads toward the ground, adding to the volume of sound.

Among the Fiji islanders the human head

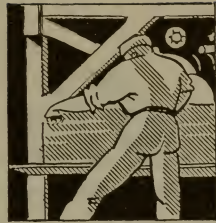
is sacred, and it is an insult to reach above it.

The word "monkey," used to describe a wrench by that name, is supposed to be a corruption of the proper name Moncke. Charles Moncke, a London blacksmith, is credited with inventing the tool.

Pincapples weighing twenty pounds are common in the New Hebrides Islands.

Speaking of unemployment, says a current magazine, the average man has 12,000,000,000 brain cells.

The world has had only 268 years of peace in 4,000 years.



Jobs for GIs



AS ANNOUNCED LAST MONTH, we begin with this issue a series of articles dealing with various vocational fields that will be open to service men and women in the postwar era. We hope that this service will be helpful to you in deciding upon the profession or trade best suited to your abilities.

"Jobs for GIs"—the first installment of which begins on the succeeding pages—is written for us by one of the outstanding authors in the vocational field. M. R. Lingenfelter has written innumerable articles and an imposing array of books on vocations, among the latter being *Vocations in Fiction*, *Vocations for Girls*, *Vocations for Boys*, *Wartime Jobs for Girls*.

To do the specialized type of research necessary to an assignment such as "Jobs for GIs," the author is canvassing the major professions, trades and industries, and will report on these from month to month. Being a member of the Engineering Administration Staff of RCA Victor Division, Radio Corporation of America, made it natural for our expert to start the series with a pair of articles on Radio and Electronics.

All major fields will eventually be treated, but while you are waiting for yours to come up, why not advise us of any special interest you want to be sure we don't miss?



Jobs for GIs

Getting our survey of postwar vocations under way, let's take a look at chances that may be open to you in that mighty "four-billion-dollar industry" . . .

Radio and Television

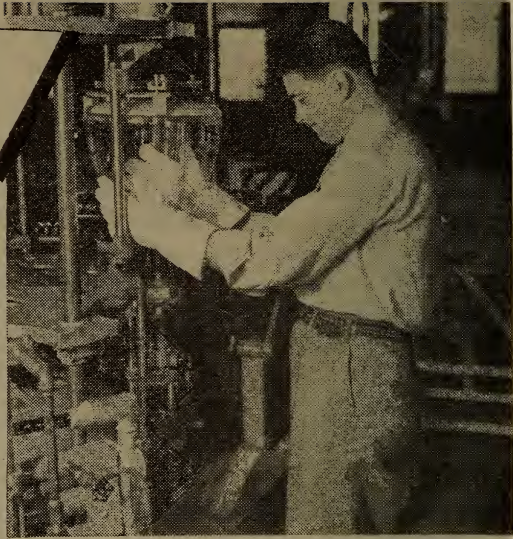
RADIO—a Four Billion Dollar Industry." What a headline that is to give you hope for a peacetime job in one of the most glamorous of all industries!

First, though, you will want to know the "true or false" of that headline; and, if it is true, what and where are the jobs, who will qualify for them, and, most important of all, how you can train for a break-through to the best starting-point for the upward climb you may be dreaming about at the moment.

On that first point let me quote one of our men here at RCA when he spoke at various camps on the prospects for our GIs in television:

"Television," said Mr. Dan Halpin, "can make no claim to providing millions of jobs or even hundreds of thousands of specific jobs in the immediate postwar period, but we believe it will provide many opportunities for new careers in radio and related industries. Not only will its benefits be directly in the radio manufacturing, distribution and broadcasting fields, but in the wide variety of other industries indirectly related to, or benefiting from, television.

"Glass, plastics, metals, wood working, transportation, building, machine tool and



This kinescope, on which television images are reproduced in home receivers, is being assembled in RCA's plant, Harrison, N. J. (RCA Victor photo)

By M. R. LINGENFELTER

advertising, are a few of the many other industries which may benefit from the growth of television. In addition, engineering in all its phases, from research to field installations, will share in the continuous development and progress of television as a service to the people."

And this television executive tells us that "by the end of the fifth full television production year, it is the judgment of qualified people that the annual retail billing should be at the rate of \$1,442,000,000 annually. The attainment of this figure, it is believed, will make possible approximately 300,000 new jobs in the radio industry by the beginning of the sixth year after television goes ahead."

Since that statement gives us a good answer to the first question concerning the size of the industry in the years ahead, as well as a dependable prediction that there will be more and more jobs for you when

you are ready for them, suppose we look at the various fields in which these opportunities will be offered. A member of NBC's personnel staff describes four widely diversified fields as follows:

"First, there is the *business management* field, which includes the financial, legal, personnel and general service operations. We may be in the broadcasting business, but we still have to pay and collect bills, make and break budgets, paint and move furniture, hire and fire people, and handle all those general problems associated with every large organization, regardless of its product.

"Second, there is the *technical* field, which includes research and development as well as all engineering operations involved in the handling, installing and repairing of equipment used to put a broadcast on the air. Then there is the *sales* field, which involves the selling of NBC's commodity—time on the air—as well as the maintenance of contractual and good-will relations among our 143 affiliated stations throughout the country.

"And, finally, there is the *creative* field, embracing all those aspects of the business which contribute directly or indirectly to that split second when 'You're on the Air.' This field includes the announcers, producers, play readers, script writers, promotion, publicity and press writers and all their contributory helpers."

Breaking into the Creative Field

We suspect that many of you who dream of a job in radio will aim high at the creative field—at the glamorous jobs on the air. For most of these jobs you will need a good education and decided artistry in your special line if you hope to appear before the mike. Many of our colleges can help you in their own broadcasting stations, where a budding artist may try out his skill as an announcer, a news commentator, or an entertainer and, if successful, may start the long training which usually pre-

cedes the thrilling moment of actually going on the air in a big way.

Skilled writers may win out in creative work when television comes of age. If you break through here you may be employed on a straight salary basis as a member of a broadcasting station's writing staff; you may produce manuscripts under contract, or free-lance writing may be your best opportunity if you can spin out the sort of scripts which will appeal to radio audiences, to the play readers and to the producers.

Don't try radio script-writing, though, if your mind is the capricious kind that just will not be rushed, for you will have to produce your scripts under pressure—or else!

Managing and Directing Programs

What of the producers and program directors? You may aim for a job here if you have super executive ability, vigor and plenty of calmness and patience. And you must be smart in the production of effects and in producing them without much in the way of rehearsals and preliminary preparation usually given to stage actors. A thorough, encyclopedic type of education is required for anyone who wants to be a station manager or program director. It will be his job to catch inaccurate information or other faults in a program which might make a laughing-stock of the sponsor. Courses in dramatic production, in music, speech and languages will be required as television grows.

In the technical field, design engineers, service specialists, laboratory experts and station operators will be needed. For design engineering and research work you will need thorough courses in electrical engineering. A high-school education will be sufficient for service jobs and stations operations; or you may not need that if you have been one of the fortunate GIs to be trained in the fundamentals of electricity and radio

work in the service schools of our armed forces. (We shall have more to say about this field in the next article in the series.)

Suppose we look now at the business management field. Jobs here do not demand college training, but our source of information at NBC pointed out that most of the employees who started low and later reached top posts in this field had taken advantage of the company's educational program to take courses that would help them attain their goals. Examples of employees who started at the bottom include: junior press writer, accountant, music library clerk, studio manager, script writer, production director, engineering stock clerk, traffic supervision, senior program clerk.

Other employees who started as clerks became: engineer, statistician, assistant controller, assistant manager of spot sales, payroll supervision, accounting supervisor.

This seems to offer considerable hope for you who, as veterans of the war, will be given preference for jobs which will probably be above the lowest rung on the promotional ladder. You will, furthermore, have your Uncle Sam back of you—if the company fails you—in the matter of securing extra training to help you in your climb to higher spots in the business phase of the radio industry. We advise you to take courses in business administration or to specialize in selling, advertising or accounting.

Good Spot for Super Salesmen!

Now we come to one of the most promising phases in the entire radio industry—one that may be revolutionized by television when it reaches perfection—the sales field. This field includes not only the selling of time on the air, but merchandising of television equipment and of the products of farm, factories and personal services.

Mr. Halpin tells us that "American business has invested several billion dollars in the show windows and show rooms of

1,770,000 retail establishments. The annual operating expense of these facilities runs to hundreds of millions of dollars. They enable millions of prospective buyers to see the products in the flesh."

How much better will be displays and demonstrations with television when products can be displayed on the screen in the family living room with the entire family gathered to see the show in peace and comfort. No crowds, bad weather or police regulations will disturb them here as they study the merits of a product without the jostling which often occurs before a popular show window. Here, too, is a spot where television may make its finest contribution to the public good, as it will take more than a golden voice to convince mother, father and the youngsters that a product is worth their hard-earned money.

Distribution and Servicing Jobs

Jobs in the distribution and servicing of home television receivers will be wide open to GIs who were in this business before Pearl Harbor or who have had something to do with radio during the war. It may be a year after the industry gets the green light from WPB to manufacture these receivers before delivery will begin, but the moment instruments are available competition will rival the early days of tube radios and the automobile.

Most of the radio companies are promising wonderful things in television home-receivers and new FM instruments. For the keen competition that is sure to come in this field of selling you will need intensive, direct selling effort. Besides revenue from the sale of receivers, every unit sold means additional audience circulation created in the homes of America, thereby providing a means of demonstrating goods and services to customers and new prospects.

Brief mention has been made of the need for special training and the importance of

sound preparation for jobs in this industry. In television and electronics we have new techniques that will require the finest you can get in training and experience to carry you far on the road to success. It is expected that, in addition to such schools as RCA Institutes, many others will be established to help along this good work.

If you cannot break into the industry except in one of the lesser jobs, you may secure training for higher jobs by taking part-time work out in industry at the same time that courses are being studied in school or college.

Working Conditions and Salaries

* "How about working conditions in the radio industry?" you may ask.

In most cases they will be better than you have known in your war experiences—unless, of course, you have been in a favored job in this country. You will find soft spots here, too, if one day you discover yourself in a handsomely furnished office in an executive position. This can happen here, as many of our own RCA and NBC executives prove.

Earnings are important to consider; perhaps to some of you who have envied your civilian brothers on the "gravy train" at home it may be the most important consideration. If we succeed in keeping the country on an even economic keel after the war, you may find the earnings rather disappointing. In normal times average earnings of all workers in the radio field were

\$2,000 a year. Service men may earn an average of \$18 a week; electrical engineers may earn salaries ranging from \$1,800 for beginners up to \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year as they become experienced and are able to carry heavy responsibilities. The average engineer in radio design and manufacturing might earn \$3,600 in Eastern cities. Salaries in business jobs will be comparable to such jobs in any business in your locality, while artists may receive relatively low returns unless they become stars in the thousand-a-week class.

You might consider, though, that money returns may not be all-important in this industry, especially in television. Suppose you are a sports fan or a photography hobbyist. Will you care too much about the salary if you win a chance to be the camera man in telecasting a world series game, one of the major prize fights or a nationally watched football game? Moreover, the fun of being in on the first stages of a new industry and having a chance to grow up with it is likely to mean far more than cash.

To you who have been through war experiences which make you long to have a part in making the world a better place for our young fry of the future, television may offer you the chance you desire. In the next article of this series, to appear in next month's issue, we'll discuss this point more thoroughly. In the meantime, consider each phase of the work carefully and, after you make your choice, keep your eyes fixed on your goal.

The Value of a Friend

A BLESSED thing it is for any man or woman to have a friend—one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults, who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our back, who will give no counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity and self-conceit, but who will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow when the world leaves us alone to fight our own battle as we can. If we have had the good fortune to win such a friend, let us deny ourselves in his favor rather than lose him. We must hope all things, endure all things, rather than lose that most precious of all earthly possessions—a trusted friend.

—Charles Kingsley

WHEN

You

RETURN



By J. R. MACKEY

*Minister, Beach Methodist Church
Jacksonville, Fla.*

far-reaching changes. Many new faces will greet you upon your return. Many new situations will need adjustment. And there will be the problem of starting all over again from where you left off. This is the fact that stares us in the face: the life you knew before the war is gone, probably never to return again, at least not in your lifetime. War, more than any other single thing, profoundly alters the whole structure of ordered society. We simply cannot flagrantly waste the resources of the world, destroy its manpower, and then expect a "back to normalcy" type of life.

Therefore, because changes are inevitably coming, I am appealing to you to use your influence to guide these changes in a direction that will never again make this present tragedy possible.

Does Democracy Face Breakdown?

Take, for instance, your government. Democracy has never been more sorely tested than it is right now. The greatest single enemy to democracy is war. After World War I no fewer than twenty nations surrendered democracy as a form of government!

What caused this breakdown of faith in the democratic way of life? To be sure, there were many contributing causes, far beyond my ability to trace. But I think we can put our finger on one cause which contributed greatly to the American tragedy: We Americans interpreted liberty in terms of license. Life before the war was too much

I WANT to talk with you about the changes that are taking place in our own day and time. Because you men who have served in this crisis will have a large part in the affairs of our country (and rightly so) I am deeply concerned as to what changes will come and their effects upon the future.

Most of you are already aware of certain changes in your personal lives. You went into the service of your country as a youth; you will come out a man. You will have known all the impacts of modern war upon your lives—and in such a way that those of us who have remained at home, without the sacrifices, horrors, and tragedy you have experienced, can never realize. Some of you have looked death in the face; others have gone forth to meet it; and still others will bear the marks of battle the rest of your natural lives. No man can endure such things without realizing sweeping changes in his life.

Not only in your personal lives, but also in the society to which you hope to return, there have been, and will continue to be,

of "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." We were too much absorbed in the lust for power and wealth to be concerned about others. The "abundant life" consisted of the "things" we possessed, and life was largely a glorified grab-bag!

The inevitable result was this present disaster. The pathos of it all is that multitudes of Americans are still clinging to these ideas! And it can only lead to new disasters which will make this present one seem like a minor skirmish. For that reason I am hoping, when you return, that you will make demands for a new attitude toward the deeper meanings of democracy, and back it up with your lives. To live for it, even as you have been willing to go forth and die for it.

"Special Privilege" Must Go

For this is the emerging truth of this conflict: Democracy cannot exist as a special privilege of the few. A nation cannot exist half-slave and half-free. Either we will grant equal rights to *all* citizens, or else democracy will vanish like dew before the rising sun. It makes no difference how many wars we win! The primary danger to democracy is not the foe from without, but disintegration and decay from within. What is needed is a democracy which is the essence of all true sportsmanship, namely, that we will conform to the rules of the game. We will not make rules of special privilege for ourselves which we deny others.

This is the democracy of the vision of our forefathers. This is the destiny of America, the land which has served as a haven of refuge for the oppressed peoples of the earth. And when you return, we're counting on you to demand this nation set itself seriously to the business of fulfilling its destiny!

Democracy is the child of the Christian faith. And that leads us to this matter of religion. Those of you who have faced

actual combat realize the truth of the statement that "man is incurably religious."

This is not to identify Christianity with democracy. Christianity has lived through many varied forms of government. And should democracy perish, Christianity will live on. The Church will go on, too. It may be profoundly altered (pray God it will) but it will remain.

The Church has done some excellent work in this war. It has ministered to you men, both here and abroad. Its chaplains have gone with you to the uttermost parts of the earth. It has done splendid work in feeding refugees, rebuilding its bombed missions, and carrying on its program under very trying circumstances. But the Church is due for some radical changes. Nothing short of an inner revolution will do if it is to play a vital role in the lives of men. When you return, we want you to make demands of church people.

Demand that they begin to practice what they preach; that their lives begin to take on some semblance of their professions; that they give as much energy and thought to the quality of their Christian living as they are now giving to raising budgets and running the machinery of church organization. In this direction is the only way in which the Church will once more become attractive to men and play a larger role in the life of the nation.

Demand Vital Church Leadership

And we hope you will make demands on your ministers. Demand that they give you leadership in the art of worship; so that our services become a means for the cleansing and refreshment of your moral and spiritual life. Demand that they be conducted to the end that you find guidance for living, and power to meet life, and not just an hour of entertainment.

I regret to inform you that many of your parents and friends treat one of the Four Freedoms—Freedom of Worship—

as if it had no significance whatsoever. To them, it means freedom to stay away from worship, if and when they so desire. I say this, not in harsh criticism, but simply because we must face the truth. You are willing to die for Freedom of Worship. They are not willing to even live for it! I bow my head in shame for such a condition, because I know ministers share in the guilt.

Demand that he give you thought-provoking sermons which have evidence of adequate preparation for such a holy calling, and which are a challenge to your way of living; and not glorified pep-talks, sprinkled with stereotyped repetitions of pious formulas which have long since lost their meaning and vitality both for themselves and their listeners!

Such changes are in order now, yea, long overdue. If you will demand them, they will come.

Banish the Myth of Racial Superiority

Religion brings to the forefront a third problem which is in dire need of new attitudes: the problem of your personal relationship with your fellowman. I am speaking of men now as men, regardless of race, color, or creed; and with all barriers of class or nationality down.

