





# The LINK



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**E. L. Graves** ("What Can a Man Do?" page 7) declares he is an Alaskan by virtue of 28 years of residence in the Territory, but hasn't met all the requirements for the distinction of being a sourdough. (Among other feats, you have to shoot a polar bear.) He is in construction work now, but has delved into the fields of mining, fur farming, and sailing the rough waters of the Aleutians.

One of his avocations is writing about Alaskans and this fascinating Territory, which he asserts—and this may get us into trouble—is twice as big as Texas and at least twice as tough! "Whenever I read a story about Alaska written by an author who has never been nearer the Territory than a map in a public library," he says, "it almost always makes my blood boil!" Then he has to sit down and write a story "the way it ought to be written." You be the judge.

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You've seen the name of Richard G. Redmond ("Twenty-Five Words or Less," page 14) on his hobby article, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," which appeared in *THE LINK* last August, and on his cartoons from time to time.

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**Herbert Hymer** ("Fathers for a Day," page 17) and his friend Harold Craven really started something last year which we think may well become an annual Father's Day tradition in the Air Force.

After three years' service in the South Pacific (in such spots as Guadal-

canal, New Hebrides, and the Russell Islands) the author took his discharge. "But civilian life didn't offer the friends and companionship that I had in the service," he writes (must be talking about you and you), "so I reenlisted in 1947. Shortly after my reenlistment I was given some work to do in PIO and there I have found my true love of work. I am now in charge of the PIO activities of my organization, which comprises the western third of the United States."

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**John P. Hancock** ("We Stick Together," page 21) grew up in Illinois on farms and in small towns such as the scene of his fiction story. Except for the period of his Army service, he has been on the staff of the *Joliet Herald News* since 1938. While in the Army he was a sergeant with the 300th Infantry Regiment in southern camps and later went overseas from Fort Ord, California. For six months he was a staff reporter for *Stars and Stripes* in Tokyo, Japan.

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**L. J. Huber** ("Detective at Home," page 37) likes most to write "short family stories which point up the belief that a family, and family life, can be a lot of fun." He declares there isn't much to tell about himself, but opens up far enough to say, "Although the literary world is not at my doorstep waiting for my next script, I do manage to place most of what I submit. *The American Legion, Rotarian, Everybody's Weekly* and *Farm Journal* are among the better known magazines which have risked their subscription lists by using my work." *THE LINK* didn't consider it a risk to print "Detective at Home." See what you think.



# A Home Away From Home

BY JOAN PAYNE

TWO young sailors with heavy sea bags over their shoulders hurried into a West Coast Armed Services YMCA. The shorter one dropped his bag in front of the reception desk. "Hi there," he said. "I bet you don't remember me!"

to leave their bags. He remembered the rainy afternoon when Eddie Bolt had first come to the "Y." He had come into the office and announced pugnaciously that he was broke and wanted to know what the YMCA had to offer. It was



*Time out from tree-trimming*

The executive secretary, whom we will call Bill Roberts, laughed, "I certainly do. You're Eddie Bolt. Weren't you ping-pong champ last spring?"

"That's right. And boy, did I clean them out in Brooklyn!" Turning to his friend he said, "This is Jim Beecher. He hasn't been in the Navy long and I thought I'd show him where he can get a good sack."

Roberts smiled as he watched the two boys go off towards the check room

plain from his attitude that he didn't expect it to offer much.

Roberts rapidly sketched the day's program of swimming instruction, bingo, bridge lessons, and square dancing. Each suggestion was vetoed by a bored "nah" from Eddie. Roberts was beginning to think that the YMCA would have to devise an entirely new type of activity to interest this would-be tough guy when he mentioned the ping-pong table on the opposite side of the lobby.



*"Watermelon bust" for airmen and sailors at Pensacola, Florida*

"Ping-pong?" Eddie said, brightening. "Say, that might be worth trying. A couple guys gave an exhibition on ship last night and it looked like fun—easy, too."

After a quick defeat at the hands of the YMCA executive, the sailor decided the game wasn't "easy" and began to practice in earnest. Every evening for three weeks he was back at the ping-pong table. At the end of that time he entered the monthly ping-pong tournament and won second place.

When Roberts congratulated him, Eddie replied, "It wasn't anything," then grinned sheepishly and asked, "Do you think it's too late to join that square dance crowd? They seem to have a lot of fun."

Eddie, though harder to please than

most, is just one of thousands of servicemen and women who visit the Armed Services YMCA's every day. Last year over 18,000,000 separate visits were made to 68 Armed Services YMCA and USO-YMCA clubs in this country and abroad. Although the deactivation of USO forced the YMCA to close 20 of its USO-sponsored units, 45 branches, open seven days a week, and in many instances 24 hours a day, will continue to operate.

Armed Services YMCA's in the continental United States vary from the self-supporting Norfolk Navy YMCA, which was visited by an estimated 2,000,000 servicemen in 1948, to a small one-worker club such as the one at Sumter, South Carolina, which averages a monthly door count of between



4,000 and 5,000. Facilities available at one club are not necessarily available at all, but each tries to offer as broad a program as its resources will permit.

A serviceman visiting a large unit such as the Brooklyn, New York, branch with its indoor pool and gymnasium, has his choice of swimming, weight lifting, basketball, billiards, ping-pong, etc. If he is not interested in athletics there is usually a movie, a dance, a picnic, a sight-seeing tour, or a television show on the day's program. His spiritual interests are met through vesper services, Sunday morning Java Club, and arrangements for church attendance. For facilities such as overnight accommodations, laundry and dry cleaning service, check room, shower, and snack bar, moderate fees are

charged to help defray running expenses of the Association.

The Fort Totten, New York, unit is a medium-sized club which started life in 1902 as a single room in the post exchange. It is one of five active on-post YMCA's and provides a comfortable social room, a reading and writing room, a billiard room, and a small auditorium which seats 500. This unit, like many others, offers program items designed to interest wives and children as well as the servicemen themselves.

Although the YMCA is a familiar sight in the cities, towns, and military posts of the United States, few people know the extent of Armed Services YMCA work outside of the country. During the recent Operation MIKI, the Honolulu Armed Services YMCA en-



*Servicemen receive Christmas snack at Philadelphia Armed Services YMCA buffet supper.*

tertaind almost half of the 50,000 soldiers and sailors who participated in the maneuver, providing such attractions as a full-length musical comedy and an exhibition by authentic island dancers. With its \$850,000 building, five-man professional staff, and complete gymnasium facilities, this "Y" has long been a favorite spot with island-based servicemen.

In Anchorage, Alaska, where a campaign is under way to obtain funds for a \$300,000 permanent YMCA building, airmen from Elmendorf Field and soldiers from Fort Richardson have an opportunity to attend adult education classes in auto mechanics, accounting, child psychology, and Russian. Skiing and dog-sled racing are sponsored by the Fairbanks, Alaska, unit as well as by the Anchorage branch.

Halfway across the world in the Mediterranean area, information booths are set up near the docks when the fleet is in port to answer the questions of sailors-turned-tourists. The YMCA has also obtained the use of tennis courts, golf courses, and bathing beaches along the Riviera for visiting servicemen. This sometimes develops into an international arrangement, as in the case of the French bus driver who mistakenly loaded 60 British sailors for an excursion to an American YMCA-sponsored softball game.

On Guam in the distant Marianas Islands, in Balboa and Cristobal in the Canal Zone, and at the temporary unit on Vieques, Puerto Rico, YMCA activities are also tailored to meet the demands of specific localities as well as to provide the recreational and athletic program that is generally expected of the YMCA.

The Armed Services Department of

the YMCA, which has been working with servicemen for over 50 years, has adopted the slogan, "A Home Away From Home." The serviceman who wanted to use the club phone to call home and proceeded to call his granny in Aberdeen, Scotland, may have taken this too literally, but trained staff members and their volunteer assistants try to create a friendly and comfortable atmosphere. Sewing on a new chevron, cashing a check from home, wrapping a birthday gift, planning a week-end trip, or giving personal counsel are regular routine in a YMCA worker's day.

Sometimes servicemen show their appreciation for YMCA services in a rather startling way. Recently, at the Armed Services YMCA in a large eastern city, one of the retired non-commissioned officers living in the building remarked to the YMCA Secretary, "What we need here is a television set. Most of the places in town have them and I notice a lot of the younger men who used to come to the "Y" are going to bars to see the basketball games and wrestling matches."

The Secretary looked troubled. "We'd like to get one, Sergeant, but the model we have in mind costs \$650 and I'm afraid we'll have to wait until fall before the budget will stand it."

"That's too bad," the sergeant said as he left the office, "but maybe there's something we can do about it."

An hour later he was back with ten \$10 bills in his hand. "Chief Ogden and some of the other old NCO's agreed with me on that television set," he said, "so we made up a committee. This is our contribution and we'll see what we can do to raise the rest."

Two weeks later the set was installed—bought and paid for entirely by voluntary contributions from servicemen.



First installment of an exciting two-part story which takes place, in the words of old Kougarok Bill, just "about thirty minutes from Siberia."

# WHAT CAN A MAN DO ?

BY E. L. GRAVES



I LIKE to make a easy buck as well as the next guy. So when I'm approached with a proposition to be a watchman at a "temporarily abandoned project," near Nome, I toss the idea back and forth in my head about twice and say "Yes."

It's to be for seven months—the length of the winter in this country. I can multiply five hundred bucks a month, and board and bed, by seven—and like what comes out! Even if the project is "remote and isolated."

On top of the foregoing take a pardner like old "Kougarok" Bill Kieth and you have my idea of a very lush deal. Only—like a lot of other things on this pie-eyed planet—it didn't work that way!

Old Bill and I are just setting up housekeeping, comfortable—I mean we

hadn't had a chance to get all the dishes dirty yet. In fact, I was still breathing kind of hard from something Bill had told me the day before.

We had climbed out of the airplane, unloaded our junk, been taken on a fast tour of the "temporarily abandoned project," and given final instructions—so fast that the airplane was gone before I could get my tongue untangled. That's fast! But I asked Bill a question I'd been wanting to ask the boss (Maj. Geisler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army).

"Bill," I says, "Do you know just where in the world we're at?"

Old Kougarok Bill is a sourdough—an old-timer in Alaska. He's not very fast with his talk, always seems to be thinking careful before he says anything, and makes a few words go a long

ways. So he looks around and then off towards a scud of clouds to the west before he speaks.

"Yeah," he says, finally.

"Well," I says, "if it ain't a military secret—where are we?"

The wind was cold—cold! It made a little tear form on the end of Bill's nose. He wipes it off with the back of his hand and says, "Well, we're about thirty minutes from Siberia."

Just like that!

"What do you mean, thirty minutes?"

"Well, if that airplane that brought us out here had kept on goin', instead of landin' here, we'd-a been over Siberia in about thirty minutes."

I remember thinking, real quick and worried, it would be a nice winter if nothing happened. And also thinking it would be nice if I was back in Nome driving nails into boards like I was when I first heard about this wonderful proposition!

When we landed the day before all I had been able to see was just the low, rolling country all spattered with little lakes and ponds and swampy ground and slow, crooked streams that you see when you're flying over tundra anywhere in Alaska.

The plane landed parallel to a low rise that looked like a million others—a rocky outcrop near the top and along the side of the hill just bare, rain-washed dirt where the moss and stuff hadn't got a-hold. It looked just like plenty of others until we started to walk towards it—and there was a door!

We walked through this door into a tunnel about forty feet long. At right angles was a longer tunnel parallel with the hill. We turned left along this passageway for another forty feet, and then right—into a room or building that was fixed up for quarters.

The Major said we'd have plenty of

time to get acquainted with the quarters later, so we went through the rest of the layout. And the farther we went the more goggle-eyed I got! There may not have been "everything" but there was plenty. Rooms or buildings opened off that main hallway about every fifty feet—back into the hill. Among other things there was an engine-generator outfit furnishing electricity; drums of fuel oil and gasoline; building supplies and equipment—picks and shovels and wheelbarrows and tools; and cases of groceries piled high.

Doubling back past the quarters and the entrance tunnel we went on to the other end of the main tunnel to two big rooms where heavy equipment was stored—some big tractors and trucks and a couple of rotary snowplows and a big concrete mixer. But they didn't begin to take up all the space. I asked the Major if these could be underground hangars. He said they could be.

Well, they could be!

The entrance tunnels to these areas were covered over with dirt on the outside. But it wouldn't take too long to uncover them if you wanted to.

Then we went back to the quarters and while the two guys we were relieving got their stuff together the Major gave Bill and me a briefing. It was brief!

"You send a message every day with this gadget, here," the Major said. "It's a transmitter. All you have to do is crank this handle. It generates its own power and sends a signal. You send a one-minute signal at eleven o'clock every morning—as long as things are all right. But if anything goes wrong or you need medical assistance send your signal at either twelve noon, six P.M., midnight, or six A.M. The Base will monitor your frequency at those hours but at no other time. So it won't



do any good to try to send a signal except at those times. The reason is (and this was the first time the Major had given us a reason for anything!) we want radio silence to prevent, as far as possible, anybody getting a radio fix on this place.

"We will acknowledge your signal and send any necessary message to you by broadcast from the Base. You can receive us with this radio," he indicated a radio on a shelf, "on a dial setting of eighty. It won't be necessary for you to listen for us at any time except immediately following your transmission.

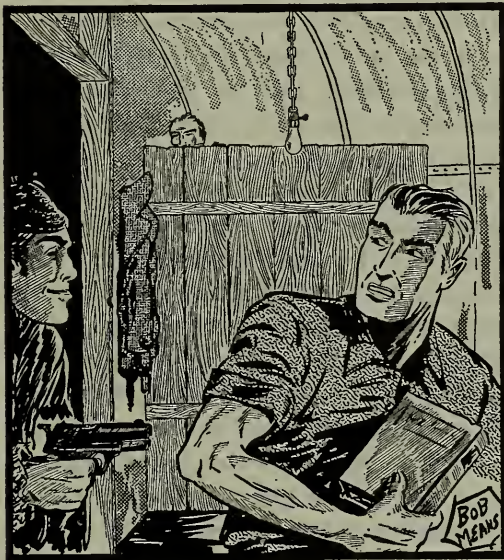
"Next, after snow comes—and that will be pretty quick now—*don't go outside!* We don't want any tracks in the snow to indicate where this place is. We've done what we can to make it inconspicuous. I hope I make myself clear."

