



The LINK



November 1953

THE LINK

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Vol. 11

No. 11

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THE HAUNTED TEAKETTLE—You're not going to believe this any more than the magician who had the act did—but it happened! Also, WHEELS FOR MAMMA SOO HY—that familiar, hard-boiled, marine sergeant, Moose Muldoon, gets the Christmas spirit, and everyone else gets suspicious.

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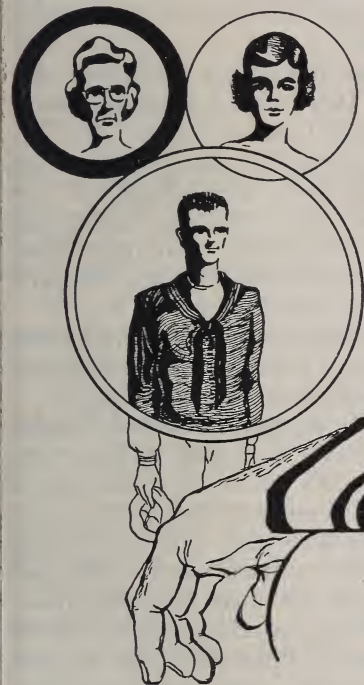
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1953

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The Biggest Frog in the Pond



jay carroll

HERB KEHOE swung the chipping hammer like a veteran. At each stroke a half square inch of ancient paint flecked off the hull of the destroyer "Carson." Herb liked to say he was the "A-number-one" paint chipper in the Navy. Seemed to him he'd done little else his whole hitch in the Navy.

If you expect your seamen second-class to be brawny and handsome and have muscles like whipcords, you would have been disappointed in Herb. He was a stringy sort of kid with eyes like he'd slept under a rock, and a yen to study medicine when his hitch in the Navy was over—which was still two months hence.

Not a shipmate doubted that he had the perseverance to become a doctor—eventually. For instance, Bruno, the boatswain's mate, said to him: "Look, Kehoe, we got to get them bitts chipped and red-leaded before skipper's inspection Friday afternoon. You got to see they get done."

From that time on Herb would swing his hammer, hour after hour, with single-minded intensity. There is a big difference between chipping a couple of bitts on deck and chipping a quarter section of the bow from deck to water line. Takes longer for one thing. If the "Carson" had been in the yard, Bruno could have given Herb an air hammer, and

the paint would have snapped off by the foot instead of the half inch.

But even so, Bruno never worried about whether the job would be done. Everybody aboard knew that Herb would stick with it hour after hour. He was that way.

To Herb the hours passed like minutes, anyway. He could take anything they'd give him from here on out. In three more days he would depart on fifteen days' leave. He would fly to Atlanta. In four more days he would be standing beside Connie Warder in the church, saying "I do." And Bruno would be standing beside him, handling the ring and other details the best man is supposed to take care of. That wasn't all.

Four of the guys in the division who lived near Atlanta were going to take leave at the same time and act as ushers at the wedding. If Mrs. Warder, his future mother-

in-law, wouldn't admit then that the Navy had some pretty fine folks, then Herb was a monkey's uncle. All she needed was to be shown.

Bruno poked his head over the side. "Hey, kid. Climb up here a second. I got to talk to you."

Ramming the chipping hammer into his belt, Herb took off the goggles. He brushed the paint chips from his forearms and climbed over the life lines. "What's cookin', Boats?"

"Got bad news. My leave's been cancelled. I won't be able to stand up for you at the wedding."

Herb's stomach knotted. Rocky Bruno was not only a first-class boatswain's mate, he was also a kind of symbol of the Navy—big, and his jaws and chin were dark blue after a fresh shave. He had a natural sort of dignity that made people say to themselves, "Here is a man." Without Bruno, a good part of the plan to show Mrs. Warder the Navy would fall flat.

Herb managed to keep the dismay out of his voice. "What happened?"

"Ship just got orders to get underway. We'll be sailing the day before you get married. The Exec. cancelled all leaves but yours. He says a man only gets married once. You're okay. It's tough luck, Herb. Maybe you can find some people at the Atlanta Air Station to fill in for us."

His heart felt like lead. He guessed he could find other sailors in Atlanta, all right. But they wouldn't be friends. They wouldn't make the impression on Mrs. Warder that these hand-picked shipmates would. Maybe he was all wrong to resent his



"Eight and one half, please."

future mother-in-law's feeling that the Navy was a poor sort of place. After all his time would be up in three more months. Maybe he should have gone along with her wish that the marriage wait till he was out of the Navy.

On the other hand, he would be seeing her off and on the rest of his life. She had to be shown right at the start that he knew what he was doing; that he wouldn't be pushed around.

Taking off his gloves, he sought out Lieutenant Commander Hurlley in the Exec.'s Office.

The Exec. was a worried-looking man whose ulcers seemed to gnaw while you looked at him. He leaned back in his swivel chair, put his fingertips together, and listened to Herb's story. But the cause was already lost.

The trouble was, it was hard for Herb to put into words the way he felt about impressing Mrs. Warder. You couldn't come right out and explain that Mrs. Warder viewed a seaman second-class with a fishy eye, and that Mrs. Warder plainly thought her daughter was making a mistake in marrying Herb while he was still in the Navy. You couldn't describe the—the—well, intimidation in the rustle of Mrs. Warder's dress.

Besides, he never could make a speech, not even back in the days when he went to Tech High. So all he got from the Exec. was a long explanation of how short-handed the ship was, and how if he could help in any other way, Herb had only to call on him. But he did give permission for Herb to go ashore right now to call Connie and tell her how the plans would have to be changed.

In the phone booth on the pier he had a brilliant idea. Why hadn't he thought of it before. He said to Connie: "The ship will only be gone ten days, so if we postpone the wedding till she gets back, we can have it just the way we planned. You see—"

Her voice seemed to come from the next room. "That's exactly what Mother wants," she interrupted. "If we don't get married now, Mother will find excuses to keep on delaying it—"

"Yeah. That's right." He rubbed his face moodily.

Then from the other end: "Mother just came in. She wants to talk to you."

His heart sank. Over and over he told himself that he would not be steam-rolled by Mrs. Warder.

"I think everything is working out for the best," she commenced smoothly after a long delay.

He had a picture of her two chins quivering as she talked. He could almost see her plump hands smoothing out a tiny wrinkle in the silk dress she would be wearing. Why, he wondered, did Mrs. Warder always wear silk?

"You can put away your sailor suit when you get home," she went on. "We'll have everyone in full dress, dear. I think that will be much more appropriate. Don't you? After all, since your friends can't come. . . ."

As he hung up Herb wondered how he got in so deeply. He really hadn't intended to convey the idea that, since the ship would be gone, Norfolk would be the ideal place for the wedding. He guessed it was plain over-enthusiasm on his part that caused Mrs. Warder to understand that hundreds of his

Navy friends wanted to see him married. It must have been his own instinctive stubbornness that made Mrs. Warder agree to his idea that he and Connie be married in the chapel on the Base.

He reported to the Exec. as soon as he got back aboard. The plans had been changed, he explained. Now it was to be a small wedding right here on the Base. If the Exec. would arrange things with the station chaplain before he left, he—Herb—would be enormously grateful.

One thing you had to admit. Mr. Hurley really did look out for his men. By the next day everything was arranged. The chaplain would be more than happy to officiate. The chaplain had made all the arrangements, even to include an organist. And please let him know what music the bridal couple wanted played.

Right up to the day before the wedding, when the ship sailed and left him behind on the beach, Herb figured he had the situation under control. The truth might have to be stretched a little to describe the ceremony to Mrs. Warder as a big social affair, but that was all right. He hadn't allowed her to steam-roller him. It would be his and Connie's wedding—not Mrs. Warder's.

Everything was in fact rosy until the special delivery letter arrived from Connie. In it she mentioned quite casually—as if he should have known all along—that "they" would be arriving tomorrow morning. Farther down the page "they" turned out to be her mother and two sisters.

He could feel the blood drain from his face. Yipes! His own

folks didn't have the money for the trip. Somehow he hadn't thought of this possibility. He and Connie would march down the aisle with the tune of the Wedding March softly filling the chapel, and over the music would be the disapproving rustle of silk from the chief spectator. Oh, yipes! No wonder Mr. Warder died years ago.

Well, he did the best he could. He talked to a lot of fellows in the barracks at the Receiving Station. They were good Joes. A gang of them promised to be on hand for the ceremony. Totting up the total of the promises he had got, he figured the chapel would be pretty nearly half-full if everybody came.

But he could imagine Mrs. Warder inspecting the guests. He could almost see her eyes resting significantly on the empty pews.

And he had to admit, the fault was his. He had given his future mother-in-law the impression that he was a pretty big frog in the pond. Why? Well, he guessed it was because she was the type of woman you had to outdo if your relations were to remain friendly. As it stood now, he would be reminded with infinite delicacy for the rest of his life what a poor sort of thing his wedding had been. Unless. . . .

After dinner he got into his dress blues and made his way to the admiral's quarters. It wasn't easy. The sentry, whose duty it was to keep the admirals from being disturbed in their quarters, had to be avoided. Herb took care of that by detouring by way of the golf course.

He stood very straight when

the servant answered his ring. "I'd like to see Admiral Ulrich," he said and made it sound as if he went to see admirals every day.

"He expecting you?" The man's voice was doubtful.

"No, but I think he'll see me. Just tell him Kehoe, seaman second-class, off the "Carson" would like to speak to him for a few minutes."

His lucky star was shining. He was ushered into the living room where the admiral sat reading the paper. He was a big man with white hair and a face like Stone Mountain. His voice was stern.

"Well, young man?"

"It's a way you could help me, Admiral." Again he remembered that he never had been any good at making a speech. But this time was a little different. The Old Man waved him into a big comfortable chair, and he nodded in agreement while he listened. It wasn't like making a speech at all.

Herb managed to get across how important it was that Mrs. Warder should be impressed. Not that he was snobbish, he wanted the admiral to understand, but that *she* was. Mrs. Warder thought the Navy was just like the gas house gang. With his own friends, he had intended to show her different. But what with the ship at sea and a pick-up gang of sailors who would only half fill the chapel anyway—well, his mother-in-law would go away with the same idea she had when she came.

"What would you like me to do?"

"I wanted to ask if—if you could find time to—maybe—give the bride away. I guess any of

the fellows who promised to come would do it. But I want Mrs. Warder to get the idea she isn't the only one who can stage a—big event. I want her to see that—civilian tails aren't the only way—"

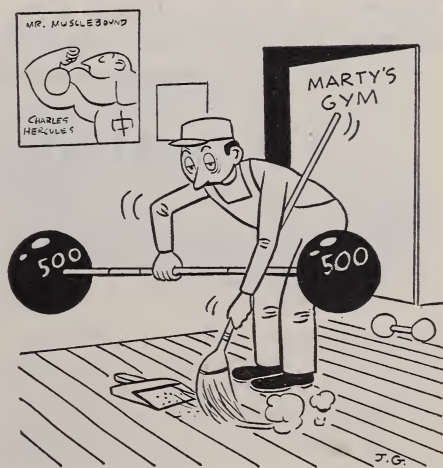
The admiral's eyes sparkled. "Hm-mm," he said several times. Then: "Of course I'll give the bride away. Might be a good idea if my Chief of Staff acted as the best man. Unless of course—"

"Oh, no, sir. It's really more than I could have asked."

He left the admiral's quarters, stepping on huge hunks of cloud. He even forgot about the sentry until the, "Hey, Mack, you ain't supposed to be in this area unless you got business—"

"I was seeing Admiral Ulrich," Herb said and vaguely noted the look of surprise that crossed the sentry's face.

Next morning he met the female Warders, all of them, including sister Bess who would be the bridesmaid and kid sister Marg who would be the flower girl. Herb kept quiet all day as to the



best man and who would give the bride away. Mrs. Warder was plainly suspicious.

He relished his mother-in-law's gasp when Admiral Ulrich showed up on time and said, "Well, Herb,"—he didn't even know the admiral knew his first name—"if I'm to give the bride away, it's high time I met her." He turned to the captain who had come with him. "Guess you know Captain Hand, my Chief of Staff. No harm in introducing him all over again though."