Events in Europe have proved that Nazi idea of the "Aryan Race" of "supermen" is exactly what we knew all the time it really was—a myth, with no foundation of truth in it. But such ideas have not been limited to Germany alone. We have been afflicted with the same disease, and we have our slogan too! We talk about the "white man's burden" and "white supremacy."

But events of recent years have also given the lie to this myth. We have discovered that the only "superiority" of white man was the fact that he possessed an industrialized civilization which could produce bigger and better instruments of destruction. A yellow man, or black man, given the same gun, can use it just as effec-

tively as the white man and "superiority" has vanished! This is not a very comforting thought when we realize the deeply rooted antagonism that exists among the "colored" races of the Far East who have been dominated by the white man. These people will inevitably develop an industrialized civilization, and furthermore, they far outnumber the whites!

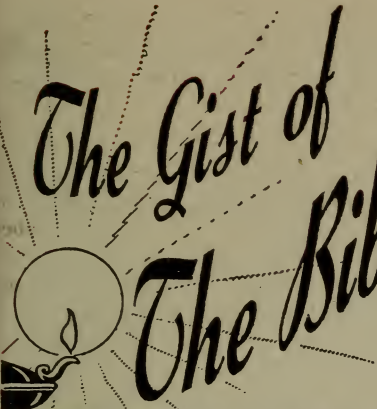
This problem is even more acute when we realize it is inextricably intertwined with minorities in our midst, like Jews, and Negroes, who are deeply disturbed about the same thing. It must be faced. No longer can we postpone it!

I say these things in order to bring home to you the deeper issues involved in this present conflict. Our failure to solve it has greatly contributed to the tragedy now upon us. Either we will learn to live together as brethren—white and black, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, yellow and brown—or else you will see your sons and daughters of future generations march off to face an even greater hell than that through which you are now going. The choice is squarely before us!

The Apostle Paul said: "God . . . hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on the face of all the earth . . ." If that is true, as it surely is, then we had better face it.

Thus, we are counting on you to demand a new attitude toward men of other races. And to back it up with the force of your own life. For when you return to civilian life, you can be as great a force for the peace and security of the common man as you have been as a member of the armed forces. And, believe me, your help is desperately needed!

Despite the suffering of this present time, peace will come. Perhaps not in our time; perhaps not for many generations to come; but it will come—the day when our deeds and dreams are one! It will come because it is a dream in the heart of God!



The Gist of The Bible

By **ALVIN E. BELL, D.D.**

MATTHEW—The Story of Jesus as King

OUR Bibles do not contain "four gospels," for there is but one gospel of Jesus Christ, and that "good story" or "gospel" is related by four different evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, all writing to different nationalities to portray Jesus Christ from four different standpoints.

Matthew, a former tax collector, wrote to the Jews to prove to them that Jesus of Nazareth was the king of the Jews and the Messiah of Jewish prophecy, in whose life and death the Old Testament prophecy and ritual of the Jews were fulfilled.

His characteristic expression, therefore, is "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying."

Matthew gives us sixty quotations from the Old Testament.

It is, therefore, logical that Matthew, though not written first, should stand first among the twenty-seven books of the New Testament.

Its opening verse is a door which swings backward into the Old Testament as well as forward into the New Testament: "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham."

When Matthew left the custom-house he

brought with him more than his pen and ink. He brought the ability to classify and codify parables, miracles, sermons and teachings through which runs a common thought, for his biography of Christ is written topically rather than chronologically.

In developing his great theme of the kingship of Jesus, he first writes of the Person of the King (1:1 to 4:16); then of the Program of the King and his Kingdom (4:17 to 16:20); and finally of the Rejection of the King and his crucifixion under the title, "This Is Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews" (16:21 to 28:20).

True to his purpose of convincing his fellow Jews that Jesus was their Messiah, he traces His genealogy not from Adam, as Luke does, but from Abraham, the great father of all the Jews.

He alone records the visit of the magi who came seeking the king of the Jews.

He shows in Jesus' life the fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy of the virgin birth and incarnation; of Micah's prophecy of the slaughter of the innocents; of Isaiah's prophecy of the ministry of the forerunner, John the Baptist, and so on through His life to the very end in the betrayal, death and resurrection, Matthew matches the Old Testament prophecies with their complete fulfillment in the one he seeks to prove is the king of the Jews.

The essence of Matthew is given in both the message of Jesus and of His forerunner: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Fifty times he uses the word "kingdom" in this connection.

The theme of royalty is sustained to the very final note in the triumphant risen King's own claim of universal dominion on which He based His great commission to His disciples to evangelize all nations to His standard: "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth."

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Which of the New Testament writers was a Roman citizen? (Hint: He wrote half the books of the New Testament.) (*Acts 22:27*)

? ? ?

How many verses are there in the longest chapter of the New Testament? (*Luke 1*)

? ? ?

At the first gathering of disciples after Jesus' ascension, how many were present? (*Acts 1:15*)

? ? ?

Quote the New Testament verse which has been called "The Golden Text of the Bible." (*John 3:16*)

? ? ?

On what occasion did a little boy give his lunch to feed a great many people? (*John 6:9-11*)

? ? ?

In what connection is Saul (later called Paul) first mentioned in the Bible? (*Acts 7:58*)

? ? ?

What famous woman was among the human ancestors of Christ? (Hint: From her we get the familiar and beautiful phrase, "Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest, I will go. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.") (*Matthew 1:5*)

? ? ?

What preacher, while a prisoner in chains, stood on the steps of a castle and addressed a multitude? (*Acts 21:33-40*)

Peter's original name was Simon, which meant "hearer." What was the meaning of his new name—valley, rock or church? (*Matthew 16:18*)

? ? ?

Finish the quotation: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name —" (*Matthew 18:20*)

? ? ?

When Jesus healed ten lepers at one time, how many of them came back to thank Him? (*Luke 17:15-18*)

? ? ?

How old was Jesus when He was baptized? (*Luke 3:23*)

? ? ?

Who took the place of Judas as a disciple? (*Acts 1:26*)

? ? ?

Who said, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us"? (*Acts 16:9*)

? ? ?

What was Peter's dream when he fell asleep in Joppa? (*Acts 10:11-13*)

? ? ?

Whose preaching is condensed in the words, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"? (*Matthew 3:2*)

? ? ?

Who was the leader of the "Italian band" mentioned in the Bible? (*Acts 10:1*)

? ? ?

How did Peter get out of prison? (*Acts 12:6-9*)

? ? ?

What does the phrase "upper room" mean to devout students of the Bible?

? ? ?

What is the longest prayer reported in the New Testament? (*John 17*)

Members of an SMCL unit on Ascension Island draw up some interesting specifications for . . .

The Postwar Church



EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following statement is a summation of the conclusions reached on the above subject by the Service Men's Christian League of Ascension Island. Comprising the representatives of twenty-five denominations, the League unit devoted two months' discussion to the subject, flinging forth "enough ideas to fill a book," according to Chaplain Lewis M. Bratcher, Jr. We commend these conclusions to other SMCL units or similar discussion groups eager to get their teeth into vital postwar subjects.*

OUR churches have recently been the targets of much bitter criticism. Loud voices have been raised proclaiming that our churches have failed. We do not believe, as one critic wrote, "The church is dead and weeds grow over her grave." The many ills afflicting our churches can be cured, the shortcomings removed, the faults overcome. These problems we share. They must be solved by each individual church in each denomination.

Of great importance to any church is the task of bearing witness to those outside its doors. As corporate groups of Christians, we often no longer command the outsiders' respect, not even enough for them to hate us. The good in the church is overshadowed by what is not good; the active Christians obscured by the indifferent. Viewing us from a distance, they see only a group, or groups, divided by petty squabbles and differing opinions; a church afraid, afraid to take a stand against the threats to its soul, yet worried about its life, and saving

neither. They no longer see men's lives transformed by what they believe.

What are we to do about it?

A general, negative criticism of the church is not enough. It is necessary to look ahead, to determine what must be done, what course to follow. It is folly to assume that returned service men will come marching home full of religious fervor and ambition for a revitalized church.

War has never been responsible for any religious revival. Despite the many spectacular stories of religious experiences, the record shows this war to be no exception. Individuals find God every day, in peace as well as in war. The difference is, peacetime conversions have little or no news value, and come at a time when private lives are private, not public.

It rests, then, upon the churches themselves to start cleaning house from within. The opportunities before us are immense. The period following the war will be a time of crisis for the church. The amount of influence it exerts shall be a deciding factor in whether it shall ever again be prominent in the lives of men. Therefore, we, the members of the SMCL of Ascension Island, present a number of positive statements containing some of the goals we wish to see our churches attain in order that they may again occupy a place of prominence and may lead in winning the peace which shall follow this war.

Leadership—The task of re-establishing the church in the lives of men will require leaders with the courage to challenge the status quo—men who will not be dismayed by hardships and persecution, men who will not compromise the teachings of Christ for the sake of expediency, comfort or security.

We expect our seminaries to restore discipline of spirit, mind and body, to prepare ministers who can truly say, "Lo, we have left all and have followed Thee."

Our youth will accept the sacrifices and prove their worth if only we offer a challenge, one not too easy and purposeless.

*Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait.
Her strength unequal to the task—
Rise up and make her great!*

The Message of the Church—Our churches must impress upon their congregations the meaning of Christ's supreme sacrifice. The message must be one the members cannot leave in their pews from Sunday to Sunday, but must carry with them into their homes, their offices and to their work-benches.

The church must inspire them to take up their crosses and follow Him, making religion the center of their lives so that Jesus may not again quote the prophecy of Isaiah, "This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouths, and honoreth Me with their lips; but their hearts are far from Me. But in vain they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

Inter-Faith Relations—In diversity there may be health, but in division only weakness. In the churches today there is little diversity and many divisions. Many returning service men find themselves opposed to denominational narrowness simply because in the service they were thrown into a common life with all faiths and came to know them better. Jews, Catholics and

Protestants, under such conditions, suddenly discover that they worship the same God.

Our churches at home must cast off their prejudices and smug superiority for the task of learning of one another and of developing mutual understanding. Doctrine must come under close scrutiny to separate the teachings of Christ from mere platitudes and personal opinions.

We wish to see different faiths co-operate in common community problems. Where necessary, a general pooling of resources (that are not purely devotional) is desired so that communities will have facilities hitherto unavailable to any single church.

Missionary Work—The health of a church follows closely upon the strength of its missionary work, both at home and abroad. At home there are many isolated or sparsely-settled communities lacking a church. People in these places need to know more about the present reality of Christ; they sorely need strength and guidance available from God for daily needs; they require his invitation to the personal relationship of children of God.

Abroad, a still larger field exists. A missionary can do much to provide a solid Christian foundation on which new communities can grow. The crumbs of good that have been cast on the waters already have returned a thousand-fold to our fliers and fighters in strange or enemy jungles. Our people should be made more aware of the work that has been done and the work that still waits for facilities and support.

A strengthened missionary policy can do a great deal to promote a future peaceful brotherhood of nations.

Economic Responsibilities—Most of our social ills have economic roots that can be cut out by a forward-looking church. Critics who insist the church has no right to meddle in economic affairs are right insofar as purely economic matters are concerned.

However, they must remember, for example, that sweatshops were abolished, not for economic reasons, but on moral grounds. It is along these lines that the church should exercise its moral control, leaving the purely economic work in the hands of those with the requisite technical knowledge. The church has a right to insist that the true privilege of human life be considered in the economic structure.

Political Conscience—It has been truly said, "The great function of the Church is to be the conscience of the State." Our churches should be concerned with the moral side of politics and politicians, not with the making of political policy. Their function is to urge all members to the fullest use of civic rights in the Christian spirit and to remind them of the principles and precepts they must consider in ordering their political lives.

Racial Feelings—The silence of many churches upon seeing every principle of Christian tolerance and brotherhood smashed by rabble-rousers and race-baiters is not to be condoned or continued.

Other racial groups are entitled to equality of opportunity to earn a living, as well as to social and legal justice in every realm. They must not be denied equal educational facilities nor the right to vote in the country for which they are serving and dying. Few people, least of all the Negro, desire unnecessary familiarity and mixing, but discrimination against their rights as human beings has made a mockery of Christian precepts.

Education—Both secular and religious education has been neglected by many churches. Where secular education is handled by the State, the community should have a composite Jewish and Christian body capable of keeping a check on what is taught, how it is taught, and the fitness of

the teachers. Church schools should be encouraged wherever possible to obtain adequate facilities and competent teachers.

Religious education in the home, by example as well as by precept, should be stressed by our churches. Sunday schools need a complete reorganization. The greatest need is for competent, carefully-trained teachers in a well-organized program, instead of the catch-as-catch-can system now generally in use. More time during the week must be allotted for this purpose. One hour each Sunday is not enough to supply a working knowledge of faith.

Recreation—There are two general ways in which churches may assure wholesome recreation for its people.

First, by exercising control over existing forms. For example, they can raise the moral standards of motion pictures by eliminating obnoxious materials from them and by forming civic groups to keep the community's facilities free from disreputable and harmful influences.

Second, by providing their own recreational facilities. Competitive athletics and social events for young people have a definite place in a well-directed program. Such are especially important during holidays and summer vacations, as well as after school hours. Recreation centers may be set up in conjunction with other groups in order to provide a place of common interests and endeavor.

We pray that the above statements may be of some help. May all of us keep in mind the words of St. Paul: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which so easily besets us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

THEY talk of freedom, justice and release,
 The gentlemen on top who plan the peace,
 Of jobs for all, of world-wide common good,
 Of freedom too from want, and brotherhood,
 Of snapping chains and breaking bands of steel
 Of those enslaved, the suffering men who feel
 The crushing hoof of brother-man turned beast.
 These gentlemen are now prepared to feast
 When V-Day dawns and hard-earned victory
 comes
 With blare of bugles timed to beating drums.

THEY talk and promise democratic rights
 And jobs to every GI Joe who fights,
 Entrenched in mud, 'mid fast-flying steel
 And shrieking pals who are shot and, dying,
 reel
 Half-drunk, and drop with stench and gunny
 smoke
 Filling their lungs 'mid flames of fire, and
 choke,
 Falling like flies, to check the foe's advance,
 Crying: "I'm shot, I never had a chance;
 Write to my wife! Tell her what I did,
 Fought to the last; write it to my kid.
 God, how I loved them! Faithful and true
 I stayed for them; but now, my God, I'm
 through!"

WHAT know these gentlemen who plan the
 peace,
 Of front-line fire? Why don't they cease
 Their arm-chair strategy, wake up and look
 Into the heart of GI Joe who shook
 With hellish terror when a hand-grenade
 Blasted to bits his buddy in the shade,
 Who, gulping down C-rations from a can,
 Jumped up and started shrieking as he ran,
 "Look out, there, Joe, he's coming with a
 knife!"
 That cry of warning cost the man his life.

FRIEND Joe could tell these gentlemen who
 talk
 Of peace with fervor—grumbling as they walk
 To their fair offices, since they cannot ride
 Their shining limousines, and point with pride
 To their chauffeurs—of blood and hellish war,
 Of pain he's felt, and tell them even more:
 That peace is purchased only with great cost,
 That without sacrifice the peace is lost.
 Plan as they will, and execute each plan,

Gentlemen Who

An Epic Poem on Peace-planning

Their plans will fail unless they plan for man—
 For every man, whatever race or creed,
 Color or class, and help him in his need—
 Unless those plans embrace all people's good
 They'll turn to ashes, mocking brotherhood.

JOE knows the meaning of great sacrifice;
 He's gambled with his life. Like throwing dice,
 He's cast himself before huge, monstrous tanks,
 In trying to stop their breaking up the ranks
 Of his platoon. And all GIs like Joe,
 Who've gambled with their lives, they know,
 they know.
 These should be heard when plans for peace
 are made;
 They'll be realistic, and hardly be afraid
 To say their piece for justice and for right;
 They'll want real peace; they won it in the
 fight.
 GIs have shown great strength of mind and
 brawn;
 Give them their say, then, when the peace is
 drawn.

BUT not just GIs earned the right to be
 At the peace conference. There are two or
 three
 More groups of seasoned ones whose word
 Should carry weight. These also should be
 heard:
 Mothers of sons who've given up their lives
 Or come home maimed, these too when peace
 arrives
 Should have their say, these who dregs have
 drunk
 Deep from the bitter cup, their voices shrunk
 As with wide gasping mouths, breath held,
 they read,
 "Regret to inform you, Ma'am, your son is
 dead!"
 Mothers whose world has tumbled 'round their
 feet
 Should, when the conference comes, be as-
 signed a seat.

Plan the Peace

By CHAPLAIN PHILIP J. ALLEN

AND medics, too, the doctors, men of God,
Who've tenderly caught up boys soaked in
blood,
Tied tourniquet and yelled to stretcher-men,
"Hey, you, here's one! Rush him away!" And
then,

Finding another prostrate on his face,
Arm out of joint, and snapping it in place,
Comforting him, "Now, son, be still, stay warm,
Shortly we'll have you carried away from
harm."

These who've seen soldiers breathe life's final
breath,

These should be heard, these men who've wit-
nessed death.

These want real peace, they've seen enough of
war,

They want a peace—not like we had before—
But lasting peace, one that the people make,
One that the high-hat gentlemen can never
break.