It was clear, all right. I can catch on—if you clout me with a club.

After the plane took off on its way back to Nome and just before I asked Bill if he knew where we were, I took a good look at the hill. It was inconspicuous, like the Major had said. Anybody would have to know exactly where it was to find it. There wasn't nothing to indicate what was under that hill.

The quarters would have been comfortable anywhere but thirty minutes from Siberia. That was the only thing wrong with them. When you stepped in the door you were in a good-sized room that was fitted up on one side with an electric range and other kitchen equipment. And on the other was a davenport and a couple of easy chairs and a little table for magazines. A hallway ran back from this big room, with two bedrooms partitioned off on each side. The ceiling was rounded—like a Q-hut. This left space for air to circulate.

So, like I started to tell you, we are getting settled the morning after we flew in. Bill is in his bedroom making up his bunk. I had brought along some leather and leatherworking tools to while away some of the time during the winter, and also a few books. I am standing in the middle of the big room with my back to the door deciding where to put a shelf for the books and the other stuff when a voice close behind me says, "Hal-lo!"



*My heart went whoo-oosh! And I turned around fast.*

My heart went *whoo-oosh!* And I turned around fast. There was this guy standing in the door with a wicked-looking foreign automatic leveled right at my stomach! I did a double-take and he was still there because he spoke again.

"Hal-lo, Americanski."

I said, "Hello!" loud, so Bill would hear me. And then I said, trying to throw my voice back over my shoulder to him, "Bill! We got company. And he's got a gun in my guts!"

I listened for some sound from Bill

—a word or a step—but didn't hear nothing. The guy with the gun said, "Friend!" But it didn't sound like when you or I say it. I just stood there with my yawp hanging open. This was the time for something really snappy. But nothing came to mind. So the bird with the bazooka said, "Friend! Pilot!" like he was repeating something he had learned by heart.

So I decided to get in my two-bits' worth and snapped, "Friends don't come with guns!" and glanced at the gun. It don't sound like much now, but it was the best I could do then. He didn't get the lingo but he got the glance because he moved the gun. Just a little. But moved it!

It surprised me. I hadn't expected it. I sucked in about the first breath I'd had since I turned around. I had been scared. Now I begun to get mad. What kind of business was this—this gringo showing up on our side of the fence with a gun in his fist? I was just about to tell him off when Bill's voice cracked—"Duck, Jack! On the floor!" But the guy speared me with a left like a cat. Grabbed my shirt like a steel hook—and pulled us together. I unwound like a dropped spring, going for that gun-hand! Got both hands on his wrist when it come up.

He hurled himself sideways and on the floor, pulling me down on top of him. I didn't care. I wanted that gun-hand—and I had it. And I held onto it. But when we hit the deck his gun blasted right in my face! I wondered if I was hit but hung onto his wrist like grim death. The gun made a noise like somebody slamming you over the head with a tub. And right on top of it I heard Bill's forty-five blast. It sounded like the war was on!

But I went after that wrist I had in my hands. I had a good grip and

I made it pay. I got a thumb into those cords and I could tell it hurt the way he twisted and tried to get loose. I poured it on. Bill yelled, "Stay with that gun, Kid!" and I did. I tried my best to break that wrist or paralyze the hand. I shook it. Poured all my strength into my fingers, and into my arms.

The guy yelled "Friend! Friend!" But he hung on to my shirt. Keeping me between him and Bill's gun. I shook his wrist and kept tightening my grip and trying to get close enough to get my teeth into his hand. I didn't like the thought of the next slug in that gat. So I wanted it out of his hand. I bore down and fought it—and felt it relax. I shook harder and squeezed harder—and heard the gun bump on the floor.

I squirmed around 'til I could see it, and kicked it. A good, hard boot. It slid out of reach.

The guy tried "Friend!" again. I got to my knees. And he let go the hold on my shirt. So I stood up and pulled him up. Rough. And as he came up I shoved him back, hard, onto the davenport—and pretty near went with him! My fingers was clenched so tight around his wrist I could barely let go.

Bill said, "Nice work, Kid!"

I side-stepped, quick, and picked up the automatic, and Bill said, "There's another one in the hallway! Keep 'em covered until I can get down."

And then I could see where he was. He was looking over the partition. Nice deal!

I backed across the room to where I could cover the door and the bird on the davenport, and said, "O.K., I got 'em." I was so winded it come out in a whisper. Bill scrambled down off the table he had got up on to see over the partition, and come in.



I said, "Cover 'em a minute while I get my breath back."

So he said, "I got 'em." And I twisted a chair around from in front of the kitchen table—where we ate—and set down. I was blowed!

The guy on the davenport saw Bill wasn't going to shoot him, right away, so he shifted his position and begun to rub his wrist. I looked at him and wished I could have busted it.

He looked about forty. He had on a fur cap and a sort of fleece-lined leather jacket and flying boots. He looked worried and like his wrist really hurt. That suited me fine. I was only sorry he wasn't hurt worse. He looked at me and I looked at him. I was surprised to notice his eyes were light brown or hazel color. He hadn't shaved for about twenty-four hours and the stubble of whiskers was as light-colored as mine. But his fur cap covered his hair. I don't know what color that was.

He just set there, rubbing his wrist and resting and looking at Bill and me.

And all of a sudden I thought about the one in the hall.

"Did you see more than one in the hall?" I asked Bill.

"No, and I didn't get much of a look at him. He jumped back just as I shot."

"Did you hit him?" I wondered.

"I don't think so. I didn't try to. I just wanted to keep him back out of the door."

"Did he have a gun?"

"I don't know," Bill said. "All I seen was his head an' one shoulder. Then he ducked back."

Then the guy on the davenport piped up. "Friend! Pilot!"

Bill said, "Cover him. I'm goin' to try to get him to get his friend in here."

"Do you speak the language?" I asked, half-expecting him to say he did.

"No," said Bill. "But he seems to understand a few words. I'll try."

So he said to the guy, "Tell your friend to come in." He spoke real slow and deliberate, "Call your friend." And he nodded his head toward the door when he said "friend."

The bird looked puzzled. Bill pointed to himself and said, "Friend!" Then he pointed to the door and said again, "Tell your friend to come in." And beckoned.

I think the guy got it. His look changed from puzzled to worried and he glanced at the door.

Bill said, "Friend," again, pointing to himself. Then he put his gun on the table! "Look," he said, "friend," and raised his hands up to mean "surrender." Then he nodded toward the door and repeated, "Tell your friend to come in," and beckoned again.

It looked to me like if the guy wanted to understand he could. The way Bill went about it, with his words and his motions, anybody ought to understand. I begun to get sore because it looked like he was stalling.

And then he got it. He looked at the door and called, "Vasily." Or that's what it sounded like. Anyway, there was an answer from the hall. They talked back and forth. It sounded like a argument. But, pretty quick, the guy on the davenport said, "O.K.!"

You could have knocked me over with a gun-butt. I wondered if he didn't understand more English than he let on.

Another guy appeared at the door—just peeking around.

Bill said, hard—tough, "Tell him to get his hands up!" and shoved his hands up in the air to show what he meant. The man in the door raised his left hand up by his shoulder.

Bill said, "O.K. Come in. Friend!"

and motioned. The guy on the davenport said something, too, and the man in the door slowly stepped into sight. Both hands were up—and my gun was levelled right at his middle. It was *my* gun, pointed at *his* guts, this time!

He was dressed like the first guy. But he looked a little younger—in his thirties. His eyes were black, and they snapped. And he had a blue chin. He looked more like he ought to.

The bird on the davenport spoke again and the guy in the door kind of oozed in a little further.

Bill said, "Watch 'em. They may try somethin'!"

I closed my fist on the gun-butt. I didn't know how much creep there was in that trigger—but I took some of it. The guy in the door looked at me and his eyes flicked down to the gun. The voltage in that room was high. You could feel it.

Then Bill said, calm as a cucumber, "O.K. Friend." And he meant it. You could tell it by his voice. He moved, easy. He picked up his gun and let it hang down by his side and walked over to the guy in the door and stepped behind him. He reached around—feeling for a shoulder holster. The man tensed and Bill's hand come out with a gun. He took two quick steps over to the kitchen table—never getting between my gun and the man in the door. Then he stepped back behind him again, put his hand under the guy's coat, and come out with a knife from a belt-sheath. The voltage started to go down a little.

Bill put the knife on the table with the gun and walked around me to the guy on the davenport. "Get up," he said, motioning with his hand. The bird stood up—with his hands up a little, and Bill took a knife from him.

"That ought to pull their teeth," still

quiet-like. Then, "Set down." And he motioned again. The man set down again and Bill said to the fellow in the door, "You, too," and motioned.

The guy went over and set down. I eased off my trigger-finger.

Bill stepped around and put the second knife on the table. "I'll have a look outside to see if they got any more 'friends' around," he said.

Don't misunderstand me. I got no hankering to be a hero. But I like Bill—and I've had some combat training. Enough to not like the idea of walking out into that hallway. But I said, "I'll go. You set on these lugs."

I'm glad Bill isn't no hand to argue. I couldn't have stood up to much argument. "Well, O.K.," he said. "Go ahead. I'll try to talk to these fellows a little. I have a strong hunch they're alone."

I said, "I hope so!" And I meant it.

The boys on the davenport spoke a word or two between themselves. Then the first one pointed to himself and said, "Victor." And pointed to the other one and said, "Vasily."

I didn't have no idea it was so easy to understand their language. But I said back to them, real sarcastic, "Pleased to meet you. I hope you're travelling alone." They grinned and nodded.

I asked Bill, "Do you really think they're alone?"

• "Yeah. I have a hunch they are. But we better have a look to make sure."

If there'd been anybody there but Bill or me to go look I'd-a voted for them. But there wasn't, so I stepped into the hallway—and flattened against the wall. Quick.

The ceiling lights gave about as much light as a sick firefly. But I felt like a spotlighted target. I looked both ways but there was nothing I could see. I begun to figure that if there was



any others around they would be in the entrance tunnel—or outside. So I stepped, fast, across the hallway and flattened against the wall and begun to edge toward the tunnel. I could hear the voices in the quarters. But my heart made more noise than they did.

I eased up to the tunnel and peeked into it. I was absolutely sure I would

draw fire. I felt it in my bones. I could have sworn I heard something move. But there was nothing there.

I walked to the outside door and pulled it open a crack. It was daylight outside. I'll never know to my dying day why I was so surprised at what I saw next. I pulled the door open a little more and froze stiff!

*(To be concluded)*



On June 14, 1777, Congress adopted the "Stars and Stripes" as the official flag of the United States. The first American flag had thirteen stars, symbolizing the thirteen States, arranged in a circle to represent eternity.

An act of Congress of April 4, 1818, provided that the flag be composed of a field of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white. "The 'union,' which is the blue and the stars, is in the upper left-hand corner. . . . In it there is a star for every State."

The colors of the flag are: Red, representing valor; white, representing hope, purity and truth; and blue, representing loyalty, sincerity, and justice.

—Adapted from *Sunshine Magazine*



## U. S. PRESIDENTIAL QUIZ

BY EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

1. Who was the first President whose political tastes were ostensibly democratic?
2. Who was the first President to advocate religious freedom?
3. Who was the first Whig President?
4. Who was the first President to fill the unexpired term of a President?
5. Who was the President who had to borrow money to go to Washington for his inauguration?
6. Who was the first President who was a "dark horse" candidate?
7. Who was the only President with a military career without an officer's commission?
8. Who was the only President who lived and died a bachelor?
9. Who was the first Republican President?
10. Who was the only President impeached?
11. Who was the President to introduce the "front porch" method of creating candidate interest in his campaign?
12. Who was the President sworn in by his own father on his native farm?

*Answers on page 16*

# Twenty-five Words or Less

By Richard C. Redmond

**T**HE well-known quotation, "To the victors belong the spoils," is true of the contest winner. And what spoils they are, from a pen and pencil set to a new Packard! Nothing has been overlooked by the companies to promote their special products and to attract the eye of the potential customer.

"Yes," you will say, "it looks good in print but have you ever won a prize?" To this I can answer, "I have." And being a big-hearted guy I will confide some of the secrets of this enchanted land of prizedom. Secrets that have won for me a Frigidaire, a diamond ring, an Elgin wrist watch, a Simmons bed, a radio, a pewter cocktail set, a rug, a living-room suite, and numerous money awards.

I like to think these prizes were won by wit and skill. You may want to call it luck, but you should have seen the ones that got away!

When I first became interested in contests and began sending entries I never received a simple thank-you note

from the judges. I was mystified and annoyed, because I had followed directions with painstaking care. I knew there was something wrong, so I did some heavy thinking.

I decided that if everyone followed the directions and sent in the answer on a simple piece of paper all the entries would be alike and not one would be outstanding. Good, I said to myself, I'll make my entry stand out. Now I'm getting some place.

I became increasingly interested and read everything I could find on winning contests. That was not much, for apparently grand prizetakers are reluctant to part with the pearls of wisdom which are guides to winning a major award.

What I did find out verified my own thinking about a winning entry. Since the majority of people read the same periodicals, listen to the same radio programs, and lead somewhat similar lives, their thoughts and their entries are as alike as two peas in a pod.

To gain attention a sentence, slogan, or whatnot must lean violently away from the general trend in order to stand out from the commonplace, run-of-the-mill entry. This can be accomplished by coining or inventing words of your own, by twisting the name of the product to describe the soap or other commodity in question, and by combining words.

The words of the winning entry in a recent soap contest would never be found in Webster's dictionary. Yes, it's that bad!

A clue to what the judges want will



"Honest, Officer, I didn't rob a bank—I won a contest."

be found by reading ads in popular magazines. You may see Biltwell, Beautyrest or Breeze-easy. Before you start coining words, study the product and familiarize yourself with its appearance, appeal, and quality. In this way you may work out a "hit" name.



*I caricatured the judges.*

Remember, the commonplace entry never wins. Forget the first idea that comes into your head; a thousand people will have the same thought. If you want to win you must work! Write and rewrite your entry until it's the very best you can do. Put punch and drama into it, and a snap ending if possible.