The admiral turned to Mrs. Warder. "Captain Hand is going to be Herb's best man. We're sort of substituting today because the "Carson" had to go to sea. It isn't the same as having his own friends, but we'll do the best we can. Unexpected ship movements are hard on everybody."

Mrs. Warder gasped again.

Herb wished he could have watched her during the ceremony. He almost wished he had been sitting beside her. For the chapel was half-full of the guys who'd promised to come. The other half was full of more gold braid than he'd seen in his life. Officers were acting as ushers. Officers glistened

in shining gold in almost every other pew. And when the chaplain had said the last words, officers stood outside with crossed swords while Herb and Connie ducked underneath to the admiral's sedan which stood waiting.

They left for Georgia right after the ceremony, Mrs. Warder and the girls going with them as far as Atlanta. Mrs. Warder kept looking at him as if he had suddenly sprouted wings. "It was a beautiful, impressive ceremony," she kept saying over and over. "Much better than having it in Atlanta. I never knew the Navy—" At that point her voice trailed off.

And back in Atlanta was the telegram that capped all that had gone before. "Congratulations," it read. "It couldn't have happened to a better sailor. John T. Masterson."

"Who," said Mrs. Warder, "is John T. Masterson?"

Herb grinned. "Oh," he said off-handedly, "he's the skipper of the 'Carson.' I sure am going to miss the Navy."

"Well," said Mrs. Warder faintly. "I should think you would. I should really think you would."

MAGIC SQUARE

by Joseph C. Stacey

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Can you place one of the numbers to the left in each square (without using any number more than once) so that they add up to 15 every way—vertically, diagonally, and horizontally? If you get stuck, try the solution on page 26.

Born 500 Years Too Soon

You have another think coming if you believe:
The Wright Brothers flew the first airplane,
The tank was introduced in World War I,
The Gatling Gun was the first machine gun—

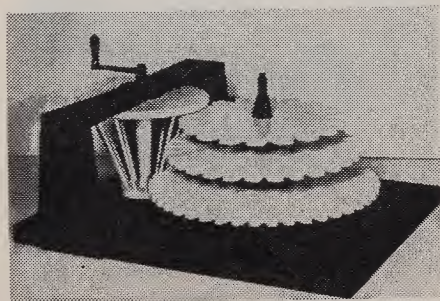
because you're wrong. These, and many other inventions by Leonardo da Vinci (famous for such works of art as "Mona Lisa" and "The Last Supper") were first conceived just about the time Christopher Columbus was stumbling his nautical toe on the American continent while hunting for the Indies.

And that nag-frightener, the horseless carriage of the 1890's, has to take a backseat too, because Leonardo made the first mechanical car. Spring-driven, its modified cousin reappeared on the roadways of Japan during World II, still useful as a means of transportation.

Leonardo's notebooks, filled with sketches of his inventions, ideas, and improvements of already-existing devices, are crammed with such foresighted things as air conditioners; pressure cookers for feeding troops in the field; triple-tiered machine guns—one barrel could be fired while the second cooled and the third was being loaded; airplanes; anatomical drawings that are still in use in some medical schools; designs for two-level highways for pedestrian and vehicular traffic; as well as the indispensable and

perhaps too-familiar roadside instrument, the jack.

Among the ideas that came newly-minted from Leonardo's mind, his aeronautical studies are the most intriguing, for they represent his obstacle-surmounting genius in its clearest form. He devised a parachute—or tent of linen, as he called it—and safely made a leap from the famed Leaning Tower of Pisa. His airplane, although it crashed after a short flight, was the fruit of his scientific treatment of the problem of flight. And we must bear in mind that he defined the now everyday

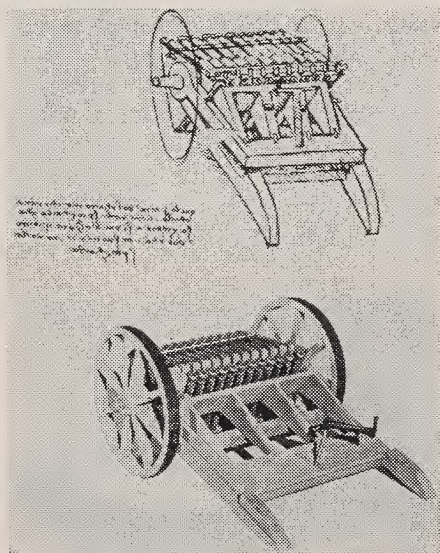


Leonardo da Vinci's variable, speed-drive, meshed, three-cogged wheels of different diameters with the same lantern wheel to obtain different speeds of rotation. The idea is found in our modern automobile.

principle of aerodynamic reciprocity two hundred years before Newton.

We are all familiar today with the helicopter that reaches easily into the mountainous areas of the Korean battleground to pluck the wounded out from under enemy fire. Well, Leonardo foresaw this aircraft too. His aerial screw is the forerunner of our helicopter, and its design makes it the prototype of today's ship's propeller as well.

In addition to these great accomplishments, Leonardo devised a stage setting for a pageant put on during the wedding celebration of one of his patrons. It was so beautiful that Leonardo's patron had it destroyed afterward



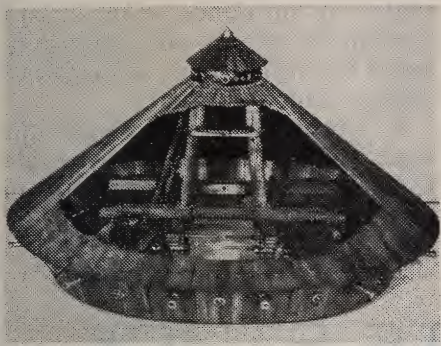
At the top is a sketch by Leonardo da Vinci of his triple-tier machine gun from which Dr. Roberto Guatelli, noted Leonardo scholar, made the model shown beneath it. To the left of Leonardo's sketch is a sample of his right-to-left mirror writing.

for fear that lesser pageants would profane it. Fittingly enough, it portrayed paradise, and the blinking stars of its surrounding firmament were lit by a thousand candles that burst into flame together, and sweet music filled the air from instruments of Leonardo's own contrivance.

Leonardo's genius is closest to us, perhaps, in his mechanical studies and devices. His studies of gears, for example, needed little development before finding themselves integral parts of twentieth-century machines. In addition to inventing the already-mentioned, first mechanically driven car, he devised a transmission mechanism that is reproduced in today's automobile, and his rotating hoists differ only in details from the indispensable crane and steam shovel of our time.

Even in his military designs, we are astonished to find him close to us. His machine guns, steam guns, and breech-loading cannons represented tremendous strides in armament making, and many of his ideas plainly foreshadowed today's developments. Perhaps the most startling of these are his armored car, ancestor of today's tank; and his mechanical bow, suggestive of the modern flame-thrower, that could hurl flaming projectiles.

In addition to his other amazing achievements, Leonardo designed canals that are still in use in Italy. From his study of fish forms, he created the spindle-shaped hull to replace the round-bottomed hull used in the ships of his time. This gave the vessels more balance and less friction against the water which meant increased safety and



A cutaway view of the enclosed tank, with breech-loading cannon, invented by Leonardo da Vinci. Its mobility was based on four independent wheels driven by manpower, and its shape was designed to withstand the impact of cannon balls of the day.

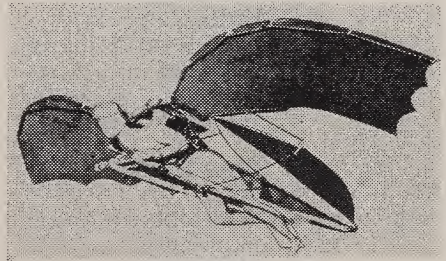
speed for mariners—and a vital advance in the economy of that society. Some of his other achievements are worth noting: he described the rings in trees in relation to the years of their growth; he observed and noted for the first time the phenomenon of a plant's bending and turning to follow the sun; he was the first modern map-maker; and he devised an instrument for measuring the radius of the earth that gave him a figure only a mile or so out of the way. He also devised a printing press that could be run by one man, and which was a great improvement over Gutenberg's that required several men to operate, thereby helping to make vast stores of knowledge more easily accessible to man.

Among the things that held Leonardo back from the full realization of his inventive genius, which as we have seen far outstripped the facilities of his time,

were, it has been said, a compact power unit and a metal sufficiently hard for his needs. Nevertheless, carried on in a spirit of free inquiry, his work has meant much to the generations that followed him.

Today, the American people have the opportunity of seeing Leonardo's drawings brought to life, despite the obstacles of war, time, and the cryptic writing in which he veiled his thoughts to keep them from idea-thieves.

A noted da Vinci scholar, Dr. Roberto Guatelli, who can decipher Leonardo's unique, right-to-left script which, being written in reverse, has to be read with a mirror, has created a new, smaller and more accurate set of models from Leonardo's sketches. (Dr. Guatelli's originals were destroyed during World War II.) These new models are on display in United States museums under the auspices of International Business



Leonardo da Vinci's airplane consisted of wooden board, two huge wings, a series of ropes and pulleys, and a windlass. Lying prone on the board, his feet in leather stirrups connected by pulleys to the wings, the flyer was to move his feet up and down to flap the wings, while at the same time he was to operate the windlass with his arms and furnish motive power to raise the machine and propel himself through the air.

Machines Corporation who acquired the collection in 1951.

In connection with his study of warfare, and perhaps inspiring it, some words of Leonardo's have come down to us with as prophetic a ring to them as some of his inventions. He wrote: "When be-

sieged by ambitious tyrants I find a means of offense and defense in order to preserve the chief gift of nature, which is liberty."

If Leonardo were to visit our world today, it is quite possible that he would find us easy to understand.

COLLEGIATE STOCK

Ida M. Pardue

The animals listed below all play football for an American college. During the pigskin season, these nicknames are so familiar that you should be able to match most of them to the schools they symbolize. If you get 10 or more right, you're a good fan, 6-9 makes you an average spectator, anything below 6, and you'd better start buying seats on the fifty-yard line. Answers are on page 20.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Razorbacks | Trinity |
| 2. Wolverines | South Carolina |
| 3. Bulls | Buffalo |
| 4. Huskies | Michigan |
| 5. White Mules | Arkansas |
| 6. Blue Hens | Delaware |
| 7. Webfoots | Washington |
| 8. Mustangs | V.P.I. |
| 9. Longhorns | Oregon |
| 10. Terrapins | Fordham |
| 11. Gobblers | Southern Methodist |
| 12. Bantams | Texas |
| 13. Rams | Colby |
| 14. Game Cocks | Maryland |

THE LION

and the lamb



Frank W. Ball

ABOARD an east-west train, we fell to discussing the unusual, unnecessary, and unbelievable laws of the land of the free and the home of the brave. After many states had been heard from, I ventured to speak for West Virginia and our town of Alderson which has a law on its statute books prohibiting lions from running at large on its streets.

A little guy across the aisle, who had kept quiet as long as he could, exploded: "And for these we pay taxes!" But he listened attentively as I told them the reason why.

When French's Great Railroad Shows came to the little town of Alderson, October 3, 1890, the lone lioness whelped five in a row. Three died. Since the lioness was the star of the animal acts, the trainer decided to drown the other two. A youngster, George Beabout, begged for them—and got them. His mother agreed.

One died, but the other lived to become large and strong. The

townsfolk, all twelve hundred of them, accepted the lion for what it was—a playful pet. It dozed on the porch of the Alderson House, tusselled with the boys on the village playground, or raced with them along Alderson's dirt streets or boardwalks.

A travelling salesman, unaware of all this, hit town one Sunday afternoon and put up at the Alderson House. An hour or two later he came out to take a stroll along the serene Greenbrier River. Tomorrow he would sell his stereoscopes, leg-of-mutton sleeve dresses, and bicycles-built-for-two to the merchants of the hamlet. But for the present, he chose to drink in the cool air of the mountains, and be glad that he was alive.

How good it was to be alive. He hadn't gone far when he thought he heard a soft patter patter on the board walk behind him. He turned to stare full into the face of a ferocious African lion!