AND chaplains, too, the Christ-like men who
feel

The curse of war, who breathe out words that
heal

The stricken hearts who've been betrayed
By faithless wives, soldiers who've cursed and
prayed

Alternately, when the news they dreaded came:
"Now, listen, Joe, you know that I'm not to
blame

That I can't love you any more, you know . . ."
Flippantly writing words that struck the blow;
Chaplains who know the curse war's distance
lends

To love, long burning, how it cools and sends
Despairing men recklessly into fire

Of blazing guns, their soul's supreme desire
To live gone from within their heart,

With vows now broken: that they'd never part;
Chaplains who've seen the anguish in men's
souls,

Seen men in fear, horror-stricken, drop in holes

To escape bombs' shrapnel, strafing planes
and then

Lie quivering in every muscle. God, they're
men

Of flesh and blood, not robots made of steel,
They own flesh bodies filled with nerves that
feel

Deep cuts and gashes, pressures and heavy
blows,

Hot flames of fire, and pain each human
knows.

Chaplains who know how war leaves men
afraid,

Souls torn, minds seared, even when peace is
made.

Chaplains should be invited, when cannons
cease

Belching their fire, to help us make the peace.

NOT only they: their brothers, too, who've
stood

Through war and hell, for peace and brother-
hood,

Men in the Church who kept alive the flame
Of human conscience, in His Holy Name . . .

These should be heard. They've stood to bitter
scorn

Of small-brained men. These men of God have
borne

Much insolence from men they strove to teach
The ways of peace, but men they could not
reach

With reason's light. So, furious Mars unfurled
His banners over nations of the world.

These men of God, just men untouched by
greed

For spoils of war, can help men see their need
For weighing justice, doing good, and find
Sound terms of peace for healing all mankind.

BUT not just GIs, Mothers, Medics, and Men
of God

Of the Allies have felt the iron rod
Of brutish Mars. Others have suffered too

The hurts of war, lost sons; they've traveled
through

Dark vales of death, seen hell's gates thrown
ajar,

When reason abdicated, bringing war.

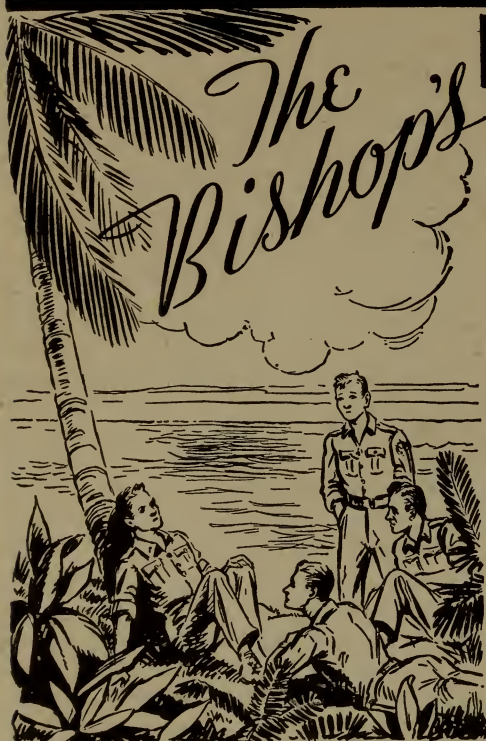
The Chaplains, Medics, Mothers and GIs
Of vanquished foes, when time for peace arrives

These should be asked to help the Allies frame
The monument to peace, in God's own Name.

SHADOW

By FLORENCE KERIGAN

The story of four fellows, lost at sea, who learned that "influence, like a shadow, is unconscious effort"



"THAT'S all for the evening." The choir director looked tired. He decided that war was tough on choirs. Formerly he had been able to depend upon his paid quartet, but now with the tenor in the Navy and the baritone in the Air Corps—and that reminded him. "Before you go, I thought you might like to know that I had a letter from Glen Stacey. You remember he sang baritone in our quartet for several years? He's flying now in the Pacific, and I know he would like to hear from some of you."

A polite murmur rippled through the group. The chorus members looked at the director for a moment, and then began to get into their wraps.

Annette Marquis remained in her seat. She remembered Glen Stacey—how he had sung that Easter solo. She remembered the

unearthly richness of his tones and how it had thrilled her. That was one of the few times she had spoken to him after the service, and she had been embarrassed because there had been tears in her eyes, and her voice had caught unexpectedly. This had occurred shortly after the death of her brother. . . .

"Good night, Annette," the director smiled at her as she passed him. "Oh—Annette—you remember Glen Stacey, don't you?"

"Yes?" Annette made the reply a question.

"Why don't you drop him a line? The boys you write to say you have a gift for writing the kind of letters they can read aloud and have all their friends in stitches. In fact, that's what Woody wrote me—says they pass them from one to the other and have a good laugh. How about sending one to Glen?"

"Well—I'll take the address," ventured Annette, telling herself she need not write. Writing to the boys with whom she had gone to school was one thing, but she would not like anyone as sophisticated as Glen Stacey to laugh at her and think that she wrote to fellows she hardly knew.

However, it happened that one evening that week she and some friends went to a concert where the soloist, a noted tenor, gave an encore that he prefaced by the words, "I am dedicating this new song of mine to the man who inspired it, a man now

flying in the Pacific, the best friend I ever had—Glen Stacey!"

So Annette wrote to Glen Stacey and told him about the incident.

THE TROPICAL SUN beat down mercilessly upon the four men in the rubber raft. Glen Stacey had rigged up the ingenious contraption to keep the sun off them, and he had taken a lot of good-natured ragging about his care for his fair complexion. He grinned and said nothing, noticing that the others seemed to be glad enough to sit in its shade. There was a certain grim humor about four survivors in the middle of the Pacific, in a wrecked plane, being concerned about sunburn. That, it would seem, should be the least of their worries. They had food and water, and first-aid equipment—which none of them had needed as yet—and, in a waterproof envelope, a Bible. That last, as Stacey examined it, brought back a flood of memories.

Yesterday—it seemed like a year ago, after all that had happened since the dawn take-off after enemy planes, and the hectic morning tangling with them in the blue sky over the bluer Pacific, the frantic half hour of radio signaling trying to get through to their base before the final crash, and then—yesterday, he received a letter that had puzzled him at first. It had taken him a little while to place the writer, Annette Marquis from Dunhaven. There he had sung in a solo quartet with a partly paid and partly volunteer chorus choir. They had been awful. She was a fluffy little thing, very young, and she had told him with tears in her eyes that she had liked his Easter solo. The director told him afterward that she had lost her brother recently. She had been nice enough to write and tell him about his friend's tribute to him. He would write to her when he got back—if he ever did.

Queer, how a little thing like that could

start a train of thoughts running through one's mind! Three years had passed since that Easter. He had been in the service two years, and in the year in between he had broken away from the church and from choir work. After he had left Dunhaven he had gone to a big city church and been handed a raw deal. Now, looking back on it, he supposed it had not been so bad, and had been mostly a misunderstanding. But he'd not gone into a church since, or attended a religious service. And he had not missed it, he told himself. Maybe the church had not seemed very vital to him—only another place in which to sing—and that might have been his fault as much as the failure of the church.

The raft rocked gently as the water ran away from under it. They seemed to be motionless with the restless water moving away from them. Hubbard tried to steer some sort of course, but he himself did not feel sure that they would strike land for some days. Better ration out the provisions in case—privately, Glen thought they were merely drifting. Drifting—"I only know I cannot drift . . ."

WHAT was that? A stray fragment of a hymn. With eyes half-closed he tried to piece it together, and unconsciously he began to hum the tune that went with the words, gradually recalling other words. He began to sing under his breath. "*I know not what the future hath, of marvel or surprise . . .*"

"Brother, you said it!" Fatstuff made the remark, and it brought Glen back to the raft and the glare of the water.

"Sing it for us," said Colman.

"Sure," groaned Hubbard. "Now's your chance. We can't get away!"

"Don't be too sure," said Fatstuff. "We can always drown ourselves!"

"It's odd," he explained. "I had a letter from someone I couldn't place right away. And it brought back a lot of memories."

"Girl?" Colman desired to know.

"Yes."

"Oh—oh!" cried Fatstuff.

"A girl who sang in the choir in the church where I was a soloist," Glen added.

The other three looked at him. "I didn't know you sang in a choir," said Colman. "I thought you were *big* stuff."

Glen smiled. "I thought so, too," he admitted. "Only now I got to thinking about a hymn I used to sing—sort of fits our circumstances. You asked for it, remember." They were not ideal conditions for singing, and he was not in top voice, but he began to sing it anyway: "*I bow my forehead to the dust . . .*"

"Fits our circumstances, all right," laughed Fatstuff. "And here I thought that was water all the time!"

"Well, the second verse, then," said Glen:

*"I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so, beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.*

*"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
The creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee."*

The four remained very quiet for a while.

"Sing it again," suggested Fatstuff. "Start with the dusty verse—be a welcome relief from all this wet stuff."

Glen sang it several times before jeweled night came down around them, and the stars swung in great arcs above them, and the water—satin-black with flashes of

phosphorescence—ran under them, and they were suspended motionless. The second day, Colman suggested that time hung heavily on their hands, and they would listen if he desired to read from the book in the waterproof envelope. So Glen did. He had been occupying himself by reading it and marking portions that seemed to apply to them. He read those passages, amused at the surprise that Fatstuff displayed.

Then the third night Hubbard remarked, tentatively, "Think we might stand more of a chance if somebody could—well—sort of pray—or something?"

They looked at each other, uncomfortably. No one said anything, and then very softly Glen began to sing *The Lord's Prayer*. He remembered the last time he had sung that. He had been very proud of the long, long, high note at the end. Now it did not seem important.

THE morning of the fourth day Glen lay watching the stars fade out and the sea turn to silver where the sun came up, then flush to a ruddy copper—and the great disk of the sun bounced up from the rim of the earth. It was a strange disk, with spiders moving their long black legs across its face! Glen sat up and gave a whoop that startled the others awake. "Land!" he cried. "Look! Palm trees!"

The raft drifted directly toward it, and before long it was beached in white sand, and all four of them had hopped out on land. They spent the morning proceeding cautiously back from the beach, with an eye out for the enemy.

"Queer," said Glen. "Not a sign of anybody around, but I have a strong hunch that there are people on this island."

"Let's hope they're not cannibals," cried Fatstuff. "You, they would keep to fatten up, but me—I wouldn't have a chance."

"I don't see that we are much better off," observed Hubbard that evening as they sat

on the sandy beach, chewing on slivers of coconut, and watching the sun plop down into the water.

"We have food," Fatstuff pointed out.

"Sure. But while we were on the raft drifting, I figured we would get to Australia eventually if nothing stopped us. Here we're stuck."

"You have something there," agreed Glen. "Suppose we load up the raft with coconuts and shove off again?"

"They'll spoil," said Colman. "But we can take a few to make our rations last that much longer. We may hit another island on our way."

"Going to read another chapter?" asked Hubbard. "Better hurry; the light won't last long, and we don't dare risk a flashlight."

"If you wish," said Glen, and turned to the chapter where Paul had been shipwrecked on the island of Miletus. They sat around and talked each with one ear listening to the lap of the waves and the little rustling noises in the trees back of them.

Glen had been silent for a long time, and he came to with a start when he realized that Fatstuff had spoken to him twice. "Sorry," he apologized. "I was thinking. I was wondering about Annette, and what she would say if she knew that her letter had started me thinking back. I broke away from the church, you know—wasn't going to have anything to do with it at all—and then her letter was fresh in my mind when we were forced down and with nothing else to think of . . ."

"We wouldn't have been much use," said Hubbard, "with the Book, I mean. I never was inside a church."

"I went to Sunday school when I had to," admitted Colman, "but I quit."

"I went regular," put in Fatstuff unexpectedly. "Synagogue and Hebrew school. The folks wanted me to be a rabbi, but I couldn't see it that way—too much work."

"If this had happened last week I guess

I would have tossed the envelope, Book and all, overboard," observed Glen. "Only—after Annette's letter . . ."

"I wonder," Colman began after another silence, "whether any of us knows the results of the things we do unconsciously—the influence we have on others—like—well, I've always thought of Stacey as a big shot in music, and I would have gone on thinking that was all there was to him. I guess everybody is like that. We show other people enough of ourselves for them to form an opinion, and maybe it isn't the right one at all."

"Makes you wonder," said Fatstuff with unwonted seriousness, "how many wrong things have happened, and how many right things have happened, because of things we have done that we will never know about."

"That's what I meant," said Colman.

"There's a story," Glen told them, "about a very good man, a bishop, I think, who had a vision one night. It seemed that God desired to reward him for the good things he had done and asked him to name his own reward. The bishop said he wished that every person his shadow touched would be benefited by it—and that he himself would never know of it. It seems to me that is the significant part of the whole story. Influence is unconscious. As soon as you start out to try to influence someone you become preachy, or snobbish, or self-righteous."

GLEN clasped his hand around his knees and leaned back against the sloping bole of a palm. The others watched him, and the thoughts of each dwelt on what he had said.

"You cast a shadow yourself, Buddy," Fatstuff thought. "I always wondered why I never talked to you about girls the way I do to some of the other guys."

"Every time Mac opens his mouth," Colman thought, "he swears, and first thing I know I'm doing it too. But with Stacey—you sort of watch your language not only

for profanity, but for slang and the wrong use of words. Guess it's the polished way he talks himself—not highhat or stilted, but cultured—makes you desire to match it.”

“I've known Glen for more than a year,” Hubbard thought, “but I've never told him my favorite stories—and yet he has a keen sense of humor. They'd seem sort of cheap, I guess, and you don't talk the same to everybody.”

Very softly Glen sang again, *The Lord's Prayer*. The notes were muted, for he still had the feeling that someone hovered near.

THEN a voice startled them. “You Jesus-fellers!” A frizzy-haired native stood before them. “Come along me. Me take to more Jesus-fellers.”

They sprang to their feet and looked at each other questioningly. Then they followed their guide along the beach.

“I hear you all day,” their guide called back over his shoulder. “Not sure you Jesus-fellers.”

“Missionaries someplace,” guessed Glen. “Remember some of our outfit were rescued by Christian natives a few months ago.”

The native had a dugout canoe a short distance away, and they all piled into it, and the native sent it expertly along the shore, between reefs and across open blue water into a sheltered cove. “You come,” he said, and they followed him back from the shore through a tangle of trees and out into a hidden clearing, and there was a house—a mission station!

They stared at it in amazement. The thing that amazed them most was the tall antenna of a sending station above the roof. They could get in touch with their base.

The missionary and his wife welcomed them on the porch, and made them comfortable while Hubbard tried to reach the base through the powerful little radio.

“I can't believe my eyes yet,” said Fat-stuff. “What are you folks doing here,

anyway, in this forgotten country?”

“Lucky for us they are here,” exclaimed Colman. “That fellow who brought us here isn't far removed from savagery, or I miss my guess.”

The missionary smiled. “Right. My grandfather was killed by them. He was one of the first missionaries to come to this part of the world when these islands were called ‘The Cannibal Islands.’ Dad came out later and brought Mother and me, and he died of fever. I went back to school and college and came here as soon as I could.”

“I'll bet your grandfather never suspected that his work would open the way for the rescue of four American fliers,” chuckled Colman, and then, as the missionary looked surprised, he explained that they had been talking about how one life could influence another.

“That's true,” said the missionary. “In my grandfather's day, and even in my father's day, it didn't make much difference what happened on these islands. The continents were separated by oceans that could be crossed only over a period of days. Now you fliers go the distance in a few hours. What you do in the United States vitally affects us in these little islands—and vice versa. What your President says publicly is heard by us as quickly over our radio as it is heard by those in the same room with him. After this war the whole future of the world is going to depend upon what kind of men and women influence the policies of the different nations. There's no such thing as isolation now.”

Hubbard came out grinning. “Got them,” he reported. “We had been listed as missing and you should have heard Stokes! They're coming for us tomorrow.”

GLLEN wrote a letter several days later.

“It was nice of you to write,” he wrote. “I received it the day before we cracked up, and it carried me back to Easter morning three years ago. We got back to the

base safely this morning—Easter morning —” He looked up as a shadow fell on his paper. It was the chaplain.

“Don’t let me interrupt,” he smiled. “The boys asked me to find out if you would sing for us in our Easter service in an hour. One of them—Jacob Ginsbert . . .”

“Who?”

The chaplain grinned. “I think I’ve always heard him called Fatstuff, too,” he agreed. “He wishes you to sing *The Lord’s Prayer* and a hymn he calls the ‘dusty song.’ I can’t place it . . .”

“I can, sir,” laughed Glen. “And I’d be glad to. Easter—” he swallowed hard, and

his eyes misted—“Easter means something special to me this year. It has taken on a new meaning.”

“I can imagine,” answered the chaplain. “You’ve been in the valley of the shadow yourself.”

The valley of the shadow of the cross—the bishop’s shadow—a state of mind created by a letter—a man giving his life on a cannibal island—how tremendously important the touch of one life on another could be!

“I’ll be glad to sing,” Glen repeated. “I think I have an Easter anthem that the boys will like, too.”

❖❖❖ CRACKING WISE ❖❖❖

Chief: “May I help you with that soup, Mack?”

S2c: “What do you mean, help me? I don’t need any help.”

Chief: “From the sounds you are making I thought you wanted a life preserver.”