Here is how I wrote an entry, typed and centered on a good grade of paper:

#### MY FAVORITE WATCH

*My favorite watch was worn in steamy jungles  
On crowded transports, in a throbbing factory.  
It's ruggedly dependable.*

*It's*

*an*

*ELGIN.*

To add punch and to help put more zip in my description, on the upper left-hand corner I made a small sketch of a soldier creeping through the jungle. On the lower right-hand corner I sketched a factory worker at a machine. These were mere outlines and very simply done. I won the Elgin.

It is a hard and fast rule always to praise the product. If you criticize or belittle the brand your efforts are wasted, so be careful of your wording.

I had my eye on a parlor suite and would have won it except that my sense of humor got the best of me. I chalked that one up to experience. My mistake was to caricature the judges and make fun of the store clerks. I had a few cartoons of shoppers that I redrew and inserted in the booklet to attract attention. Instead of the gags working for me they worked against me.

If I were to resubmit the entry I would use drawings, but in a different manner. I would make up a short story about a small plump lady shopper. Upon entering the store she would proceed to make remarks to her little son describing the merchandise listed as prizes. The remarks would be highly complimentary, but humorous. The drawings of the merchandise would be as accurate as possible and drawn to flatter the product.

Perhaps one of my most unusual prize-winning entries was in a slogan contest. Since it was sponsored by a store with an Indian name, I took a large piece of birch bark which had dried out and peeled and trimmed it into sheets that resembled leather. From experience I knew that I must use a motif which would tie in with the primitive material. Being interested in our earliest Americans, I decided to use Indian designs and symbols—which also seemed appropriate in view of the sponsor's name. As most of my entries are of the booklet nature I decided to continue along the same line. The crude drawings and designs were made with colored inks. The sheets were fastened together with leather thongs. The slogan of twenty-five words or less which found favor with the judges was: "You'll save your savings at the Seneca."

Some rules state flatly that originality and cleverness will count in favor



of the contestant. If such a rule is included the entry will have to meet these requirements in order to win a major award.

A jewelry company had a contest called "Twenty-five Mistakes or Less." A scene was depicted showing two men and a woman in a jewelry store. Several simple mistakes in drawing were quite obvious, while others were stickers.

After much pondering I decided to make a book bearing the title "The Great Portrait Mystery." I invented a cast of characters consisting of the store manager, a detective and, of course, a villain who had altered the portrait. I drew the characters and redrew the portrait, making the necessary changes which I circled with a red pencil to denote the errors. On a separate page I typed a business letter to the firm listing the twenty-five mistakes and signed by my fictional character, Hemlock Jones, Special Investigator.

Three weeks later I was informed by telegram that my entry had won an expensive diamond ring.

You don't always ring the bell in this field. Another time I pulled a cropper and lost out because my slogan was too obvious. This entry was a billboard drawn on a large piece of cardboard. Small boys were shown climbing all over the sign and making remarks about the store. It wasn't a bad idea, but I fell flat on the slogan. It was simple enough but it contained no imagination. Here it is: "Buy Your Best at Bestin's." A thousand people could have thought up the same thing.

My examples of winning entries will give the reader an idea of how others may be made. Confession of entries which did not ring the bell will serve as a warning to the contestant to study his entry and not be satisfied with the first idea that enters his mind.

It can be an exciting and profitable pastime, this contest business. It isn't easy. It will take at least two to ten hours to create a workmanlike job. Win or lose, you will have fun. When you do win, it's to the tune of ten to a thousand dollars an hour. Good luck!

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#### Answers to U. S. Presidential Quiz (from page 13)

1. Thomas Jefferson (April 13, 1743-July 4, 1826)
2. James Madison (May 16, 1751-June 28, 1836)
3. William Henry Harrison (February 9, 1773-April 4, 1841)
4. John Tyler (March 29, 1790-January 18, 1862) for William Henry Harrison, who died in the White House on April 4, 1841
5. John Tyler (March 29, 1790-January 18, 1862)
6. James Knox Polk (November 2, 1795-June 15, 1849)
7. James Buchanan (April 23, 1791-June 1, 1868)
8. James Buchanan (April 23, 1791-June 1, 1868)
9. Abraham Lincoln (February 12, 1809-April 15, 1865)
10. Andrew Johnson (December 29, 1808-July 31, 1875)
11. James Abram Garfield (November 19, 1831-September 19, 1881)
12. Calvin Coolidge (July 4, 1872-January 5, 1933) on succeeding Warren Gamaliel Harding on August 3, 1923



# Fathers for a Day

BY HERBERT HYMER

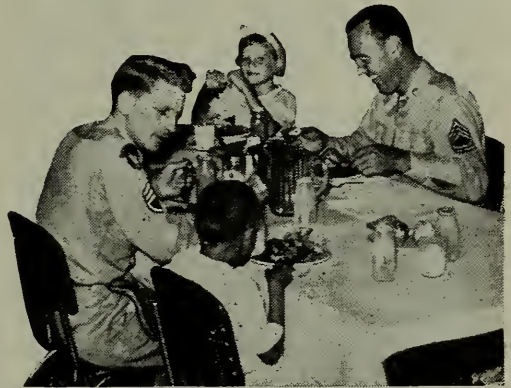
OLD soldiers who had almost forgotten what it feels like to be a kid and younger soldiers with kid brothers and sisters at home, all glowed with pride last Father's Day at more than 30 Air Force bases throughout the country.

It all came about when two Air Force sergeants were discussing their jobs as Public Information specialists and ways to show the public something of their organization. Among other ideas the thought came to mind that underprivileged children, many of them war orphans, were interested in the Air Force; and that a visit to the Base would mean a lot of pleasure for them and be of great educational value as well.

So Staff Sergeants Harold Craven and I of the Airways and Air Communications Service (AACS) at Hamilton Air Force Base, California, started what turned out to be a most gratifying and far-flung project. Through the

Base Chaplain an invitation was given to a local orphanage and an enthusiastic response was immediately forthcoming.

Kids ask questions, and some way must be found to answer those questions and make the kids really feel at home. June was not far away, so why not schedule the visit at that time and let

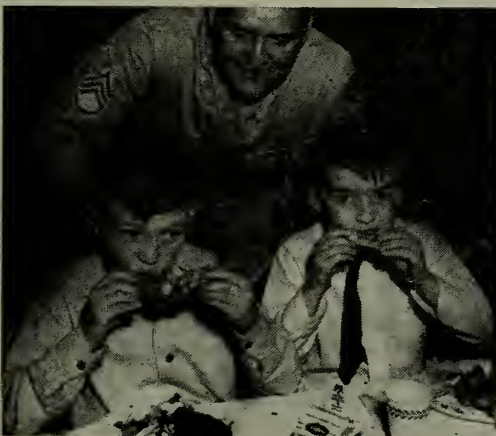


Chow time at NCO club, Lackland AFB. (Air Force photo)

the rest of the men in the organization participate by being "fathers for a day"? Permission was received from Col. Robert W. Griffin, Commanding Officer of the 1801st AACS Group, for as many men as possible to take the day off to act as a "father."

As plans progressed we found everyone anxious to help. The idea was just too good not to pass along, so it was forwarded to higher headquarters where it was heartily approved and recommended to all units of AACS.

More than 30 AACS units throughout the United States participated. Hard-boiled sergeants who didn't even remember their own youth turned to



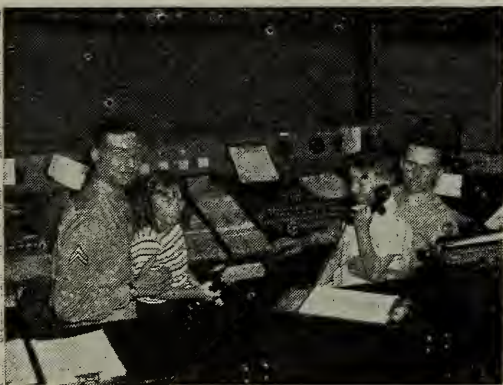
"Mm-m-m—that fried chicken!" S/Sgt. J. D. McGeehan, 1905-2 AACS Det., SPAFB, and two orphan guests. (Spokane Bomber Views)



"OK, take it up!" (Official US AAF photo, SAAMA, Kelly Field, Tex.)

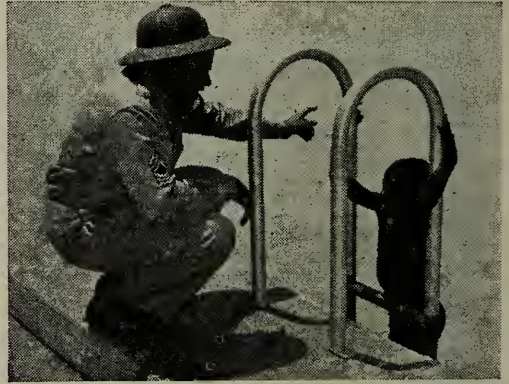
holding tiny hands and answering myriads of questions. When chow time came they carried trays for the smaller ones, tucked napkins under chins, and cut meat to bite size. Of course this was old stuff to many who had families of their own but perhaps even more than the rest they welcomed the opportunity to be "father for a day."

After it was all over the big question was—who had more fun, the kids or their GI hosts? Never have the spirits or the morale of the men been so high. Everyone insisted, "Let's do this again next year."



Little Florence Ramorini and Richard Crawford from St. Patrick's Home in Sacramento feel "right at home" using the "mike" in the control tower at Fairfield-Suisun AFB, Calif. Cpl. Bruce E. McFarland, senior control tower operator, is at left, and Cpl. Vincent F. Delmoe at right. (Official USAF photo)

So, forward to Headquarters AACS went the reports and the comments of the men, along with reams of newspaper copy. Maj. Gen. Laurence S. Kuter, Commanding General of the Military Air Transport Service (MATS) of which AACS is a part, read the reports and decided that all MATS units should participate this year.



"Bet you can't swim across!" (Official US AAF photo, SAAMA, Kelley Field, Tex.)

This means that along about June 18th all over the world men in AACS, Air Weather Service, Flight Service, Air Rescue Service and Air Transport Service will be "fathers for a day" and do their bit for some underprivileged kids, for,

*In whatso we share with another's need.  
Not what we give, but what we share,—  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.*

—LOWELL

We wouldn't be surprised if some of you goodhearted people in other branches of the service have had similar projects from time to time. **THE LINK** is interested in seeing human-interest items which reveal worthy motives of our service people. Send them in, with pictures (glossy prints), and we'll give them serious consideration.



# LINK LINES

By the Editor

**G**REAT events in history stem from a combination of causes. No single fact or circumstance explains the American Revolution and the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. Of all the contributing factors, rooted over a century-deep in colonial history, none was more significant than the American concept of the rights and privileges of freemen. When Great Britain, staggering under heavy debt after long years of war with France, attempted measures which threatened cherished liberties, our colonial forebears were led from protest and petition to disobedience, defiance, armed resistance, and finally war for independence.

King George III was no doubt partly responsible for growing resentment in the American colonies, in the sense that he was not without means of persuasion and control over his ministers and Parliament. Had he wished, he might have turned the tide of legislation so unpopular with the colonists. The historian David Muzzey says of the King, "He was too poorly educated to be a statesman, but he was a diligent politician determined in his obstinate way to control the whole machinery of government. . . . In an age noted for political corruption he could manage Parliament by buying seats, bribing members with pensions and offices, and choosing ministers who would do his bidding." George III was not the author of the policy that lost Great Britain her American empire; but he did not oppose it, nor did he look upon it with disfavor.

Colonial animosity focused upon the principle of taxation without representation, since it was in the realm of taxation that all colonists felt the weight and menace of English control measures. In a Virginia assembly Patrick Henry voiced universal grievance when he cried, "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The midnight ride of Paul Revere, the minutemen at Lexington and Concord bridge, and the battle of Bunker Hill highlighted the conflict between liberty and loyalty. Spurred on by Samuel Adams shouting and believing that "taxation without representation is tyranny," faced with mounting evidence of British determination, and convinced above all by the sound reasoning of Thomas Paine's widely published challenge to independence, the Continental Congress on July 2, 1776, established the United States of America as a free nation. Two days later the Declaration of Independence was adopted.

One hundred and seventy-four years have passed since the break with the mother country over measures of taxation and control that symbolized a threat to the whole structure of human and political liberties dear to Americans. During these years most Americans have paid their taxes without too much grumbling and without resentment because they have been set by our chosen representatives. All of us can understand the tremendous rise in tax costs as a result of wars and of expanding government undertakings.

But a new day is upon us, with a new philosophy—and a new threat to Americans. The theme is: Spend what we have, borrow what we don't have

to add to our own comfort and enjoyment, and let our children and our children's children pay for it. Taxation without representation takes on new significance in deficit financing of government expenditures in a period of prosperity.

As a citizen every adult has a right to take his stand with those who say raise taxes, or with those who say cut expenditures. No person, however, be he president, legislator, or common citizen, has a moral right to say let's

have what we want for ourselves, no matter the cost, and let the next generations pay for it. It might be fine, and perhaps an effective vote-getter, for example, if every man and woman could be assured a liberal monthly allowance upon reaching a fixed retirement age. But "is life so dear . . . as to be purchased" by promissory notes that will have to be paid by the yet unborn? Isn't *that* kind of taxation tyranny, modern version?

### "LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE"

More than ten thousand Canadian soldiers never forgot a speech that Sir Harry Lauder made to them in World War I.

After losing his only son in battle, the popular Scotch singer sought to relieve his sorrow by visiting all the army camps and trying to cheer the men there. The Lauder wit sparkled wherever he went, throwing his listeners into gales of laughter. Then, becoming serious, Sir Harry would sing songs of home and he saw many of the same fellows moved to tears. No tour of the famous comedian was ever such a triumph.

When he came to the Canadian camp he followed his usual routine. First he sang the songs that were old favorites of his audience and then he gave a talk. It was the finish of his speech that made the most profound impression. Today it is still as inspiring as when it was first uttered and should be of interest to many readers.