It couldn't be! It just couldn't be! He blinked his eyes and looked again.

It was!

He became a blurry streak in the dusty street in an instant. But Leo was no piker on foot. He, too, could run—and did. No such race has ever taken place in Alderson since.

Residents sitting on their porches just laughed, if they noticed the race at all. Cold, calloused, heartless hillbillies. Ancient Rome never staged such a display of cruelty. The salesman had read of people being thrown to lions, but this was the first time he ever knew of one being hissed on a victim.

He glanced over his shoulder to see Leo steadily gaining on him after his first setback. The rays from the evening sun, just threatening to disappear behind yon distant mountain, were glancing from Leo's glistening, vicious fangs. The great tongue of the beast was dripping in anticipation of a luscious meal. The travelling salesman was really *travelling*.

The jig was up. The streaking man was tiring. No help could be expected from the cruel populace. Leo had just about hauled him in. He could almost feel the hot breath of the shaggy beast upon the back of his neck. Then he thought of the river. After all, it was better to drown than to be torn to bits by an angry beast.

Down the bank he went and struck the placid water like a giant ocean liner launching. Shades of Moses and the Red Sea experience. He surged across—it was wading deep—and raced up the bank on the other side.

Leo stood on the bank and watched the salesman's funny antics. He didn't follow. Who wanted to swim a river just for a friendly tussle with a human being?

From a safe distance, the salesman looked back—still scared. But he was alive! How good it was to be alive!—and still gulping in the cool mountain air.

Still frantic, he raced up the hill, stumbled into the office of Dr. Walter C. Beard, and fell into a faint. The startled medic revived him to hear him stammer something about "a real live lion over there chased me."

Then the doctor sat down and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. The salesman didn't laugh. It just wasn't funny to him—being chased about the streets of a mountain village by a lion. He stole back to the Alderson House, picked up his luggage, and shook the dust of the cruel, heartless hamlet from his travel-weary dogs.

The city fathers heard of the escapade and saw potential business being run away from their village. So they met and decreed by law that "No lions shall be allowed to run at large on the streets of the city."

The law-abiding Beabouts built a palisade fence about their home and Leo became a prisoner. But free-born Leo was irked by his confinement and wailed throughout the night disturbing the neighbors. Then Mrs. Susan Beabout offered him for sale by inserting an ad in the *Baltimore Sun*. The editor scoffed at the idea that a West Virginia housewife should own a real, live lion. But he ran

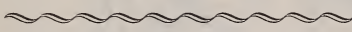
the ad. Citizens wanted him for the zoo, but the Baltimore mayor turned thumbs down. So he was sold to the National Zoo at Washington.

Some months later, Mary Beabout, George's sister, was sight-seeing in the nation's capitol. At the zoo, she walked up to the cage of a lion, put her arm through the bars, and stroked his mane. Onlookers cringed in horror as a guard raced in to "save her."

"I used to ride piggy-back on

this animal at Alderson, West Virginia, before we sold him to the zoo," she said. Records proved it to be a fact. "But don't you ever scare people like that again," she was told.

The zoo sold Leo to Ringling Brothers, and he ended his days as he began them—with a circus. The Alderson "lion law" stayed on the books until May, 1948, when charter members of the town's Lion's Club had it erased—for obvious reasons.



Sporting Tidbits

Did You Know—

That the first marathon race was held at Athens, Greece, in 1896?

That Enzo Pinza, the noted singer, was once a professional bicycle racer?

That bullfighting has been the national sport in Spain since the eleventh century?

That the game of bowling is nearly eight thousand years old?

That the footballs which are used in college and pro games cost about \$20.00 each?

That Jim Thorpe's tribal name was *Wa-Tho-Huck* ("Bright Path")?

That the flyweight class in boxing was first created in England, in 1910?

That the only time a heavyweight championship fight was ever won by a foul was on June 12, 1930, in New York, when Max Schmeling was awarded the "crown" because of a low blow by Jack Sharkey?

That an average boxer's punch travels at about 120 miles per hour?

—JOSEPH C. STACEY



THE HUNT

by WILMON MENARD

THE wild gorilla had waylaid the Congo pigmy in the forest west of Lubero and had mauled him severely—and fatally. I was on my way from Beni to Kivu, in the northeastern section of the Belgian Congo, when I heard of the savage attack and decided to visit the native village to see the results of the harrowing encounter between anthropoid and dwarf human. The *Nganga* (fetish-doctor) of the settlement led me down to the cone-roofed, thatched hut in which the pigmy hunter lay dying.

The dimly-lighted interior of the small hut was filled to overflowing with a dozen or more natives, smoking, gossiping, and alternately wailing. The expiring pigmy was stretched out on a matting on the ground, covered thinly with a length of unbleached cotton cloth which was heavily stained. It was evident that some of his rib bones had been splintered in the crushing embrace of the killer gorilla and had punctured his lungs. I quickly realized that the pigmy's hours were numbered.

I squatted down close to examine the pathetically small body, and was appalled by the severity of his injuries. Never had I gazed upon a more terribly injured human. Had he been run over by a heavy truck, he couldn't have suffered more physical damage. It was as if a willfully destructive child had torn its rag doll apart. Here was a ghastly example of bestial, animal fury wreaked upon a human. Certainly, a leopard or a rogue elephant could never have left a victim in worse shape.



Jim Burroughs

There was nothing I could do for the pigmy but give him a large injection of morphine to lessen his suffering should he regain consciousness.

But he never did. He died shortly before nightfall.

The witch doctor gave me some details of the gorilla attack. The doomed native and a friend had gone into the forest to inspect his animal traps when suddenly the gorilla sprang out upon him from the side of a narrow trail, seizing him with powerful, bone-pulverizing arms. It was an enormous beast, larger than the surviving pigmy hunter had ever seen. Unable to help his friend, he had darted into the brush, running terror-stricken back to the village as fast as his short legs would carry him. But in the quick look he had obtained of the giant gorilla, he had noticed a distinguishing scar running from a cor-

ner of its mouth to the right eye. This filled the pigmy with even greater fright. Five years ago a young gorilla had attacked a woman in a village to the north, and in the ensuing battle with the aroused hunters of the village, the gorilla had had its cheek laid open by a pigmy spear.

The *Nganga* told me: "The gorilla is now a hater of humans. Like the killer leopard he will stalk men and women of the forest, slaughtering with a crazed, blood lust. He must be killed."

While all that remained of the slain pigmy was being lowered into a grave behind the village. I was making preparations with the pigmy-hunters to strike out into the area west of Lubero, to overtake the killer. The pygmies were going heavily armed with muzzle-loaders, spears, and poison arrows. I unpacked a 303 Snider and a shotgun loaded with buckshot. Despite the Colonial Government's regulation forbidding white hunters to kill a "peaceful gorilla," I intended to drop the brute in his tracks if he made a charge for me. The Congo gorilla is quite an illiterate, and I'm sure he's never read any of the statements attesting to his docility. Anyone who had seen Bushman (now deceased) in the Chicago Zoo would never have attempted a walk unarmed into the cage.

I could not have gone after this killer gorilla with a better bodyguard than the pygmies of the Great Ituri Forest. These curious, diminutive blacks are skilled, jungle-wise trackers and hunters. They can move through impenetrable areas of the jungle without rustling a leaf or snapping a twig



"All they said at the induction center is that it should help me get into officer's candidate school."

underfoot. They are tough, subtle, and merciless on the chase. Most of them are armed only with spears and poison arrows, but they never hesitate to attack a murderous rogue.

The path we took followed westward into the dripping forest. There were stagnant pools filled with the slimy stumps and branches of trees and choked with a maze of over-arching roots and foliage which formed natural bridges over the scummy, putrid morass. Then, suddenly, we would be walking silently in huge cathedral-like areas, with the extensive branches of the great columns of bombax, mahogany, and baoba trees shutting out the view of the brazen, African sky and compressing the fetid breath of the Congo jungle into a sweetish, heavy breath of poisonous decay.

Two hours later we came upon the first signs of a small gorilla herd, no doubt the harem of the bull gorilla. There were small branches torn from trees, husks of wild cardamon fruit strewn about, and fresh spoor. While we rested there, the *kapita* (headman of the hunters) explained some of the habits of the gorilla. He breeds about December, in the cool, dry months, and the period of gestation is about five or six months. The infant gorilla begins to walk about ten days following birth, and is breast-fed for about three months. Thirty years appears to be the limit of a gorilla's life expectancy.

A chill rain set in that afternoon, compelling us to remain close to our temporary camp. The following morning we moved out

of the forest onto the open savannah. We were ascending a small wooded hill when the *kapita* suddenly gave an astonished shout and pointed backward. A thin spiral of smoke was rising from the campfire we had left behind, and in this small clearing at the edge of the forest, we saw an awful sight.

The pygmy, who had been left behind to clean up the campsite, was running and screaming. Close behind him was a huge, black bulk—a giant gorilla. The chase was short. The gorilla seemed to smother the small human in its huge arms. The pygmy shrieked once, and then only the savage roars of the anthropoid were heard. The pygmies streamed down the hill, brandishing spears, fitting arrows to bows, and giving their strange, shrill battle cries. As I ran downhill behind them, I threw a cartridge into the chamber. Once I stopped briefly to sight through my binoculars. The gorilla had risen from his victim, and now as I watched he turned his massive head and stared up at us. I distinctly saw the jagged, healed scar joining mouth and eye. Never have I seen such a look of bestial madness!

When we finally reached the clearing, he had disappeared into the forest bellowing his defiant roar of the kill amidst a shower of leaves and snapped branches that sounded like rain.

It was apparent that the powerful gorilla had made doubly sure that this stealthy, jungle-wise pygmy with his spear and poison-arrows would never rise and walk again to seek vengeance upon him.

If I hadn't know it before, I knew now that we were hunting a diabolically clever gorilla who intended to take a greater toll of human life before being overpowered and killed. It was hardly comforting to realize that even while we had slept in this same clearing, the brute had been close, watching us, planning his strategy, and choosing his victim.

The trackers sped off into the forest, following the marks of the knuckles and the imprint of the heels in the damp earth. The *kapita* sent two of the pygmies back to the village with the corpse of the hunter.

Then we set off in single file into the forest, grim-faced, all with a single purpose—to kill this crazed beast before his throttling fingers closed around the body of another human.

At noon we reached a strip of gorilla country, an elevated plateau of clay soil, with arteries of freshwater streams, mangrove-margined lagoons, and sparse forests. There was less matted undergrowth, and the landscape appeared almost subtemperate in comparison to the reeking, tropical forests we had just passed through. There was an exceptional quantity of wild fruits (which gorillas favored) and the adjoining village offered bananas, pineapples, sugar cane, and wild honey. The bull, no doubt, would permit his harem to pause here to eat before continuing the westward escape.

The headman of this village confirmed this belief. A small herd of female gorillas had stopped to wreck the communal vegetable gardens at the edge of

the forest. I went with the others to view the damage. Banana trees were pulled up, as were peanut vines, maize, and manioc. Two weeks previously, this same herd led by the killer gorilla had passed close to the village, but they had been driven off before they could damage the growing things in the garden. They had succeeded in shooting one of the vandals, and its skin was now stretched on a scaffolding.

The chief of the village informed us that some of his hunters had set off in the wake of the destructive gorillas.

After a quick meal in the village, we entered the gorilla country to the north and followed a new spoor that had started just beyond the vegetable garden.

Suddenly, a short distance in the forest, the loud explosion of a muzzle-loading rifle rang out, followed by a screaming that was startlingly human.

The *kapita* stopped short and held up his hand for silence. The agonized shrieking still continued. He turned toward me. "It is the voice of a wounded *ngagi*," he announced.

We ran quickly toward the sound. We came to a small clearing where three natives of the village we had passed through were standing around the still body of a female gorilla. A baby gorilla was still clinging to her, squealing piteously and biting at the natives hands whenever they tried to reach her. Finally one of the bolder natives got a bush vine around the infant's neck and threw a burlap sack securely over its head. I examined the female gorilla. She measured more than six

feet, stretched out, and was covered with very black, coarse hair.