Mess Sgt.: “I work and slave for you guys all day and what do I get? Complaints, nothing but complaints!”

GI in Chow Line: “That’s nothing, we get indigestion.”



A GI phoned a Los Angeles Hotel while on a week-end pass.

Where can I get a room for tonight?” he asked.

“Where are you calling from?” the hotel clerk replied.

“A phone booth.”

“Pleasant dreams.”



2nd Lt.: “I’ve been trying to see you all week. When may I have an appointment?”

Col.: “Make a date with my secretary.”

2nd Lt.: “I did sir, and we had a grand time, but I still want to see you.”

The Jap secret agent had been instructed to investigate internal conditions in the United States, and report particularly on national morale. After a few days he filed his report for transmittal to Tokyo: “Conditions very bad. People all very hungry when two meet on street, one always says to other: ‘What’s cookin’?’”



A medically discharged Navy hero put on his civilian clothes and went for a stroll. Pausing at a corner, a spinsterish female approached him and berated him soundly for lack of patriotism, adding: “Why isn’t a man like you in the service?”

The ex-sailor looked her up and down coolly and finally replied: “Same reason you’re not in Earl Carrol’s Vanities, lady. Physically unfit.”



The class in history was in session. “How many wars, Tommy,” asked the teacher, “was Spain engaged in during the seventeenth century?”

“Seven,” was Tommy’s answer.

“Seven? Enumerate them.”

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.”

Shall America

Peacetime

NO!

By WALTER VAN KIRK

Radio analyst, "Religion in the News"

(See editorial)



DO we want compulsory military training in the United States in peacetime? The answer is *NO*. Here are the reasons.

(1) *History does not support the view that a nation is spared the havoc of war by conscripting its youth for military training.* Take France, for example. Between the two World Wars that nation had armed itself to the teeth. Year after year France sent its youth to military camps. French lads by the hundreds of thousands were given guns and taught how to shoot. They marched, and marched and marched. Day in and day out, week after week, month after month, they went through all the paces of military drill.

In the late 1930's the French could boast the largest conscript army in Europe. With what result? That nation collapsed under the impact of total war. For four long years her people suffered the shame of bondage. Her patriots went underground. Her wealth was confiscated. Her able-bodied men were transported to Germany

where they labored as slaves in the munition factories of the Reich. Then came the day when the banners of liberty were borne aloft through the streets of Paris by the freedom-loving youth of Britain and America.

If it be argued that France with its conscript army had been defeated by Germany's conscript army, let it be said that Germany is being overwhelmingly defeated in the West by youth whose nations have consistently refused to adopt conscription as a peacetime policy. So it was twenty-five years ago. So it is today.

It may be asserted that had Britain and the United States required their youth to take military training during the period between the two World Wars, Germany might not have started its campaign of conquest, or once started might have been more quickly stopped. Maybe so. Maybe not. In any event we do know that the militarization of French youth did not prevent

(Continued on page 34)

Have prescription?

YES!

By **BEN HIBBS**

Editor, "The Saturday Evening Post"

(See "Bank Lines," page 2)



GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL has proposed, for the postwar years, a citizen army implemented by universal military training. *The Saturday Evening Post* endorses that proposal. It does so a little reluctantly, with certain frank misgivings, and only because such a course seems imperative for national safety. The *Post* has always hoped that this country would not have to adopt compulsory military service as a permanent peacetime measure, but, considering our experience of the past three years and looking at the probable world of the future, it is hard to see how we dare do otherwise.

I shan't attempt here to answer all the objections which have been raised against compulsory training. Some of the objections are valid. It can hardly be denied, for example, that when all the able-bodied young men of a nation are trained in the arts of war, there is danger that in the end that nation may itself become warlike in its thinking and attitudes. It is a danger that

we shall have to guard against the best we can—with all our heart and integrity.

On the other hand, the accusation that universal training is a wicked plot contrived for their own interests by a selfish hierarchy of army officers is nonsense.

The same may be said of the cry that big business is at the bottom of the scheme because of the profits it would garner from the sale of equipment. The simple fact is that the cost in taxes—and business always pays the big end of the tax bill—would far outweigh the profits. I know a great many businessmen, including some manufacturers of military equipment, and I find them about as evenly divided on the question of compulsory training as are people in other occupations.

Universal military training is being advocated by honest people who have the welfare of America at heart. It is being opposed by equally sincere people. It would be a fine thing for the country if both

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Van Kirk says NO!

(Continued from page 32)

France suffering the most disastrous defeat in history. Nor did the militarization of German youth bring victory to German arms. The record of history cannot be blotted out by rhetoric.

(2) *If the United States is now to embark upon a program of military training in peacetime, against whom is such training designed to protect us? Against Germany? Hardly.* President Roosevelt, in his report to Congress on the Crimea Conference (March 1, 1945) said that the surrender of the Axis would mean "the complete disarmament of Germany; the destruction of its militarism and its military equipment; the end of its production of armament; the dispersal of all its armed forces; the permanent dismemberment of the German general staff which has so often shattered the peace of the world."

With these things accomplished it is difficult to see how and in what way Germany can be a military threat to the peace and security of the United States. *The New York Times* (March 3, 1945) in an editorial on the collapse of the German armies before the Rhine, said, "Germany is going to have little left this time upon which to build another war machine, even if her present enemies are senseless enough to permit her that opportunity." Truer words were never spoken.

Then why this mad rush to put American youth under arms? Are we anticipating another war with Japan within the measurably near future? Hardly. It may be taken for granted that that country, as in the case of Germany, will be disarmed and kept disarmed. Are we then to anticipate a war with Russia? or with Britain? Or with China? God forbid.

If there ever was a time when the free peoples of the earth were given an oppor-

tunity to organize the world for peace, and in doing this to make unnecessary the military regimentation of the youth of our own and other countries, that time is now. The opportunity to do this may well be lost if the United States were now to become an armed camp. There are those who believe that America, under God, has a higher destiny than to perpetuate a system that has been the curse of Europe.

(3) *Universal military training in peacetime is the proven foe of democracy.* Military regimentation and the practice of democracy are incompatible. At least it would appear to be so from the record of history. Perhaps the United States could put its youth under arms without danger to its democratic institutions and its democratic way of life. But why take the risk, particularly at a time when the only nations that might threaten us are to be disarmed and kept disarmed?

But what about Sweden and Switzerland? Have not these two nations shown that it is possible to preserve democracy within a system of compulsory military drill? In part, yes. In Switzerland, however, young men are drafted for a maximum period of three months, with a refresher training for two weeks each year. The proposals now under discussion in the United States go far beyond the modest requirements of the Swiss system. It is one thing for Switzerland and Sweden, neither of them great powers in a military sense, to train their youth in the art of defensive warfare without jeopardizing their democratic traditions. It is another and a far different thing for the United States, one of the three great powers in the world, to train its youth on the scale anticipated, without exciting in the minds of other nations a gnawing fear as to their peace and security. This, in turn, would step up military preparations elsewhere. This, in turn, would throw the American military machine into higher gear.

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Hibbs says YES!*(Continued from page 33)*

groups would recognize this obvious fact and keep the debate on a high level. Anger and personal recriminations will get us nowhere.

The *Post's* reason for backing compulsory training is strictly one of national safety. Even today, more than three years after Pearl Harbor, few Americans realize how close we were to defeat throughout 1942 and during the early months of 1943. The nation's attitude from the very beginning of the war—even during the black days of Bataan and Corregidor—has been one of confidence, and probably that is as it should be. It is through this high faith in ourselves that we Americans have always achieved. Yet the history books of the future will tell us that it was a near thing during the first year and a half of the war. The top men of the Army and Navy, who were in a position to understand our peril better than anyone else, know that this is true. The *Post* doesn't want to see this country ever again in such a desperate spot.

Furthermore, there is good reason to believe that if we had been really strong in 1941—if we had had a powerful navy and a mighty air force and a great reservoir of trained men ready to call to the colors—Japan probably never would have attacked. Even if she had attacked in the face of such odds, our strength would have materially shortened the war, and lives would have been saved.

Because we were deplorably weak on December 7, 1941, and for eighteen months thereafter, Japan was able to entrench herself strongly in the Western Pacific—so strongly that today, more than three years later, we are still a long, long way from ultimate victory in the Asiatic war. Surely, we are smart enough nationally to draw the obvious lesson from this experi-

ence. Surely, one of the best safeguards against war—and, by the same token, one of the best ways to keep wars short if they come, thereby saving lives—is to keep ourselves strong.

It is often argued that the adoption of peacetime compulsory military training would be a tacit admission that we have no faith in the peace we shall make when our two wars are ended or in the international organization we hope then to have. I do not follow such reasoning. I believe very earnestly that we must do everything under heaven to establish an enduring peace, and I also believe that we stand a reasonably good chance of success. On the other hand, I think it would be completely unrealistic to let down our guard and trust everything to diplomacy in a world where it is still entirely possible for madmen and international plunderers to run amuck, where the peril of mob mania still exists.

Theodore Roosevelt's advice to "speak softly and carry a big stick" is as sound in 1945 as it was in 1900. We must try for a stable peace, but we should keep gun in hand for a long time, on the chance that statesmanship alone might fail. We dare not make too long a gamble. The future is too unforeseeable. The stakes are too high.

If these things are true, if we must stay militarily strong, then the alternatives seem to be either a citizen army, rooted in compulsory training, or a very large professional army. The *Post* agrees with General Marshall and with Brigadier General Palmer, the War Department spokesman who has written two *Post* articles on this subject, that the former is the better of these two choices—that a citizen army would give us greater potential strength, that it would be more economical and more democratic, that it probably would be less likely to breed a warlike national attitude than a large standing army.

The opponents of compulsory training,
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Van Kirk says NO!

(Continued from page 34)

It might not be long under such circumstances before democracy would give way to regimentation and bureaucracy. We are living in an era in which millions of people the world over are inspired with the prospect of enjoying the celebrated Four Freedoms.

Among these freedoms is the right of free speech, of free assembly, of free worship. Will military conscription in the United States make more or less certain the continued enjoyment of these rights by our people? There can be only one answer to this question. It is an answer written in blood and tears on the pages of history. Let America beware!

(4) *Universal military training in peacetime is said to be required in the interest of our national health.* This is the sheerest nonsense. The nation is alarmed, and rightly so, over the high percentage of rejections for military service in the war. We are desperately in need of a national health program. The physical and mental disabilities of the nation's youth most certainly must be corrected.

But is universal military training in peacetime the answer? No! Secretary of the Navy Forrestal has said that "every physically fit young man should be given military training as a national life insurance policy, a contribution to our country's security." That is just the point we are making. If the "physically fit" are to be given military training, how are the physically unfit to be helped?

The place to begin a national health program is with expectant mothers, with children and adolescents. If the Government desires to use Federal funds for this purpose, well and good. It would also be a boon to the nation's health if the slum areas of our great cities were to be cleared and better

housing facilities were made available to our people. This would make sense, as would the establishment of a larger number of public health clinics. To argue that universal military training would improve the physical well-being of the nation's youth is to close one's eyes to the fact that those most in need of training for physical reasons would be the first to be rejected by the Army, as they have always been.

Universal military training would cost the American people between three and four billion dollars each year. If only a fraction of this amount were used in a well-conceived national health program under the guidance of those with special competence in preventive medicine, physical instruction, psychiatry and vocational therapy, the results achieved would be far greater than would otherwise be the case.

There may be reasons why the United States should adopt a system of military conscription, but public health is not one of them.

(5) *Mankind's search for a way by which the armaments of the nations may be brought under some form of international control might well end in frustration if the United States were to adopt now a system of permanent military training.* Representatives of the United Nations met in San Francisco in April to draft the Charter of the postwar world. The Dumbarton Oaks Proposals, discussed at San Francisco, anticipate the creation of a General Assembly of the nations to which will be assigned "the right to consider the general principles of co-operation in the maintenance of international peace and security, including the principles governing disarmament and the regulation of armaments. . ."

The United States has been in the forefront of this effort to organize the world for peace. What will other nations think if the United States, at the very moment when it is working for a general international or-

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Hibbs says YES!

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viewing the advance of technology, sometimes insist that in the future it will be quite futile to train our manpower in the arts of war. The argument is that the development of rocket bombs and other such terrifying devices will make large armies impotent if another war comes. The same claims for technology were made after World War I, and yet in World War II it is still the infantry that has to slug it out and take the objectives when all the chips are down.

Also, the above argument is rather like saying that because a boy is going to medical school or engineering school, he should skip high school. Even if we assume that in any future war all soldiers would be technical men, handling amazing new types of weapons, they would still have to go first through their basic training. There are certain fundamentals that all soldiers must have. Part of the strategy of national defense, certainly, is to keep our military research going and to maintain a powerful navy and air force, but those alone are not enough. We cannot be strong without trained manpower.

As yet, the *Post* has no very definite or detailed ideas as to how such a training program should be worked out. Obviously, it is to be hoped that certain educational objectives could be combined with soldiering, so that the proper preparation for civilian life would not be completely interrupted.

Also, it should be understood clearly—and so stated in any bill which may be passed—that compulsory training is strictly for the purpose of national defense and is not to be confused with, or muddled by, sociological experiments. The *Post* most definitely does not subscribe to the President's somewhat vague scheme to combine

military training with some sort of vast youth movement or glorified CCC program. If we are to train all our boys in the arts of war, let us have it understood that our reason for so doing is, quite simply, national safety, and that alone.

Finally, I should like to be a bit personal. I have a ten-year-old son, whom I love as any normal father loves a son. If we have compulsory military training, he will have to subtract twelve months of his life, along with millions of other boys, from the brightest years which God gives us—the incomparable years of youth—and hand them over to his country. I do not relish this thought. I get no comfort out of the argument that it will help make a man out of him. I still have enough faith in parenthood, and in our school system, to believe that a boy can be made into a man without military training. But I'd much rather see my son give a year of his life to peacetime army training than to have him help fight another war.

And, to repeat, I do believe most earnestly that one of the ways to keep the peace is to build, in the sight of all, such bastions of national strength that the madmen of this earth will think thrice before they set forth on the trail of blood and pillage.



"Pardon me, but do you know anything about compulsory military training?"

Van Kirk says NO!

(Concluded from page 36)

ganzation to consider "the principles governing disarmament and the regulation of armaments," were itself to institute for the first time in its history a program of universal military conscription? Such action might fatally endanger the prospects for that "brave new world" for which men are fighting and sacrificing and dying in this global war.

To talk in the same breath about the regulation of armaments and the inauguration of universal military training in peacetime is a dangerous form of double-talk that can only add to the confusion and chaos in which the nations of the world now find themselves.

(6) *Religion has a stake in this issue.* Protestants, Catholics and Jews alike see in the spirit of the Living God a force greater than the power embodied in swords and bayonets.

Many of our forefathers came to America to escape the crushing burdens of the competitive militarism of the Old World. They built their churches and raised their altars to the God of Righteousness in the firm belief that they were laying the foundations of a new society that would forever be free of the regimentation of compulsory military drill.

Upon this foundation successive generations have built their hopes and dreams of an America that would help lead the nations out of the wilderness of war. Are we now so bereft of faith in our blessed land that we are prepared to adopt for ourselves a way of life against which our forebears rebelled?

Hitler and the Japanese war lords are only symptoms of the secular madness and the pagan idolatry of material power so widespread throughout the world. What mankind needs today is a spiritual reforma-

tion that will bring healing and redemption to a war-weary world. The implements with which this reformation is to be achieved are not the swords of military might but the Sword of the Spirit.

Regardless of the arguments for and against universal military training in the United States in peacetime, there remains the question as to the wisdom of this country reaching a final decision on this issue while the war is in progress. The Roman Catholic bishops of America have requested that Congress postpone action until after the war. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has taken a similar stand. This interchurch body, comprised of representatives of 25 of the nation's largest and most influential denominations, has declared that "for the United States to change now its historic policy might be so interpreted as to prejudice the postwar settlement and jeopardize the possibility of achieving the kind of world order reflected in our Government's war aims." This is the view also of the Methodist Church, the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., the United Lutheran Church, the Northern Baptist Convention, the Disciples of Christ, and many other religious groups. This too is the view held by the American Council on Education, the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association, the American Association of School Superintendents, the National Commission on Christian Higher Education of the Association of American Colleges and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Why this sudden rush to decide now the policy of the United States with respect to military training after the war? Would it not be better to wait until we can see more clearly what the world is to be like after the war? Moreover, our men in uniform who are fighting on the world's battlefronts have every right to share in the making of this decision.

You



CAN TAKE IT, Son!

service as a preacher. As you young people say, "We may be prejudiced," but we feel that you possess every qualification necessary to make a good chaplain. But the Army says that you are not old enough, and the Navy says that you are o.k. in every particular, except for your seminary work.

I have reminded myself and your mother that it was certainly not easy for you to walk out of a full-time pastorate, with a good salary and a lovely home, and leave your young bride, in order to enter the service as an enlisted man. It is positive proof that you possess the "stuff" of which real men are made. And that "stuff" is not too plentiful these days, either in the pulpit or in the pew.