"One evening in the gloaming in a northern town," Sir Harry said, "I was sitting by my parlor window when I saw an old man with a pole on his shoulder come along. He was a lamplighter. Suddenly he made the lamp opposite my window dance into brightness. I became interested and watched him pass along until the gloaming gathered round and I could see him no more. But I knew where he was for other lamps flashed into flame. Those lights burned on through the night, making it bright and safe for those who should come behind him. He had set ablaze an avenue of lights through the traffic and dangers of the city.

"As you think of that man who lit the lamps, you can think of yourselves as his successors in a nobler and grander way. You are not lighting for a few hours only the darkness of passing night. You are lighting an avenue of lights that will be for the generations of all time.

"Therefore, you must be earnest to do the right. Fight well and hard against every enemy without and within. The first burst of illumination that the world had was in the lamp lit by Jesus. He said truly, 'I am the Light of the World.' You are in His succession. Quit ye like men! Be strong!"

Vincent Edwards



# We Stick Together

BY JOHN P. HANCOCK



*Right up to midnight she played it straight and ladylike. Then something went haywire because she got a wild look and began to blister that horn. She dropped down on one knee and played like Al Jolson sings.*

GLENN plays piano so it makes you all shivery. I told him we could click with some big city band.

"Go drum on your chicken coop, Slim," he said. "All I want from the city is Ruby. With Ruby and my little old furniture store, I am happy."

So he double-crossed me double. He busted our secret vow twice. First, he

ups and quits the farm to open that furniture store down in the village. Then, the next thing you know, he ups and marries Ruby.

I put on clean overalls and went over to meet her and I found she's an interior decorator. She's a musician too—alto saxophone. Her ma made her learn the piano because her ma said

a horn wasn't ladylike. Then Ruby pestered her ma until her ma let her learn the saxophone, too.

Ruby gets her own way.

She wore a green dress that made her hair look redder than it was. Glenn gawked at her and acted like a dang sick calf, enough to disgust you.

He said they had everything in common, her an interior decorator and him a furniture man, and together they were going to educate these farm folks on how to make a house a home. Everything in common—even music. "She plays that horn so sweet, it sounds like a clover field smells." Then he stuck his big nose down into that red hair and shut his eyes and sighed.

It made me sick. When I got back home I was so riled up I cut my thumb on a can of chili. I live alone, see, and I cussed so loud the hens outside cackled.

It didn't hurt but the blood came and it reminded me of the secret vow. Kid stuff, but anyhow I felt like Glenn had let me down. We made that vow on account of my Uncle Mose. Glenn and I had buddied around together ever since we were high enough to stick our tongues on the pump handle on a cold day to see if the skin would peel off. My Uncle Mose had a fighting rooster, and just before a fight once at Ira Potter's barn Glenn and I soaked bread in whiskey and fed it to that bird. The dang rooster just leaned against a fence and crowed. Uncle Mose lost forty dollars that day and he whaled us good. Afterwards, Glenn and I stuck our thumbs with a pin so the blood came. We rubbed our thumbs together so our blood mixed and we vowed we'd always stick together, no matter what, like the Two Musketeers.

We grew up and he went to the city to study agriculture. "I am going

to study how to make seed corn grow into dollars," Glenn said. "I might play the piano to relax, but don't worry, old boy, I am not going to play with anything else. I am interested only in an education."

Well, a week after I met his wife, they visited me. Ruby stood in my kitchen and sniffed. "This place looks like a bad dream," she said. "What's that vile smell?"

That made me mad. I told her I had chickens and pigs and the wind was from the north. "What's more," I said, "you farm a hundred acres by yourself and keep animals and your kitchen won't look like a magazine cover."

Ruby frowned at my sink. "Do you just keep using them over and over?"

I told her I washed dishes every Sunday.

"This place needs a woman," she said.

"I have heard that before," I answered, "and I don't like to hear it. It makes me nervous."

She walked into the living room and looked around and shook her head. "Awful," she said. "But the place has possibilities." She turned to Glenn. "Look, hon. A picture window there. A fireplace there. Wall-to-wall broadloom." She sort of got excited then and walked around in circles, pointing. "Against that wall, black lacquered twin tables and tall lamps with metallic shades and a curved sectional sofa—the sofa to give a restful, gracious air to a grouping that otherwise might seem cold and severe."

Glenn jumped up, excited too, and got in step with her. "Yeah! That's it! And maybe a Sheraton cocktail . . ."

"With marqueterie inlay," Ruby panted.

"Glenn, do you want to see the pigs?" I said.



When we left the room, Ruby was still circling and she must have circled back to the kitchen because when Glenn and I came back she had the dishes done.

And she must have got her mind off furniture because she said: "I have decided something. Slim, you need to get out more. Glenn, the store can use some more capital." She put her hands on her hips. "Boys, we are going to put our musical talents to work and put some punch into these country shindigs."

Well, my old mail-order drums had been under a canvas in the chicken house for seven years. I hardly ever touched them since I left the high school band. The hens had roosted on those drums and the canvas was full of holes, so I had a chore.

Glenn said we'd call ourselves the Coos County Counts. Ruby said we'd call ourselves the Three Grooves.

The first job the Three Grooves had was a barn dance at Jake Hyatt's farm. We could have had a job every Saturday night at McTaggart's tavern down in the village, but Ruby said she wouldn't play with those old goats belching at her all night and besides it was no place for a lady.

We went over solid. Folks came for miles and we packed them in like corn in a crib. They couldn't get over seeing a girl play a horn. Like Glenn said, she played sweet and had a range like a yard of elastic.

Glenn, he loved that piano. He'd slouch on the stool, his eyes half closed and his mouth half open, never looking at the music. He could soften it down so it kind of bubbled like a brook, and he could pour it on like Niagara Falls two feet away. Just to hear him makes you all shivery.

Ruby said we wouldn't play any be-

bop. We'd play it dignified, so folks knew where the tune was.

Right up to midnight she played it straight and ladylike. Then something went haywire because she got a wild look and began to blister that horn. She dropped down on one knee and played like Al Jolson sings. She and that horn both wiggled.

Everybody stopped dancing and goggled. Then some smart aleck yelled, "Wow!" and whistled.

Ruby lost that wild look. She got so red you couldn't tell where her hair left off.

Glenn and I ended the number.

"That does it," Ruby said. "Ma was right."

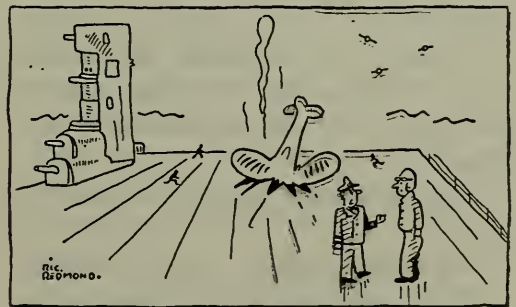
"What do you mean, hon?" Glenn said.

"I have been insulted."

Women are skittish critters all right because after that night the band broke up. Ruby said playing a saxophone wasn't ladylike for a wife and mother-to-be.

They had a baby boy, a homely little critter. They named him Ed, after me. It was real neighborly. But I couldn't figure Glenn as a father. It was like he had double-crossed me three times.

One night the front gate hinge squeaked. I was so busy I never got around to fixing that hinge. I looked out and Glenn was coming up the walk,



"I know it's hard, but try to land more easily."



He usually bounces along, full of pep. That night he just walked.

He was alone and I thought maybe this would be like old times. But he didn't come in. He stood on the porch, testing a loose board with his toe and looking out past the barn toward the alfalfa field where the fireflies winked away.

"Been over to Jack Smedley's place," Glenn said. "Just sold him a drop leaf and six chairs—white oak."

I knew he wasn't here just to tell me that. Then he said, "By the way, Ruby found a baby sitter. And she wants to play again." He looked downright sad. "We got a date for the Grange Hall Saturday."

Saturday I put up hay and it looked rainy so I didn't get an early quit. A crowd was already whooping it up when I got there. I heard the saxophone and piano but they didn't blend right, so I figured maybe my old mail-order drums helped out more than you'd think.

Once inside, I knew it wasn't the drums. Ruby was playing the piano and Glenn was playing the saxophone.

The music, if you can call it that, stopped and I set the drums up beside Glenn. "Surprise," he said, giving a sick grin.

"Honey, you're doing fine," Ruby said, "and don't forget to mention those new card tables and chairs to the Grange officers at intermission."

She looked at me. "How's the music sound?"

I didn't say anything and Glenn said, "This is a C-melody sax. I monkeyed with one at school. How's it sound?"

"Nobody'll ever whistle at you," I said.

Everybody clapped for more music, so Ruby plunked out an introduction. Glenn nudged me. "Hear that piano.

She's good. Good as I am, Slim. Well, isn't she?" He gave me a fierce look.

Ruby hit the chorus and Glenn let loose. He had that sheet music spread across a chair and never took his eyes from it. His cheeks popped out and he got red and sweaty. He played that dang thing like a grandmother drives a car, careful and tense so not to make any mistakes. He didn't miss a note, but the way he blew it there wasn't any feeling. Mechanical, like a caliope, and squeaky.

At the intermission, he was happy for a little while. That was when he cornered the Grange officers and let them have it about the card tables and chairs. Then he came back to me and we had ham sandwiches at the Ladies' Aid counter. And he told me about the C-melody saxophone, and he looked awful sad.

"It's simple," he said. "Even you could play one. You read from sheet music and you don't have to transpose to another key, like with an alto."

He only ate half a sandwich. That was funny because he always eats like a horse. I finished it for him and then had a hunk of pie.

Well, at first it looked like two Rubys coming through the crowd. This girl had red hair too. She and Ruby were arm-in-arm. Then this girl rushed up and threw her arms around Glenn.

"Sweetums!" she screeched. "Squeeze me!"

Ruby hurried up. "Vera!" Ruby said, kind of hissing and smiling all at once. "Really, darling, You're in the country. People might misunderstand."

"The country! I love it! The chickens! The cows! Ah, the smells!" She pointed at me. "Who's this guy?"

Glenn, dang him, he shoved me square in front of her. "Vera Grant," he said, "meet Ed Spangler. Call him Slim."

This Vera sized me up. Then she giggled. "He's cute. Gangling, but cute."

I didn't know what to say, so I asked her did she want a hunk of pie.

"No thanks, honey. I'm watching my figure." She ran her hands down over her hips.

"I'm watching it too," Glenn said.

Ruby sat her coffee cup down so hard a chip flew off. "Intermission's over. Let's go."

On the bandstand, I asked Glenn how come. He said Vera was down from the city spending a week with them. He said Ruby and Vera and he were old school friends. When he was in the city, he took Vera out first. Vera introduced him to Ruby and he took them both out. Then he just took Ruby out.

"Great kid, Vera," Glenn said. "She's been our baby sitter all week. She loves kids."

"Then why ain't she home sitting?" I said.

"Because tonight we took the baby to grandpa's. Vera's never been to a country dance before."

"She's noisy," I said.

Glenn looked disgusted. "You hermit, you're at the point of holding conversations with your pigs. No wonder she sounds noisy."

Ruby leaned over and patted Glenn's knee. "Vera's so pretty. See those men ogle her? But, hon, don't you think she's a bit older-looking?"

"Honest, hon," Glenn said, "I never did think she was so attractive—except in a flashy way."

Ruby jerked her hand away and turned to the piano. We let loose and Glenn's horn sounded like it needed grease. He worked for a better tone and got it down to a windy moan.

After that number, a guy came up

and said that saxophone reminded him he had to take a bull down to Al Ryan's herd in the morning. He cackled and slapped his thigh like it was a big joke.

Now a musician with feeling for his instrument would be mad over a remark like that. But Glenn didn't seem to give a dang. He just licked his reed and grinned.

Well, I got mad. "You muttonhead," I told him. "Get over and play that piano. Are you a man or mouse?"

"Squeak, squeak," Glenn said, slow and wise.

He sat there, thinking. Then he blinked, looked at Ruby and chuckled. He made a circle with his thumb and forefinger and waved it at me. We started another number.

Vera was the belle of the hall. Those farmers rushed her and every time she'd dance by the bandstand she'd wave at Ruby and wink at Glenn. She just looked at me and giggled.

Once she did a jerky solo dance all by herself in the middle of the floor. You could almost hear those farmers' necks snap out of joint. Then some smart aleck yelled "Wow!" and whistled.

Ruby hit a terrible discord. "Oops," she said, squinting at the music.

We had three more dances to go when Glenn stood up, held that C-melody out at arm's length, and dropped it on the chair like you'd drop an old tin can in your garbage barrel.

"Hey," he said. "There's no sense in a fellow not enjoying himself just because he plays in the band. If he doesn't play piano, he's not tied down."

Ruby spun around on her stool so quick her red hair flopped away from her shoulders.

"What's the basic instrument?" Glenn said. "The piano. By itself, a saxophone is a lonesome thing. A drum



is only a noise. A piano? By itself, a piano is a package of music and rhythm. A piano can walk alone."

He bent down and buried his nose in Ruby's hair. It made me sick, the double-crosser.

"Hon," he said, "the way you play that piano, you're a band by yourself."

He hopped down and took off through the crowd before Ruby could say a word. We played, just Ruby and I.

I saw Vera's black dress first. It was whirling so fast it hooped out like a lamp shade. I lost the beat when I saw Glenn was a part of that whirl. When they danced by the bandstand, they were plastered together like two burrs.

Ruby hit three fast discords. She saw them out of the corner of her eye because when she plays piano she has to watch the music close, like when Glenn plays saxophone.

Well, I got mad. I thought of that poor little baby, named Ed after me, and I wanted to knock Glenn right out of his socks. Maybe he couldn't keep a kid's vow but marriage vows are different. They're worse.

Ruby and I finished the number way off beat. I was glad we only had two left.

Glenn and Vera unfolded themselves right in front of us. She climbed up, showing a lot of nylon, and hauled at my arm. "Your turn, Slim."

Ruby glared. Glenn grinned and straightened his tie. It sure needed straightening.

"Ruby, darling," Vera screeched.

"Glenny-Boy's got the last dance. Play something dreamy for the last dance."

Then I noticed Ruby was looking straight at me and she wasn't glaring. It was hard to tell what she was thinking. Maybe she was just ignoring them.

The crowd got cheated out of one dance that night, because right away Ruby went into Home Sweet Home at a fast clip. Not that I wanted to, but I didn't dance with Vera. Her dress didn't have any back and I was standing there wondering where I should put my hand, and Glenn barged between us and away they scooted.