The hunters of the village declared that they had come upon their kill in a tree. They were sure she had been waiting there for the return of her mate.

My pygmy *kapita* was visibly worried when we continued our march. "This *ngagi* is one of the killer gorilla's females," he said. "When *ngagis* are running away from hunters they hide females with babies in trees, and then come back for them later. A bull gorilla is very dangerous when he loses one of his females with child."

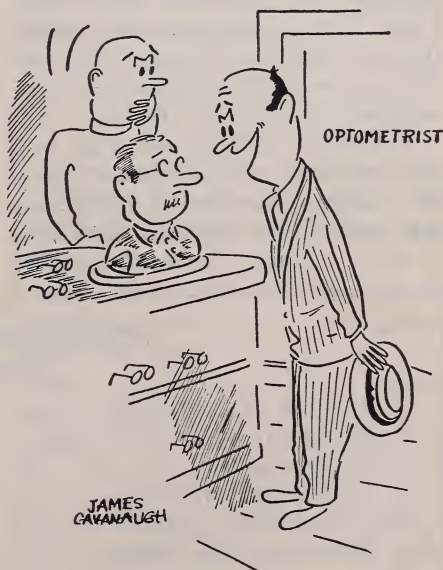
Less than a mile beyond this clearing, we came upon the remains of a meal of bananas, manioc, and peanuts left behind by the foraging gorillas. From this point on we proceeded very cautiously.

Then, suddenly, not far away the low sound of a gorilla's grunting reached our ears. The grunts seemed to contain a note of interrogation, as if signalling to another to verify the sound of the gunfire that had slain the mother gorilla.

The *kapita's* face flashed around toward me, and he lifted his hand and dropped it, motioning me to find concealment. As if by magic, the pygmies disappeared from the path, reaching the cover of low bushes, tree trunks, and shallow areas. I took up a prone position behind the huge base of a bombax and released the safety catch on my Snider. I sensed imminent danger. Every nerve responded to a warning that seemed almost electric. In a nearby tree a monkey

peered with frightened eyes through a leafy frame. An African eagle poised on a high limb kept his gaze fixed upon something which we could not see. I drew in my breath slowly. Somewhere close at hand was a huge, cunning killer.

Now, almost imperceptibly, the slight rustling sound of a body brushing against a low bush was heard, followed by a light swish of a sapling whipping back into place. A huge bulk was moving stealthily through a barricade of brush. The *kapita* turned his head and I could see that his eyes were blinking with excitement. I nodded to him, indicating that I had my rifle ready. Although they had their spears, bows and arrows, and a few muzzle-loaders, they felt better that a superior weapon was at hand should they make a



"I know it's silly, but my wife insisted I come in for a checkup!"

miscalculation in a spear throw, an arrow, or a deflecting slug.

Then there was a silence that seemed interminable. Now there was the sound of a heavy tread . . . another . . . closer. It reached the grove just in front of us . . . entered. There was a faint brushing sound of a moving body against the maze of flora. A twig snapped underfoot not very far away. I shall never forget my mounting fear in the disquieting silence that followed. Where was the killer gorilla? Had he sighted us already? Was he stalking us, ready to throw himself into a murderous rampage?

I stared at the green barricade around us where the patches of dark shadows and sunlight made confusing, irregular patterns. I saw a low branch shiver, as if moved by a giant hand. The wind rose suddenly with a curious rushing sound and poured like a relentless tide through the forest. I saw the *kapita's* nostrils twitch like a rabbit's. I knew that his sharp smell had winded the unmistakable odor of gorilla.

I gazed warily upward, and through the extended branches of the mighty bombax I could see the pale, blue African sky with a lone, fishing buzzard soaring

about in wide, deliberate circles.

Now it was so quiet I could hear the heavier beats of my heart. Every pore seemed to be filtering ice water. An itch developed on the end of my nose, but I did not dare to chance the movement to scratch it. The *kapita's* head snapped around again; he frowned. I had lightly touched the root of the tree with the muzzle of my rifle.

Five minutes passed . . . ten . . . fifteen. Then suddenly, off to our left, there was a rustling of leaves. All eyes focused in this direction. Now there was a loud crashing of a huge body through the matted foliage. It was as if an army tank had suddenly started through an obstruction in the forest, flattening everything that barred its progress. The gorilla was advancing to attack recklessly.

I raised my head fearfully. In that split second the gorilla roared, and in that horrible rush of sound there followed the terrifying throb as huge hands crashed upon a wide chest. He had winded the hated humans, and now he had discovered our position. He was about to charge!

In the next instant, not seventy feet from me, the heavy green wall of jungle bushes parted like

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

(page 10)

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Arkansas Razorbacks | 8. Southern Methodist Mustangs |
| 2. Michigan U. Wolverines | 9. Texas Longhorns |
| 3. Buffalo Bulls | 10. Maryland Terrapins |
| 4. Washington Huskies | 11. V. P. I. Gobblers |
| 5. Colby White Mules | 12. Trinity Bantams |
| 6. Delaware Blue Hens | 13. Fordham Rams |
| 7. Oregon Webfoots | 14. South Carolina Game Cocks |

a theater curtain; but instead of the fatuous, calcimined face of a clown, there was the enormous and awesome head of a giant bull gorilla. Never will I forget the deep-set, rheumy eyes gleaming with animal savagery and hatred, the bared, yellow teeth and tusks, and the wide flared nostrils excitedly hissing air.

I raised my rifle, but the brute saw the movement and stared straight at me. I was completely exposed to his fierce glare. One huge arm crashed through the green wall, and he lurched heavily into the trail, filling it like a towering monster of another world.

He roared again, and he rose higher, balancing a moment on his great hindquarters. He took a step toward me, his huge arms extended and spread. His great head lolled horribly. Now he dropped forward, shuffling to the attack on all fours, bristling the crest, growling, and grimacing. The thick lips wrinkled convulsively back over the huge teeth and fangs. He seemed to sway, rocking his gigantic body from side to side as if to make a difficult target. The points of the pygmies' spears lifted. The *kapita* was now on his feet, ready to launch his. I was aiming at an imaginary line just below the oncoming beast's shoulder. A pygmy rose up, almost under his arms and tried to hurl his spear. But the gorilla leapt aside and seized him. I saw the terrified pygmy's eye close as the huge animal crushed his small body hard against the massive chest. The gorilla dropped him and continued his advance upon us with his curious, lumbering gait.

Now I could fire. My finger squeezed the trigger as the gorilla was brought on sight again. The explosion cut short his roar. He stopped as if seized by a stroke of paralysis. His head jerked back, and he gave a deafening roar of rage and pain. Bright red blood fountained from his enormous chest. Now a spear glittered in swift flight through the air, missing his neck by a fraction of an inch. The killer had stopped, his body rigidly braced. His hands tore at the gaping wound. Another pygmy sprang into the path with a spear. But the point buried itself shallowly in the gorilla's shoulder and fell out immediately. An old muzzle-loader roared. Missed! Now the gorilla moved forward once again, head lowered, nostrils flaring.

I fired again. Still he came on. Again I fired. Now slowly, as in a slow-motion film, the giant gorilla began to slump. But the collapse was stopped by the sheer power of animal fury. He straightened and shuffled forward. I steadied my nerves for another shot. But a pygmy, very close, stood straight up in front of the advancing killer and exploded his muzzle-loader, almost into the face of the brute.

The giant gorilla shivered in all its length and gave a coughing grunt. He started to fall; but suddenly, as if a hidden spring worked within him, he straightened up with superhuman strength. He was staring straight at me now with his awful eyes. He knew I was his chief enemy. He advanced quickly for the kill. I waited until he was very close, until I saw the jagged scar that

ran from mouth to eye socket—then I fired!

He stopped short again, in mid-step, and very slowly he fell sideways, grunting in pain. His legs worked desperately as he tried to regain footing. A spear impaled his side and another buried itself in his stomach. Arrows were now whistling through the air, striking into flesh with curious *shhuk!* sounds. In an instant the gorilla became a pincushion, bristling spears and arrows. He tried to crawl into the thick foliage, but his waning strength would not

carry him through the entanglement. His feet and arms moved convulsively; then finally they slackened, and he was just a huge, dark, motionless mound.

Cautiously we moved closer. Four of the pygmies, bolder than the others, pried him over on his back. We formed a circle about him, staring down into the still frightening countenance of the killer. The expression of savage cruelty and murder was still contained there. But this giant gorilla would kill no more.



The Navy Mascot

Ever wonder how a goat was picked to be the mascot of the United States Naval Academy football team?

Well, it is supposed to have started back in 1890. In that year, some Navy fans were making their way from the railroad station in West Point, New York, to a playing field where Army and Navy were to meet for the first of what has become a long and lasting series of football contests.

Because there weren't very many Navy supporters on hand at the Army field, the Annapolis students decided the morale of their team would be bolstered by the appearance of some sort of a mascot.

It wasn't long before the Navy rooters spotted a young male goat grazing alongside the roadway. Inquiry at a nearby farmhouse disclosed the owner of the animal, and, after a bit of dickering, the Navy fans bought the goat for one dollar.

With their mascot on the sidelines, the Middies swept to a 24-0 victory over their cadet rivals, and the goat from then on was adopted as the official Navy mascot.

—BILL KREH



the Riches of Writing

FEW people enjoy being patients in hospitals. As one who spent time in seven army and VA hospitals, I know. But there isn't anything you can do about it. You're in—and that's that. Or is it?

A hospital doesn't have to be the end of the world. A man's vision doesn't have to stop at the walls and ceilings. The rich streams of life flow by you, past your bed, your wheelchair, your crutches.

You've heard this lecture before? Somebody came around and said you ought to pick up a hobby? Fine. I'll stop moralizing and get down to facts.

Let others try to sell you on ceramics, painting, acting, basket weaving, tooling, leather goods, building radio sets, or strumming the guitar. I offer writing—which you can do in addition to any of the above. I mean the writing of stories, articles, plays, and poetry. I've been doing it for three years while attending college, and have sold 150 manuscripts. Maybe a little of what I learned can make life in the hospital—or wherever you are—just a shade more interesting.

Perhaps no field is as free of rigid rules as writing. There are

really only a few requirements. Generally, you have to write in the English language—and the editors will appreciate it if you spell your words correctly and if your grammar makes sense. You should write on one side of the paper, double-space, and your copy should be typed.

But that's getting way ahead of ourselves. To *start* writing you need only paper and pencil. If you can type, so much the better. But don't let the inability to type or the lack of a typewriter stand in your way. It really won't be that important for a while.

I spoke of spelling. Don't wait until you're a perfect speller before you start scribbling. Get a dictionary and learn as you go along. Frankly, I'm the world's worst speller. It's so bad that my wife used to kid me about it. But I always had a comeback. It was a simple question for which she never could find an answer. "How many acceptances have you had this month?"

Grammar can be another bugaboo. But as you practice writing, you will acquire a sort of "instinctive" understanding of grammar. I still can't tell a split infinitive from a dangling participle, but my grammar has improved

about ninety-eight per cent in the last three years. Or so says a very critical editor who threw back my first offerings in horror. As you keep on writing, words begin to fall into place and you can tell, just by looking at a sentence, whether it is constructed correctly.

About every other day somebody on the campus comes up to me and asks: "What do I do in order to write?" The answer is so simple that it is never satisfying. But it is the only logical answer I know how to give. It is, very bluntly, this: In order to write, write. All the theory in the world is no substitute for the simple act of scribbling.

Nobody can give you a formula for writing, you have to learn it through the practice of writing. Nobody can give you a short cut to developing a style; a style comes out of writing and is, in fact, nothing more than the skillful extension on paper of your personality.

I have been asked questions such as these: What kind of thing shall I write? Shall I make an outline first? How many words a day shall I write? What hours are best for writing?

Let's not kid ourselves. All of these questions are nonsense. They are, I frankly believe, excuses not to write.