Now that you have entered the service, I want to say some plain things to you—straight from the shoulder and right from my heart. I want you to make "a good soldier." It is not going to be easy. You will face some tough problems. You do not realize it yet, because you have never had to face the dark and unseemly side of life. You will of necessity be associated with men from all walks of life. I speak from experience; I have come up the hard way. You will be called upon to do things and endure things that will test the mettle of your manhood to the limit. I believe you can take it.

I do not have to tell you that you were not reared to be a killer. But to be a good soldier you will have to kill or be killed. Before this war is over you will face some of the cruelest killers this world has ever seen. And when you face a killer your life

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter was written by the editor of the Baptist Standard (Dallas, Texas) to his only son, David M. Gardner, Jr., A/S, who recently resigned from the Calvary Baptist Church, Daytona Beach, Fla., to enter the U. S. Navy. By permission of Dr. Gardner we reproduce it here because we feel its high idealism, mixed with Christian realism, represents what many a father would like to say to his own son in the service.

DEAR SON:

Your mother and I have read your letter telling of your final decision to enter the service of our country. I hasten to say that I admire your courage and high sense of honor. We do not want you to feel that we disapprove of what you have done. On the contrary, since you feel that it would be cowardly for you to "hide behind the pulpit" (as you express it) while your classmates, along with millions of other young men, are facing and defying death to defend your right to stand in the pulpit, or to worship God at all, we are convinced that you have done the manly thing.

Frankly, we wanted you to take your place with your buddies in the service. But we hoped, as you did, that you could enter as a chaplain. We know that you have done everything that seemed humanly possible to get into any phase of the Army or Navy

depends upon your beating him to the draw, and being a better shot. I have never talked to you about killing enemies, but in war it has to be done. Remember, if you have to kill a thousand enemies before this war is over, that you will not be any more responsible for the killings than I will be responsible. You are fighting in the name and for the honor of our own native land. Some do not see it, or refuse to confess if they do see it, but I feel it and am free to confess that I as a citizen of this nation am just as much responsible before God for every Japanese or German killed on the battlefield as is the American soldier who does the killing.

Above everything else, my boy, I want

you to keep clean. I mean morally clean. You will be tempted in more ways than you have ever dreamed that a man could be tempted. Remember, the man who yields to temptations will have fewer chances of coming back home at all, and if he gets back he will have to live with memories that will burn and blight all during his life after the war.

Read your Bible and pray and take advantage of every opportunity to attend worship. Remember, too, that we will be praying for you and pulling for you until the last battle is over and you get back home.

God bless you and keep you through it all.

Lovingly, DAD.

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with her spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned and remarked:

"Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married."



Then there's the story of the draftee who left for duty in Iceland with two aims—to kiss an Icelandic girl and to shoot a polar bear.

Recuperating in an Icelandic hospital, he confided to his buddy: "I guess it would have been better if I'd tried to shoot the girl and kiss the bear!"



1st WAC: "How come you're in the guard house?"

2nd WAC: "I get all the tough breaks. The soldier I came to replace had to serve 90 days."

A group of bluejackets were discussing their dislike for ships, boats, and everything pertaining to water, salt or fresh. They spoke of their personal postwar plans, and each tried to outdo the others in his vows to obliterate every vestige of the Navy from memory. At last one young fellow voiced a plan that seemed the ultimate in a land-lubber's paradise.

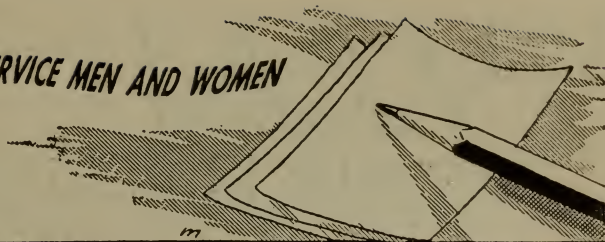
"After I get out of the Navy," he declared, "I'm going to put a pair of oars on my shoulder and start walking inland, and the first place I come to where someone asks me, 'What are those things?'—that's where I'm going to live!"



The Journal of the American Medical Association reports this incident at the Mayo Clinic: A lady psychiatrist was questioning a patient and asked: "What would you say would be the difference between a little boy and a dwarf?" . . . The patient thought a while and said: "Well, there might be a lot of difference" . . . "What, for instance?" asked the psychiatrist, encouragingly. . . . "Well," replied the patient, "the dwarf might be a girl."

Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

By MAYO CORNELL



His eyes were petulant. "I keep asking myself: 'Why, *why* do I feel myself getting so angry?' All I know is that I do! I'm angry *now*!"

And to the mother sitting opposite, his image momentarily blurred. Instead of the stalwart, handsome sailor in blue, all she could see was the Little Boy Blue of five whom she used to lift over puddles!

But lots of things had come between them in twenty years. Not serious things. The mother felt that she would not have had it otherwise, because those differences of attitude and opinion meant budding individuality and growth, and self-assurance.

Yet here he sat—all six feet of him!—his eyes smouldering and his chin poked out as if between them lay indeed the "salt, estranging sea"!

Suddenly the mother rose and strode to the window. It was a question of laughter or quick and unaccustomed tears; either would have been immensely out of place. For ten days of his furlough she had tried her hardest not to "flutter" over him, not to interfere in any way with his hectic and rather aimless routine. But on several occasions her solicitude for his health had bobbed up so impulsively that, before she was aware, admonition to get a little rest, a little sleep, had broken into the open.

Well, well—in a matter of hours now, he'd be back on ship and lack of liberty would make sleep an acceptable avenue of escape. She turned from the window with a smiling apology on her lips, only to meet her son's arms.

"Oh, Mom!" he began softly, ragged edges of irritability still lingering in his voice, "I'm sorry to be such a bear, but for Pete's sake try to realize that I'm grown up now, and can take care of myself! It enrages me to have you so darned *maternal*." Their eyes met, and loved, and laughed, and both were happy again.

But after he had gone (perhaps for the last time) the woman sat very still and tearless and philosophical. After all, she reasoned, life is meant to be like this. Little boys grow to be men—*independent, proud, self-assertive*. That is as it should be. And mothers? Well, mothers must wean themselves from the hunger to take physical care of their progeny. So long as they are straight and strong and able, maternal love must school itself to stand by, with equal and independent pride. Pray God no helplessness or bodily dependency may ever come nigh them!

YOU Asked FOR IT!

© RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE

For what purpose was the Service Men's Christian League organized?

Sponsored by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, the International Council of Religious Education, and the World's Christian Endeavor Union, the League assists the men in the armed forces to maintain their church affiliations and to "prepare them for Christian citizenship in their communities, nation and world when they return to civil life." It is the equivalent, within the service, of such home-church groups as the Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, Walther League, etc., operating on an interdenominational basis. (See your chaplain for fuller information.)

Did we have WACs, WAVEs, SPARs and lady Marines in the first World War? Did they go overseas?

During World War I, we had 11,000 women "Yeomen" (popularly call "Yeomanettes") in the Navy and 269 Marines ("Marinettes") who performed clerical and other non-combat work at home in order to release men for active duty. At that time there was no Army or Navy Nurse Corps as such. The nurse in World War I was called just plain "nurse" and she received no official title, her white uniform and blue cape being the only distinguishing mark of

her service. In addition to our nurses overseas there were also a large number of Red Cross volunteer workers.

How many Negro soldiers are there in the Army?

The War Department recently announced that Negro enrollment in the Army as of September 30, 1944, was 701,678, with 408,160 of this total serving overseas. There are 5,804 Negro commissioned officers.

What are the functions of the "Chaplains' Assistants"?

Rating as specialists, these men are trained to take over the mechanics of running a chaplain's office and to be responsible for musical and other social programs.

When was religious freedom proclaimed in the Philippine Islands?

Freedom of religion was proclaimed in the Philippine Islands under the Treaty of December 10, 1898.

Why are Baptists in the United States spoken of as "Northern," "Southern," or "Colored"?

These are distinctions adopted solely for administrative purposes and are based upon certain local or racial characteristics and conditions, the recognition of which implies no lack of fellowship or of unanimity of purpose.

How soon after his discharge from the Army must a soldier apply to his former employer to be sure of getting back his prewar civilian job?

According to recent congressional action,

soldiers now must apply to their old employer within ninety days after their Army discharge. The time limit used to be forty days. This action has been made retroactive to apply to those who were discharged ninety days before December 8, 1944—the date when the President signed the revision.

••

How heavily has Britain's manpower contributed to the war?

From a male population of 22,000,000, the armed forces of Britain have taken 5,500,000. If America had inducted at the same rate, 16,500,000 men would be in the U. S. armed forces (we have about 12,000,000). There are 467,000 women in British military forces; America has 200,000.

Military casualties, out of a population one-third the size of ours and a force half the size of ours, are 176,000 killed, 38,000 missing, 194,000 wounded, 155,000 prisoners. Bombs and robot bombs brought death to 57,000 and injuries to 79,000 British civilians.

••

What is the form of ordination to the Lutheran ministry?

Ordination, ordinarily an act of the synod at its annual meeting, is done with prayer and the laying on of hands by the president of the synod, other ministers usually assisting in the rite. In exceptional cases, it may be done at another time and place by a committee appointed by the synod for the purpose.

••

What is the origin and present membership of the American Lutheran Church?

The American Lutheran Church was formed in 1930 by a union of the Evangelical Lutheran Joint Synod of Ohio and other states, the Evangelical Lutheran

Synod of Iowa and other states, and the Lutheran Synod of Buffalo. It has a baptized membership of 571,545 and a communicant membership of 403,265. Its 2,000 congregations and preaching places are located in thirty states, the District of Columbia, and Canada.

••

Please list the Navy decorations in order of their importance.

In descending order the 12 highest Navy decorations are: Medal of Honor, Marine Corps Brevet, Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Navy and Marine Corps Medal, Air Medal, Specially Meritorious Medal, Purple Heart and Presidential Unit Citation. There are several other medals and awards.

••

What is the creed of the Unitarian Church?

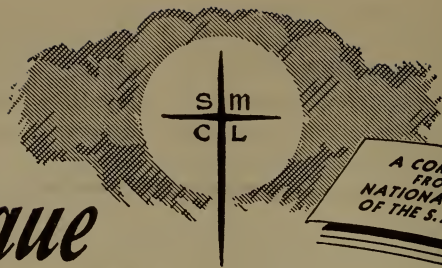
Unitarians have no creed. They hold that a fixed statement of belief is an obstruction to faith, and that as the life of God within the human spirit is a growing life, the consciousness of that life, which is faith, is to be allowed to grow continually. They believe in the existence of the one God, but He is not defined.

••

What type of worship is found at a Society of Friends meeting?

The worship is distinctly non-liturgical. Since the Friends believe that worship is fundamentally a personal matter between the soul and God, and can be carried on with or without a minister, meetings for worship can be held partly, or even wholly, in silence. There is no stated length for any sermon, prayer or exhortation, and often several persons, not necessarily ministers, take part during the same meeting.

This Is YOUR League



A COMMUNIQUE
FROM THE
NATIONAL OFFICE
OF THE S. M. C. L.

By **IVAN M. GOULD**

General Secretary, Service Men's Christian League

EVERY American military leader, beginning with Washington, has expressed the importance that attaches to the spiritual side of a soldier's life. It is the fountainhead of his greatest strength."

With these words, plus a ringing tribute to the "good and necessary work" of the League in fostering a more virile and consistent spirituality in the service, Brig. General D. V. Gaffney, Commanding General, Alaskan Division ATC, greeted the first anniversary of the USAAF Service Men's Christian League. This anniversary marked a milestone in the history of the SMCL. Never before, as far as we know, except at National Council meetings, have so many

prominent military and political leaders met to pay tribute to the League. And, what is more significant, the political leaders were from the Dominion of Canada and the military leaders from both Canada and the United States.

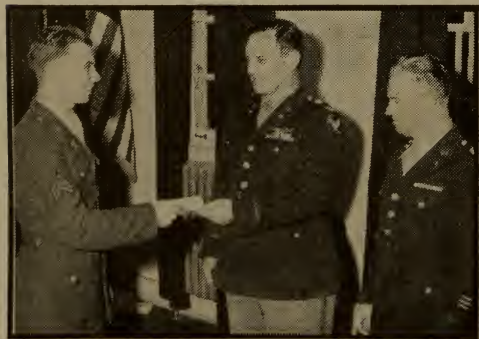
Thus this celebration vividly symbolized a lasting international friendship between two great nations. The place of religion must always be at the center of an induring and lasting peace.

A Success Story

The moving spirit behind this celebration was a man from whom we have heard often in **THE LINK**, **Sgt. Thomas C. Sizemore**, president of the USAAF unit of the Service Men's Christian League. He is characterized in a report by **Sgt. Michael E. Schuller** as "a long-time friend of the SMCL." That's putting it mildly. Wherever Sgt. Sizemore has gone, there the SMCL has sprung into life and vigor. There is no one now in the ranks who has more zealously promoted and developed the League.

Frequently in these columns we present verbal bouquets to a chaplain for outstanding work for the League. The rising vote of thanks this month is for Sizemore!

But just as no one man can make a League, neither could the sergeant alone be wholly responsible for the bang-up affair that brought together the celebrities who



Colonel Eugene Stevens (center), Base Commander of the 1452nd AAF Base Unit, ATC, accepts membership in the Service Men's Christian League from Sgt. Tom C. Sizemore (left), president of the SMCL, while Chaplain Robt. L. Dougherty, head chaplain of the Alaskan Division, ATC, looks on with manifest approval.

are pictured on these pages. The list of officers of this League unit, under the sponsorship of **Chaplain James R. Cox**, are, in addition to President Sizemore: Sgt. E. Gustavson, vice-president; Cpl. Arthur E. Evans, secretary; Cpl. Alexander Clare, treasurer. Those in charge of the anniversary meeting were: manager, Hal E. Clouse; publicity, Sgt. M. E. Schuller and Sgt. W. O. Willis, editor of the *Air Base Beacon*; artist, Sgt. Bob Wilhelm; ushers, Sgt. Hal E. Clouse and Sgt. Jack Porter.

Sgt. Simon Eden, RAF, flying son of Anthony Eden of the British Empire and an active member of the USAAF unit of the SMCL, was not able to attend because of a previous engagement over Germany.

Space does not permit a full account of the anniversary celebration, but such space as we have we devote to the report written for us by Sgt. Michael E. Schuller. (We are quoting it in the hope that other League units will send in full accounts of their celebrations and meetings. The SMCL is daily getting stronger around the world. Each local unit is a "link" in a chain of fellowship. We urge every group to appoint a reporter charged with keeping SMCL headquarters informed on your activities. With this admonition—not to say pleading—we give the space to Sgt. Schuller.)

The SMCL at Work

By SGT. MICHAEL E. SCHULLER

"A religious celebration tinged with a flavor of international good will and friendship was enjoyed by more than 160 uniformed members of the USAAF Service Men's Christian League at the Base Chapel of the Alaskan Division, Air Transport Command, APO 462.

"Arranged as a celebration of the first anniversary of the founding of the League movement amongst members of the U. S. armed forces in Northwest Canada, the service was attended by civic and provincial dignitaries as well as by senior officers of



Marine Pfc. Billy A. Kostenbader (right), wearer of the Purple Heart and three Presidential citations, just back from seven major operations in the South Pacific, tells Sgt. Sizemore how the SMCL worked on Saipan and Guadalcanal. Says he: "The chaplains and the League were the best morale-builders on the front lines, believe you me!"

Canadian and American forces. The many speakers praised the League for its vital work in developing the spiritual and moral aspects of the men in the fighting forces. Principal address of the evening was given by **Squadron Leader J. A. Forbes**, RCAF Chaplain, who was stationed with a Canadian Spitfire wing in Europe subsequent to the D-Day operations.

"**Lt. Col. Robert L. Dougherty**, head Chaplain, Alaskan Division, ATC, addressed the congregation on behalf of the commanding general and referred briefly to the friendliness existing between Canada and the United States.

"**Hon. E. C. Manning**, Premier of Alberta, warned that in looking at the days ahead, 'unless we as individuals and as nations are preparing to recognize the Christian way of life, we are building on unstable foundations. It seems to me that a Christian organization such as this is making a particularly important contribution to mankind in general in preparation for the coming period of rebuilding.'

"As president of the SMCL unit, Sgt. Tom C. Sizemore, a long-time promoter of the League program, traced the conception and development of the movement. Vital interest is shown by Sgt. Sizemore in the work of harmonizing the countries now at

war. Christianity is the solution, he claims. The sergeant's ideas about the postwar peace includes a League of Nations with an international council for the betterment of relations of the nations of the world. This can only be done through exercising the spirit of Christian brotherhood. As ideal as this plan sounds, Sgt. Sizemore asserts that it is not wholly without possibility.

"It was pointed out at the celebration that our efforts are bringing us in close contact with many men of the United States armed forces and those of our Allies. These contacts will not soon be forgotten. Hand in hand with brotherly love goes international friendship and good will. The injunction to 'love thy neighbor' is being fulfilled by the SMCL on a global scale.

"When the uniforms of the embattled nations all over the world are laid aside, the men who affiliated themselves with the SMCL will remain true to its ideals and principles and to the comradeship of our Allied forces who now extend hands across borders and seas. These men will continue friendships begun through association in our organization."