Ruby only played one chorus of Home Sweet Home.

Thinking back to that night, I have to give Glenn credit. But he just says, "A man learns how to handle red-headed women."

Glenn is at the piano again and he is in his glory. Ruby plays that horn sweeter than ever. Sometimes she gets that wild look, and danged if she won't blister that horn. Some smart aleck always whistles. But now Ruby just acts pleased.

Glenn is happy tied to his piano. Ruby is happy with her saxophone. And I am happy just drumming and waiting for the dance to end so I can go home.

It's downright fancy at home now, with that broadloom and those tall lamps with the metallic shades and that curved sofa.

And I know for a fact that Vera is happy too. She's right there on that sofa, watching our twins.

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The origin of the term *Hobson's choice* came about because Hobson was a stable proprietor in the 17th century in England, and he let his horses out for hire in strict rotation. The traveler who applied to Hobson for equine locomotion had to take the horse whose turn it was to work. There was no selection; no other choice. Historians offer you Hobson's choice on this tale.—William J. Murdoch



# BATTLING THE BREEZE

A  
Department  
of Free  
Speech and  
Uncensored  
Opinion



## FAN MAIL

THE LINK is the only publication men ask for by name and feel is a part of their military life.

*Chaplain Richard W. Jungfer, Jr.  
155th Station Hospital  
APO 503, c/o P.M., San Francisco, Calif.*



Since there has been a dearth of new and adequate material published in the last few years for the benefit of servicemen, I am most anxious that such a fine periodical as THE LINK is shall continue to be available to the patients of our hospital and the personnel of our detachment.

*Chaplain Frank R. Jenkins  
28th Station Hospital  
APO 25, c/o P.M., San Francisco, Calif.*



There is a popular demand for THE LINK by the men of the hospitals. We have more calls for it than any other magazine. When it became a bimonthly magazine, the men wondered why. Even our Catholic boys like it, although we do not pass it to them. The continued stories keep the men interested in it.

*Chaplain O. A. Jaynes  
Veterans Admn., Dayton, Ohio*



THE LINK is one of the few pieces of literature we are able to give men

in the Brig and it is also eagerly read by men in the hospital. This is in addition to those who secure copies at Chapel.

*Chaplain O. Ingvaldstad  
Camp Pendleton, Calif.*



I have found THE LINK to be very helpful in working with a small group of men and it is especially appreciated by men in sick-bay.

*Chaplain James S. Ferris  
U. S. Naval Operating Base, Argentina  
c/o FPO, New York*



Next to Bible, LINK is most sought publication coming to hospital. Not just accepted but sought.

*Chaplain Frank W. Thompson  
Veterans Admn. Facility, Bedford, Mass.*



THE LINK has always been a source of pride on my part for the reason that in its particular way it represented Protestantism united. From another point of view I am sure that it provides many of the military personnel with good reading material and a source through which aspiring writers can express themselves.

*Chaplain Raleigh King  
2nd Bomb. Wing, Chatham Air Base, Savannah, Ga.*

## Character Plus Conduct

JUNE 4-10

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

It was Thoreau who wrote: "Be not merely good; be good for something." Certainly God expects that of all of us! *Why* should we serve God and men? (I Corinthians 4:1, 2) Is sacrificial service demanded of us? (Mark 8:34) *Why?* How far are we obligated to do good? (Matthew 25:40; Mark 9:35; Romans 15:1)

One cannot read the story of the life and the teachings of Jesus without knowing that He made it clear that we are to be more than good; we are to be good for *something*—and *for much!*

It was clear that He did not come to be ministered unto, but to minister. (Matthew 20:28) And how well He did that, and how unceasingly! He did not shut Himself off from the crowds. He taught and served others until He must have been near the end of His strength. He was proud of the fact that He worked, just as He was proud of God's work. And Jesus made it clear that our service must reach the high point of sacrifice.

H. W. Sylvester once wrote: "There can be no real and abiding happiness without sacrifice. Our greatest joys do not result from our efforts toward self-gratification, but from a loving and spontaneous service to other lives. Joy

comes not to him who seeks it for himself, but to him who seeks it for other people." Then how happy Jesus was!

Thoreau once said: "Man is the artificer of his own happiness." And we may well remember the words of J. Petit-Senn: "We tire of those pleasures we take, but never of those we give." This reminds us of the words of Jesus that it is better *to give* than *to receive!*

Carrie Chapman Catt once said: "Service to a just cause rewards the worker with more real happiness and satisfaction than any other venture in life."

You may feel the urge to serve nobly and heroically in a cause that requires pioneering. Then you may feel that Muriel Strode wrote these words for you: "I will not follow where the path may lead, but I will go where there is no path, and I will leave a trail." Those brave words should remind us to look for some *new* paths of service!

Why is it our *duty*, as Christians, to strive for the highest attainments? (Philippians 3:13-14)

Let's try our best to be more than good; let's try to be the most and the best that we can be!

And God will help us!

# Be Witnesses for Christ!

JUNE 11-17

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

The great St. Augustine once declared: "Christ is not valued at all, unless He is valued above all." If you think this is an extreme statement, remember that all our highest hopes, for this life and for eternity, are based on Him—on His forgiveness of our sins, on His guiding and empowering us in this earthly life, and on His opening the gates of immortality to us. Don't all of these require you to give Him first place in your life?

Can you wonder, therefore, that Paul urged his followers not to be ashamed of testifying to the Lord? (II Timothy 1:8a)

Another great spirit in the New Testament days spoke out in favor of fearless and ready witnessing for the Lord: "Be ready *always* to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is in you." (I Peter 3:15)

Have you ever imagined the sense of great and impelling urgency that moved the early disciples to utter their testimony concerning the times when they were privileged to see and hear Him? Then listen to these words attributed to Peter and John: "For *we cannot but speak* the things which we have seen and heard." (Acts 4:20) Something within them *demand*ed that they speak their own witness concerning the marvelous things they saw Him do and heard Him speak.

A good lawyer places high value upon the testimony of a credible witness who saw actual occurrences and heard actual words and tells about them quietly and truthfully. But we Christians often shrink from bearing our testimony to the Christ who would have transformed the world before this time if He had had the active, forceful backing of all who have acclaimed Him Lord! Why are we so timid? Why are we so lacking in loyalty?

Jesus made it very clear that He relied upon His followers to witness for Him. One of His last assurances to them was that they should receive power with the coming of the Holy Spirit upon them, and that they should be His witnesses in Jerusalem and Judea and Samaria and throughout all the earth. (Acts 1:8) He still depends on us today!

Did you forget that yesterday as you kept silent while someone used foul language and took His name in vain? What is always a sufficient reason against all profanity? (Exodus 20:7)

Did you forget to witness for Him when you saw the indecision and the wistfulness in the face of a buddy who would have gone to divine services if you had gone with him?

Don't we all have a duty to witness for Him where we are known? (Mark 5:19, 20)

*Let's do better tomorrow!*

*He counts on us!*



# The Unused Path

JUNE 18-24

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Someone has said: "Go oft to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused path." How true! And how true it is of other things than the path to the door of a friend!

Take prayer, for instance! How often we let weeds grow up in the sacred path by which we come to God. Remember: Prayer is a privilege, priceless and intensely personal and beautiful. But many of us do not use this lovely path often enough. And wild and troublesome weeds of carelessness and selfishness and smugness and sinfulness choke it!

We should follow Paul's great advice: "Pray without ceasing." (I Thessalonians 5:17)

We should pray trustingly, with imagination and reverence, remembering that we are speaking with God. But we may also pray boldly, that is, daring to ask *largely* and with confidence that God will give us heaped-up measures for the largest vessels we can carry to Him!

Perhaps you have heard the story of someone who made a very modest request of a wealthy man who was prepared to give him an unusually generous amount. Because the one who asked was timorous, he got only the small amount he asked. He had only himself to blame that he didn't come away with shining face and singing heart. He chose to bring only a small vessel to

be filled, and he thereby mocked the generosity of a man who was prepared to give bountifully!

How often we do that with God! We chatter out some little plea for something that is of no great consequence to us or to God; but on that same bright pathway we might have come to ask the richest gifts of God—and might have received them! *Let's remember this!*

But there's another unused path for many of us: it's the path that leads to a church or a chapel where we can worship God with others who need Him as much as we do.

Listen: "We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company." (Psalm 55:14) That would help any man to be a better soldier—a better *man!* Too many of us don't go with others down this path to God's house; *we* don't hunger to find Him and learn of Him and serve Him! *Let's use this path—often!*

How shall we think of God, and how shall we worship Him? "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him *must* worship Him in spirit and in truth." (John 4:23, 24) Will it help us to worship? "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall *strengthen* thine *heart*: wait, I say, on the Lord." (Psalm 27:14)

*Let's find that courage and strength!  
We need Him every hour!*

# Follow Your Best Light!

JUNE 25-JULY 1

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Samuel Chapman Armstrong gave us these words to think over: "It pays to follow one's best light; put God and country first and ourselves afterward." Do those words carry a challenge to you? How? What would be the chief challenge, as far as you are concerned, in those words? Why?

Why does God have first claim upon each of us? (Matthew 4:10) Is it an arbitrary claim or do we serve our own interests best when we yield ourselves obediently to Him? Would you recognize, as Augustine did, that we are made for God and can never rest until we find our peace in Him? You and I may well try to understand what the old Psalmist meant when he wrote: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: *my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*" (Psalm 84:1, 2) And the glow and the glory of his ardent testimony at the end of that Psalm has not been dimmed by the long centuries: "O Lord of hosts, *blessed* is the man that *trusteth* in *Thee.*" Yes, so he is! Men in all the sweep of the centuries have found Him an unailing Source of all that is good and helpful in all their needs. Men like Paul, keen of mind and talented and learned, have not hesitated to worship Him in deep reverence and humility. (Ephesians 3:14-19)

What is our best light? Wouldn't

you say, with John, that it was Jesus Christ? (John 1:1-14) Did He ever claim to be this light? He did: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John 8:12b) And on another day He said: "And he that seeth me seeth Him that sent me. I am come *a light* into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." (John 12:45, 46)

How far is it possible to follow His example and His leadership? Does He expect us to imitate Him? (John 13:15; I Peter 2:21)

Can we follow Him by shaping our conduct always in accord with principles of love and unselfish service of others? (Ephesians 5:2; Colossians 2:6)

Will this require sacrifice on our part? (Luke 9:23) Will it demand of us that we give fully of ourselves in order that we may fully realize our best? (Mark 8:34-37)

S. Frances Foote once wrote: "We can read poetry, and recite poetry, but to *live* poetry—is the symphony of life." Let's paraphrase those words and get something much more challenging and vital: "We can read about Christ, and recite about Christ, but to LIVE Christ—is the symphony of abundant, overflowing life." Don't you believe this?

*Then let's live accordingly!*

# This Business of Freedom

JULY 2 - 8

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Standing there in large letters on the bulletin board are these four challenging words: "Freedom is everybody's business." And they are true words!

*Why* is freedom *everybody's* business? Don't we begin a slow undermining of our own freedom when we endanger the freedom of someone else? We should not forget these wise words written by Ralph Waldo Emerson: "If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens around your own." And David Garrick declared: "Corrupted freemen are the worst slaves." Is this true? *Why?*

Shouldn't we be deeply grateful for our freedom now, just as Paul rejoiced proudly in his freedom as a citizen of the Roman Empire? (Acts 22:28)

Why are we obligated to deal justly with others? (Deuteronomy 16:20) Can our freedom continue if we allow our laws and our courts to deteriorate? *Why?*

Will our American citizenship be improved if we accept the authority of Christ in our own lives? *How?* (Matthew 23:8b; Colossians 3:17)

Do you think each anniversary of our nation's birth challenges us to be better citizens? How can we be better Americans? Are we more conscious of our human brotherhood than we were ten years ago? How will the next ten years affect our views on racial minorities? Will the spirit of Christian

brotherhood develop steadily in our midst? Why do you say so?

Recently I heard a prominent Negro educator speak in extravagant praise of Gandhi and his vast work as a liberator. How would you compare him with Moses or Washington or Lincoln? Why was Gandhi's battle for freedom so significant?

Is it possible for you and me to undermine his monumental work by engaging in bigotry and stirring up inter-racial strife? A man who deliberately spreads infection and disease is a small-scale enemy of all the great humanitarian pioneers in medicine who, like Louis Pasteur, toiled with brain and hand to make ours a safer world in which to bring up our children. Let's not forget that *it is a traitorous thing to tear down the better world that men have tried patiently and laboriously to build*, whether with the test tubes of scientific research or the bayonet or the bombing plane of those who defended the liberties of their dear ones and their neighbors.

Christians may differ widely in their attitude toward their place in a future war, but they will unite in desiring peace and plenty and freedom for all men everywhere.

That is everybody's business—and it should be everybody's prayer!

*Let's make it ours!*

*Let's build a free brotherhood!*



# Trustees of Posterity

JULY 9-15

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

"The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity." So said Benjamin Disraeli, the great British statesman and novelist, reminding us that youth of today have great responsibility for their posterity.

A jurist, Judge Talley, reminded his contemporaries that a nation's destiny is not in its learning or its information but in its character. He added: "The heart of culture is the culture of the heart. The only way to form character is through religion. Find me another way and I'll accept it. The only system of education worthy of the name of system, much less education, is that one which literally and actually inculcates the eternal truth of morality, not only by teaching, but by hour-to-hour example. I do not speak as a politician. I am speaking as an expert. I am not a theorist. The reason I dare speak is that every day, every hour, I am face to face with the real thing here, with the facts."

Yes, character is the first requisite for any trustee, and especially where children yet to be born are vitally concerned.

John Quincy Adams must have wished to point out how indissolubly we are linked to both our forebears and our descendants when he said: "Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!" We are deeply indebted to the former and tremendously obligated to the latter! And we should remember

the words of Edmund Burke: "People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors." Don't you agree with those words?

Perhaps you recall Helen Keller's words in the story of her life: "There is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his." What a sobering and challenging statement that is!

This is a good place to remind ourselves of our own inheritance, which is divine. Do you remember what Paul said about this? Listen: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." (Romans 8:16, 17)

Is this divine inheritance eternal? (Hebrews 9:15; I Peter 1:4) Do we act, day by day, as if we were conscious of this eternal inheritance? *How* should we act?