What to write? Whatever you please. An outline? That's up to you. Whatever comes natural is best. Personally, I never make an outline. I just brood on something until all the pieces fall into place, then I sit down and get it out of my system. How many words a day? As many as you feel like

writing. After a while you'll find your capacity. The best hours? That, too, is personal. If you are doing lots of writing, you can begin to discipline yourself but, I still say, the best time to write is when you feel the urge. And the more fun you have out of writing, the more urge you will feel.

My own opinion is that the beginner, like the professional, should have a pad with him at all times and just write things that pop into his head. And a hospital, though it may not seem like it sometimes, is full of interesting things to "sketch." Can you see the sun rise in the morning or set in the evening? You can! Describe it. How does it look? Does it appear any different when you're feeling blue? What does it remind you of? How did it look back home? How many colors do you see around the sun? What are the colors of its shadows? What is each of your friends on the outside doing as the sun goes down?

How does the rain fall? Does it weep, does it sing, does it swarm to earth with the crash of horses' hoofbeats? What does it do to the ground, the trees, the pavements, the birds, the buildings? What does it do to you and to those around you?

What does lightning look like? What does the thunder sound like? Have you ever been caught in the open with the fiery spears of lightning hurtling past you? Have you ever watched animals shiver when thunder rumbled across the sky and seemed to shake the earth?

Describe things and people, the obvious things and the subtle

things. The way the doctor or the nurse walks, the pensive expression on the face of the man across the aisle when he gets a letter from home, the dialogue between two kibitzers, the way the patients fill the auditorium when a movie's on, the excitement on visitors' day.

What do you "see" in a piece of orchestral music? Meredith Wilson has a program on the radio in which he plays a "mystery tune" and then invites listeners to describe the word pictures they saw in the music. But you don't have to wait just for that program to play the game. Lots of people did it before they ever heard of Meredith Wilson. It's a good way to translate the intangible into the real. Describing the rain, the wind, the rising and setting of the sun, the lightning and the thunder are wonderful ways to translate the real into the intangible.

Don't be ashamed to reveal your feelings. The great writing comes from the heart. And you will find a genuine satisfaction in reading something bright and deep that has come out of you.

Don't get critical at first. That will come eventually. The important thing is to write, express yourself. Pretty soon you will be developing plots and creating characters. Or you will begin to work up articles. But all of that in its own sweet time. Don't rush, don't get anxious. Just write. Write for fun, write for the pleasure of it.

If you get to the point where you really want to learn the mechanics of writing, than I suggest a very simple process. Put a

short story by Hemingway, or Anatole France, or de Maupassant, or some other great writer before you and copy it a sentence at a time. As you write, note how each word was used, how each word seems so "logical," so exact for the purpose. Doing this, you will get a good idea of story construction.

The same principles can be applied to other kinds of writing—articles, plays, poetry, novels, radio scrips—even jokes.

Everybody who writes ought to do a lot of reading. And I don't mean just the stuff that comes out in the current magazines. Far more important is literature which has survived the test of time. Don't let anybody spoil your pleasure by telling you that guys and gals like Tolstoi, Mark Twain, Romain Rolland, Edgar Allen Poe, Walt Whitman, Bernard Shaw, Willa Cather, Ida Tarbell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes are "too deep." They're as exciting and as hard to put down as anything you can find on the newsstands, and a lot more rewarding from the standpoint of learning how to write.

It's a good idea to read slowly, and to read aloud if possible. You get more out of it that way. And after a while you begin to understand just what devices the author uses to put across his word pictures.

Want to write for publication? It's not so difficult if you don't set your sights too high—at first. Does your hospital have a paper? Contact the editor. He'll be glad to know you. But don't put your pencil aside if the assignments are meager. Remember, if you remember nothing else: the impor-

tant thing is to scribble, about anything and everything.

Does the town in which the hospital is located have a newspaper? Well, why not send in some sketches of hospital life to the editor? He may be one of the indifferent kind and not even answer your letter. But he may just as well be a very decent fellow and give you some advice.

You can, of course, always put out your own "paper." I did. I just took a couple of sheets of typewriter paper, ran lines down the middle so that each sheet had two columns, and wrote up items about the hospital, events on the outside, and "personals" on the fellows in the ward. Then the "paper" was passed around from bed to bed. Or it was hung up, in an ambulatory ward, where everybody could look at it. The fellows enjoyed it immensely, and I had lots of fun.

A good outlet for writing is the letter. Yes, the simple, modest, unsung letter. Don't dash them off, even if it's the 981st you've sent to your folks in the past three years, or the 126th you've written to your wife in the past three months. Into each letter put the best of yourself; the deepest thoughts, the richness of your soul, the hunger for life, the longing for the people and the things you love, the best of your humor.

Your sketch on the rising or setting of the sun, the falling of rain or snow, the trembling of bare branches in the cold wind, the awful vengeance of lightning, the first blades of grass after the long winter, the first bird of spring, the shy smile of the new nurse, the grouchiness of the old doctor

when his golf game is off—all of these and a million more are grist for your mill in the writing of letters.

I knew a fellow in an army hospital who wrote such interesting and spellbound letters that his family and friends encouraged him to try his hand at short stories. He did, and today he makes a good living at it.

Whether financial rewards follow from your letter writing is really immaterial, it seems to me. The most precious rewards are the unfolding of your talents and the excited responses to your letters from those to whom you write.

So try your hand at writing. It can be done in almost any position, costs practically nothing, doesn't have to wait for any room to be unlocked, and is as independent and personal as you can get. On a simple sheet of paper you are the master of your ship. You can go where you desire, fancy up what you wish, choose your companions, lash the villain, win the girl, soar to heights limited only by your own imagination.

You have nothing to lose but some hours that might otherwise be boring.



Solution to **MAGIC SQUARE**

(page 6)

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

The Man

behind

The Nobel Prize



Bennie Bengtson

PERHAPS," wrote Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite and one of the world's great industrialists, "my factories will end war sooner than your congresses. On the day when two army corps will be able to annihilate each other in one second, all civilized nations will recoil from war in horror and disband their forces."

The above was written to a friend who took an active part in the World Peace Congresses, nineteenth-century forerunners of the League of Nations and the United Nations.

Nobel had worked for years, risking his own life many times, to develop dynamite. There was a great need, he felt, for a safe and at the same time powerful explosive that could be used in mining, in road and bridge building, and wherever blasting was necessary. It was not his intention or desire that this high explosive should be used in war—for the destruction of life and property. Making money out of human misery was an idea extremely repugnant to him. He honestly believed that

the dynamite he had evolved was "a substance of such frightful efficacy for wholesale destruction that it would make wars altogether impossible."

It is clear to us now that Nobel was too optimistic. Even the atomic bomb, infinitely more powerful and destructive than his dynamite, has not achieved a "peace by frightfulness."

Several wars—the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, and the Russo-Turkish War in 1877—apparently made Nobel doubtful, too, that people could be scared into peace by new and more horrible methods of destruction. For in 1893, only a few years before he died, he wrote: "If in thirty years we shall not have succeeded in reorganizing the world, it will inevitably relapse into barbarism."

And so Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, made his will. He provided for a few small legacies, then left the bulk of his fortune—some eight million dollars—to be invested in "stable securities" by the executors. The

annual interest was to be distributed in five equal prizes "to the person who made the most important discovery or invention" in the fields of peace, literature, physics, chemistry, and medicine.

It was his last contribution toward a better world. His first—dynamite—had been, to his chagrin and disappointment, used greatly for evil purposes. Perhaps the Swedish inventor set up the prizes to atone for the harm, however unintentional on his part, that had been done by the use of his explosives in the waging of war. For these prizes were to be awarded to those who made notable contributions toward the betterment of life on earth.

Born in Stockholm, Sweden, on October 21, 1833, Alfred Nobel was a sickly child. It was a handicap he never overcame, for he did not enjoy robust health at any time in life. Suffering from a weakness of the spine, he spent much time in bed as a boy, and was unable to take part in any strenuous exercise even later in life. Though he could not work hard physically, he never coddled himself, or became inactive or lazy. As a youth he was always mentally alert, pursuing his studies with energy and industry.

For several years he attended school with his brothers in Stockholm. Then the family moved to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where his father was engaged in a manufacturing business. Here the boys studied under tutors. When he was eighteen, his father sent him off on a tour that took him through most of the European countries and to the United States. While in New York City he was the guest

of John Ericsson, who will be remembered as the Swedish inventor and builder of the "Monitor," famous for its battle with the "Merrimac." On his return he joined his brothers, going to work for his father's manufacturing firm.

Always someone in the family seemed to be experimenting with explosives. Alfred's father, Immanuel Nobel, spent years in research and experiment, trying to evolve an explosive that would be powerful, yet safer than nitroglycerine. The idea of dynamite, when it finally came to Nobel, did not drop out of a clear sky. It was pretty much of a family affair, developed through innumerable attempts, experiments, and failures. It took a business depression, following the close of the Crimean War, and the crash of his father's firm in 1859, to put them still closer to their goal. Then the father and Alfred returned to Sweden where they devoted all their time to experimenting with "explosive oil" (nitroglycerine) and gunpowder. They tried mixing nitroglycerine, which was very dangerous to handle in the liquid form, with many other substances—powdered charcoal, brick dust, cement, and sawdust—to make it safer. None of them worked out to their satisfaction.

Then one day Alfred opened a shipment of nitroglycerine that had been packed in a clay-like mixture called *kieselguhr*. A can had broken open and its contents leaked out. He tried to detonate some of the mixture, and knew at once that he had found what he was looking for. This was in 1866. A year later the Nobels were man-

ufacturing and selling the compound under two names—"Dynamite" and "Nobel's Safety Powder."

"Dynamite," writes one of his biographers, "spread like wildfire. Nobel's enterprises grew faster than any business in history until radio came along." Factories were established in Germany, England, France, Italy, the United States, and many other countries throughout the world. In the matter of a very few years Alfred Nobel was a multimillionaire.

For many years he lived in Paris, spending the winters in Italy. Every year, however, he returned to Sweden for his mother's birthday. He sent her money frequently, money she spent on charities for the most part. He never married, and took but little interest in things not connected with his work. For years he made it a practice to spend much time working in his laboratory. At length an over-taxed heart gave out, and he died on December 10, 1896, at the age of sixty-three.

The young pastor of the Swedish congregation in Paris spoke at his funeral. He said: "It followed naturally that in the public eye he should have figured too much as a rich and remarkable man and too little as a human being. Let us not perpetuate this error now that he is dead. For to the life beyond the grave we can take neither our possessions nor our achievements, and must leave behind our earthly happiness as well; and in such

happiness he may well seem to us to have been poor enough, in spite of all his possessions and the affection of his associates. It was his choice or his fate to live alone; and he died alone, without a hearth to cheer him, or the hand of son or wife to smooth his brow. Nor was he a man to be hardened by money or success, or embittered by loneliness; to the end of his life he remained warmhearted and kind. In the life beyond, all that matters is to have lived nobly."

In 1930, thirty-four years later, this same minister received the Nobel Peace Prize. He was then Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of Sweden. His name was Nathan Soderblom.

Many other well-known figures of our time have been Nobel Prize winners. Theodore Roosevelt won the peace award in 1906; Woodrow Wilson in 1919. Roentgen, discoverer of the X-rays, was awarded the first Nobel Prize for physics in 1901; Albert A. Michelson received it in 1907; and Albert Einstein in 1921. In literature many famous names could be mentioned, among them Kipling and George Bernard Shaw of England; and Sinclair Lewis and Pearl Buck of the United States. Only one individual has won two Nobel Prizes—Marie Curie of France. She shared the 1903 physics award with her husband, and in 1911 got the Nobel Prize in chemistry, this time alone, for her discovery of radium.



The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed at it.



Jay Carroll ("The Biggest Frog in the Pond," page 1) is "a naval officer by day, a writer by night, and a dreamer all the time. Between dreams of a farm in Oregon, the fight nights on TV, and other programs, the writing too often takes a back seat." Mr. Carroll has sold to *Pen Magazine*, *Twelve Fifteen*, *Everybody's Digest*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and *Life and Health*.

"I began writing on a second-hand Underwood twenty years ago," writes Frank Ball ("The Lion and the Lamb," page 11) "and four years later got my first check—for \$4.00." Since then Mr. Ball, a Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad man, has written for many publications.