"A Time for Greatness"

The main address, as stated before, was given by Chaplain J. A. Forbes, RCAF. Because this address might well be given to Leagues all over the world, "This Is Your League" concludes this month with excerpts from it. We suggest that the following quotation become the basis for a League forum. Says Chaplain Forbes:

"We are living in one of the greatest periods in human history. The war has been a time for greatness. There have been many glowing chapters in it—and the story would take us all around the globe.

"I have seen this spirit at work in many places. I have seen it on the Atlantic, where the Allied navies and the Merchant Marines fought their relentless battle against the submarines, and moved men and supplies in one vast, endless chain.

"I have seen it in London, whose citizens endured the blitz and the continued bomb-

ing of four years, and then the robot and rocket bombs, with a sense of humor and a practical kind of courage that overcame all obstacles. Women put on uniforms and manned gunposts and searchlights; they took over the work of the bus conductors, railway porters and postmen; they did fire-watching and rendered first aid, went into munition plants and war factories. The British became a greater people than they had ever been before.

"I have seen it in the bomber boys of the RAF and RCAF, going out night after night to Berlin or into the Ruhr, through curtains of flak and lanes of night fighters, and all other hazards of flying and fighting by night.

"I have seen it in the American lads, flying Fortresses and Liberators and Marauders in the huge daylight raids that forced the Germans to put up their strongest opposition. I have seen it in the fighter pilots, the kind of men with whom I lived and served myself, shuttling back and forth in their maneuverable but vulnerable aircraft, regardless of the ground defenses and ready to take on all comers in the air—even to ten times their own number.

"I have seen it in the American and British armies, at the beaches in the front-lines, on the roads, in the mud and wet, hungry and cold, wounded and sick, but never turning back. Yes, indeed it has been a Time for Greatness.

"All this is almost in the past, however, and tonight I want to think of the future—of the postwar period that is coming. There is no doubt about the outcome of the war; it is just a question of time. But when Germany is beaten, and Japan is overthrown, that will not be the end of this struggle. If we stop there we can easily lose the peace. Our military victory in itself can never remove the situations that have been periodically developing into war. . . . The first years of peace, to my mind, will be infinitely harder and more exacting than any of the years of war. In war the road has been direct, and the goal right ahead. The choices and decisions of the future will be much more complex. Yet in this period we dare not fail.



Prominent at the first anniversary doings of the USAAF Service Men's Christian League were these dignitaries of military, political, educational and religious life: (Seated, left to right) Chief Justice, Hon. Mr. Frank Ford, Chancellor of the University of Alberta, Canada; Rt. Rev. W. F. Barfoot, D.D., Lord Bishop of Edmonton; His Honor J. C. Bowen, Lieutenant Governor of Alberta; Hon. E. C. Manning, Premier of Alberta; His Worship John W. Fry, Mayor of Alberta, and the Hon. Robt. R. Streeper, American Consul-General to Northwest Canada. (Standing) Chaplain R. S. Ottley, Royal Canadian Navy; Sqd. Ldr. J. A. Forbes, head overseas chaplain, RCAF; Major C. V. Dacre, Canadian Army, aide to the Governor; Miss Bernice B. McBeth, CBC artist; Col. Eugene Stevens, Base Commander; Lt. Col. Robt. L. Dougherty, staff chaplain, Alaskan Division, ATC, USAAF, and Capt. C. F. A. Clough, chaplain of the Royal Canadian Navy.

"On the last Sunday I was in London, before my return to Canada, the London Symphony Orchestra, at the Cambridge Theatre, was playing Tschaiikovsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*, coupled with a famous violinist in the Brahms *Concerto*. As the assembling audience passed through the hall, they saw a notice which said that, owing to an accident, the soloist would not appear, and that his place would be taken by a substitute, who would play the Beethoven *Violin Concerto*.

"After an overture there came a very significant pause, and presently a youth walked shyly on the stage. Any one who has ever had to substitute for some great person on some great occasion can realize how his substitute must have felt. As one person in the audience said, 'If ever a musician prays, this is the time!' A minute later the house was listening, hushed and rapt, to a performer who was a musician first and a virtuoso afterwards. For while he had the skill of a master in the mechan-

ical art of playing the violin, his interpretation of Beethoven brought out the great composer's most celestial quality.

"What the audience did not know was that this boy, Yfrah Neaman, had come direct from the bench of a war factory at which he had been working for nearly two years. Of Palestinian nationality, he had studied in Paris, and had come to England when France fell in 1940. In England he has been a pupil of Max Tostal, famous violinist. When his teacher fell at Derby Station and broke his wrist the Saturday night before this concert, he recommended his best pupil to take his place. Yfrah Neaman arrived in London at 12:30 the afternoon of the concert and had only half an hour for rehearsal with the orchestra. At the end of the concert the crowded house rose to its feet to give the hero of the afternoon an ovation, in which Fistoulari, the conductor, and the whole orchestra joined. In this 'Time for Greatness,' Yfrah Neaman was great.

"Our own young men have shown real signs of greatness. War is not glamorized for them, as it had been for the German youth. That day at Buron, when the Nazis tossed hand grenades at the turrets of our tanks, young tank commanders stood up in the turrets, caught the grenades, as in a game of baseball, and threw them back at the Germans. They were truly 'playing with fire,' for the fuse is set only four seconds from the time the deadly missile is first thrown. Thus, not as fanatics but with resolute purpose, doing a grim job that had to be done, our Canadian and American and British young men responded in their time for greatness.

"I wouldn't say that our chaps were over-religious—at least not in the sense in which the term is generally used. They certainly were not pious, and they hated any display of religion.

"I think this statement applies fairly well to the Americans too, although I believe you are more emotional, and more given to sentiment than we are, and certainly much more so than the English. But, generally speaking, Americans and Canadian and British people at war do not make a display of religion.

"At nine o'clock every Sunday morning, just before D-Day, I had a church service for pilots in their 'briefing room.' That room was filled with pilots. They came to church quite naturally, not to prepare themselves for any crusade, but because that quiet period of worship with God gave them something they needed for even the normal life of the day.

"A well-known saying that came from the American battle experience is that 'there are no atheists in foxholes.' I would say that there are no atheists anywhere on the frontline. At least I never found them there. I met men who were confused in their thinking and in their theology, some agnostics, but never a man who scoffed at religion or said he did not believe in God.

"Chaplain James Claypool, in his book, *God on a Battlegwagon*, remarks that men on board ship attended church service more naturally and more frequently than did

civilian people at home. That was my experience with the men of the RCAF overseas, and particularly in the battle areas. While we were in the concentration areas before crossing the Channel, we started holding evening prayers at ten o'clock each night in a large tent. That tent was always filled.

"For two nights on board the landing craft, we had our entire company assembled on deck for prayers. In France, Belgium and Holland I held evening prayers each night in my tent, and it was usually filled. Sundays, of course, were days of activity and operations, like any other days. Instead of trying to gather a few people in some central place, I held about ten or twelve short services at the dispersals of the various sections in the Wing.

"Here at their place of work, surrounded by the implements of their toil, and in their working clothes, men gathered around for fifteen minutes of worship that for spontaneity and reality surpassed anything else that I have ever experienced. And I am convinced that for this we were stronger men, and more able to respond to the challenge of those days. For God does help us when we pray.

"In London I saw the world premiere of the film, 'A Song to Remember,' the story of the life and music of Frederick Chopin. There is one particularly great scene in the picture near the end. When Frederick Chopin had exhausted himself to the point of death in a great series of concerts to raise money for his native Poland, Madame George Sande, the notorious French novelist, who would have selfishly kept him for herself, turned bitterly on his old teacher and counsellor. 'Are you satisfied, now that you have killed him?' she asked. 'Is there anyone to take the place of this genius that you have killed?' The old man, wonderfully portrayed by Paul Muni in the screen story, replied, 'Yes, his spirit living in hundreds of other young men.'

"At the grave of a hero we end, not with sorrow at the inevitable loss, but with the contagion of his courage: and with a kind of desperate joy we go back to the fight.

"This is a 'Time for Greatness!'"

In Poetic Mood...

A Prayer

By T/5 VICTOR HUGO MCKEE, JR.

*Make me a temple, Lord,
That in my heart
Weary souls may rest.*

*Make me a fountain, Lord,
That those who thirst
May drink cool waters from my lips.*

*Make me a highway, Lord,
That I may comfort
All who walk the way of life.*

*Make me a mountain, Lord,
That I may lift
Earthly souls unto Thy throne.*

*Make me a flower, Lord,
That all who look
May see Thy beauteous handiwork.*

*Make me an evening star,
That I may tell
With brilliant light
That Thou art on Thy throne.*

My Mother's Prayer

By CPL. WALT CECIL

*As the thundering roars of guns abound
And the blaze of cannons flare,
I hark to a dim and distant sound:
'Tis the voice of my mother's prayer.*

*It comes to me on wings of thought
As I vision her kneeling there,
And I see each word with tears is wrought
As she offers up her prayer.*

*I lift my weary head up high,
And I feel my Father's care;
For I know that He is always nigh,
Because of my mother's prayer.*

*So fight I on in fearless way,
And flaunt my enemies' lair;
I remember that on each new day
My mother breathes a prayer.*

God's Draft: A Prayer

By PVT. JAMES M. TATUM

*Giver of all good and perfect gifts,
On whom all burdens and trials are
lifted,
Do not forsake our souls, we pray,
Send us Thy mercies every day.*

*Draw us nearer to Thy goal,
'Round us do Thy loving arms enfold;
Amid the darkness of sin below
Give us the light from Heaven's glow;
Teach us and guide us in Thine own way
Strengthen us and bless us, Lord, we
pray.*

The Beautiful Flower

By PFC. PAUL BUTTERWORTH

*In the grass by the side of the road,
Where many a foot has trod,
Where the weeds and the vines grow thick
In the earth's fertile sod*

*Blooms a single lonely flower,
Its beauty wondrous to see;
'Tis the flower of Jesus' love;
It grows there for you and for me.*

Many a man's walked by
 On the lonely rocky road,
 And many a man has stumbled,
 Under his heavy load.

Many a man has seen it—
 The flower that's growing there—
 And many a heart's been lightened,
 For the flower is so fair

That no man can look upon it
 And not new strength attain,
 For its beauty fills his soul
 And overcomes the pain.

If you are sad and lonely,
 Weighted down with care,
 Search for the beautiful flower—
 You'll find it growing there!

Night Yet Day

By LIEUT. L. F. ROGERS

In the still of the night
 The hum of an approaching 'plane
 Lifts my head to wonder
 If my friend pilots that 'plane.

I wonder—then suddenly remember
 That my friend is now
 Resting from a flight well done—
 Resting, in another plane.

He looks down at me,
 I—thank God—look up
 To him,
 And think—and then—remember.

Sailor's Wife

By LESLIE SAVAGE CLARK

Always the ancient tides of fear
 Are hers whose man must go
 Down to the sea in ships. All night
 She feels their undertow
 Tug at her sleep, and through her dreams
 The winds of sorrow blow.

Older than tales of Argonauts
 Are love, anxiety.

Always must woman know their depths,
 As once Penelope
 Kept for Ulysses lonely watch
 Beside a wine-dark sea.

I Think of Mary

By GEORGIA MOORE EBERLING

He always liked to climb the tallest tree,
 And scramble over fence and garden-wall,
 He laughed at bitter battles of snow-ball
 And fought them out against odds, stub-
 bornly,
 Now he is far away across the sea,
 Beyond my yearning touch, my loving call,
 And I can only pray he may not fall
 But stand, and do his duty gallantly.

These days I think of Mary at the Cross,
 I feel her anguish, share her bitter pain—
 I know that when they pierced His side,
 she felt
 The sword, but wept more for her utter loss,
 And that she had no power to restrain
 The cruel hands, that death and terror dealt.

Trust

By MYRA JOHANNESEN, Y 3/c

Cares are like the fallen leaves;
 They crumble into dust
 When we fold our hands in humbleness
 And in heaven place our trust.

CORRECTION

In this section of our September, 1944, issue we printed a poem entitled "What Is My Task?" and mistakenly credited it to Cpl. Alvina Friederich. The corporal advises us that it should have carried the by-line of T. O. Chisholm, and note should have been made that it first appeared in *Moody Monthly* under the title "What Wilt Thou Have Me Do?" We apologize to Mr. Chisholm and *Moody Monthly* for the error.

Prayers designed for private
and public devotions of men
and women in the armed forces

LET *Us* PRAY

By G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY
Compiler and author of "Prayers
for Men in Service," "War-time
Prayers for Those at Home,"
"Prayers for Women Who Serve."

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

● **HELP ME**, our Father, to cultivate the Kingdom of Heaven first within my own heart and then among my comrades. Help me to make Thee the source and center of all my desires and to bring Thee close to others. Help me to perform the easiest or the hardest task and to bear the smallest or the greatest burden as privileges given me by the Almighty and the Eternal. Help me to make Thy love the power, the law, and the measure of the success of every action of my daily living. Amen.

FOR NATURE'S BEAUTY

● **CREATOR GOD**, whose mighty hand adorns the earth and sky with loveliness and order, I thank Thee for the wonders of sun, moon, and stars, for the power of the winds, the purity of the snow, the refreshment of the rains, the glory of the dawn, the majesty of the sunset, the peace of the nightfall, and the radiance of the heavens. I praise Thee for Thy power in the strength of the trees, for Thy tenderness in the delicacy of the flowers, for Thy bounty in fruit and grain, and for Thy mystery in growth and decay. As all things in nature work together to glorify Thee in one vast harmony of day and night and in the beautiful procession of the seasons, so may I lift my heart in songs of joy and give myself in service and in praise to Thee and know that Thy ways are righteous and glorious forever. Amen.

A WILLING SERVANT

● **OUR FATHER**, use me at all times to carry out Thy holy will on earth. Prosper me when I work for Thee, and correct me when I strive against Thee. Rid me of selfishness and hypocrisy, and fill me with love and sincerity. Make me a willing servant of even the least of Thy children. Give me heartiness in good will, perseverance in good living, and zeal in good works. Help me to be what Thou wouldst have me be, a devoted follower of my Master and a glory to Thy Name forever. Amen.

GOD'S INFLUENCE

● **O ENDLESS SOURCE OF GOOD**, I open my heart to Thine influence. Enter Thou into my inmost being, and possess me in all my parts. Thou didst create me for love, to live love and be love. Be Thou my Guide and Companion all my days, that I may fulfill Thy destiny for me. And at the last be Thou my Reward and my All. Amen.

A COMMUNION PRAYER

● **LORD CHRIST**, who hast revealed to us the great Name of God by coming among us in the flesh, lead us with contrite hearts to the altar of Thy love, where Thou comest in holy mystery to feed our souls with Thyself. As we here remember Thy sacrifice on the Cross, teach us joyfully to offer ourselves to Thee, and as we receive Thee in this sacrament, may we render our worthy service to Thee on earth and at last enter with Thee into Thy Kingdom of glory. Amen.

FOR EACH MOMENT

● **FATHER**, teach me that today will be full of blessings if it is lived in Thy love. Help me to use each present moment in service to Thee. Help me to hallow each thing I do by doing it in Thy sight and to Thy glory. May each thought and hope, each word and act of mine count for Thy purpose and add to my growth in goodness. May my day be a succession of little offerings of love made by me in the spirit of Christ for my brothers and for Thee, my God. Amen.

IN DAILY TASKS

● **RESTORE TO US**, our Father, a sense of a Divine vocation in all our daily work. Help us to be thorough, honest, and generous in all that we plan to do. Show us how closely we are knit together with all men, near and far, in our labors for a better world. Free us from selfish interest and narrow outlook. Make us joyful servants of all, and give us our full share in Thy glorious and creative plan for all men and nations. Amen.

Topic TALKS



- *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

WHAT ARE THE THINGS THAT ENDURE?

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Would you say, or not, that civilization depends on change?*
(I Corinthians 7:31; II Corinthians 4:18)
2. *Why is there so great a difference between the pessimistic views in the Old Testament concerning man's impermanence and the triumphant stress that Jesus placed on our eternal life?*
(Psalms 90:9, 10; 103:15, 16; 144:4; John 11:25, 26)
3. *What is the Christian hope that justifies the apparent impermanence of our life here on earth?*
(I Corinthians 15:53, 54; John 11:25, 26)
4. *What are some of the treasures that Jesus urged us to lay up for ourselves in heaven?*
(Matthew 6:19-21)
5. *Why are the words of Jesus eternal?*
(Luke 21:33; John 6:63, 68; 14:23, 24; I Corinthians 1:24)

- *Resource material:*

IF you and your buddies ever needed any proofs of the transitory nature of human life, you have had plenty of proof since Uncle Sam gave you a personal invitation to chase the furious and fearsome Fuehrer. You passed in review before the unsmiling gaze of a group of medics, and you were shuttled through an assembly line that left you with big shoes and small shirts and trousers that stopped short of your shoe laces. You were carried from one camp to another as if someone got a rake-off on your railway fare. You were shipped from South to North and back again and then you were given that never-to-be-forgotten ride with drawn shades and a gang-plank at the far end, only to discover that your travels had just begun.

Yes, you've seen a bit of the world and you have found how good a world it can be if men would only devote energy to building it instead of blasting it to bits!