Why should one generation tell the next about God and His works? (Psalm 145:4) Isn't it true that we turn to religion more readily because our ancestors found faith and spiritual strength and deliverance in God? (Psalm 22:4)

Let's pass this confidence on to our children!

# Sermons in Deeds

JULY 16-22

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

It was wise Benjamin Franklin who declared: "A good example is the best sermon." Isn't this almost a paraphrase of something that Paul once wrote? (James 2:17) Can you give an example of faith that died because it was not backed up with good works?

Not long ago I heard a gifted and dynamic Negro who is a distinguished university president. Because of some of his statements I thought he might be a Communist, but later he told us that he could never be a Communist because some white men, years ago, when he was a student, came and *lived with him* in his dormitory and *showed him what Christianity is*. Said he, "I can never be a Communist because of that one thing." *He believed a sermon in deeds!*

Can you imagine what it might have meant to the world if some Christians had taken the pains to *live with Gandhi* when he was a student in a great university, far from his native India, and *show him what Christianity really is?*

The difference between creed and conduct may be hypocrisy. Do you remember how Jesus flayed the hypocrisy of the scribes and the Pharisees in His day? (Matthew 23:1-36) They certainly did *not* preach sermons in their deeds; their acts were a constant negation of all they piously pretended to believe.

What was the real reason why Jesus

was so anxious for them to be consistent and practice what they pretended to believe? (Luke 6:46-49) He was utterly impatient, you recall, when they called Him Lord and failed so dismally to do what He told them to do. He likened them to a man who blunderingly built a house without putting a foundation under it. Sermons in deeds are firm and abiding, like a foundation. They *underlie* and they *support* our beliefs, our creeds and our dogmas.

Didn't the Good Samaritan preach quite a sermon on brotherhood and compassion? (Luke 10:29-37)

Would you say that deeds fulfill our creeds? Paul wrote: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so *fulfill* the law of Christ." (Galatians 6:2) This conduct was the flowering and the fruitage of the Christian vine or tree.

James minced no words in declaring that deeds are vital to our creeds! (James 2:14-26)

Jesus preached often through His deeds. Such an instance was the time when He taught humility by girding Himself and washing His disciples' feet. He taught forgiveness by His attitude toward Peter when he had thrice denied Jesus, and He showed how utterly He could forgive when He prayed on His cross for those who crucified Him.

*Let's put sermons into our deeds!  
They will convince others!*

# God Keeps His Promises!

JULY 23-29

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Wouldn't you say that a broken promise is one of the greatest obstacles to human friendship? It certainly is much easier to overlook a mistake or a shortcoming than it is to forgive a deliberately broken promise.

But have you ever known God to break a promise? All through the centuries, men have found He keeps His promises.

Here, for instance, are some old texts that are surcharged with proud confidence that God does not fail us: "For the Lord thy God blesseth thee, *as He promised thee.*" (Deuteronomy 15:6a) "Ye shall possess their land, *as the Lord thy God hath promised unto you.*" (Joshua 23:5) "One man of you shall chase a thousand: for the Lord your God, He it is that fighteth for you, *as He hath promised you.*" (Joshua 23:10)

That confidence has permeated the centuries. And it still commands our utmost respect because of the repeated witness that has been borne to it by countless people who have found God as utterly trustworthy as he is righteous!

But does this insure us His presence and His keeping power in all the stresses of life? Let Him answer. "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will *keep* thee." (Isaiah 42:6) He will be with us as surely as if we could see Him at our side, and He will keep

us in every way, in temptation and in affliction and in sorrow.

Do you sincerely believe He will answer *your prayers*? Well, listen to this: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and *pray*, and *seek my face*, and *turn from their wicked ways*; then will I hear from heaven, and will *forgive* their *sin*, and will heal their land." (II Chronicles 7:14) Note, in those words, the social as well as the individual consequences of our righteousness! *What can these words teach us today?*

Do you know that He will be with you in the darkest moments you can ever face? Look at these reassuring words and take courage, and tighten your belt! "When thou passest through the waters, *I will be with thee*; and through the rivers, *they shall not overflow thee*: when thou walkest through the fire, *thou shalt not be burned*; *neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.*" (Isaiah 43:2) *What a promise this is!*

These are tremendous words, and they glow with the power and the divine authority of One whose word has never been known to fail! If ever you feel the world has turned against you, and you long for the assurance of divine help, *here it is!* And it's all *true!*

And it's *yours* if you will accept it from Him!

*God keeps His promises!  
Let's trust Him always!*



# We Need Christ!

JULY 30-AUGUST 5

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Why do we come again and again to the realization that we need Christ? Listen to these words: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." (John 15:5) Those words, you may recall, follow immediately the declaration of Jesus that He is the vine and we are the branches. Our need of Him is *that vital*—just as a branch needs the vine on which it feeds!

He told us, you see, as plainly as was possible, that we cannot bear fruit as Christians unless we *abide* in Him in warm, sustaining, empowering fellowship. And what is the fruit of the Spirit? Paul gave us quite a list: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." (Galatians 5: 22, 23)

How can we be more worthy of our Lord? (Colossians 1:10) Certainly we need to bear more fruit for Him. And we need to know God better!

Our greatest need for Him is as our Saviour from sin. How does God grant us salvation through Christ? (Titus 3: 4-7) Is this salvation for everyone? (John 3:16)

Paul was very explicit about the power of the Gospel unto salvation: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is *the power of God*

*unto salvation* to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." (Romans 1:16)

So we come to Him as our Saviour. And He can meet our need fully. Listen to these words from that distant day: "Wherefore He is able to save them *to the uttermost* that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Hebrews 7: 25)

We have no greater need than this need to be cleansed from the guilt of our sins. And there is no other to whom we can go for this priceless gift of forgiveness. Money cannot buy it. No one else can merit it for us.

Said Jesus: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." (John 14:6) He therefore is the one sufficient answer to our greatest need, for this life and for eternity! We owe it to ourselves to receive Him into our needy lives, and accept the salvation He so freely offers to each of us!

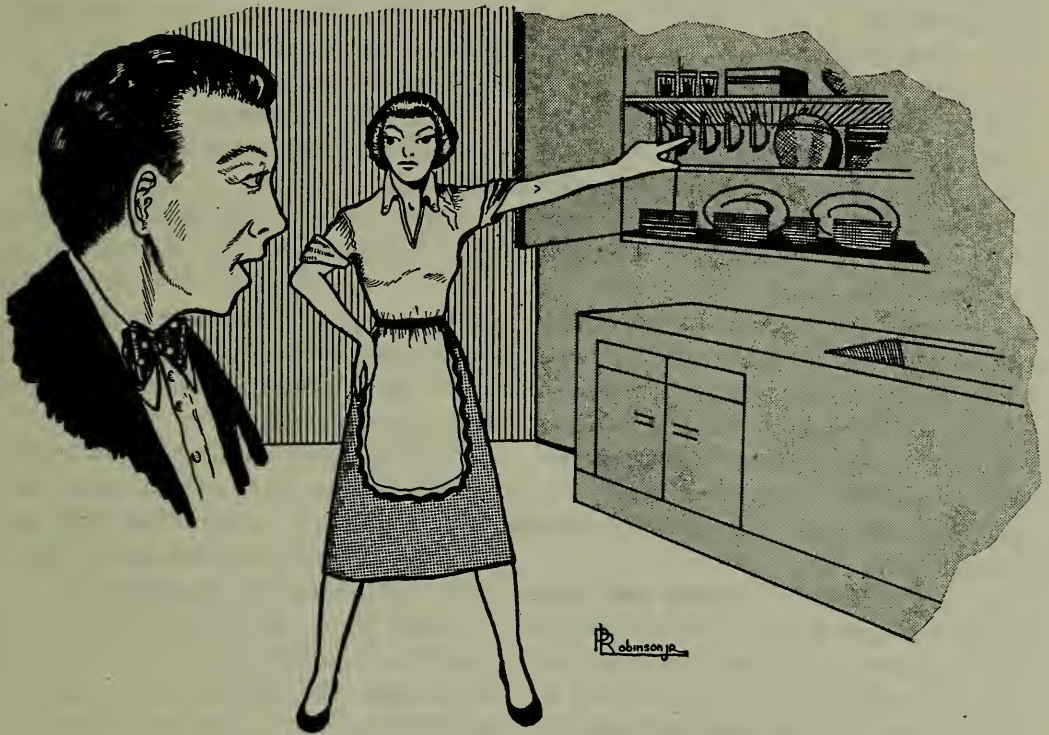
But we need Him also for power to help us to meet every emergency in our spiritual lives. How did Paul describe the power of Christ? (I Corinthians 1:24; Philippians 4:13)

We need His power and His wisdom, and we need His salvation—and His constant love and care!

*Let's open our lives to Him!*

# Detective At Home

BY L. J. HUBER



I PUSHED my hat to the back of my head like a real movie detective. Only I wasn't acting. I shoved it back there to make room for the thinking I was trying to do. My buddy, Mike Moran, thumped the top of the desk with his big flat hand. Then we both just sat and stared at each other.

"The whole thing is slightly sappy to me," Mike said.

"Let me go through the story again and see if anything hits you."

"I hope it hits hard enough to make a good bruise."

"Five days ago Anthony Abernathy went to the First National Bank with three thousand bucks in cold cash. Half an hour later he gets hit and

killed by a car. Nobody gets near him but the cops who are right on the spot. But the money is gone. What happened to it?"

"This is where I came in," Mike told me. "And we're right back to my first answer. He lost it."

"Not good enough, my boy, and you know it. He carried it in his wallet and the wallet was still with him."

"If he didn't lose it, Tom, he must have spent it."

"You might as well try to tell his folks that he ate it. And you would be just about as right with that answer."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"No money, no bank book, no de-



posit receipt, no nothing. And the bank claims that he wasn't near the place any time that day."

"It gives me a feeling like a merry-go-round horse. We just keep circling and circling and not getting anywhere. I'm sick of it."

"I'm not happy about it," I told him. "Let's go home and sleep on it."

With that I locked my desk and waved good-bye to Mike. He had not changed his position during our entire conversation. It was his thinking pose and it usually brought results. This was not one of the times.

The past few days had been rough on both of us. This Abernathy case had left us in the middle of nothing, with zero to support us. I wanted to be let alone. I just wanted to sit and think and walk and think and stand and think. I was even on the seamy side at home.

So when Mary kissed me and took my hat I just grunted. Which should have been an indication to her that all was not well. But she had something on her mind and it didn't help her eyesight.

"Tom, dear," she said. "I gave you a ten-dollar bill yesterday."

"You did," I agreed.

"I thought you said you put the change in the cookie jar."

"I did," I told her.

"You did not," she charged.

"Now look here, Mary 'Donley," I said. "I said I put the change in the cookie jar and that's where I put it."

If all had been well I wouldn't have said it that way. And it wasn't so much what I said—it was the way I said it that lit the Irish flame under the Dutch oven. And that flame made the pot boil while you blinked your eye.

"It's not there now. You're a detective. Where is it?"

Now that I had the top of my head

singed I was ready and willing to pull in my neck. Because I knew if I kept it out there too long I would wind up with a few blisters. I retreated quietly and quickly.

"Look, dear," I said. "I did put it there. Are you sure that you didn't take it out and forget about it?"

"I did not take it out, Tom."

"Something happened to it."

"I figured that out a long time ago," she said.

I shot her the same kind of a glance that I had thrown at Mike when he fumbled around with the Abernathy case. The only difference was that Mike understood me and that Mary didn't know what I meant. It was much better that way.

Nothing more was said until after dinner. Then, with a sigh of a man who is going to open a box that may explode, I broached the topic again. She took charge of the detail.

"Was it a five-dollar bill or five ones?" she asked.

"What's the difference?" I wanted to know.

"Maybe none. But I'll get to the bottom of this."

"Did you leave the back door open and let some tramp come in and—"

"No," she said. "I was here all day."

"Maybe you mistook it for a cookie and ate it?" I suggested.

That was the wrong thing to say. From that point I knew there was nothing left for me to do but answer the questions. But I felt rather all right about it since it made me forget Abernathy.

"When did you put the money there?" she started.

"Last night after I got home."

"Where was I at the time?"

"Talking on the telephone."

"What was I saying?" she inquired.



"You were gossiping about the neighbors," I hinted mildly.

That was another mistake. I got the warning flash from her eyes and the curve of her mouth. She was really serious about this. I had been kidding. I thought the money would turn up sometime. I was certain I had put it in the cookie jar. That meant she had taken it out and mislaid it.

"Shall we continue?" I asked.

"Can you be sensible for just about two minutes?"

"That's a long time," I said. "But I shall try very hard."

"Since you're so sure that you put the money in the cookie jar," she said, "tell me the color of the jar."

"It's the green one on the top shelf of the cupboard."

"Green? On the top shelf?" She grabbed me by the arm and led me to the cupboard. "You mean that one?"

"Yes," I said. "That one."

"That isn't a cookie jar. *This* is a cookie jar," she explained, taking a red jar from the second shelf and thrusting it under my nose to convince me it was empty.

Then she put her hand into the green jar and pulled the five-dollar bill out of it.

But I was on my way. The Abernathy

case had just cleared itself. I rushed to the phone, grabbed the directory, started turning the pages. I found what I wanted. My excited fingers almost got caught in the dial. A man answered.

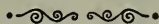
"Mr. Turner?" I asked. "This is Tom Donley. Would you mind answering a few questions for me? Thanks. Did Anthony Abernathy make a deposit in your bank on the day he was killed? He did? Yes. Yes. Yes. And thanks a million, Mr. Turner."

"I think I get it now," she said as I turned to her.

"And how. Here's the story: We asked only at the First National where Mrs. Abernathy told us her husband was banking. But he also had an account in the Farmer's Trust. He banked there on that day. What made it worse was that Abernathy had no bank book and he forgot his deposit receipt. Turner was waiting for the proper people to claim the account, thinking they knew all about it. Boy, am I glad I solved that case."

"*You* solved that case?"

She was about to say more when I kissed her. After all, I would get the credit for it down at headquarters. What difference did it make if I didn't get credit for it at home? None, none at all.