LINK readers will remember Wilmon Menard ("The Hunt," page 14) for his exciting account, "Dangerous Fishing," which was featured in the July issue. The wanderlust has taken Mr. Menard to many parts of the globe, and it is from his own personal experiences that he takes his stories. During World War II, Mr. Menard went overseas as a combat correspondent, covering the invasions of Emirau Island, Peleiu, Iwo Jima, and the liberation of Luzon.

Ralph Friedman ("The Riches of Writing," page 23) should be well-known to LINK readers for his entertaining articles on life in the early West. Mr. Friedman, an army veteran working on his Ph.D., has contributed to the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and several magazines.

Bennie Bengtson ("The Man Behind the Nobel Prize," page 27) combines free-lance writing with farming in the Red River Valley. "There's nothing monotonous about it either," says Mr. Bengtson who especially enjoys writing for outdoor magazines.

Carl S. Ledbetter (United Fellowship Outlines, page 32) is the chaplain of the 47th Army Division located at Camp Rucker, Alabama. He is a minister of the Disciples of Christ fellowship, and has made an outstanding record in the chaplaincy.

Al Kiefer, an advertising designer for a large pharmaceutical manufacturing firm and a World War II Navy veteran, takes credit for "The Biggest Frog in the Pond" illustration. Mr. Kiefer was attached to an exhibit section of the Navy during the Korean emergency.

The style of James Burroughs, who illustrated "The Hunt," should be familiar to LINK readers. Mr. Burroughs is responsible for last month's drawings for "Everybody Fishes in Hawaii," and has worked many previous stories for THE LINK.

United Fellowship

Now If I Ran The Link....

There is a very clever book by Dr. Suess entitled "If I Ran The Zoo." I've read it to our children so many zillion times that I need only shut my eyes to see all the wonderful things that young McGrew planned to do if he ran the zoo. He had some mighty super ideas.

Now that I have taken over as editor of our magazine, I am even more conscious than ever of the danger of the "ivory tower." Our staff goes along working from month to month on as many as three issues at one time. When

each issue comes off the press, we look it over most carefully and usually come up with the comfortable feeling that it turned out to be a good magazine. One month's success gives us courage to tackle another month.

But is it as good as it could be? Does it fill the place it is intended to fill? What could make it better for the thousands who read it? How can we do a better job? Those are questions we need to ask. More important, they are questions we need to have answered. Every year we ought to have a checkup of the editorial health of THE LINK. We ought to always be ready to change it for the better at a moment's notice.

It is fall now—the time for checking up on things. Will you give us our annual checkup? The first bit of time you have to spare will you—chaplains and everyone else—sit down and write us a letter which starts, "Now if I ran THE LINK. . . ." We'll certainly appreciate it a lot.



—Joe Dana

Making Thankfulness Count

Study Outline for November 1-7

Carl S. Ledbetter

Just What Are You Thankful For?

Aims for This Program

1. To discover the basis for Thanksgiving.
2. To take time out to count our blessings.
3. To evaluate the relative values of our blessings.
4. To search for an adequate means of expression of our gratitude.

Background Material

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Psalm 100; I Tim. 2:1-4; Phil. 4:4-9

NOVEMBER, the month of our American celebration of Thanksgiving Day, offers an excellent opportunity for us to analyze our own attitudes, and possibly to challenge ourselves to exemplify in our daily lives the principles of Christian thanksgiving. We will need to clear our minds of some fuzzy thinking and, in the spirit of Christian adventure, dare to chart our course so that we can cut through the false ideas which are beginning to surround our observance of this holiday and return to its observance as a Christian festival with deep spiritual meaning.

CHRISTIAN THANKSGIVING

Christian thanksgiving has been defined as "acknowledging and confessing with gladness the benefits and mercies which God bestows upon ourselves or others."

Most certainly, the Psalmist who sang "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord" was doing more than expressing gratitude for physical blessing. It would not take long to discover a dozen references in Paul's writings which express the idea that Thanksgiving for physical and spiritual blessings are entirely in accord with God's will. (I Cor. 14:17; II Cor. 2:14; I Thess. 2:3, 3:9; Eph. 5:20)

IS THANKSGIVING NATURAL?

Thanksgiving is one of those subjects that seem simple to us because they are so familiar. Actually it is quite a complicated matter. Careful analysis of the basis of thanksgiving reveals that it is not a spontaneous reaction. Certain impulses are classified as "native"—which means that they appear at birth or soon afterward. Thankfulness is not one of these.

Give a hungry baby a bottle of warm milk, and he receives it without any emotional display, but if you take it away before he has finished, look out! He "howls his head off" to show his disapproval. He did not need to be taught to express anger or dissatisfaction! After a while the child learns through experience and example that he can more readily obtain what he wants by using the magic word "please." About this time he also learns that a "thank you" upon receipt of some gift or favor tends to bring satisfactory results as well.

Somewhat later the child may give a spontaneous hug to the favorite uncle who usually brings a gift, or who at least lavishes some attention upon him. Here, however, *appreciation* is combined with expectation; thanksgiving is joined to hope. We must conclude that gratitude is not actually rooted in human nature.

HAVE YOU COUNTED YOUR BLESSINGS?

But paradoxical as it may seem gratitude does exist. Let us not be misled; true gratitude is a Christian attitude. When we receive a gift or a favor from someone else, our first reaction is "how can I repay him?" In other words, it may be natural to accept whatever is given us as our "just due" but society has taught us that we must give recompense in kind for all we receive. Herein lies the conflict—God's gifts are so numerous and so great that we cannot count them, let alone repay Him who gave them with such lavish abandon, and without any "strings

attached." But we could at least count the blessings.

HOW SHALL WE COUNT?

So many of our blessings are measured in terms of appreciation—to one the sunshine is liquid gold, to another it is a strong glare that hurts the eyes; to one the rain is a messy inconvenience, while to another it is evidence of God's love in that the flowers and growing things are nourished to thus beautify the earth.

Some of our blessings are tangible such as good health, food, clothing, and this world's goods. Some are intangible such as the companionship of a friend who stands by in an hour of adversity, the word of sympathy spoken by an understanding soul in an hour of distress, or the word of encouragement spoken by a friend in a time of crisis.

Still others are blessings in disguise—the challenge of active opposition which prompts us to extra effort to accomplish a worthwhile project; the victory that comes from "standing" when all the odds are against you until the steadfastness is crowned by success. Sometimes it seems that even God has forsaken us. At times like this it is good to have the faith and courage to cling to the promise, "I will not leave you desolate" (John 14:18).

WHAT SHALL WE BE THANKFUL FOR?

In times of prosperity it is not hard to find many blessings, but we are often prone to forget that they are evidences of God's bounty. We see such an abun-

Questions for Discussion

1. It is easy to enumerate the tangible blessings and give thanks for them, but have we found within our heart a prayer attitude of thanksgiving for such things as friendship, love, education, health, opportunity, etc.?

2. Is it possible to find a basis for true thanksgiving in adversity—such as sickness of self or loved ones, financial reverses, death?

3. Does God ever leave us without anything to be thankful for?

4. How can we express our gratitude to God?

dance of material goods around us that we begin to consider that these things are "coming to us," and that our own ambition is the determining force which controls our possessions. It is only in an hour of desperate need that many of us turn to God for help, and—sadly, we must confess—when the crisis is ended we promptly forget our obligation to God. Perhaps most of you have heard the story of the man who was shingling his roof when his foot slipped from the top board and he began sliding down the roof to injury or death. The story goes that he was calling out in a loud voice, "Oh Lord, save me, save me!" and just at the edge of the roof he caught on a nail. "Never mind, God, I caught on a nail," was his conclusion of the matter. No gratitude, no thanks; but we suggest that even in his action he was "one up" on many of us. He at least dismissed God, while we often accept

blessings prayed for without even so much as a dismissal.

There are some things for which we need to be constantly thankful, whether in time of prosperity or adversity, for they are constant values. Count the blessings. Citizenship in a nation which permits freedom of worship among other important freedoms. Membership in the Church of Jesus Christ which makes all who bear his name members of a world-wide fraternity with a citizenship in heaven. The blessings of Christian parents and a Christian home environment is the heritage of most of us. How about a healthy body? Not all Christians are so blessed, but those who have one should be thankful. Then there are the blessings of friendship, education, opportunity, and a million more. But consider for a moment—Have you stopped to realize that with each of these blessings there is inherent an obligation to bless others.

THE CRUX OF THE QUESTION

We must never lose sight of the fact that to be grateful we must be able to appreciate what is being done. The person who is chronically ungrateful is the one who cannot truly appreciate the life that surrounds him. He finds no joy in living. Have you ever noticed how difficult it is to give gifts to a wealthy, spoiled child? He already has all the things he can possibly use. A toy train stirs no gratitude in his heart. "I have a bigger one at home." He is bored with life because he has lost the ability to appreciate what comes his way.

"The Gift Without the Giver Is Bare"

Aims for This Program

1. To determine the various motives for giving.
2. To discuss the attitudes attendant with giving.
3. To relate "giving" with "getting."
4. To discover the "greatest gift."

Background Material

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Psalm 66; Luke 17:11-19; Col. 4:1-4

MOTIVE FOR GIVING

Why do we give gifts? In many lands of the world gifts are offered in the firm expectation of receiving a gift in return. We who have spent any of our military duty overseas will be aware of the problems involved in making a simple gift to a native friend. In Germany as well as Japan (and many other lands) we are often-times embarrassed to discover that the person to whom we have given a small gift has gone out and spent more than he could afford to bring us a gift in return. What it all boils down to is that modern social customs have, in many places, made it difficult to give a real gift.

Of course, there is the other side of the question. We must admit that the commercialism, which has surrounded our seasons traditionally associated with gift-giving, has taken a large part of the real spiritual import out of those seasons. Take Christmas for instance. Get your Christmas list out of your pocket and analyze

it. Make an "x" by the side of each one whose name is there *primarily* because you know they will be sending you a gift, and therefore you must give them one. Then make an "o" by the side of each one whose name is on the list *primarily* because of a selfish motive, such as the boss who must not be allowed to forget you because you won't be in the army forever or the indulgent aunt who will probably be so pleasantly surprised that she will send you a ten-spot. Now we can assume that those names you have left are those to whom you are sending a gift simply because you love them. Rather surprising isn't it? If you have played fair with yourself in analyzing motives, you may call the first list your "trade list," the second list your "enlightened, self-interest list," and the third your "love list."

THE ATTITUDE OF GRATITUDE

Gratitude is a fundamental virtue of Christian character. To be perfectly honest with ourselves,

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we must recognize that we humans are truly social beings. This is to say we do not like to be alone very long at a time. We can go still further. We must depend upon others to supply a large part of our physical needs. True, we can buy many of the things we need, but it would be a cold, unfriendly world if it did not contain a vast multitude of individuals who do things for us simply because they are our friends.

IT GOES DEEPER THAN THIS

Gratitude is also the basis of true reverence. The words "thanks" and "thankful" are found literally dozens of times in the Bible. Paul wrote on numerous occasions, "Thanks be to God." Paul recognized that all gifts come from God, and that, therefore, we should be grateful to Him. It seems paradoxical that there are those who receive God's blessings with an air of expectancy, almost of demanding, but who never for a moment express by sign or word that they are ever aware of God's greatest gift—the Christ who came to give himself and be given that all who accept Him might have life.

DO YOU EVER SAY, "THANK YOU, GOD"?

When a friend has treated us kindly we say "Thank you," sometimes with less sincerity than we should, to be sure. But at least we go through the motions of expressing gratitude. How much more, then, should we say "Thank You" to God who has given us infinitely more than we could ever ask.

The episode of Jesus' encounter with the ten lepers on the road to

Jerusalem is indeed one of the most dramatic lessons on the attitude of gratitude expected by Jesus. When the ten men appealed to Jesus for healing, he gave freely what they asked. When they realized they were no longer afflicted with the dread disease, all ten men took off. Nine went to their homes. Only one man came back to say "Thank you, Lord."