Then you have remembered that change is essential to civilization. From an accidental spark when steel met flint, we have come a long way to electric lights and neon signs and ultra-violet rays and rocket planes. From the medicine man and the barber's blood-letting blade we have come to the sterile whiteness of an operating room and the triumphs of aseptic surgery. From a chance breeze across a conch shell, we have come to mighty symphony orchestras.

What Things Really Endure?

Plodding, dust-ridden caravans have retired to make way for stratoliners and stewardesses, oxygen tanks and meals in comfort at a mere three hundred miles per hour. And the deadly pebble of a David has become a diabolical V-2!

Change—change—civilization! Does anything really stand fast in all of these changes? What things really *endure*?

Do you sometimes dread to think how short and uncertain are the days we spend on this earth? Some of the Old Testament seers got pretty gloomy about it. "My days," said the wise old Job, "are passed away as the swift ships" (9:26a). And he wasn't talking about our modern pursuit ships of the sky but about boats where the winds billowed against swelling sails and beat the craft forward against the resisting waves of the Great Sea, the Red or the Caspian.

If the winds relaxed or failed, there were heavy oars and sturdy backs and the heaving shoulders of strong slaves. But the ships were "swift"—swift enough to crawl down over the horizon and be lost to view, while the old man mused upon the time when he, too, would have slipped out of sight.

Man's Impermanence

Or the old Psalmist compared our days with grass which the wind passes over—and lo! it is gone. (103:15, 16.) Or our flesh is like grass or a field flower—fading, withering (Isaiah 40:6, 7).

Hosea puts it even more picturesquely: "They shall be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney" (13:3).

The good and the bad—the Luthers and the Wesleys and the Livingstones, the Himmlers and the Hirohitos and the Hitlers—shall be as clouds that dissolve into the blue of the heavens, or as chaff that eddies and swirls away.

What a picture of those who strut noisily about life's stage with their memorized mouthings, only to disappear into the wings without even a curtain call!

But wait! Those were Old Testament pictures. Jesus painted our life in different lines and colors. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

That one word, like a blinding shaft of

light, shatters all the picturesque but somber vapor pictures that lift from the Old Testament pages. We are beyond the reach of death! We live for ever! Robert Browning put it, "Thy soul and God stand sure."

Now we are ready to see some other things that endure. And this is not anticlimax. If your life were not eternal, it would not do you much good to be poking around in the ashes to find jewels. But, since you do live eternally, you can well be in a mood to search for the things that an immortal spirit can afford to be interested in. What are some of these things?

Truth is one of them. In a universe that moves unerringly and in accord with unvarying laws, we have a right to demand truth in human speech, and its counterpart—righteousness—in human actions.

These two priceless things—truth and righteousness—have greater value because they are set against a background of eternity; they matter because *God is*, and because *He matters*. All other values are but dim and minor reflections of the one Value—for it is He who gives meaning and worth to everything else in His vast universe.

Because God Matters . . .

Remember that! If you are tempted to lie, remember that you are cutting across all the verities in the universe if you speak an untruth, or if you act one. If you are tempted to profanity, remember that there is one name high above every other—and you are commanded to respect it always. Don't pull God's name down into the dust!

Jesus cautioned us, not to lay up treasures here on earth, where moth and rust and thieves can touch them. Instead, He admonished us to lay up treasures in heaven, where there are no thieves and moths and rust. Good advice! But what are some of these treasures—these things that we should lay up in heaven?

Wouldn't you say they are all the things that we buy for others, or *do* for others, at

some cost and sacrifice to ourselves?

It is the gold and the frankincense and the myrrh of the Magi. It is the widow's mite humbly cast into the treasury while the rich men smugly and proudly gape. It is a Sabbath meal shared with the Master in a home in Bethany when love labors in the kitchen and talks understandingly of sacred things. It is a lad's lunch shared with a multitude of those who hunger for bread and peace. It is the lent tomb of Joseph of Arimathea on a terrible afternoon when all the world seemed to rock and shudder at the feet of God.

These are treasures *laid up!*

But there are many other gifts: that of a wealthy Jew that Negroes might have access to an education in our land; a gift of a diamond merchant that brilliant young college men might study in Oxford and strengthen the ties that bind two great English-speaking peoples; the "miles of dimes" given that the tentacles of infantile paralysis might be stricken loose from those pathetic children who have a right to happiness and health. Or it is the "cup of cold water" given in the name of One who holds out life-giving water to the spiritually thirsting everywhere.

These are treasures laid up in heaven!

But let us never forget that the words of Jesus shall endure always! "Heaven and earth shall pass away," said He, "but My word shall not pass away."

Certainly! For His words deal with eternal verities and with realities that outlast time! Do you remember some of them?

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35e). Does that sound strange? It is a word that stands. Ask Albert Schweitzer.

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it" (Mark 8:35). Do you think that is strange? Ask Kagawa or Grenfell about this, if you doubt the truth of it.

"But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant" (Matthew 23:11). Remember Abraham Lincoln. "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted" (Matthew 23:12). How vast is the chasm that separates the followers of Prussianism and the disciples of St. Francis of Assisi!

"If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (John 14:23b). Need any man be lonely?

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid" (John 14:27). The lavish giving of Christ! And not the least of His giving is His comfort!

"But whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matthew 18:6). Let that word shine full in the terror-twisted face of the demented little corporal of Berchtesgaden! For that word stands!

Michaelangelo's Prayer

*M*OST HOLY FATHER, who hast brought us thus far onward through our life on earth, we pray Thee take us to Thy care, who alone canst order and reckon on mortal deeds for praise or blame. Forgive the errors of our judgment, the wrong of misspent hours, the blindness of our wayward will and vain desires, the thoughts that tempt us, the foolish wants on which our souls have fed, the visions that have lured us to our loss and the sorrows that have left us weary. And grant us Thine eternal peace. Amen.

—Michelangelo

• *Subject for group discussion:*

WHEN ADVERSITY CONFRONTS US

• *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What comfort and hope has religion always brought to those who suffer adversity?* (Psalms 34:19; 46:1; 91)
2. *How may adversity become our teacher and help us to consider the deeper meanings of life?* (Ecclesiastes 7:14)
3. *Do the fires of affliction sometimes bring us closer to God?* (Isaiah 48:10)
4. *How can we expect to find good cheer and patience, even in tribulation?* (John 16:33; Romans 12:12; James 1:2, 3; I Peter 4:12, 13)
5. *What word of Paul is a good motto for the Christian in facing every kind of hardship?* (II Timothy 2:3)

• *Resource material:*

WHAT do you do when the going gets tougher than you dreamed it ever could be? Do you quit or do you keep on going? Do you entertain thoughts of going AWOL, or do you redouble your efforts to come out the victor?

There is no surer test of the stuff of which you are made than the test of adversity. An Aaron Burr or a Benedict Arnold, however keen his intellectual qualities and however great his advantages and opportunities, will eventually crack if the adverse winds become violent enough. An Abraham Lincoln will seem only to gather strength as he pits himself against the most violent winds of opposition and adversity.

Adversity is a rather small word to cover so many disappointing, difficult and destructive things. But it is a word that looms before all of us in life. We can't dodge it. By frontal attack or by pincer movements, it gets at all of us sooner or later.

If you are lying ill in a hospital, that is adversity. If something happens to deprive you of that promotion for which you worked and longed, that is adversity. If you have to go on K.P. for a sixteen-hour

session on the one day when the little wife or the one-and-only arrives in camp, that is adversity. If the battle goes badly against you, on any front, that, in any language, is adversity!

But the question is, what do you do about it? Do you take it lying down, or do you hitch up your belt and begin the big offensive?

A good thing to remember about adversity as that it often turns out a disguised blessing. Recently I attended a very happy wedding. The proud young groom was just back from his successful missions over Europe as a bombardier. But he would not have returned had he not had a great disappointment.

One morning his crew flew off without him—he was being transferred to a strange outfit. That plane carrying his old crew crashed, and they did not return. One door had been shut in his face, leaving a very different door ajar. Someone, unwittingly, had put happiness within reach, as well as a longer service and a longer life.

Then, there is the case of a fine young cadet in the Army Air Force. He had al-

most completed his course of training to be a pilot. Then, almost without warning, he and his classmates were told that they would not be needed as pilots and they were turned back into the infantry as privates.

But that outstanding young fellow was sent to a radar school, and I shall be surprised if he does not carve out a great future for himself in that magic field.

What Do You Do About It?

We here in America have seen it demonstrated over and over that the poorest men may yet be the richest—as witness the Fords and the Rockefellers.

I doubt if any living statistician has ever been able to tabulate the number of men in this country who have made one fortune, lost it and then successfully made another. It is within the province of any man to declare that he isn't whipped—and try hard to prove that he isn't.

We have seen boys from humble little homes buffet the adverse winds until they have become legislators and jurists and university presidents and acknowledged success in many different fields of endeavor. They forced themselves to rise against the winds, as stratoliners battle their way into the clouds. The hard rather than the easy way is often the way up for men as for airplanes.

Who's Who in America is filled with names of successful men and women who once had ample excuses to sit down and call it a day, but who kept pressing on toward a goal that lured them forward, even though the winds of adversity kept beating in their faces.

The second thing to remember is that you must always try to ride out your winds of adversity, whatever they are. Never give up to them.

I know something of how fearful and bitter these winds of adversity can be. Loneliness has been one of your great enemies, but you have often overcome it. You must not now give up to adversity

without a fight. Sometimes it may seem to be a lone sniper in ambush. Sometimes your adversities may seem to be an entire battalion let loose against you. But never forget that the one thing you have to fear is the white flag of surrender to these harassing forces that battle against you. Remember, so long as your chin is up, and you can stay on your feet, there is hope.

Perhaps you have heard of a schoolboy scrap that became a classic in the annals of Abilene, Kansas, several decades ago. I do not recall the name of one of the two boys but the name of the smaller one was Ike, and his last name was Eisenhower. He came literally from "the wrong side of the tracks" in that busy frontier town, while the larger boy represented those who considered themselves the more privileged of the community.

It was Ike's first year in that building, where children from both sides of the town came together for the first time in his grade. There was an established tradition that one boy, chosen from the poorer section of the town, had to stand to do battle with the acknowledged champion of that school. Ike was selected that year to meet the challenger.

It seems that nobody expected Ike to win. He had plenty of friends, but they knew he was not as fast, that his arms were not as long and that he was considerably lighter.

Ride Out Your Winds of Adversity

The story goes that the fight kept on and on until both boys became exhausted and could scarcely lift their arms, their punches becoming only very weak pushes as they tried to shove each other about. The other boys watched in awe, wondering why the smaller, freckled Ike didn't quit. The fight stopped only when the larger boy gasped an admission that he guessed he couldn't beat him, and Ike only replied that he hadn't been able to beat the other boy yet!

Ike, you see, wasn't simply an individual. He represented a group that he could not

let down. And probably he was on better speaking terms with the winds of adversity and knew better how to face them and maintain his course.

Stay on Your Feet!

You, fellow, when it looks very dark to you and the going seems so hard you feel you simply can't go any farther, remember that you too are not simply an individual! You are John Smith's son. You have an illustrious Uncle whom some familiarly call Sam. And Mom is keeping her chin up and doing a lot of praying for you and a lot of counting on you. You will not let them down. The battle is won by the man who is on his feet longest and last. And that's where you come in!

Of course you will remember also that you do not buffet these adverse winds alone. You are not alone on any field of battle. Whatever or whoever the foe pitted against you, Someone is, beside you.

There was a story that came out of World War I that told how more than one man had reported that he saw a white-clad figure who was thought to be the Christ. He appeared in some moment of great danger, and then slipped away as silently as He had come.

You probably question that story. You smile and say that it was a hallucination. Someone's fevered brain conjured up an apparition, or someone, less scrupulous, may have fabricated the story. So you may say. But the real point is that Christ *was* there! No man may have seen Him, but He was there.

Religion wouldn't mean very much to some of us if we could not believe that the Christ of Calvary is with our sons and our daughters whose way leads straight through this brutal holocaust. When men are taken away from peaceful pursuits and sent through danger and privation and loneliness until they look death full in the face, shall Christ not be there too? *He is!*



Selected by American Bible Society

DOERS OF THE WORD

1. Not hearers only. **Jas. 1:22-24.**
2. Shall be justified. **Rom. 2:13, 15.**
3. And blessed. **Jas. 1:25.**
4. Abide forever. **1 Jn. 2:16, 17.**

MUST BE TAUGHT

5. The will of God. **Ps. 143:9, 10.**
6. Justice and right. **Prov. 2:2, 3.**
7. To love. **1 Thess. 4:8, 9.**
8. To hold the tongue. **Job 6:24, 25.**
9. Shortness of life. **Ps. 90:12-14.**

TAUGHT OF GOD

10. The way to Him. **Jn. 6:44, 45.**
11. His ways. **Micah 4:2, 3.**
12. From youth up. **Ps. 71:16, 17.**
13. Knowledge. **Ps. 94:10-12.**

WHAT GOD REQUIRES

14. Hand-work. **1 Thess. 4:11, 12.**
15. Fear, obedience. **Deut. 10:12, 13.**
16. Mercy and peace. **Matt. 5:7, 9.**
17. Self-discipline. **Matt. 5:29, 30.**

WINNING OTHERS

18. Fishers of men. **Mk. 1:16, 17.**
19. To Jesus. **Jn. 1:35-37.**
20. Your brother. **Jn. 1:40-42.**
21. Your friend. **Jn. 1:45, 46.**
22. Children. **Deut. 6:7.**

WORK

23. Order of nature. **Ps. 104:23, 24.**
24. Be not a sluggard. **Prov. 6:6-8.**
25. Indolence, poverty. **Prov. 10:4, 5.**
26. Diligence, honor. **Prov. 22:29.**
27. Whatever needs doing. **Eccl. 9:10.**

FOR THE LORD

28. Hand and heart. **11 Thess. 3:8-10.**
29. Not slothful. **Rom. 12:9-11.**
30. Abounding. **1 Cor. 15:58.**

• *Subject for group discussion:*

PEACE TERMS, AS CHRISTIANS SEE THEM

(A topic based on the findings of the Cleveland Conference)

• *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *If we need some kind of international law, what sort of foundations should it have?* (Matthew 22:36-40)

2. *Are people born free, do they achieve freedom, or is it thrust upon them?* (John 8:31-32)

3. *Should rich and powerful nations do anything about the requests of their little brothers (or poor relations)?* (Acts 16:9-10)

4. *Could the Christians of the world, working together, do anything about the poverty of backward peoples?* (James 2:14-17)

• *Resource material:*

REMEMBERING the old saw about failing to see the forest for the trees, a wise-cracking member of the Cleveland Conference on the Churches and a Just and Durable Peace suggested that many Americans could not see the Bretton Woods for the Dumbarton Oaks. *The Saint Louis Globe-Democrat* had the same idea when it said, editorially: "We can hold Dumbarton Oaks peace conferences until doomsday, but they will not prevent war unless some economic formula is accepted by all under which each nation has a fair opportunity to survive and prosper."

But most people seem to have come to the conclusion that the "Oaks," calling for an international organization with an Economic and Social Council, should take precedence over the "Woods," asking for an international monetary fund and international bank for reconstruction and development. Many saw them as supplementary, like the air and ground forces in an attack. And the Yalta agreements made by the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin trio (in inverse order of importance so far as the Crimea conference was concerned) indicated that

the Dumbarton Oaks negotiators, handcuffed though they were by restrictions, showed themselves more than starry-eyed dreamers.

After all the "batting the breeze," in and out of Congress, perhaps we ought to refresh our minds on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, which really constitute a United Nations charter. Membership in this international organization, proposing to maintain peace, guarantee security and promote human welfare is open to all peace-loving states, with the forty-four United Nations in on the ground floor.

Gist of the "Oaks" Proposals

There are really five interlocking organizations: A General Assembly, or policy-making body; a Security Council to carry out the wishes of the General Assembly in settling disputes and stopping aggression; an International Court of Justice, which is virtually a continuation of the present court with headquarters at the Hague; the Economic and Social Council, which will deal with such matters as food and agriculture, currency stabilization, economic

co-operation, international finance, the regulation of civil aviation and so on; and the Secretariat, made up of the experts.

All the nations that are members will have one vote each in the General Assembly. The Security Council will have eleven members—the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, France and six smaller nations that will get their seats by rotation. The Economic and Social Council will have eighteen members, with the so-called “middle-class powers” like Canada, the Netherlands and Brazil prominently present.

There are elaborate suggestions for dealing with aggressors. The Security Council is authorized to take any steps it deems necessary to keep the peace.

Churchmen Ask Questions

Meeting before Yalta (and before San Francisco was thought of, except by the “Big Three”), the churchmen at Cleveland asked some questions that may reflect your own thinking as you do the fighting. For instance, should a nation be allowed to “sit on the jury” when it has done something to put it “in the prisoner’s box”? The Russian representatives insisted on this exceptional procedure when the Dumbarton Oaks plans were drawn up. There are six provisions for the “Pacific settlement of disputes,” but the seventh seems to take the teeth out of the others when it provides that all do not apply to “situations or disputes arising out of matters which, by international law, are solely within the domestic jurisdiction of the state concerned.” Of course, a nation, standing on its national sovereignty, may put any interpretation it wishes on the word “domestic.”