## TO WIT—

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not; a sense of humor to console him for what he is. —*Watchman-Examiner*

Sophistication: The art of admitting that the unexpected is just what you anticipated. —*Boston Naval Shipyard News*

The fellow who thinks he's a wit is usually half right.

Consider the auto tire and the tack and don't go around blowing yourself up.

Fat people should rest against objects in a standing position; this will make them lean. —*The Dope Sheet*

# Army Lawyer

BY LOUIS C. FINK

Further interesting experiences of Lt. Fink in Army court-martial cases. All names other than Lt. Fink's are fictitious.

## Chapter Three

**MOST** of my three years at the hospital were spent as defense counsel. I can recall only one case which I prosecuted, which is the way I liked it to be. There's more satisfaction in defending men than in prosecuting them. It gives you a chance to do something for your fellow man, something which he can't do for himself because he lacks the experience, or the access to the books, or even the self-confidence needed to talk on his feet.

It is more pleasant to be defense counsel for another reason. The burden is on the prosecutor. In the Army he is called Trial Judge Advocate, and he has many more duties than just presentation of evidence. It is up to him to arrange the courtroom, call the members of the court together, and see that the witnesses as well as the accused man get there. The Trial Judge Advocate is not just a prosecutor; he is sworn to see that justice is done. He may not prosecute a case if he feels that justice is not being done and that the evidence does not point to guilt; he must inform the defense of his projected plans and the names of all his witnesses; he is bound to disclose to the court all evidence pertaining to the case, even though it may damage his own side. He is, in short, an advocate and not merely a prosecutor.

My one attempt at prosecution was

in a general court-martial. Army courts are of three types: summary, special and general. The general court has from five members on up, and there is no limit on the punishment it may administer for certain offenses. Even death is within its jurisdiction, but only if the Table of Maximum Punishments so decrees. For most common offenses, the Table of Maximum Punishments dictates what the legal limit may be. Within these limits, imposed by the President of the United States, the general court has unlimited right to punish.

The case I am coming to by rather devious means involved a Pvt. Harrison. Sober, he made a fine record in the Army, but he wasn't sober often enough. He was Regular Army, and his career had been studded with a series of episodes like this one. He had risen from private to technical sergeant, a five-striper in the military police, and his superiors said he was a good man. But then would come a drinking bout, and it would be Pvt. Harrison again. He went up and down the ladder of stripes many times. Up on his merits and down for his drinking.

Pvt. Harrison was accused of being drunk on the post, absent from his place of duty, resisting arrest, striking an MP, threatening the Officer of the Day with a knife, and using language of an insulting nature towards a commissioned officer.

The witnesses were plentiful. There was a strong case against him. He was in for a long sentence, because his record was bad. The court hears nothing of a man's past record until he has been found guilty. That's so they won't be influenced in their decision by his past actions. But once they find a man guilty, his previous record of court convictions is read. The court then fixes

the punishment, basing its decision on the nature of the offense and taking into account the previous record of the accused.

The case had its light moment during a grave trial. That phrase "insulting language towards a commissioned officer" had me puzzled a little. I didn't quite know how to prove it, nor did I feel sure what the court would consider insulting. The officer in question was a warrant officer, Regular Army, with a record of service longer than Harrison's. He wore his uniform as though he had been poured into it; he was always militarily correct; and he had just the faintest sneer for Selective Service and OCS boys.

When the warrant officer took the stand he related that he was on duty as Officer of the Day, that he had been called by the military police, that he had ordered Harrison placed under arrest, that Harrison had cursed him and threatened him with a knife.

I didn't feel that the witness had been specific enough so I asked him to state exactly what language had been used.

The warrant officer summoned all his years of Army experience into the next proud words. "He called me a son of a bitch."

I wanted him to be more specific. "Did he use any other insulting language?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Regular Army man, "he called me a draftee son of a bitch."

It brought down the house, and I wondered how Harrison would take this levity when his career was at stake. He was smiling as broadly as anyone else.

Later on when the verdict had been announced he came over to me. Said he wanted to apologize for the trouble he had caused, and would I please tell

the warrant officer he was sorry he cursed him? He was drunk and didn't know what he was doing.

Harrison got three years for that offense, which was to be served at one of the rehabilitation centers. About a month later the defense counsel and I, together with the warrant officer, drafted a letter of recommendation to the rehabilitation center. We explained that Harrison's only real crime was drinking. If they could make him leave it alone, after a period of incarceration, he would make a good soldier. His past record proved that much.

We heard later that eventually Harrison was released before serving his three years. He was reinstated in the Army, and immediately volunteered for overseas. That was the last I heard of him.

#### Chapter Four

No defense counsel wins many of his cases. Because they are so well investigated beforehand a successful defense can be presented only by finding some microscopic flaw in the evidence. Something the investigating officer and the Trial Judge Advocate have overlooked. They have their own reputations to protect, so they try not to overlook anything.

But many times a conscientious defense counsel can help his client make a good appearance in court. Large amounts of evidence are admissible in extenuation of the offense. The Trial Judge Advocate has to stick to proof of the crime for which the man is being tried, but the defense counsel can wander pretty far afield.

Rule Number One is always to have the defendant present a good physical appearance. In a hospital patients usually dress in red pyjamas. They don't look very military, and a man



in pyjamas somehow never looks very trustworthy. Therefore, I always made sure my clients changed to clean khaki uniforms. If necessary I got the warehouse to issue him a new one. At least I made sure that his own uniform was clean, and I impressed on him the necessity for a haircut, a clean shave, and a bright shine on his shoes. Paratroopers never had to be told these things, but men in other branches were not always so meticulous. Getting themselves in shape helped to keep their minds busy and off their troubles.

Since practically all of our patients were overseas combat veterans, it was important that they wear their medals, too. I always checked their service records to see what decorations they were entitled to, sometimes finding some they did not know about themselves. More than once the appropriate ribbon was not available and I had to borrow one from another patient. There is a wonderful spirit of camaraderie in the Army, and it reaches a high point in the guardhouse. Prisoners helped the man about to be tried to assemble the best possible uniform.

It is permissible to bring in evidence of good character, so, if a man was at all deserving, I had someone vouch for him—maybe the chaplain, maybe a commanding officer. Letters from former employers, citations earned in the Army, record of previous freedom from offenses, all these were assembled and read. Frequently they affected the sentence. Not too much, for court members get hardened eventually, but it always helps to have a man make his best appearance.

The court has considerable leeway in passing sentence. Absence without leave, for example, is punishable in peacetime with three days' confinement for every day of absence. In time of war, AWOL

for even a minute (in combat) may have disastrous effects, so the limit on punishments has been removed. The court may adjudge any punishment it thinks fit, within its own limits.

By this I mean that the three types of court-martial have fixed limits of punishment. A summary court can sentence only to 30 days' confinement at hard labor; a special court to six months; and a general court has no limits. With each day's confinement may go forfeiture of two-thirds of a day's pay. Sentences over a year (limited to general courts) carry with them a dishonorable discharge.

Since a court has so much leeway there are wide differences in the punishment. In a hospital, court members are likely to be sympathetic and lenient. There was a big infantry training camp near us where we frequently heard of sentences ten times as severe as those our courts ordered for seemingly similar offense.

This has been the big criticism of Army justice: the disparity of sentences. What the public doesn't know are the circumstances surrounding each case, and the individual record of the soldier. Naturally, a first offender gets off lightly. Most of our prisoners were combat veterans, severely wounded men. It was much easier to sympathize with their occasional drinking bouts than with a man who was relaxing from nothing more hazardous than basic training.

Even in civilian courts, I think it is agreed, sentences vary widely for similar offenses. There are several degrees of murder, for example. Should the taking of a human life always be considered in the same light, or should provocation and premeditation be considered?

The defense counsel always tries to

show extenuating factors. Homesickness was a good excuse for AWOL; sometimes rather subtle proof could be shown that his superior had taken a dislike to the accused.

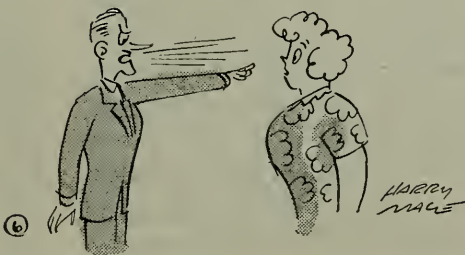
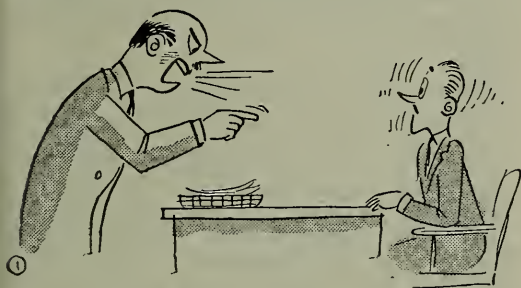
I remember one case in which I sat as president of the court. The case before us was that of a soldier at the near-by Veterans' Administration hospital—facility, they used to call it. The soldier had come back to his base somewhat intoxicated. (If you have gathered by now that drink and women are at the bottom of most men's troubles in the Army, you are right.)

He was observed by his first sergeant, who had found fault with him before—witnesses testified that they frequently argued. The first sergeant ordered the man to his quarters and gave him a

direct order, before witnesses, to remain there until he called for him.

The soldier was supposed to go on duty as a ward attendant at four P.M. A half hour earlier he left the quarters and the post for another glass of beer. At five P.M., he was still missing. The first sergeant testified that the man was missing for his formation, and that he had previously posted regular orders for the accused to report for work daily at four P.M. The first sergeant then went on to explain that he looked for the soldier in his quarters and could not find him. So—he charged him on two counts: disobeying a direct order to stay in quarters, and violating a standing order to report for duty at the fixed time and place.

Hoping to drop a hint, I asked the





sergeant which he considered the soldier's first duty: to remain in quarters as directed, or to report for duty? The sergeant thought, rather belligerently, that he should have done at least one of those things, but since he had done neither he was preferring charges on both counts.

It should be pointed out here that the maximum punishment for each offense was three months' confinement and forfeiture of two-thirds pay for a similar period. Total would have been six months, the limit of our special court.

The T J A failed to take the tip. I felt the sensible thing would have been to withdraw one of the charges. A man can't be in two places at once. He couldn't stay in his quarters and simultaneously report for duty.

The court heard the evidence, and I think rather surprised the T J A by finding the accused not guilty of failing to report for duty. We felt that the order to remain in quarters superseded his duty to report at four P.M. We knew the man was guilty of a wrong, but we also knew that the first sergeant was gunning for him. That was evident to all of us, although little was said about it in the trial. We sentenced him to three months, not the six that the first sergeant would have liked. With good behavior he was out of confinement in a little over two months.

Sometimes vindictiveness will creep into courts-martial. You have to be on the alert for it all the time. We once had a complex case involving larceny of an automobile. One of the hospital's ward attendants was accused of stealing the automobile of a patient. The facts seemed to show that the patient had arrived at the hospital with a broken leg. After the leg was set and the patient was more or less comfortable, he asked the ward attendant, in the presence of

a nurse, to get his car which had been left in town after the accident. The nurse, according to her testimony, told the ward attendant he could have time off to visit town, pick up the car, and bring it back to the hospital grounds.

The facts were a little confused after that. The accused man told me that he had met a friend on the way, and the two had looked for the car where the patient had told them it would be. But it wasn't there. However, they met some of the injured man's friends who explained that the car was parked three blocks down the street. Sure enough, it was.

Now our two ward attendants had the car, but they saw no sense in rushing back to the hospital where both should have been on night duty. So they had a beer or two—opinions vary as to how many they had. Anyway, they decided it would be pleasant to drive to another city which after all was only 160 miles away.

Here again the testimony was very confusing to the court. Ward attendant Two was struck with remorse and took the first train back. He checked in the next morning and was punished lightly for his escapade of one night. But the first soldier—and the patient's car—were gone.

Some two weeks later the county sheriff drove up to the missing man's home, saw him working on the car, and arrested him. A 'missing' notice had been flashed all over the state by hospital authorities.

I can't remember all of the charges which were filed against the unlucky soldier when he was brought back to the hospital. He was charged with desertion, larceny, disorderly conduct, and a few minor offenses. The facts were not nearly as clear as outlined above, and the various persons involved told



widely differing stories of what happened. The AWOL soldier explained to me that he had decided on a fifteen-day furlough. Everybody else in the Medical Detachment had had one, and he decided he was entitled to one, too. Furthermore, the patient-soldier had given him the keys to the car and told him to keep it as long as he wanted to—or at least until his broken leg healed, which would be many months. The man in bed said he had done no such thing. He understood that the car was to be brought back immediately. The nurse didn't know about the arrangements for the car, but she did know that the ward attendant had been authorized only a short visit to town, and certainly not a 160-mile trip. The ward attendant's friend complained that he had been misled, that he had been tempted into drinking, and that the car had been driven the 160 miles while he lay sleeping in the back seat.

There was no doubt my man was in trouble. The question was: How much trouble? I decided to look at the thing one piece at a time.

Absence without leave? We'd have to admit that. No man can decide when he's entitled to a fifteen-day furlough. The C O was sore, and wanted to make the charge desertion, which implies an intent *not to return* to military duty. With the help of the soldier's wife, who was a little too anxious to testify, I was able to show that the soldier had lived at his home for fifteen days, walked the public streets, and had never taken off his uniform. In fact, his wife insisted that he had packed his personal things preparatory to going back to the hospital and had planned to leave home a few hours after the sheriff drove up. We beat the desertion charge, and made it AWOL, for which the penalties are normally less severe.

Larceny? We could disprove that, for larceny means that the object is taken without the consent of the owner. Hadn't the patient given our man the keys to the car? Maybe it was embezzlement, then. That was a serious charge and would stand unless there was some way to prove that the soldier did not intend to keep the car, that he had just "borrowed" it for two weeks. There was no way to prove the patient had told him he could keep it that long, but that story didn't seem a likely one.

Three times I went to the guardhouse with the prisoner's wife, and each time we discussed the problem of the car. Needless to say, the soldier and his wife were lost in the legal distinction between embezzlement and larceny. I explained the situation over and over again, bemoaning my inability to make matters clear. Finally in desperation I blurted, "But who brought the car back to the hospital? How did it get back here after this man was arrested by the sheriff?"

"Oh," said his wife, with a sweet and blank look on her face, "I drove it back the following day. Jim asked me to." I heaved a sigh of relief, for if she had brought the car back voluntarily it could hardly be charged that her husband was intending to keep it permanently. Even if she did return it after he was in trouble. She had been so willing to testify, so devoted to her husband, that I had my doubts about her honesty. But from a voluminous and crammed handbag she produced a receipt for the car, duly signed by the provost marshal of our post. That bit of paper was all the evidence we needed to disprove any intent to keep the automobile permanently, and the charge was changed to wrongful use. Again, a much less serious offense.

Two things happened after the trial

which made me realize how little I knew about human nature. My "client" was off with a reasonably light sentence, six months, I think, for a host of offences. I wondered, therefore, what he wanted now when word came that he would like to see me in the guardhouse. Was he dissatisfied with the sentence? Did he have new evidence, impossible as that seemed? Didn't he understand some of the details?

It was much simpler. He merely wanted to know if I could help him get a divorce. He and his wife, the loyal, lovely but dumb wife who was willing to testify to anything, had agreed to a divorce a few months ago before all this business arose! I sent for a civilian lawyer.

The second development made me very unhappy. I had forgotten one of my basic rules. I had not learned everything about the case before going to trial. Yes, I knew everything there was to learn about the defendant, but how about the prosecution witnesses? Sometimes it pays to look them up, too. Anyway, you should always know all about them. Just in case.

One of the key points of argument in the trial had concerned the statements the patient had made to the ward attendant. *A* said he had permission to keep the car for as long as he wanted; *B* said he told the man to bring his car to the hospital without delay. Each was positive in his story. The court believed the complainant. The owner of the car was a soldier of long experience, a mess sergeant, and he appeared in court in a wheel chair. It was a sympathetic approach, in spite of the fact that his accident had only an indirect connection with the case. He looked for

all the world like a helpless invalid who had been victimized by my client in the guise of doing a good turn.

Some days after the trial I had the shock of my life when another patient told me casually, "Too bad that fellow was put in jail for stealing a car. The guy who owned that car is no good. He was drunk when they brought him in in the ambulance."

I went flying to the records. And there it was in black and white—evidence that would have damned the mess sergeant's story in open court. For on the night of the offence Sergeant X was brought in with a diagnosis of fracture, left femur, and acute alcoholism. The nurse's notes showed that he suffered from the D.T.'s—saw mice running up and down a blank wall, to be exact! There was no use crying over spilt milk, but that record would have made him a perjurer. He was in no condition to remember what he told the ward man to do with his car. He may have told him to drive it into the river, for all he could recall.

I did the only thing possible and wrote to the next higher authorities in an appeal for clemency. I sent along the nurse's notes, which showed how fallible was the testimony of the mess sergeant. I asked that the verdict be upset on the charge of wrongful use of the automobile, and that the sentence be lowered accordingly.

The reviewing authorities would not listen. I suspect they thought the man got off light enough. After all, he did go away with somebody else's car. But they'd never have convicted him if I'd had the sense to look up that patient's record beforehand.



A  
BIBLE READING  
FOR  
EVERY DAY  
OF THE MONTH



BY  
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL  
(Secy., promotion of  
Bible Use,  
American Bible  
Society)

**JUNE**

**THEME: Waiting for God**

1. **A Lonely Maid** . . . . . Ruth 1
2. **A Working Woman** . . . . . Ruth 2
3. **A Possible Husband** . . . . . Ruth 3
4. **A New Family** . . . . . Ruth 4
5. **A Funeral Dirge** . . . . . II Samuel 1:17-27
6. **Killed in Battle** . . . . . II Samuel 18:19-33
7. **A Wealthy Man** . . . . . Job 1
8. **Finding Treasures** . . . . . Job 28
9. **Those Redeemed** . . . . . Ephesians 1
10. **Your Home Life** . . . . . Ephesians 5
11. **Armor-clad** . . . . . Ephesians 6
12. **Outdoor Episodes** . . . . . Luke 8:1-25
13. **Strange Cures** . . . . . Luke 8:26-56
14. **Discipline for Disciples** . . . . . Luke 12:1-34
15. **Weekdays and Sunday** . . . . . Luke 13
16. **Guest for Dinner** . . . . . Luke 14
17. **A Song of Joy** . . . . . Psalms 30
18. **More Joy** . . . . . Psalms 32
19. **Is Life Vain?** . . . . . Psalms 39
20. **Patient Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 40
21. **Silent Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 62
22. **Hopeful Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 65
23. **Powerful Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 97
24. **A Child of Old Age** . . . . . Luke 1:57-80
25. **Careful Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 104
26. **Thankful Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 111
27. **Confident Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 118
28. **Pleasant Waiting** . . . . . Psalms 147
29. **What Say You?** . . . . . Matthew 16:13-28
30. **The Power of the Cross** . . . . . Acts 12

**JULY**

**THEME: Some Significant Stories**

1. **How to Use One's Liberty** 1 Corinthians 9
2. **How Not to Use One's Liberty**  
1 Corinthians 10
3. **Honoring Your Creator**  
Deuteronomy 10:12-22
4. **What God Did** Deuteronomy 11:13-32
5. **Mold Me** . . . . . Jeremiah 18:1-12
6. **Praising Your Creator** . . . . . Psalms 33
7. **Help in Trouble** . . . . . Psalms 46
8. **In the Beginning** . . . . . Genesis 1
9. **God Made Man** . . . . . Genesis 2
10. **Dishonorable Discharge** . . . . . Genesis 3
11. **The First Murder** . . . . . Genesis 4:1-15
12. **Noah the Sailor** . . . . . Genesis 6
13. **The Great Flood** . . . . . Genesis 7
14. **Dry Land Again** . . . . . Genesis 8
15. **The Rainbow Sign** . . . . . Genesis 9
16. **Tangled Talk** . . . . . Genesis 11:1-9
17. **Peter's Review** . . . . . Acts 3
18. **Under Arrest** . . . . . Acts 4:1-22
19. **Sharing with Others** . . . . . Acts 4:23-37
20. **Opposition** . . . . . Acts 6
21. **In Defense of His Life** . . . . . Acts 7:17-50
22. **Broken and Scattered** . . . . . Acts 8:1-25
23. **A Famous Baptism** . . . . . Acts 8:26-40
24. **Paul Starts Out** . . . . . Acts 9:23-43
25. **Cordial Brotherhood** . . . . . Acts 10:1-33
26. **The First Christians** . . . . . Acts 11:19-30
27. **Stoned Near Death** . . . . . Acts 14
28. **Vested Privilege** . . . . . Acts 19:23-41
29. **Asleep in Meeting** . . . . . Acts 20:1-12
30. **Paul's Trial** . . . . . Acts 26
31. **A Dangerous Voyage** . . . . . Acts 27





"What animal," asked the teacher of the class in natural history, "makes the nearest approach to man?"

"The mosquito," timidly ventured the little boy with the curly hair.

—Arkansas Methodist



The big firecracker boasted to the little firecracker: "My pop's bigger than your pop."

—Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Ins. Co.



Daniel Boone was once asked if he had ever been lost in the woods. "Never got lost," Boone replied. "But I was bewildered once for three days."

—South Carolina Methodist Advocate



The Washington Biological Survey puts metal bands on wild birds to study their migratory habits. The bands say simply, "Wash. Biol. Surv."

An irate taxpayer complained, "Sirs: I shot one of your pet crows and followed instructions. I washed it, I boiled it, and I surved it. It was terrible. Stop fooling the people!"

—Watchman Examiner



The man who enters a bar very optimistically often comes out very misty optically. —The Dope Sheet

For about an hour a man from Denver had been boasting to an Irishman about the magnificence of the Rocky Mountains.

"You seem mighty proud ov thim mountains," the cordial Irishman observed.

"You bet I am," replied the man from Denver. "And I ought to be, since my ancestors built them."

The Irishman thought this over for a few moments and then asked: "Did you ever happen to hear of the Dead Sea in—in one ov the old countries?"

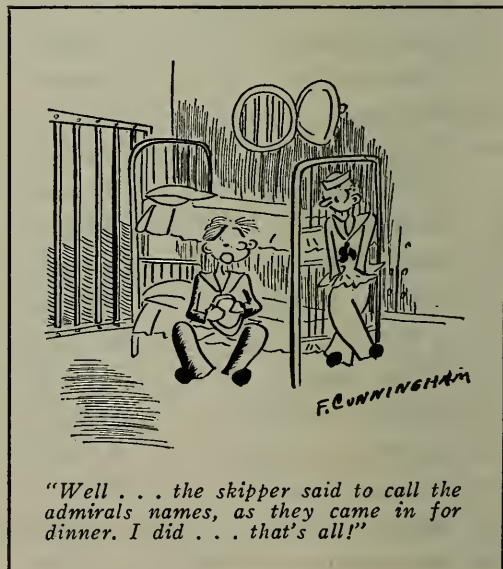
"Yes, indeed," replied the man from Denver. "I know all about the Dead Sea."

"Well, did you happen to know that my great-grandfather killed the thing?" queried the Irishman. —Exchange



A woman who fasted for sixty-two days  
To prove that the stunt could be done,  
From hundreds of Scotsmen had letters  
of praise  
And proposals from seventy-one.

—Boston Naval Shipyard News



"Well . . . the skipper said to call the admirals names, as they came in for dinner. I did . . . that's all!"

## *Churches and Organizations*

Affiliated or Co-operating with

### **THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS**

and the work of the

### **SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE**

#### **ORGANIZATIONS:**

Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations  
International Council of Religious Education  
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America  
International Society of Christian Endeavor

#### **CHURCHES:**

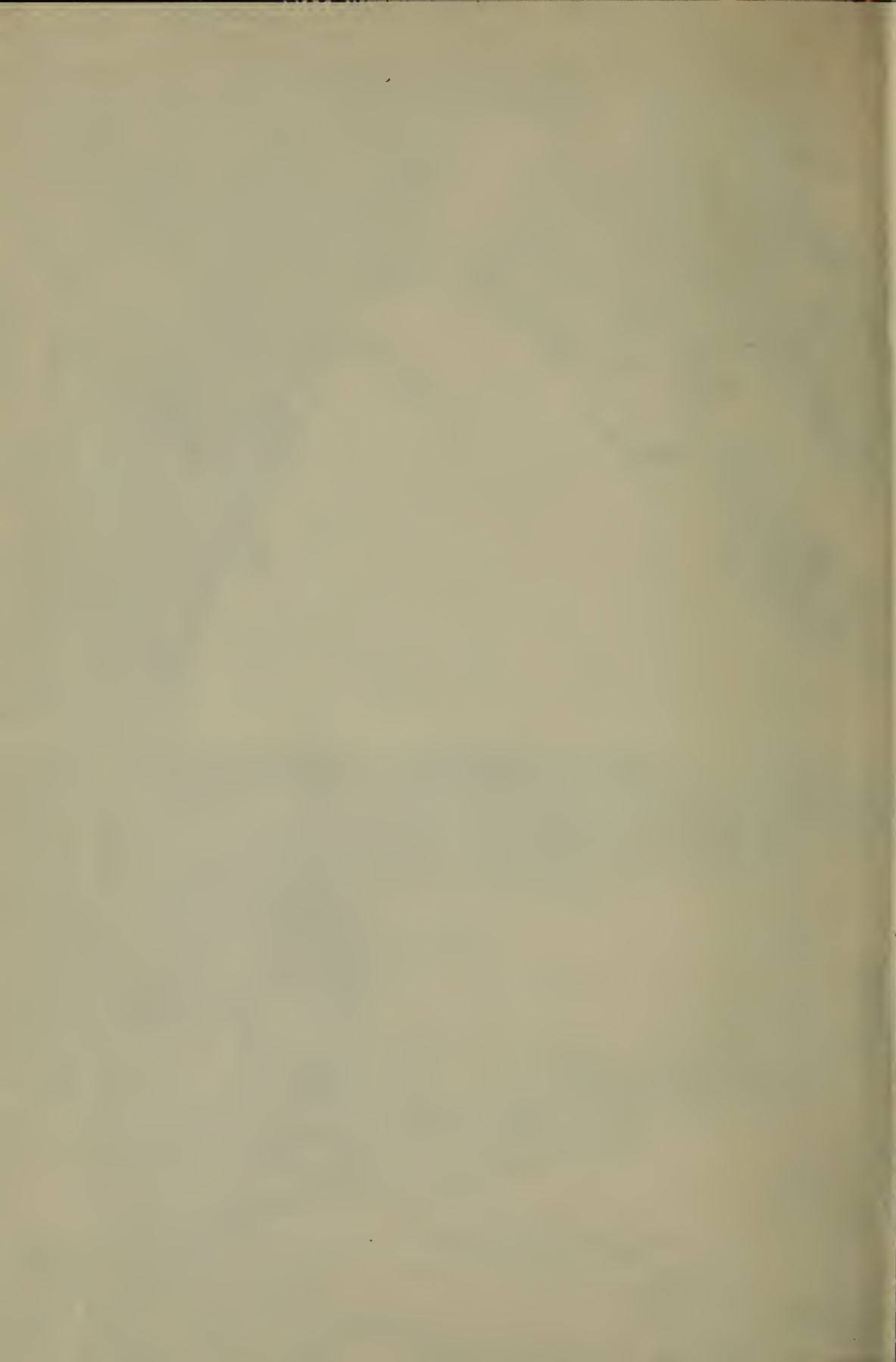
Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, General	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, North American General Conference	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist, Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Methodist, Free
Baptist, Southern	Methodist, Primitive
Baptist, Swedish	Methodist, Wesleyan
Baptist, United American Free Will	Moravian
Christian Reformed	Nazarene
Christian Science	Pentecostal Holiness Church
Church of God	Presbyterian, Associate Reformed
Churches of God in North America	Presbyterian, Cumberland
Congregational Christian	Presbyterian, United
Disciples of Christ	Presbyterian, U.S.
Episcopal	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Evangelical and Reformed	Reformed in America
Evangelical Congregational	Salvation Army
Evangelical Free Church of America	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
	United Brethren in Christ











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