Before we eat we should thank God for His kindness in providing for our physical needs. Before we sleep we should thank God for His guidance. When we awake we should give thanks for His continued care over us. These are personal prayers, and we are so to pray; but we must not stop there. If we are living within His will, we will pray without ceasing. Our lives will be filled with living prayers for others. In our devotional lives we will pray for the church universal, for the workers on the mission fields and at home.

GIVING VS. GETTING

There is no denying it—human nature includes a streak of "acquistiveness." Some of us are string savers; others are bargain hunters; and others are stamp collectors. The string saver seems to have a compulsion to save every piece of string he gets his hands on. He has a vague idea that perhaps some day he might find a use for it. His place becomes cluttered with things which have no real utility. The bargain hunter will buy anything so long as it bears evidence of having been marked down. The fact that he may never have any need for the item is of no consequence. The

stamp collector has by far the soundest basis; for while there is an element of speculation in any collecting enterprise, he stands the best chance of coming out even financially on his enterprise.

But all three of these persons have one thing in common. They are all "getters." All three are selfish in the final analysis. There are those, however, who find great personal satisfaction out of sharing with others the blessings they enjoy. They do more than give their dollars to the various religious and charitable agencies. They give themselves in love and service.

I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well earned gold. He spent the
shining ore
And came again and yet again, still
cold
And hungry as before.

I gave a thought, and through that
thought of mine
He found himself, the man, supreme,
divine,
Fed, clothed and crowned with
blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE SIN OF INGRATITUDE

A number of years ago I heard a great evangelist preach on the subject, "What is the most horrible sin in the world?" I am quite certain that I was not the only person in the audience who was surprised that day when the evangelist developed his thesis that it was ingratitude. This sin was illustrated in the story of the ten lepers. Ten were healed, but only one came back to say "Thank

Questions for Discussion

1. How many worthy motives for giving can you name?
2. Is it possible to be a selfish Christian?
3. What can we do to restore real Christian significance to the act of giving?
4. Can a man be truly thankful for the good life he has without recognizing the part God plays in his life?

you, Lord." Ingratitude was the sin which led to Jesus' being delivered up to the enemy and crucified. "He came unto his own home, and his own people received him not," said John.

LIVING AND GIVING

Charles Reign Scoville, one of the great evangelists of a generation ago, was fond of saying, "You may be able to give a dollar to a beggar on the street without loving him, but it is utterly impossible to truly love anyone without giving, and giving, and giving. This is to say that if you love God you will give your time, your talents, and your money to the Kingdom's work.

James Russell Lowell said the same thing in other words:

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
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.

Thanks Expressed in Dedication of Life

Aims for This Program

1. To discover that thankfulness requires awareness.
2. To search for adequate means of expressing our thanks.
3. To discover that true thankfulness always relates itself to our daily living.
4. To determine what we can do as individuals to express our gratitude to God for what we have.

Background Material

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Psalm 95; Gen. 28:10-22; I Tim. 4

YOUR SPEECH BETRAYS YOU

You have probably heard the line from Shakespeare's Othello, "What you are doing speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you are saying." This is merely a poetic way of expressing one of the most profound of Christian teachings—that is, that the action as well as the speech of a man is a key to his character. It has ever been so. Remember the occasion of Peter warming himself by the fire of the enemy while the Master was on trial for his life. "... 'Certainly you are one of them; for you are a Galilean.'" (Mark 14:70.) Or again, the episode of the disciples arrested and on trial for their very lives. "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were uneducated, common men, they wondered; and they recognized that they had been with Jesus." (Acts 4:13.) It is possible to make an accurate evaluation of the quality of character, or of

the sincerity of purpose of an individual, by watching his actions and listening to his conversation for a little while.

GRATITUDE SHOWS

Gratitude is a rather strange quality of character. It is something which cannot be forced. Most certainly it cannot be faked for long. It grows out of our hearts when we come to a point of awareness of what is given to us or what is done for us. This means that we must have eyes to see what is around us. If we do not practice living a life of awareness, we miss many of the blessings of life and lose out on many sources of real happiness.

It is difficult for us to appreciate many of the things which we have always had. Take, for example, the food which we have in abundance. Have you ever gone to sleep, night after night, with the pangs of hunger gnawing? If not, probably you are only theoretical-

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ly aware of the blessings of food. Yet there are countless millions of God's children who have never had sufficient nourishment in their entire lives!

It is what we share that makes us truly rich. America is enormously wealthy in this world's goods, but it is not this that is important so much as it is that we as a nation have an inner spiritual treasure of freedom, knowledge, justice, and righteousness. Let us thank God for all his material blessings, to be sure, but never let us lose sight of the spiritual blessings which we are obligated to share.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE

Unless we are thankful for what we have, it is hard for us to enjoy it. Unless we are keenly aware that those things which are ours are evidences of God's bounty to us, we are in danger of losing a large share of the blessings. Gratitude has been defined as "the result of seeing life in a new light—of realizing that our blessings are not automatic but actually gifts which can be lost." When we have eyes to see, we begin to realize that everything in our existence is truly priceless—even the most ordinary things.

Some years ago the school children of Glasgow, Scotland, were asked to name the loveliest thing they could think of, people expected. Here are some of their answers: The feel of clean clothes; cool breezes on a hot day; the smell of rain in the springtime; climbing to a hilltop and looking all around; an organ playing; the smell of new mown hay.

There were many more answers, but these suffice to indicate that these Scottish children were keenly aware of the the beauties of God's great out-of-doors. Certainly those children are no more fortunate in possessing a beautiful world than our own American children. They are no more fortunate than any one of you fellows scattered as you are to the far corners of the world. But it is possible that these children had learned to enjoy life more because they have been brought to a higher appreciation of God's gifts than some of us. Read the 8th Psalm and note the challenge to truly enjoy life as spoken by an earnest psalmist in thoughtful consideration of God's care for his creation.

THANKSGIVING IS "THANKSLIVING"

How often it is that we allow a word or a phrase to lose its meaning by a casual and thoughtless use over a long period of time. From the earliest times, Thanksgiving has borne a religious significance which is now almost destroyed by misuse.

When Noah and his family descended from the ark, their first act was to build an altar of thanksgiving to God who had thus preserved them out of the flood (Gen. 8:20-22). When Abraham made the long and dangerous journey from Ur to the promised land, he recognized the divine guidance of God by offering a prayer of thanksgiving (Gen. 13:5-7). When Jacob had his vision of a ladder reaching up to heaven, and was thus reassured that God had forgiven him, he named the place

Beth-el (the house of God) and built an altar to offer up a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God (Gen. 28:10-19). It has been so throughout the history of mankind.

Many of Jesus' teachings illustrate the basic laws of growth (e.g. Matt. 7:16; Mark 4:28). Those basic laws of growth somehow relate themselves to the thankful life. Obviously a man cannot well express what he does not feel. The seed of thanksgiving must be in his heart before it is expressed in action. If you live a life of thankfulness you will be alert to the needs of God's children and will be constantly ready to lend a helping hand to those whom you can help.

THANKSGIVING EXPRESSED IN ACTION

God does not need our gifts! Every good and perfect gift comes from His hands. But some of His children need them. Perhaps thus God has planned to fashion mankind into one family. A certain loud-mouthed individual was holding forth in the presence of a crowd, speaking at length of his reasons for not believing in a God who is interested in his creation. He turned and pointed to a small boy, barefoot and ragged, and said: "Perhaps someone can tell me why God has not sent this child some shoes." The little fellow answered promptly: "God did tell somebody, but that somebody forgot!" If our lives are thoroughly conformed to God's will, we serve without any thought of self. Do you recall Edwin Markham's poem "How the Great Guest Came"? Conrad the cobbler, in-

formed that the Master was coming to his shop for a visit, spent the entire day watching anxiously, hopefully, for the coming of the Great Guest. As he waited, people in need came past his door: first a beggar whose shoes needed mending; then a hungry woman; and finally a lost child. As they came, he ministered to their needs, all the time anxiously waiting for the arrival of the Great Guest. Then—

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest,
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"

Then soft in silence a voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with the bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street.

DID YOU SAY, "THANK YOU"?

There is a medieval legend which concerns two angels who were sent down to earth, one to gather the petitions of men and women, and the other to gather their thanksgivings. The first angel found petitions everywhere. He returned to heaven with a load of them on his back, and in each hand he carried a large bundle. The second angel was diligent in

his search for thanksgivings, but he succeeded in taking back to heaven only a handful.

How true to human experience. There is a marked difference in volume between our requests and our expression of gratitude. Yet the psalmist said, "It is good to give thanks to the Lord" (Ps. 92: 1). Our Christian conscience is challenged by the realization that altogether too often we are selfish in our petitions and in our thanksgivings.

THE MORE YOU GIVE THE MORE YOU HAVE

Thus we may be able to understand the real philosophy behind these words from Paul, "And whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the father through him" (Col. 3:17). This expression has an implied obligation for us to express our thanks to God for His rich gifts by pouring out blessings on others in His name.

Some months ago I had the privilege of spending several days in the Holy Land. One of the most profound experiences I had was that of discovering at firsthand what my Bible geography would have told me had I only looked with perceiving eyes. *Both* the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea are below sea level. Somehow I had gotten the notion that the saltiness of the Dead Sea was connected with the fact that it was below sea level. Not so! The water of the Sea of Galilee is sweet and palatable and yet it is more than 600 feet below sea level. What, then, makes the difference? Only this: the Sea of

Questions for Discussion

1. How can we keep our thanks from being empty words?
2. Is it possible to be truly grateful to God for His blessings and not seek out opportunities for service to others?
3. How can we eat a big Thanksgiving dinner in a hungry world without it being selfish gluttony?
4. What can we do as individuals to show that we are truly thankful for what we have?

Galilee receives water from the streams around her shores, but at the southern tip, the Jordan River flows forth to water the farm lands of the valley to the south. Not so the Dead Sea. It has no outlet. When the Dead Sea receives her waters from the Jordan River and the surrounding watershed, she keeps them. In the retention of her waters the Sea becomes truly "dead." The water level does not change a great deal from year to year. The moisture is lost in evaporation, and the materials too heavy for evaporation remain behind to make this one of the saltiest bodies of water on earth.

And so it is with life. Those of us who receive God's blessing and pass the benefits on to others are like the Sea of Galilee, but those who receive and do not pass them on are like the Dead Sea. All getting and no giving will make any so-called Christian an ineffective one. ". . . Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me" (Matt. 25:40).

Thanks Expressed in Group Action

Aims for This Program

1. To restudy the basis and motives for giving.
2. To analyze the problems and effectiveness of group action.
3. To discover a worthy project of group action for this group.

Background Material

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 92; Colossians 3:1-17; Hebrews 13:3, 14-16

PRELUDE TO THANKSGIVING

In the autumn of 1620 a band of forty-one men, many accompanied by their families (120 persons in all), who were being persecuted for conscience's sake "braved the tempests of the vast and furious ocean and the terrors lurking in the American wilderness" to establish their state of freedom. Even before they landed they established a form of government by a written covenant; the first charter of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people known to history. The Mayflower Compact is truly deserving of a place in history.

THE BASIS FOR THANKSGIVING

It may come as a surprise to some to realize that those periods which we commemorate most ardently were uniformly times of difficulty and hardship. Independence Day commemorates the occasion when our fathers broke the bonds of submissiveness to England; Memorial Day is an occasion of commemorating the sacrifices of those who gave their lives in

freedom's cause; and so on through the catalog of special occasions. So it is with Thanksgiving. The first Thanksgiving was not an occasion of peace and plenty, but rather it was a time of real danger and want. But the Pilgrims found much cause for thanksgiving. They did not have much of this world's goods, but they had life, and they were free to worship God. What higher motive for thanksgiving can you name?

THANKSGIVING—FOR WHAT?

Not all thanksgiving has the same basis, and most certainly not all has the same motivation. Let us consider briefly several examples:

Thanksgiving for good gifts—

As we look around us there are many things that we can see, taste, and hear. For those good things it is easy to be thankful. Paul wrote to the Corinthians an admonition to be thankful for God's good gifts, the greatest of which is His son (II Cor. 9:15). Today we tend to thank God for His good gifts.