Other questions raised at Cleveland include these: Should further provision be made for more adequate development of international law? (Without this, it was felt, agreements might vanish like the Cheshire cat that departed, leaving only

its grin behind.) Will justice to the smaller powers be better served under the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals or in a world where nations act independently? Is force an indispensable element in international order? Do the proposals adequately relate responsibility and power? What is the responsibility of Christian people to support the decisions of the Security Council? What responsibilities ought to be assumed for the industrial and agricultural development of backward areas, and for the organization of world trade? What is the Christian concern about human rights? Ought there to be an international bill of rights, mandatory upon the member nations of any international organization?

Almost any of these questions is worth a whole evening’s discussion (and who has an evening?) but undoubtedly you will have other equally important queries to make of the Dumbarton Oaks planners and their more official successors at the San Francisco Conference. Don’t pull any punches. The civilian discussants haven’t, and they have no more at stake than you have.

What the Peace Settlement Should Be

Before the American armies crossed the Rhine, the Cleveland Conference made this statement about the peace settlement in Europe: “The settlement following the war should be inspired by the desire to secure the maximum collaboration among the peoples of Europe and encourage the economic development of Europe as a whole, including Germany. . . . The settlement should make possible the reconciliation of victors and vanquished. That implies that it should remove the power, as well as the will, of aggressive elements within Germany to make war. However, the necessary discipline of Germany because of the crimes committed in her name should not be vindictive. The partition of Germany into separate states should not be imposed upon

the German people. The treatment of Germany should be calculated to strengthen the forces within that country committed to liberal civil policies and to international co-operation."

You may be sure that such statements were not passed without much debate by men and women who have young people like you in service around the world. They wanted the answers to such questions as these: Has every constructive force in Germany been destroyed by Nazism? If there are persons and groups that have not completely surrendered to the Nazi philosophy, how do they feel about the church? (Before the war, the liberal democratic movement in Europe frequently met antagonism from the churches, both Protestant and Roman Catholic.) Will there be widespread and intense resentment in Germany after the war?

Of course, the Cleveland conferees were most concerned about the part the Church can play in the reconstruction of Germany. They suggested that any re-education and reconstruction must be carried out voluntarily from within. "The World Council of Churches will greatly aid in the process of reconstruction and reconciliation as the churches of the defeated, the liberated and the victorious nations are brought together into conference and collaboration." This suggests a conference of church forces in Europe. It also makes room for the idea that the church in America could help by maintaining "energizing centers" of spiritual inspiration. They would bolster up European churches through intelligent, helpful interest, not "wishy-washy" sentiment.

Japan's War Power to Be Shorn

Turning its eyes eastward the Cleveland Conference said: "As in the case of Germany, so with Japan, the power and will to make war must be removed. However, Japan's basic economic problems, aggravated by the war and the expected loss of

her colonial possessions, must be met by access, on equal terms, to the trade and raw materials of the world' as pledged by the Atlantic Charter 'to all states, great or small, victor or vanquished.' Treatment of Japan by the United Nations should be favorable to constructive forces within Japanese society, and should aim to bring Japan at an early date into normal relations with the world community."

Problems Faced With Candor

The conference was sure that Japan will present peculiar and difficult problems at war's end. These questions were faced: Will defeat bring a complete breakdown in the moral fiber of the Japanese people, resulting in general apathy and despair? Will there be a deep-seated desire for revenge? Will there be a tendency for the peoples of the East to band themselves together in the struggle for recognition and equal status among the nations of the world?

To quote the conference again: "We can enter into right relations with the vast and significant populations of China, Japan and Southeast Asia, none of them white, only upon the basis of the equality of races in justice and law. Indeed, a Christian outlook upon the Far East discerns that a world order is impossible if color discrimination is maintained. The churches recognize a special responsibility for reconciliation in such ways as may be possible after the war." What are some of those ways?

And what is your view of this statement, with which the Conference closed this part of the report, "We cannot in good conscience be a party to the dismantling of Japanese colonial possessions without at the same time insisting that the imperialism of the white man shall be brought to the speediest possible end"?

"What can the churches do about such things?" you ask, and that brings us to the third and last topic, "New Jobs for the Churches."

- *Subject for group discussion:*

NEW JOBS FOR THE CHURCHES

(A topic based on the Cleveland Conference)

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Could church people speak more effectively if they spoke as one voice?*
(I Corinthians 12:12-20)
2. *Do Christian service men, with ribbons from various parts of the world, have a special chance to promote worldmindedness?*
(I Timothy 4:12)
3. *What can church people do to prevent a recurrence of isolationism? What is the cure of the disease?*
(Judges 9:3-15)
4. *What has religion to do with a world community?*
(Micah 4:1-3)

- *Resource material:*

If you are one of those who believe, with the Chinese sage, that ours is a "talkie" religion without much emphasis on the "walkie," here is your chance to have your say. We can begin with the idea that the churches can scarcely urge the nations to get together when the denominations are none too friendly, and before we get through we can draw up a whole list of proposals for short-term and long-range action on the part of the churches.

The churchmen who met at Cleveland in the Conference on the Churches and a Just and Durable Peace were not disposed to convince us in, even if they could.

In the message they sent to the churches they said nothing less than this: "The present structure of denominational Protestantism is not adequate to deal with the issues of our time." Is there any Christian service man who would say "no" to that? The Clevelanders went on to explain: "The problems of war, of labor, of the chaplaincy, of the returning veteran, of the worldwide mission of the church, of our relations with the Christian churches of Europe and Asia and with other faiths, are all too vast and difficult for solution by our sepa-

rate denominational units." How about that? But, more important, so what?

Would these problems be easier of solution if all churches were united in one big denomination? Or should there be some kind of federal union, like the United States of America, with a Methodist Branch of the Church of Christ, a Baptist Branch, a Presbyterian Branch, and so on? Would you agree with the theological teacher who said that God has something for Christians that is above and beyond both Protestantism and Catholicism?

"The Protestant churches must use all their facilities, denominational and interdenominational, to secure American participation in international co-operation," the Cleveland Conference continued. It suggested new methods of education. Would this suggest movies and radio? The conference proposed that all legitimate means by which public opinion is formed must be utilized. Would this involve broadcasting on paper and on the air the pronouncements of church bodies? Would it include writing to Congressmen, perhaps "lobbying"? Just how far should churches go in trying to mold public opinion? Study of the position

taken by the churches (with "appropriate social and political action") was urged. What is "appropriate social and political action" for those committed to Christ's principles and methods?

Three "R's" for Wartime and After

Back home people are saying—and you know it far better than they—that the three "R's" for these days are not "readin', ritin' and rithmetic" but "relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction." The Cleveland Conference saw in such efforts to help others a chance for developing international co-operation and good will. "War-ravaged peoples in many lands will require help in their struggle to re-establish civic order," the conference declared. "Basic welfare relief will need to be supplemented by assistance to the churches to reconstitute their services within their local communities, in order to become effective centers of vital life and hope. The churches of America are urged to support to the fullest their agencies of relief and reconstruction already in operation in order to assist the churches of other lands in this period of reconstruction."

British churches have suffered severely from bombings, but they are sending \$4,000,000 for the reconstruction of Christian institutions on the Continent. American churches have sent household kits and knitted blankets to Russia, "togs and towels" to French children, foods and medicines to Italy, as well as considerable sums of money through the Church Committee for Overseas Relief and Reconstruction. The World Council of Churches has a Department of Reconstruction and Inter-Church Aid with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland.

You who have seen French children with rags or papers for shoes, and have shared your rations with famished Italians, and have helped Chinese peasants carry heavy loads, may have other suggestions. What would you think of "marriages" between

American churches and corresponding churches in devastated areas, much like the unions which have been arranged between certain British and American cities and universities? Would it help to publicize the achievements of the persecuted churches of Europe, particularly those in Norway and Holland? How about doing something special for Russia and other countries that, for one reason or another, have not always been too friendly toward our churches?

This Disease Called "Racism"

You know that General Dwight Eisenhower commended Negro troops of his command for their valorous performance, and that Japanese-Americans have given a good account of themselves in combat, but everybody at home is not as ready as you are to give credit where credit is due. There are many people around the world who are suffering from a disease called "racism," which *Webster's New International Dictionary* defines as an "assumption of inherent racial superiority or the purity and superiority of certain races, and consequent discrimination against other races; also any doctrine or program of racial domination and discrimination based on such an assumption."

Symptoms of the disease are seen in a race riot in Detroit and a traction strike in Philadelphia, but also in Australia's immigration bar against any newcomer who isn't white and the discriminatory laws against black people in South Africa. (They are even prohibited from traveling at night without "passes" and they must not go from state to state seeking work without written permission from a government official.)

The Cleveland Conference called race prejudice a "primary obstacle to world brotherhood." "The churches should not only support all efforts to wipe out discriminations against minority groups, but they should also deliberately arrange co-operative programs in which racial barriers

are broken down." The conference recommended that the churches actively support legislation providing for a permanent federal Fair Employment Practices Commission (one of the gains of wartimes), for the repeal of the poll tax and other discriminatory laws, and for housing projects without discriminatory practices.

What do you think of such proposals? Do you believe that the churches ought to have such agencies as the Legislative Committee of the Congregational Christian Council for Social Action and the Friends' Committee on Legislation to carry social action beyond the educational stage? They may act swiftly and responsibly, but only for themselves and not for the whole denomination. How about the Cleveland proposal that the Oriental Exclusion Act should be repealed and all Orientals put under the quota system? Do you believe that the churches should uphold the civil rights of Japanese-Americans as they return from relocation camps?

Training in Public Service

What could the churches do through programs for children and young people in counteracting hate in all its forms and expressions? What do you think of this suggestion, made at a conference sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee:

"We propose that a program for joint training in public service and Christian morality be established at one of the denominational colleges or universities. Its goal would be to prepare interested college youth for political and non-political public jobs and to impart to those youth a sense of social ethics and Christian standards which would carry over and stick with them when they are public servants entrusted with major responsibilities.

"Too few men in high offices have the desired integrity and such specialized training is designed to raise, in a small way, the

standards of conduct in politics. We are asking that a whole specialized department be given over to this training. It is not enough to ask simply that one or two courses be included for this cause. The times demand more heroic actions."

More Conferences Ahead

When the war is over most of us will be glad to try to forget what we have experienced and return to "normalcy." We will grab at the chance to slide into peacetime clothes and habits of thinking. We will be tempted to lose our concern for social and international justice and order—and, if we do, World War III will be just around the corner.

What can we do about it? Do you out there think that the Cleveland Conference was right in insisting that the problems of building the world community be kept before people by means of conferences on industrial relations and rural economics, on race relations and other matters, much like this meeting of churchmen on problems of a just and durable peace? Do you believe they were "on the beam" when they suggested a meeting of the United Nations to consider the Dumbarton Oaks proposals? (Reports of the San Francisco Conference, which was months in the future when they met, may help answer this question.)

Most important of all, how do you feel about their concluding words? Their message closed with this paragraph:

"The unique contribution of the church is to bring to all these tasks the maximum of Christian faith and the full development of its power, its motivation and its resources. Before we can do Christ's work, we must appropriate more of His life. Basic to all else are greater depth of Christian faith, greater endurance in Christian fortitude and courage, more whole-hearted devotion to Him, and a more universal experience of His forgiving and creative grace."



From a "boot's" letter to the folks back home: "I've gained 60 pounds—2 of flesh and 58 of equipment."



"Now, son," cautioned the fond mother as her boy was starting off to join the Navy, "remember to be punctual in rising every morning so you won't keep the captain waiting breakfast for you."



She: "I thought I told you to come after dinner?"

He: "That's what I did come after!"



A midshipman went into a store and ordered a tie. The clerk wrapped up the one he selected and handed it to him.

"I believe I'll trade this for a pair of socks instead," said the mid.

"All right."

The customer picked out his socks, and after they were wrapped up started to leave.

"You didn't pay for those," yelled the clerk.

"I traded the tie for them," said the mid.

"Yes, but you didn't pay for the tie!"

"I didn't take the tie!"



They were talking about the sergeant—as who doesn't? "Have you heard," one of them inquired, "that the sarge had a heart attack?"

"Nope," snapped the other. "I haven't even heard he had a heart!"

Velvet: "That college turns out some great men."

Joe: "When did you graduate?"

Velvet: "I didn't graduate. I was turned out."



Sergeant: "Stop worrying, Mesenjouskiwitzburg. There's no bullet with your name on it."



Mrs. Flatt: "My husband is clever, to say the least."

Mrs. Sharp: "Well, he'd have to be more than clever to say the most."



GI (in mess hall): "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse."

KP (on the line): "Well, you couldn't have come to a better place!"



The discouraged owner of a small coffee shop in Ohio gave up the ghost and placed a sign on the door: "No coffee, no sugar, no help, no oil, no heat, no profit. If you want a square meal, join the Army."



Nit: "Do you believe in Buddha?"

Wit: "Of course, but I think oleomargarine is just as good."

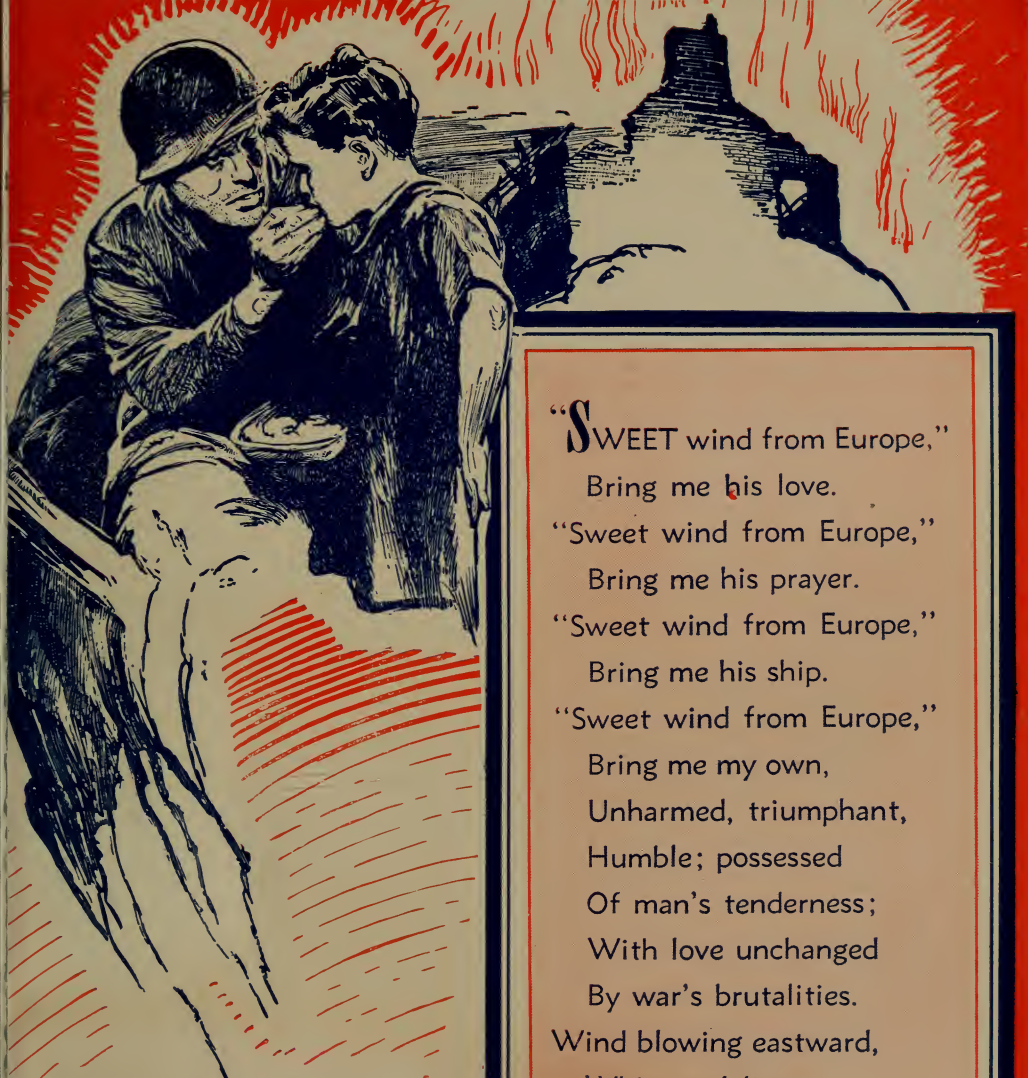


The members of the primary department in the Sunday school were being asked to repeat Bible verses from memory. The undertaker's little daughter was called on for the first verse in the Bible. She rose, and with a smug air rattled off the following: "In the beginning God cremated the heavens and the earth."



"What's that ugly insignia on the side of the bomber?"

"Sh-h-h! That's the commanding officer looking out of a porthole."



LITANY

IN

Wartime

“SWEET wind from Europe,”
Bring me his love.

“Sweet wind from Europe,”
Bring me his prayer.

“Sweet wind from Europe,”
Bring me his ship.

“Sweet wind from Europe,”
Bring me my own,
Unharm'd, triumphant,
Humble; possessed
Of man's tenderness;
With love unchanged
By war's brutalities.

Wind blowing eastward,
Whisper, I listen.

Wind blowing eastward,
Tell him, I wait.

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By
ALICE
HUTCHINS
DRAKE