We even tie our day of national Thanksgiving to the harvest season, thus reinforcing the idea that thanksgiving is primarily an expressing of gratitude for good gifts. But, suppose the harvest is not good! Suppose your life is a series of trials and afflictions. What then? Is thanksgiving an optional attitude?

Thanksgiving for "Plus Values"—

Somewhat different is the attitude of those who recognize that not all is good; that some of life's episodes are bad, harmful, and even destructive. These persons say thanksgiving is still possible because it is easy to add up the good things and see that they outnumber the bad. Thus, they say, "We can be thankful for the 'plus values' of life." But certainly there are those for whom such a comparison would only leave a minus value—those whose lives are so blighted that this level offers no consolation at all. Is thanksgiving a calculating attitude?

Thanksgiving for Life—

There is still another attitude, and this is by far the most profound of all. This attitude involves no calculation, no optional attitudes, but an understanding of the very meaning of life. This attitude does not involve periodic thanksgiving, but, rather, continual thanksgiving; for it is based upon the realization that life itself is made possible only by the goodness of God, and that even in the midst of hardship and evil, God is working to bring forth good. This is the attitude held by Job (Job 13:15).

The first American Thanksgiving observance was held, not because life was a "bowlful of cherries" or because there was a mathematical "plus" of good, but because those pioneers knew that the hand of God was to be seen in their being alive to celebrate (1 Cor. 15:57).

THANKSGIVING—GROUP ACTION

Thanksgiving Day, which comes this week, is a national religious festival with local celebrations. Instead of being a world-wide celebration, it is an American observance. Before the Pilgrims left the Mayflower, they held a prayer meeting as a prelude to their setting foot on the soil that was to be their home—the wilderness to which they had fled in order that they might worship God according to the dictates of their hearts. The following year, despite an extraordinarily severe winter and the loss of many lives from privation, the pilgrim band did not neglect to thank God for having preserved them and for giving them a harvest large enough to see them through the next winter. Indeed, the settlers invited their new friends, the Indians, to share in the observance. A special day of thanksgiving was honored by custom only until recent years, but now is established by legislation.

We Americans need to be reminded that "it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." We have a special season of thanksgiving set apart by legislation and emphasized by proclamation. It is recognized as a national holiday,

Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss the problems of maintaining a thankful attitude toward God in these days of tensions and high pressure living.

2. How can we guard against doing things for glory rather than for good?

3. Can group action be more effective than individual action?

4. Look about your community in search of a worthy project for group action. Be sure the project chosen is one which is within your ability as a group to handle, but at the same time be certain it is one which will challenge the best that there is in you.

but is that enough? Since the spirit of thankfulness may be literally smothered by dissipation and gluttony, is it not important that we as Christians take steps to redeem this holiday? Let us determine to restore significance to the day. Let us remember that true Thanksgiving is *thanksgiving*.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

The Pilgrims as a group gave thanks to God for their blessings which were certainly more spiritual than physical. But the thing which made the first Thanksgiving significant was that out of their small means, they shared with their Indian neighbors. It has been so throughout the ages. Men who are truly thankful to God express that thankfulness by giving to others their time, money, knowledge, skills—whatever they have. And they give freely.

Suppose you look around your community to discover how many truly worthy projects are awaiting your attention. I know of a United Fellowship group in Germany which for more than a year has been joining forces with four chapel congregations in the support of an orphan home. More than a hundred children in that home are receiving better food, warm clothing, and many evidences of personal attention because this group of Christian fellows has found that it is truly "more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35). Most certainly a year-around program of service is better than the Thanksgiving feast and Christmas treat which has so often comprised our entire activities in service to others. These fellows moved into the barn-like building which housed the children and cleaned house. They scrubbed down and repainted walls and floors. They sent letters home to their families and friends, and several hundred pounds of clothing was secured for the children. Special offerings are received each month, and the money used to buy food, fuel, or clothing, as determined by the committee which works with the management of the home to make certain that priority is given to the items of greatest need. Through it all, these Christian youth are finding the real joy of giving.

Similar projects are in existence in a hundred other spots, but still hundreds of others have yet to catch a vision of the joy of service to others. What about your group? Are you enjoying life in complacency or in service?

Project Possibilities

Want To Help

by Joe Dana

American armed forces personnel all around the world have set a record, in helping distressed people, that is without precedent in history, and will not soon be equalled or surpassed. You have given food to the hungry, visited the lonely, built houses for the homeless, taken care of the orphan, and brought a little fun into the life of beaten and frightened children and young people. You have poured thousands of your dollars into this work as well as truly giving your hearts and hands to it. Probably no one will ever know all that you have done, any more than they know today all that you are doing now. We know that the American soldier, sailor, airman, and marine can always be counted on to help out wherever there is need.

Sometimes, however, it is difficult for a group to know just what they can do. Especially in the States it is sometimes hard to find a project to undertake. You want something that will help. You want to be certain that your money will go to the project you choose. Usually you want something that your group, or your unit, or base can do together. Many groups, both in and out of service, don't do any project because they can't find the right thing to do.

Perhaps just the project you want to tackle is on the World Youth Project List for 1954. This is a list of things that need to be done in youth work in almost every part of the world. Each project has been carefully evaluated and cleared all up and down the chain of command of church agencies for interdenominational work.

We are listing fifteen of these projects to give you an idea of the possibilities. If your group, with the cooperation of your base, wants to take on one of these projects, please let us know right away. We'll tell you all we know about the need, and the things that your money will do. We'll also clear for you with the proper agencies.

1. **\$500.00** will help provide a Youth Conference Center for the 5,000 Christian young people in Thailand. They have the land all cleared. Now they need buildings.

2. **\$500.00** will complete the brick main building at the Setindorf Youth Center in Carinthia, Austria. The young people built the building, but now they need windows and equipment.

3. **\$900.00** will make it possible to start a monthly youth magazine in Korea and print other important youth literature.

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4. **\$500.00** would allow the Confederation of Evangelical Churches in Brazil to set up a central office as headquarters for their youth secretary.

5. **\$1,000.00** will go a long way toward finishing the Christian Fellowship Center at Wilgespruit, South Africa. This is the only conference ground in all of South Africa where youth of all denominations and races can meet freely.

6. **\$1,500.00** is needed for buildings for the Conference Center which the youth of Egypt are building at Alexandria. The land is ready.

7. **\$2,000.00** is needed to run weekend camps all summer long for Christian youth of the East Zone of Germany. Many thousands of youth can be reached for Christ this way.

8. **\$100.00** will make possible a monthly mimeographed newsletter for the young people in Nigeria. This would contain materials and helps for local youth groups.

9. **\$1,000.00** is needed to take advantage of the offer of a group of French young people to give two years of their lives without salary as teams to help reach and organize youth for the churches of France.

10. **\$500.00** is the amount necessary to conduct a series of youth conferences for the Christian youth of the Bible Lands. In this strife-ridden area such conferences are a real necessity.

11. **\$1,000.00** would make it possible to set up a permanent program for ULAJE (*Union Latinoamericana de Juventudes Evangelica*), the interdenominational youth organization for all of Central and South America. The young people there will raise an equal amount.

12. **\$1,000.00** is needed to run a cooperative Youth Leadership Training Course for ten weeks each year in India. Here, where youth work is growing so rapidly, trained leaders are critically needed.

13. **\$500.00** would help a lot of American Indian young people, who live in mission boarding schools, to go to camps and conferences. They do not have money of their own and no way of earning some.

14. **\$500.00** is required each year to carry out a program started in 1946 of youth aids in hospitals, work camps for youth, and caravan training centers in the Philippine Islands.

15. **\$700.00**, in addition to a like amount given by both the British Committee of the World Council of Christian Education and Area II of the World Christian Endeavor Union, is needed to make possible a full-time youth secretary for the West Pakistan Christian Council.

There are many other projects listed. They are all very much worth-while. Which one do you want to make yours?

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To explain a triumph, start with the first syllable.

A  
BIBLE READING  
FOR  
EVERY DAY  
OF THE MONTH



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

**THEME: Some Life-Patterns That Get Repeated Every Day**

- |                                           |                        |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. The Greatest of All Virtues .....      | I Corinthians 13:1-13  |
| 2. Are You Worthy to Repent? .....        | Matthew 3:1-12         |
| 3. Does Your Light Shine? .....           | Matthew 5:10-16        |
| 4. What Shall I Do to Jesus? .....        | Matthew 27:17-26       |
| 5. More Than All the Others .....         | Mark 12:41-44          |
| 6. When You Act Like a Friend .....       | John 15:12-17          |
| 7. Are You Worthy to Suffer? .....        | Acts 5:38-42           |
| 8. The Baptism of Repentance .....        | Acts 19:1-8            |
| 9. Arise and Stand Up .....               | Acts 26:12-19          |
| 10. The Renewing of One's Mind .....      | Romans 12:1-8          |
| 11. This Will Bring Peace .....           | Galatians 6:1-10       |
| 12. What I Am by the Grace of God .....   | I Corinthians 15:1-10  |
| 13. Being of One Mind .....               | Philippians 2:1-11     |
| 14. Witnesses All Over the World .....    | Acts 1:1-8             |
| 15. Save Yourself First .....             | Acts 2:36-42           |
| 16. Real Personal Evangelism .....        | Acts 8:26-40           |
| 17. Prisoners Singing at Midnight .....   | Acts 16:25-40          |
| 18. Turning the World Upside Down .....   | Acts 17:1-9            |
| 19. Tops Among Paul's Sermons .....       | Acts 17:16-34          |
| 20. Proclaiming Christ in Every Way ..... | Philippians 1:12-20    |
| 21. Good Soldiers of Jesus Christ .....   | II Timothy 2:1-15      |
| 22. Have You Fought the Good Fight? ..... | II Timothy 4:1-8       |
| 23. Have You Learned to Be Content? ..... | Philippians 4:8-13     |
| 24. What About Your Spiritual Body? ..... | I Corinthians 15:35-44 |
| 25. Is Your Labor Not in Vain? .....      | I Corinthians 15:50-58 |
| 26. Ten Percent Are Thankful .....        | Luke 17:11-21          |
| 27. Thankful for Troubles .....           | I Peter 1:3-9          |
| 28. You Too Can Do That .....             | I Peter 3:8-12         |
| 29. God's New Earth .....                 | Revelation 21:1-7      |
| 30. God's New Heaven .....                | Revelation 22:1-7      |

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Sailor: "Did you slice this ham?"  
 Ship's Cook: "Sure did. Why?"  
 Sailor: "You need glasses. You almost missed it."

The sap runs in the spring but the girl catches him anyway.

—Quote

A Paris theater has found a means of making ladies remove their hats. Before the performance a strip appears on the screen: "The Management wishes to spare elderly ladies inconvenience. They are permitted to retain their hats." There follows a general stampede to remove hats.

Lawyer: "You say you were about 35 feet away from the scene. Just how far can you see clearly?"

Old Farmer: "Wal, when I wake up, I see the sun, and they tell me that's about 93 million miles away."

—Watchman Examiner

A personal from Warren, Pa., *Times Mirror* reads: "This is Mr. A—'s fourth trip up from Pittsburgh this summer. He has been enjoying a vacation since his wife died last Feb."

A trip upstairs alone at night was a fearful mission for little four-year-old Tommy.

"Don't be afraid," his mother comforted him. "God will be with you."

As he crept up the stairway and reached the top he was overheard to pray, "Oh, God, if you're up here, please don't move or you'll scare me to death!"

The Defense Attorney was building up a case for his client, who had been arrested for drunkenness.

"Your Honor," he reasoned, "just because a man is in the middle of the road at midnight and on his hands and knees, it's no sign he's drunk."

"What he says, Your Honor, may be true," conceded the arresting officer. "What got me was the way he tried to roll up the white line."

—The Dope Sheet



Some men smile in the morning,  
 Some men smile at dawn;  
 But the man worth while  
 Is the one who can smile  
 When his two front teeth are gone.



We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing



