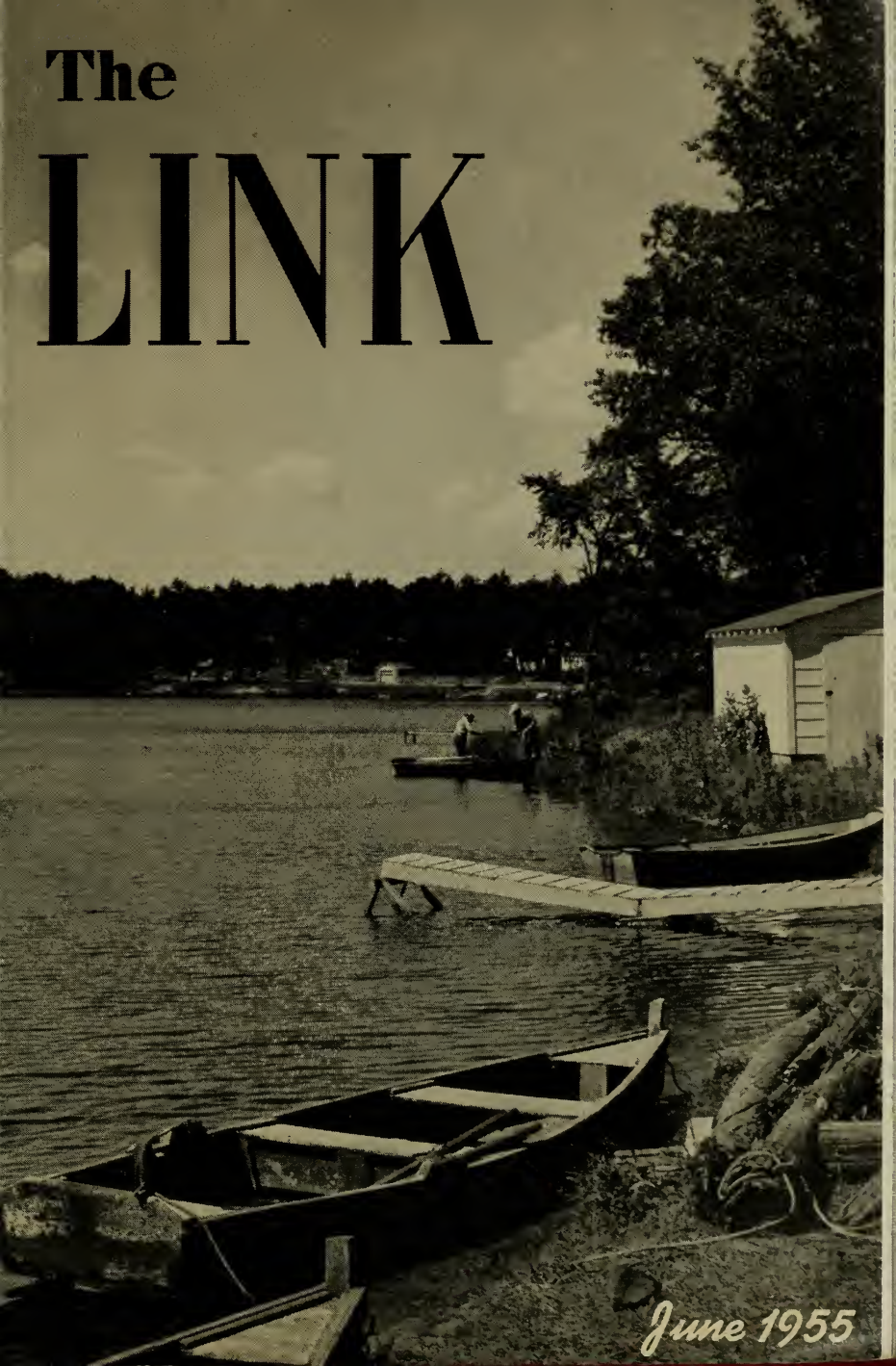




The LINK



June 1955

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Angels' Voices

Anne B. Marley

About a violinist with a bum right hand, his loving wife and his trusting music teacher

A WAKENING with a start, I snapped on the light and glanced at the clock on the table beside my bed. It registered 1 A.M. With a quick motion, I draped my kimona about my shoulders, stepped into my slippers, and tiptoed into my husband's room. His bed was empty!

On my way to phone the police, I came upon him in the library. He had removed his violin and the bow from its case and he was standing with his head bowed, fondling the strings. It was a moonlit night and the picture was weird and mystical.

Not wanting to intrude, I stood very still—hardly daring to breathe!

John was deep in meditation. Finally he placed the instrument under his chin and with his mangled left hand, he tried to play a passage from Beethoven's Romance in F Major. The bowing

was perfect, but the stubs of fingers on his left hand were useless.

He flung the violin onto the piano! The bow fell to the floor, almost under my feet. I slipped behind the draperies, and as he brushed by me on his way to the terrace, I realized that he was trembling violently.

The days that followed were not easy, but I realized that John was suffering, and I prayed for understanding that I might be able to help him. Suddenly, I remembered Dr. Van Haskin, his first violin teacher.

One day I climbed into a taxi and called to the driver, "Dr. Van Haskin's studio, please." Soon after ringing the door bell, a small elderly man with deepset black eyes that bored into my very being opened the door. I heard myself asking, "May I see Dr. Van Haskin?"

"I am Dr. Van Haskin," he re-

Anne Marley, the widow of Army Major General James Marley, has written and sold stories since 1937. The experiences she and her husband had in the Army, she says, provide foundations for these tales.

plied. "Come in, and what can I do for you, young woman?" he questioned.

I followed him into a room piled high with disorderly stacks of music. Violins filled every available space. He removed an empty case from the sofa and invited me to be seated. On the wall above the piano, I discovered a framed autographed picture of John with his violin—this gave me courage to speak.

"I am John Wilde's wife. Of course you have heard of his tragedy; he was wounded while serving overseas," I said.

At the mention of John's name, Dr. Van Haskin's eyes glistened: "Yes, a talented violinist. I trained him in music from his beginning. It was through my interest that our clubs here in Grassy Pond raised the money for his study in Paris. How that boy can handle a violin! His double stops are perfect, and his tones are as clear as the voices of angels!

"I heard that he was serving in . . . you say that he was wounded? Tut, tut, I am sorry!"

My voice trembled in spite of my effort to control it. "John Wilde is here in Grassy Pond. He is suffering from battle fatigue, and he's discouraged over the injury to his left hand." I hesitated, for Dr. Van Haskin was disturbed.

"Proceed with your story, young woman," he said as he reached into a pocket, drew out a handkerchief, and carefully dried his eyes.

"The fingers on his left hand were torn away at the first joints, and he will not be able to play his violin again," I said.

Dr. Van Haskin arose from his

chair, walked over to the window, and stood with his head bowed, deep in thought. Finally he spoke, his face filled with confidence, "The worst battles in life are those fought with one's self."

"I am sure that you can help him!" I said.

He nodded, "Yes, the stumps of fingers remaining on his left hand are sufficient to guide and balance the bow. Then he has only to change the bass bar of his violin, the sound post, and reverse the strings.

"I shall demonstrate," he said, as he picked up a violin and played several passages, bowing with his left hand. "You see," he added, "left-handed pupils often come to me for instruction, so I have an instrument converted."

"Will you come over and see John?"

"I shall do everything in my power to help him, but he, too, must cooperate." Dr. Van Haskin paused, wrinkled his forehead. "John is a genius, no doubt. However, a real musician is a combination of genius, will power, patience, and perseverance, with always a vision of an ideal just beyond his reach." He raised his voice, "It is up to John! Yes, we shall see!"

Glancing at my wrist watch I realized that I had taken almost half an hour of Dr. Van Haskin's time. "Thank you from the bottom of my heart," I said.

After my talk with Dr. Van Haskin, he came often to see John. But John seemed to resent his coming. On his last visit John had actually been rude to him and Dr. Van Haskin had said, "My boy, if you ever feel that I can

help you, or if you would like to see me, just telephone. I shall not come again unless I hear from you."

Weeks wore away, but John never mentioned his violin, or Dr. Van Haskin. Then, one morning John walked away from the table, leaving his breakfast untouched. He disappeared and did not return until supper time. When he came up the walk and entered the house, he was as composed as if nothing had happened.

"Did you have a pleasant day?" I asked, and he actually smiled as he answered, "Thought I would give my legs a stretch. Gee, I am hungry! Something smells mighty good! What's cooking?"

While I was preparing the table, I heard him talking to Dr. Van Haskin over the phone, and I wanted to shout with joy.

The following morning Dr. Van Haskin came bounding up the front steps with his violin tucked under his arm. John met him at the door, and I disappeared into the kitchen. The door from the dining room was open so I could see across the hall into the library. I couldn't help overhearing their conversation. "See here, young man, you have loafed long enough. You must help me out!" Dr. Van Haskin said.

"Just what do you mean?" John questioned.

Dr. Van Haskin paused to place the violin case on the piano: "The Music Festival will be held in Grassy Pond in November. I am training and conducting the symphony orchestra for the occasion and I shall need you in the first violin section," he explained.

John raised his voice, "You ask the impossible!"

Dr. Van Haskin opened his violin case. Removing the instrument he placed it under the right side of his chin and holding the bow with his left hand, he proceeded to play a Kreutzer etude.

John's eyes were wide with interest. "It can be done!" he said. "Let me try!"

Dr. Van Haskin handed him the violin. John held the bow with his left hand. As he drew it across the strings the tones were weak and the bowing uncertain, but he kept trying. He could manage to play the scales in the first position and simple melodies. He grew bold enough to try a Beethoven violin sonata, but the shifting was too much for his right untrained hand and arm. His fingers would not respond. He put the violin aside and his face wore the expression of defeat as he complained: "It is impossible! I am not able to create a decent tone even on the open strings."

The veins stood out on Dr. Van Haskin's forehead as he roared, "Since when have you assumed the position of God, young man! God alone creates, and man reflects what God has created in intelligence—if one forgets self long enough to reflect intelligence!"

"Professor, you win! and with the same old brain storms," John laughed, as he picked up the violin again.

"Concentrate on the open strings. Slowly practice along full tones. Remember your technique is in your mind. Your left arm is strong and the stumps of fingers on your left hand are quite adequate to control the bow. Your

right hand and your right arm will soon be adjusted to the change, and with practice you will be able to produce the same results as you did with your left hand."

John seemed to relax, and just for a moment the old twinkle came into his eyes as he said, "Yours truly will do his darnedest, Professor!"

Dr. Van Haskin shook his finger and smiled. "Now, I am depending on you, and with your permission I shall come in twice a week to assist you," he said as he left.

John practiced long and earnestly. It was not an easy task to acquire the technique in his right hand that he had possessed in his left. Trouble came in playing double stops, tenths, and in grace-

ful shifting. However, it came gradually.

Returning from market one day, I could see through an open window the forms of Dr. Van Haskin and John. John was playing the Adagio movement from the Violin Concerto in E Major, by Johann Sebastian Bach. Dr. Van Haskin was accompanying him at the piano. I came quietly up the walk and sat in a chair on the front porch. The music I heard was an answer to my prayers.

I fell asleep and suddenly I was awakened by the roar of Dr. Van Haskin's voice; "More tone, my boy! You have loafed long enough! We shall play the Adagio movement over, and I want to hear the voices of angels' singing, not muttering!"

MAN OR—?

Ida M. Pardue

Each of the pseudo-men listed below has an identity in the right-hand column. Can you match them up correctly?

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Sam Browne | (a) Chesapeake & Ohio train |
| 2. Paul Jones | (b) yellow fever |
| 3. Black Jack | (c) long range field gun |
| 4. Prince Albert | (d) child's shoe |
| 5. Big Ben | (e) game of chance |
| 6. Jolly Roger | (f) soldier's belt |
| 7. Buster Brown | (g) square dance |
| 8. John Doe | (h) famous London clock |
| 9. George Washington | (i) pirate's trademark |
| 10. Black Art | (j) tobacco |
| 11. Long Tom | (k) magic |
| 12. Yellow Jack | (l) name for an unknown person |

(Answers on page 29)

AT THIS TIME of year, when another World Series will soon have us glued to our radios and TV sets, did you ever wonder who started the game of baseball, and who was the first to mark out a diamond and draw up rules?

Who Started Baseball?

JAMES ALDREDGE

You may be surprised to hear that it was a West Point cadet. His name was Abner Doubleday, and he lived in the village of Cooperstown, New York.

In the spring of 1839, young Doubleday was home on leave and thought he could greatly improve the game of "town ball" which the boys of Cooperstown were used to playing. "Town ball" might have as many as thirty players. To get a player out, he had to be hit by the ball as he tried to run bases. Altogether, it was pretty much of a helter-skelter game, as there was a confusing crowd of players and not much strategy to the whole thing.

Abner Doubleday had a better plan. He proposed there should be only eleven players on a side, and put-outs should be made by tagging or throwing the ball to a base, instead of socking the runner with the ball. Making the most of his engineering skill, he even worked out a design for a

ball field, drawing a diagram that showed exactly ninety feet between the four bases, a distance that still holds to this day.

The Cooperstown fans did not take to the new game at once. But as they heard Abner describe all its advantages, they were ready to try it out. The more they played baseball, the more enthusiastic they became.

Various teams were formed and games were played around Cooperstown. Sometimes it was on the old militia lot, and then again it might be on a field near Otsego Academy. There is no telling how many pleasant afternoons and evenings were given over to the sport in that far-off time!

But for Abner Doubleday, the fun had to be broken off all too soon. After his graduation from the United States Military Academy, he had quite an exciting career. He first saw service in the Mexican War in 1846, and then

had an important part in saving the union in the Civil War.

The first cannon that was shot by the garrison in defense of Fort Sumter was said to have been fired by Major Doubleday. He must have been a good officer, for, by the time that struggle ended, he had risen to the rank of Major General.

Abner Doubleday died in 1893. At the time everybody thought only of his war record, and he was remembered as a military hero. Fourteen years had to pass before people suddenly discovered in 1907 that he was "the father of modern baseball."

For a long time there had been a lively discussion as to how America's most popular sport had originated. Some said it had been invented in America, while others insisted it had merely grown out of the English game of "rounders."

The argument became so heated that important baseball men decided to settle it once and for all. In order to do this, they appointed a special commission to investi-

gate the whole background of the game and to see how it really started. The commission was composed of some of the most prominent baseball authorities in the country, men who would leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery.

The man who helped them most was Abner Graves. He was a mining engineer, and he was very old by 1907, but he came all the way from his home in Denver to tell of the days when he had been a boy in Cooperstown and had seen Abner Doubleday introduce baseball in his young crowd.

Mr. Graves described how Abner had worked up enthusiasm for the game, so that it was played all around the town. He told of how Doubleday had explained the rules of the new game and laid out the playing field.

After hearing Mr. Grave's story, the commission could no longer deny Abner Doubleday the honor to which he was justly entitled. The young West Pointer was announced as the founder of modern baseball, and Cooperstown the birthplace of our national pastime.

Today, in that old, historic town one will find a handsome brick building that is unlike any other in the country. It is the National Baseball Museum, and enthusiastic fans come here from all over the United States. Here one may see the bronze plaques on the wall honoring the game's most famous players. This is the well-known "Hall of Fame." But the highest honor is reserved for Abner Doubleday.



"Don't know when I've seen a game with so many close decisions."

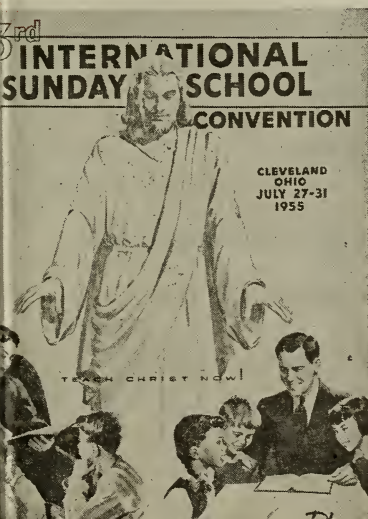
You Are Invited

Again word comes in by letter and word of mouth that church groups are anxious to have young people in the Armed Forces share with them in summer camps and conferences. Many of you remember those grand days at conference. Why not write your church headquarters and see if there isn't a meeting you could attend this summer. Your chaplain will be glad to help you make the proper arrangements. These are but a few samples out of thousands of conferences in which you will be most welcome.

The 43rd International Christian Endeavor Convention is scheduled for Columbus, Ohio, from July 11th to 16th. A lot of outstanding people will be on the program and Gene Stone, General Secretary, says that he hopes lots of service people show up. You'll get a chance to see the new headquarters building. Write Gene at 1221 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.

A special invitation comes from the Disciples of Christ Student Fellowship for you to attend their National Disciples Student Conference at Epworth Forst in Indiana from Aug. 28 to Sept. 3. Here is a chance to help bridge the gap between these two groups of the same age. Write to 222 S. Downey Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Typical of events in many churches are the Evangelical United Brethren summer assemblies to be held in places across the country. You will be welcome at all of them and will return to base glad that you went. Your home minister or the nearest pastor of your church will be glad to tell you what is happening and when in your area.



Biggest interdenominational event of the summer is the 23rd International Sunday School Convention on July 27th to 31st. They are expecting 10,000 people at Cleveland, Ohio, from all over our continent. Loren Walters, the boss of the convention, sends special word that they hope to see a lot of servicemen and chaplains. Many of the outstanding church people of America will be there. There won't be another one of these for four more years; so write to 79 East Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., and get the lowdown.

Conference this Summer?

Here's How

For the last two summers the LINK has run a calendar of denominational and interdenominational conferences because we are certain that many of you would like to attend, and we know that the services are eager for you to go. But we found that there are just too many opportunities to list; so this year we suggest another system.

First, write to your denominational headquarters and ask them to tell you what conferences will be near you this summer—youth camp, adult conference, Bible assembly, whatever you like best. We tried to find out the person or office best able to give you this information or to refer you to some local source, and we have listed names and addresses below. Any of those listed will be most happy to help you if you'll just write them a letter.

Second, as soon as you have decided where you want to attend, go talk to your chaplain. He can help you make the necessary arrangements to go. Chaplains want their men to keep in close contact with their church and are eager to help you make your plans.

We hope a thousand of you will be in some conference somewhere this summer.

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AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Mrs. Julma Crawford, 6641 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH ZION

Rev. George L. Blackwell, 174 S. Spring St., Concord, N.C.

AMERICAN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Rev. Forrest Fordham, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

ASSOCIATE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. L. M. Allison, Jr., Sharon, S. C.

AUGUSTANA EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Rev. Richard Chase, 107 Falmouth St., Boston 15, Mass.

CHURCH OF GOD

Rev. Tom A. Smith, Box 67, Anderson, Ind.

CHURCHES OF GOD IN NORTH AMERICA

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CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN

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- CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH
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Rev. Donald E. Richards, Alfred, N. Y.
- SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION
Rev. Ernest L. Ackiss, 161 Spring St. NW, Atlanta 3, Ga.

(Continued on inside back cover)

Matrimony a la Mode

Joan Parke

My husband's Uncle Rob Wille was never married, but it certainly wasn't for the lack of a chance. As an old Navy man, for thirty years he had a girl in every port, only to retire at last, unfettered, to his smokehouse cottage in our back yard.

Thanks to Uncle Rob Wille, our local Boy Scout troop is the best knot-tying outfit in the state. He gets my personal vote of thanks, though, for an entirely different reason. His unlimited knowledge of matrimonial customs elsewhere keeps me completely satisfied with romance as it's practiced right here in the U.S.A.

One morning I whistled for Uncle Rob Wille, busy with some



knotted stateroom curtains for his cottage windows, to come see our newly installed deep freeze. "Now if we can just keep up with the payments," I said, "it'll be all ours in eighteen months."

"Sort of like buying a bride in the Kei Islands," Uncle Rob Wille said, stirring the cup of coffee I handed him. "And costs about the same unless I miss my reckoning." Not in the least surprised at this turn, I pricked up my ears for more about this bartering for brides. How nice, I thought, to be swept off your feet with a handsome down-payment.

"Oh, yes," Uncle Rob Wille said, "a Kei man has to pay for his bride all right, but he can do it on the installment plan. The bride's father keeps a strict record of the payments by making marks on a board."

"Suppose he falls down on the payments?" I asked, thinking of the eighteen installments looming ahead of us.

"Like the deep freeze, the bride goes back," he said.

Joan Parke's real job is keeping house for her two little girls and her husband, a mathematics teacher at Clemson College. Wednesday nights, when he attends Naval Reserve meetings, she writes.

"And what happens when the groom does make all the payments?"

"The lucky guy gets the board as a receipt or maybe as a certificate of ownership," Uncle Rob Wille said, grinning. Suddenly that big down-payment didn't seem nearly as attractive as it had at first.

Uncle Rob Wille had a hopeful word for Linda, a six-year-old neighbor who often visits my cooky jar. Self-conscious over the

No installment plan for them, their man has to plank down the full cash price."

I was dubious about such drastic beauty treatment. "Couldn't they possibly take out some teeth besides the front ones?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said, "only the two upper front ones. Otherwise they'd become social outcasts and lose their chance of getting married altogether." Being unable to do anything about such a custom, I could only hope that the Male-

Bachelor Uncle Rob Wille, a retired Navy man, tells about marriage as he saw it

recent loss of her two upper front teeth, Linda vowed she wasn't going to start to school in September. "Now that isn't such a calamity," consoled Uncle Rob Wille. "The boys in some parts of the world like for the girls to have their two upper front teeth missing. In fact, before they get married girls have the medicine man take out those two teeth just to please their boy friends."

Linda looked surprised, but not quite convinced that her lack of teeth was anything to whistle about. After she had gone back through the fence I said, "Now what kind of line was that you were handing Linda?"

"True, every word of it," said Uncle Rob Wille.

"And just where do such discriminating males live?" I asked.

"Malekula, in the South Pacific," he answered. "But the girls are not so dumb. They wait until they're sure of their man before they go off to the medicine man and have their teeth yanked out.

kulan medicine men were very careful dentists.

When our little Meredith was born, Uncle Rob Wille showed he was adept at doing lots of things not in his usual nautical repertoire. He cooked meals for me, touching them up with exotic flavors; and on occasion, instead of hoisting sails he hoisted diapers. But more than this, he had a way of keeping my mind on things other than myself. On my third day home from the hospital he came in for his usual cup of coffee.

"Well, I see you don't believe in doing things like some of the Brazilian Indians," he announced.

"And how is that?" I asked, prepared for whatever might come.

"Oh, they practice the *cowade*," he said. "The woman gets up right after the baby is born and goes about her regular work. It's the man who goes to bed and receives visitors."

"It seems the poor women would rebel against such a crazy custom," I protested, laughing at the thought of my husband reclining in comfort.

"But they're the strongest in favor of it," he assured me. "They're certain that any other way would bring all sorts of bad luck to the new baby."

"There's just one thing," I cautioned Uncle Rob Wille. "Promise me you won't breathe a word to John about this!"

We were discussing the elopement of a famous couple recently when Uncle Rob Wille furnished us with another interesting matrimonial tidbit. "Americans are hasty like that," he commented. "Now in the African Congo they're much more deliberate."

"And mercenary, too, no doubt," I put in, remembering the installment-plan brides.

"Well, more openly so, anyway," he countered. "But the girls and their families are extremely cautious. The suitor has to send a hand-picked group of relatives to sing his praises to the girl's family."

"Then if he passes this hurdle, he pulls out the cash?" I asked.

"Right," said Uncle Rob Wille.

It's such a good feeling to know you are not prohibited from speaking to your mother-in-law, like some of the clans Uncle Rob Wille can tell you about. And to know your menfolk are not restricted to marrying their mother's mother's brother's daughter's daughter, like the Aranda tribe of Australia. In fact, there's nothing like the feeling of security you get from knowing your romantic life is based on the old familiar ground that makes such good sense to us.

A PRAYER FOR ENTHUSIASM

Great God of the crashing thunder and flashing lightning, the tumultuous torrent and leaping cataract, the rushing wind and strenuous storm, breathe into this torpid, lazy life of mine the passion, the zeal, the exultant energy of Thy mighty, exuberant, fervent Spirit! Grant unto me, I pray Thee, some share of Thy divine enthusiasm.

O keep me young, eternally young, not in years—pile those upon me plentifully, I pray!—but in spirit. And to that end, reveal to me, O God, that when wonder, awe, and enthusiasm wane, I grow ugly and old, though I be but twenty; and that so long as passion, purposefulness, and vivid interest in life survive, I am young, though an hundred and one.

And if, being human, I must err at times, grant, I pray Thee, that my folly may be that of spirit and fire, rather than the nauseating negativity of a lazy and complacent apathy or a calculating indifference. Whatever faults the fervor of enthusiasm may lead me into, at least let it save me from the degradation of becoming the very spittle of Thy mouth, for in Thy word I read: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou were cold or hot. So because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Amen.

—HENRY H. CRANE

These Unpredictable Women!

Bertha Blanchard

CPO Bob Carter was severely wounded when his ship was shelled. Since then, he had been in the U.S. Naval Hospital, Yokosuka, Japan, having plastic surgery done on his face. When he left the hospital he had been honorably discharged and flown back to the United States. Now a purple heart decorated his blue uniform.

"Thank goodness my face looks natural again," he thought as he reread the letter for the twentieth time while the train crept toward Lancaster.

One paragraph of Carol's last letter had burned into his brain: "Elmer and I take long walks these lovely fall days, in the woods. Yesterday we took a picnic lunch and ate it under a big maple tree that showered us with its red-gold leaves. The weather is crisp, with a tang of winter in it—grand for hiking."

Carol had written before that many new people had moved to Lancaster since he had left. Elmer must be one of them. Had Carol, during his absence, fallen in love with Elmer? He had lain awake nights thinking of Carol waiting for him in Lancaster. Now, perhaps, she didn't even care for

him. "Women," he reflected half out loud, "can't be trusted three feet away. There's no patriotism or loyalty in them."

The train whistled in jerky blasts as it wheezed into Lancaster. The weather-beaten station, with "Lancaster" in large letters painted across one end, came into view. He hadn't seen his folks or Carol for nearly four years. A crowd on the platform



looked expectant. Bob recognized those nearest the car window.

"Looks like half of Father's congregation is out there. I would land in the midst of some church celebration," Bob muttered, as the brakeman boomed, "Lancaster, this way out!"

As he came into view, the crowd yelled, "Welcome home, Bob Carter." A group of boys let out a deafening cheer. "We're proud of you, Bob."

Bob was completely bewildered. The next minute, Mom was in his arms, Dad was patting him on the back, sister Ruth was kissing his free cheek. Everyone talked at once. But where was Carol? Funny, all the rest of the church people seemed to be there.

"Let's get out of here," Dad was saying. "The car's over here." Bob sat in front with his dad and waved to the crowd still on the platform. As they neared the green-shuttered, white house on the corner, that had been his home for twenty-one years, he saw another crowd.

Aunts, uncles, cousins, and neighbors almost paralyzed Bob's arm with their vigorous hand shakes. Finally he fled up the front steps, for a few minutes privacy, in his old room at the back of the house. Even this looked strange, impersonal, unoccupied.

After the last relative had departed, Bob wandered restlessly around the garden, with Ruth at his heels. He decided to ask her about Carol; he couldn't endure not knowing much longer.

"Where's Carol keepin' herself these days?" he asked casually.

"Well, it's about time you asked about her. She said she'd rather wait until later. In other words, she wants to see her hero alone," Ruth informed him.

"Dad thought you might want to . . . so your bus is ready to take off—tires up, battery charged, and tank full of gas," Ruth confided.

It seemed good to slide under the wheel again and feel the old crate throb in every seam.

When Bob stopped in front of Carol's house he honked his horn for old time's sake. He hoped she would come out. He didn't want to see her folks, because he'd seen enough people for one day.

Suddenly she came flying out the front door and down the walk in a gray flannel dress, her dark hair tied back with a gay red ribbon. Bob's heart skipped a couple of beats and then began to pound furiously. He jumped out of the car to meet her.

"Bob," she exclaimed. Her bell-like voice thrilled him as it always had.

"Oh, Carol, it's sure good to see you," he said. He ached to kiss her, but he had to find out first about Elmer.

"Bob, I know all this fuss is hard for you, but we're all so proud of you. Besides, there hasn't been much excitement the past four years."

"From your letters I gathered you were having a swell time with this Elmer fellow. Who is he anyway? I thought you were my girl. These women, fickle as they make 'em. The band plays, excitement runs high, the fellow out of sight is out of mind. I give up."

Carol was giggling to herself.

"But Bob," she pouted, "Elmer is such a dear. Everybody likes him. It's no fun to go walking alone."

Exasperated, Bob stopped the car. He grabbed Carol by the arms. "Tell me, Carol, are you in love with this—this Elmer? If you are, I'm through. A fellow joins the armed forces, it's no Sunday-school picnic, I'll tell you that. When he comes home, he expects to find his girl caring about *him*—not another man."

Teased Carol, "Bob, I never knew you were jealous. A girl can't sit and never go anywhere. It gets boring, if you ask me. In all fairness to both Elmer and me, I want you to meet him right away—tonight."

"I'd like to punch his nose, stealing my girl, the slacker! Why doesn't he go into the service of his country like the rest of us? What's the matter with him?"

"There's nothing the matter with him—nothing at all. He just hasn't been called yet," Carol replied sweetly.

"Hump!" snorted Bob.

"Let's go back to the house. The folks aren't home yet. Probably Elmer is waiting for me in the porch swing—he often does. I want you to meet him."

"Oh, all right, but I'd still like to knock his block off," Bob threatened.

Carol pleaded, "Bob, please, for my sake."

Bob stopped the car in front of Carol's house. He saw no one on the porch. That was a break. Maybe Elmer had a little decency after all.

"Let's sit in the porch swing;



"I'm glad I didn't go on sick call, Sarge, I don't feel a bit jumpy now."

Elmer may show up later," Carol suggested.

They strolled up the walk to the porch. A dark object was curled up in the porch swing. Closer inspection revealed a small, bare foot hanging over the side, a curly blond head propped against a cushion. The boy was fast asleep.

Carol gently shook his shoulder. "Elmer, wake up. Elmer, you must go home now, your mother will be worried."

"Bob, this is Elmer," Carol grinned.

"Huh!" replied Elmer, as he slid out of the porch swing.

"Elmer!" gasped Bob, as the sleepy boy trudged across the lawn to his home next door. "You mean there isn't any other fellow?"

"No, darling, just you."

Getting Into Your Hair

Harold Helfer

IF ALL the growing power of your hair were confined to one hair, this single hair would grow five inches every five minutes.

Luckily this activity is divided among about 105,000 hairs. That's the number of hairs you have if you're a brunet, which Americans usually are. If you are a red-haired person, you have only 90,000 hairs. Blondes have the most hair of all—140,000. Hair grows faster in the day than at night. The average scalp has 1,000 hairs per square inch.



Dark hair is not only the predominant color in this country, but among the races of mankind in general. There are no peoples who are usually red-headed, although probably more are found in Scotland than anywhere else. The area of the world in which blond hair dominates is confined to a relatively small chunk of geography—the northern portion of Europe. The highest incident of blond hair undoubtedly occurs on the Scandinavian peninsula, where 86 per cent of the populace have lighter-hued hair.



There seems to be something to the fact that gentlemen prefer blondes. It was true way back in ancient Rome, too. The historian Ovid tells of the disaster that was befalling the hair of some Roman women because they were attempting to dye their dark locks. Some of the women then shaved off their hair and wore blonde wigs.

The hairs of a mouse last only two weeks. But those of a human being last from two to four years. As long as the follicle (that's the

pocket-like sac in the skin out of which the hair grows) remains healthy, the hair that falls out will be replaced by a new hair. If this doesn't happen—well, you're on your way to being bald.

For all the progress that has been made in so many fields, no one has been able to do much about baldness. There isn't even any common agreement on what causes it, although the prime trouble is generally regarded to be that the blood circulation which feeds the follicles slows up. What to do about this is something else.

There is more than a little suspicion that heredity plays its part. If a father becomes bald, there is a good chance that the son will be. Not only that, but he will start balding at about the same age his father did and the hair will begin to fall from the same region of the head.

While science is highly skeptical of hair-restoration claims, it does believe that keeping a clean scalp and brushing hair does considerable good. Brushing hair serves three useful purposes: It helps with the scalp blood circulation, it helps get rid of excess oily waste matter and skin scales, and it assists in properly distributing the natural oil of the hair.

One of the mysteries concerning baldness is why men get bald and women don't. Actually, though, while it doesn't happen nearly as often among women, they get bald too. It is estimated that there are at least several hundred thousand bald women in this country. You'd never know it, though; not unless you happened



to get married to one. The reason: Wigs.

From the scientific point of view, the hair is divided into two parts, the root and the shaft. The shaft is the free end. It is usually rounded, but it is sometimes flat and the flatter it is the more curly it is apt to be. Real kinky hair is as flat as a ribbon.

The color of a person's hair is caused by a secretion of pigments, and gray hair comes into being when this secretion is cut down by age, illness, worry, or sorrow. There are cases on record of shock



inducing white hair in very brief periods of time.

The expression about a person's hair "standing on end" when he is frightened is literally true, and for the same reason a frightened cat's hair will bristle. This is caused by the contraction of the tiny muscles that run out in a slanting direction from the hair follicles. The muscles contract when excess fear is felt.

Of all the creatures in the world, only mammals have hair. It is one of the prime characteristics that distinguishes mammals from other species of life. Oddly enough, the largest mammal of all, the whale, has the least amount of hair.

Ancient man used to model his hair after the animals he saw about him. Hair was styled to look like the horns of buffalos; the beaks, tails, and wings of birds; and even the heads and tails of turtles.

But undoubtedly the most elaborate coiffures of all time occurred during the reign of Louis XVI of France, from 1774-1792. The ladies stiffened their curls with plaster-like ingredients and sometimes wore adornments over each curl. One lady's hairdo wound up as a replica of a warship, replete with guns and riggings. The hairdressers sometimes had to climb ladders to reach the upper tiers of these extravagant coiffures.

The men didn't do so badly either. They went in for all sorts of fancy wigs. It was Beau Brummell, the man usually thought of as the top dandy of all time, but

who really was a man of sound good taste, who led the rebellion against male wigs.

Greek and Jewish women shaved their heads as a symbol of mourning. Women of the Apache Indian tribes cut off their long tresses when their men failed to return from the battlefield. Egyptian women sacrificed their hair to appease gods. Assyrian men adorned their hair with ribbons and ornaments.

Among the Jews of Biblical times baldness was regarded as a disgrace primarily because of the suspicion that leprosy might be involved. However, the Jewish people were among the first to turn against long hair for men. They regarded it as something effeminate.

Hair seldom causes anyone any real trouble until the day when he gets into somebody else's.



"Just trim it a little bit around the ears and brush off the hat."

BOOM ON FEVER RIVER

George S. Wells

TRAVELERS for centuries past have never failed to marvel at the curious phenomenon of nature which rises from the prairie in northwestern Illinois. It is a miniature mountain range, a tight-

The prairie at first is pie-crust flat, and it is a thrill to find yourself abruptly climbing into the hills. If you watch closely when you cross the meandering Rock River, you will recognize the edge of a glacial drift, piled rocks and smooth-planed slopes. Then you climb above these remnants of the great ice push and enter the Driftless Country, an obstacle so ponderous it pushed aside the glaciers and sent them on to bulldoze the rest of Illinois.

But the human story of this land still lies hidden, and you must turn aside to trace it in the tiny villages, in the hay fields pocked with man-dug holes, and in the remnants of old stage roads which now lead nowhere.

It is worth the effort. For the Driftless Country is the site of one of the greatest treasure hunts in history. Its central town once was

The Driftless Country in Illinois is the site of one of the greatest treasure hunts in history

packed jumble of high hills, deep river gorges, and grass-filled valleys, which stands in sharp contrast to the rest of our nation's flattest state.

Of course, they are not mountains by any but midwestern standards. But the cliffs on their western boundary along the Mississippi are so steep and challenging that climbers practice there, and so lofty are their crests that one can see for fifty miles around. They also harbor waterfalls, dense forests, and ghost mining towns.

One enjoys this region most by following U.S. 20 out of Chicago.

considered the most important city in the world. Throughout this region trod the feet of many nations searching for lead, which at that time was worth its weight in gold.



Again, it was the glaciers which lent wealth through their default. Had they come to slice off the peaks and fill the valleys with their drift, they would have buried the lead-bearing galena dolomite, deposited by an ancient sea. But as it happened, the lead lay there untouched, just beneath the surface. The Indians found it and used it for war paint. Then came the French who thought it better used in bullets.

They found the lead first along the Fever River, which empties into the Mississippi, and followed its course into the upper reaches of the Driftless Country in Wisconsin. A trading post sprang up three miles above its mouth and the first settlers hired Indians for miners and hauled the ore laboriously over forest trails to Lake Michigan and the East.

Then came the age of steamboats, and the valley soon was dotted with a host of tents. Wharves were built along the Fever (from *le fevre*, meaning "bean"), warehouses rose, the river's channel was dredged to admit the largest boats, and a turnaround basin was dug out. Thus was born the fabulous city of Galena, and the eyes of the world turned toward the "Gateway to the West."

The city tells its own story today—a tale etched into the steep terraces above the river. The clock stopped in Galena a century ago, and it has not changed. The old warehouses still stand on the banks, and so sharp is the slope behind them that you can see where wagons once were driven into the third story to dump their

grain for loading on the boats below.

Streets cling precariously to the bluffs, lined with the stately mansions which replaced the tents. If you study them, you can soon tell what manner of men came here. These buildings contain delicate iron grill work from New Orleans, and southern porticos imposed on a Greek revival style brought by the New Englanders. Half a dozen churches also grace the hills, some carved right out of rock, others lifting steeples grandly from the topmost ridge.

Galena's hotel is the De Soto, down on the river's edge, a place which was a Babel in its day. Northward from it reaches Main Street, still lined with the old buildings, now transformed into drugstores and groceries instead of bars and warehouse offices.

Up on the hill there is a home, still very much in use, which was perhaps America's first air-conditioned private residence. Into it and other houses nearby was piped air from a hillside cave to combat the heat of summer.

Old-timers still remember when Galena was the fastest growing city of the New World, a metropolis of 14,000 before Chicago had even become a collection of log shanties on the portage. Wars around the world and frontier needs sky-rocketed the price of lead until every foot-loose adventurer was making his way up the Mississippi to the place where he could dig a fortune out of the ground.

It was Southern in its atmosphere and international in its language. Slaves worked in mines

beside Indians, but most men dug their own, pocking the countryside with pits. The average hole produced lead within twenty feet. Tunnels dug out in winding patterns also produced lead. These can be seen today wherever some farmer has broken through with his plow.

Every pilot of the paddle-wheelers knew Pilot Knob, the thumb-like landmark which showed the entrance to the river. And though the Fever now is silted in and is re-named Galena, it is easy to walk along its banks and imagine the steamers, lights ablaze and resounding with merriment, swishing up the stream. Women came infrequently with the boatloads of gamblers, tradesmen, and miners, but it was said that "most were married before they could set foot upon the dock." Even girls of thirteen and fourteen often entered wedlock.

Fortunes were made almost overnight in the buying and selling of claims. The U. S. Government made another fortune from its levy of 10 per cent on all lead produced. And merchants and wholesalers on the waterfront built up a prominence which leaves them today among the leading families of the state.

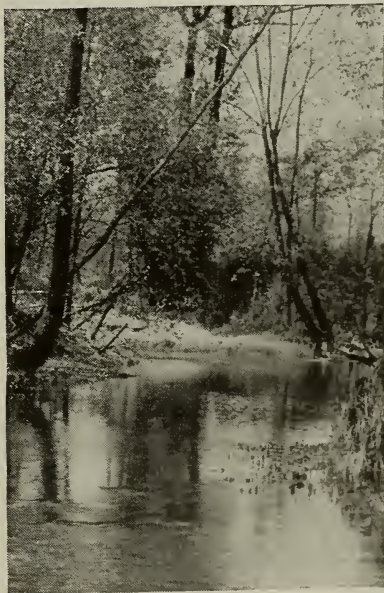
Before the lead price dropped, a stage road was constructed from Galena to the brawling young town of Chicago on Lake Michigan. Then came the Hennepin Canal, reaching across from the Illinois River to the Mississippi, and its attendant battle with the first railroad, the Galena and Chicago Union.

The canal spelled the doom of Mississippi steamer trade, linking

the Fever River valley directly with the East by way of the Great Lakes. This, combined with a falling market for lead, sent the miners streaming westward toward the gold fields of California. The *Galena Gazette*, which had subscribers all around the globe, found its readership falling off and turned its editorial attention to the New England farmers coming in to turn the lead fields into dairy farms. The boom was ended, leaving its trace across the Driftless Country from Rock Island to Prairie du Chien.

It is a fascinating adventure today to follow the footsteps of the miners. Though Galena was the center, many smaller towns grew up along the rivers and still stand unchanged from the day when their wealth of lead gave out.

Among them are little towns



like Shullsberg, Wis., settled largely by Pennsylvania Germans who left the mines for agriculture. Its main street is narrow and picturesque, and its people named their thoroughfares for Christian virtues like Truth, Wisdom, Friendship, and Faith. Hardscrabble is another town (now called Hazel Green) where you can see some of the earliest houses of the boom.

At Potosi, seventeen miles north of the Illinois border, is a river port which became Galena's rival when the valley in which it stands was discovered to be rich in lead. At Wisconsin towns like Dodgeville, Mineral Point, and Platteville, you can find intriguing stone houses with walls twenty inches thick, left by the Cornish miners who deserted the pits of England for those of the New World.

In Boscobel, along the Wisconsin River, the influx brought two traveling salesmen who founded the Gideon Society for Christian Traveling Men, when they could find no Bible for their evening devotions. This is the Gideon Society which now endeavors to place a Bible in every hotel room of America.

Though Galena attracted most of the settlers down in Illinois, some smaller towns were started, like Stockton on U.S. 20, where lead smelters took over from the mines, and Millville; which was a principal stop on the Galena stage road. Today beautiful Apple River Canyon State Park marks the Millville site in a winding gorge where a section of the old road still crosses the stream on its way toward Fever River.

Throughout the Driftless Country are relics of its earliest inhabitants. Most prominent of these are the famed effigy mounds—great ceremonial structures built in the form of man or animals. A noted one is the Bird Mound near Galena, where Smallpox Creek empties into the Mississippi. Others are the Sinsinawa Mound (an eagle), five miles west of Hazel Green, and the famed Serpent Mound just outside Galena.

The ancient Indians had long been gone when the white man came. But he had another group to contend with—the Sauks and Foxes who tilled the fields of the Driftless Country and claimed it as their right. Black Hawk tried to make his point with force and won an important battle at Stillman's Run, south of Rockford on the Rock River. But gradually his armies were cut apart and the war concluded in the latter days of the lead boom at the Battle of Bad Axe in Wisconsin.

The whole region is rich in memories of this futile war, and the scenic road which winds along the river from Rockford down to Dixon has been named the Black Hawk Trail. A statue to the great chief stands high on a bluff across from Oregon, visible for many miles up and down the stream and attesting the nobility of the white man's predecessors.

Little pockets of post-Indian history dot the land. In Illinois, near Freeport, is the birthplace of Jane Addams, mentor of Chicago's famed Hull House. In Freeport itself is a monument to the second Lincoln-Douglas debate in which the Emancipator said, "The gov-

ernment cannot endure . . . half slave and half free."

Up in Wisconsin stalks the ghost of Whiskey Jack, a Paul Bunyan type who became a hero of the land when logging took the place of mining there. At Dodgeville lived Henry Dodge, the state's earliest governor—a fabulous man who carried a bowie knife and once thrashed members of a jury who found him guilty of treason. At New Glarus is Little Switzerland, settled in the lead days and still reminiscent of the land from which its people came.

But no footsteps of men in the Galena country quite equalled the impact made by those of an indifferently successful dry goods clerk who lived in Galena long after the mines became deserted. The Civil War brought him to command of the Union armies.

So grateful to his neighbors was Ulysses S. Grant that he made eleven of them Generals in his forces, and Galena leaped to fame once more—as the "Town of Generals." It is especially to his credit that one of them, General Ely S. Parker, was a full-blooded Seneca Indian. Upon his return, the people presented him with a new home. It stands now on the long incline of Bouthillier Street. Grant Park lies across the river from the terraces of the main part of town.

When Grant was gone again, this time to become President, Galena sank back into a peaceful slumber, its surrounding hills given over to the plow, its face still unchanged from its greatest days.

But a place so full of history cannot die. Recently the artists

have discovered it, and many of them spend weeks putting on their canvases the beauty and uniqueness of a building style copied throughout the whole Midwest. Its massive lines, softened by the influence of the South, are as important to Midwest tradition as is colonial architecture to New England.

State parks and monuments have been established in the Driftless Country to help perpetuate its story. In Wisconsin, a shot tower laboriously bored by hand down through a 200-foot hill is now a monument, and Wyalusing Park contains reminders of the romance of the basest metal.

In Illinois, the palisades which awed Mississippi steamboat captains are permanently preserved in a state park north of Savanna, and battlefields mark the sites of bloody warfare with the Indians.

Its history should be enough to bring tourists here in droves. And the scenery, without embellishment, is almost equal in attraction. But strangely, the Driftless Country has been forgotten. Few motor courts or signboards exist to hint to travelers what lies behind the forest fringe. Even Chicagoans, only 200 miles away, have not fully awakened to the beauty and significance of the upland corner of their state.

But perhaps it is better so for the lovers of things past. They can wander at leisure through this land and savor it without distraction or expense. It is indeed a rare treat to walk on High Street in Galena and re-live in your imagination the boom on Fever River.



Election STORY

ROBERT A. ELFERS

It was a little after ten o'clock when the two of them arrived at the printing shop. Marie handed the composing-room man the layout sheets after one last prayerful look at them.

"Tony," she said, "these are the heart of my heart. Be gentle with them, will you?"

Tony grinned at her and heartlessly jammed the charts on hooks over the page forms. Marie gave him a suspicious glance over her horn-rims and turned to see how the sophomores were doing with the galley proofs.

"Ouch!" She rubbed her wrist and looked at Tom Morton for an apology. His pencil, grasped in one fist, had juttied into the aisle and nicked her.

His grey eyes lifted to her momentarily. "Sorry," he murmured absently and went back to reading the copy on the table before him.

"It's all right." Marie joined the sophomores and pretended to check the proof they'd read. She

Should Tom swing the election by ... or risk

wished fleetingly that she were miles from the littered composing room and the responsibility of being the junior editor for the day, miles from a boy who could look at her without seeing her. And then she told herself that she should be thankful that it was her job that night. If Tom Morton needed help, it was now, on the election day issue of *The Daily Blizzard*.

This was the issue that was to tie up in a nice, tight package the *Blizzard's* campaign against Dacherty and his party. Between Tom and Slip Harmon, the paper had fired broadside after broadside at the campus clique that had bossed student affairs for too long. Tomorrow's election would be the first in years which the political machine wasn't sure to win. It was a toss-up now, and maybe by tomorrow night Snow State University would have a student gov-



...
y it to protect someone's character?

ernment that fairly represented all the groups on campus.

Maybe . . . Marie glanced quickly at Tom. Something was wrong tonight. He hadn't said anything, but she knew. He hadn't taken off his overcoat since they'd come in together to join the rest of that night's staff at the printing plant. She saw him press one hand to his forehead and begin fumbling through the phone book.

One of the sophomores asked her a question about an error in the proof. When she looked at Tom again he was still at the book.

"Making phone calls is no job for the editor-in-chief," she said gaily as she came up to him. "Who are you trying to get?"

"Oh. Thanks, Marie. Call Slip for me, will you? Tell him to get over here." Tom swept one square, sweating hand in the direction of the copy he'd been reading. "He's

got to do some more work on this story. I can't use it the way it is."

She dialed the fraternity house number, half-consciously noting that one of her fingernails was broken. She wondered if Tom noticed it.

"Hello."

She asked for Slip and in a few moments heard him say, "What's up?" When she told him what Tom had said, the fireworks in his vocabulary blew up. She listened impatiently to his heated protests that the story was perfect, that it was just what they needed for the wind-up of the campaign, that it would put Dacherty on ice for good.

"I haven't seen the story, so I don't know what you're talking about," she finally interrupted. "But if you're so anxious that we run it, you'd better get down here." And she hung up.

While she'd been talking, one of the linotype men had asked a question. Tom had dropped his overcoat on the mat-making ma-

chine and gone off with the man. Marie moved the coat to a chair back and went in search of him.

"He's coming," she shouted over the clacking of the linotype where he stood. "What's going on, anyway? Are we going to be late tonight?"

"Come on." He led her to a quieter section of the room by the soft drink machine. "How are the kids coming with the proof? Have you got enough copy to fill?"

His calm, deep voice reassured her, and so did his words. It was like him to stand there, chunky, straight, asking steady questions about the edition.

"Everything's okay," she told him. "With Slip's story, that is."

"We'll have something on the election, of course." He went over to the table where he'd been working and came back with Harmon's copy. "Here. Read this."

Marie started to skim through the story and slowed down abruptly. When she finished it, she read it through again. Then she said, "Slip is right. This will put Dacherty out of the game for good."

She didn't know what else to say. The story frightened her. They'd covered every aspect of Dacherty's campaign but this. The story hit Dacherty personally, bringing into question his moral fitness for the office of student government president.

Slip's story was based on another news story in a reputable metropolitan newspaper, an account of the conviction of one Lealand Dacherty on a charge of fraud. The newspaper story was a long one, dealing with the convicted man's reputation as a re-

spected and wealthy businessman until the discovery of his crime. Near the end was a paragraph that said that Dacherty's family included "a son, Albert Dacherty, a university student."

Slip's story was brief. Reporting the conviction, it pointed out that Albert Dacherty was the name of one of the candidates for the student presidency. It showed that his father was listed on university records as L. L. Dacherty, of the city where the newspaper was published. It said that Albert Dacherty refused to comment on it.

The story wasn't a long one; it would just be a box to accompany the general election roundup. But it would be poison to the campus clique and their candidate.

"Rough, huh?" Tom looked at her as if he understood how she felt. "This is the fourth year I've worked on the *Blizzard*, and I've never seen a story like this before. Of course, in four years, I've found out a lot about campus politics, too—enough not to be surprised that something like this has come up. Dacherty and his predecessors didn't get where they are by lily-white tactics."

"Are you going to print the story?"

He thought for a moment, lines tightening across his forehead and at his mouth. He thumped his fist gently against the drink machine.

"I don't know. We've got to get a decent student government. The *Blizzard's* carried the campaign and we can't fumble the ball now. But I don't know. After all, Dacherty isn't to blame if his fa-

ther is a crook. And we're not sure of that."

Tony yelled for Marie. She was explaining how she wanted one of the stories wrapped when she heard hurried footsteps on the stairs. The door swung wildly and Slip Harmon strode into the room.

"Where's Morton?"

Marie nodded toward Tom. In a moment, she heard Slip's excited voice making all the protests he had recited to her over the phone.

They made an unusual team: Tom—quiet, careful, thorough, almost commonplace; Slip—fiery, energetic, quick-witted, spectacular with his wavy red hair and bony good looks. Slip had come to Snow State from the West the previous year. He had admirers on the staff who said that he'd have been the editor instead of Tom if he'd been at the university as long.

The two of them were opposites all right, and yet they'd made a perfect partnership for the *Blizzard's* election fight. Slip had seemed impatient under Tom's direction at times, but he'd always shrugged off any differences of opinion with, "Okay, Buster, it's your show." Marie, watching the two of them now, saw Slip's shoulders hunch up and could imagine him saying the words. But when the two men came over by the phone, Slip's face was still flushed, and Tom hadn't lost his worried look.

"Tony says they'll need the last of the copy pretty soon," she told Tom quietly.

"We'll get it to him as soon as we can," he answered curtly.

"Why don't you tell the rest of the kids to go home?"

She glanced at the clock in surprise. It was close to 12:30. She shooed the sophomores out and by the time they'd gone, the composing room was almost quiet, with only one linotype still ticking away at the late stories.

The telephone book slammed down on the table, and Slip stood up. "I can't get Dacherty and none of his friends will talk."

Tom's voice was steady. "Well, then, your story can't say that Dacherty had no comment."

Disgust showed on Slip's face. "Have it your way. Keep it up and you'll have nothing but a hole in the front page." His expression changed to one of intense concern. "Look, Tom, we need that story. It'll turn the trick. We'll win with it!"

"But we're not sure. If the story isn't true, we'd be guilty of doing a dirty job on Dacherty. Let's find out if it's true, first, and then decide whether we should use it. After all, a man's character is involved."

"Oh, brother! You've been going to chapel too much."

Tony came up and stood beside Marie for a moment, his hands on his hips. "You guys better do something quick," he said. "You're beyond the deadline now."

Tiredly, Marie touched Slip's arm. "Isn't there someone you could call in the city? How about the paper there?"

"Good." Tom nodded. "Try it, Slip."

They listened as Harmon put the call through. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed, and tossed the phone

back on its cradle. "The line is busy. Morton, I'm getting awfully sick of this."

Tom ignored the complaint. "Try the district attorney's office. It's late, but someone might be there."

Slip started the call. Marie perched on the edge of the table and let her shoes slip off. Tom was rattling a pencil against his teeth. She wished he'd relax.

"There's an extension phone on Tony's desk," she reminded him. "Why don't you listen on that?"

He grunted, hurried across the room, and picked up the other phone.

Slip began talking to someone at the district attorney's office. He went through the whole story and asked if it were true. It was frustrating for Marie to listen to him and not hear the other part of the conversation. Apparently, he was having a hard time making himself understood, for he began to repeat the story. And then a new note came into his voice. "Right!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "It is, huh? Fine. Good."

Marie looked at Tom, wondering what he thought. He beckoned her with the jerk of a hand. In her stocking feet, she trotted over, seeing him scrawling a note. He handed it to her. It read, "Ask who it is that you're talking to. What's his job with the DA?"

Marie hurriedly thrust it in front of Slip's eyes. He took it from her, glanced at it, and held it in his hand. It was still there a moment later when he said, "Thanks very much. Good-by."

His red hair standing in clumps from running his hand through it, 28

he wheeled on Tom. "There you are! Cold. Confirmed. Signed, sealed, and . . ."

"I'm not so sure," Tom interrupted him. "I wish you'd asked him who he was."

"He told me. Jones. He's on the DA's staff."

"Yes, but . . ." Tom shook his head stubbornly. "He hedged too much. He wasn't very convincing, somehow. I don't know . . ."

"You don't know!" Slip's words exploded through the room. "What more do you want? We've got the original story. We've got the university records. We've got the DA's office to back it up."

To Marie, it sounded as if he was right. But Tom thrust his hands deep in his pockets, turned away, and then turned back.

"The original story isn't enough," he said. "It doesn't prove anything as far as Dacherty is concerned. The records aren't sufficient evidence. The fact that Dacherty's crew isn't talking doesn't mean anything in itself. Your talk with the DA's office leaves a lot of doubt in my mind. I don't think much of Dacherty and his outfit, but we can't smear him. That's all. We can't spend any more time on it."

There was silence for a moment and the editor spoke quietly to Tony. "Instead of the box on the front page, reset the bank under the headline to take up the space."

Slip was standing rigid, and Marie wondered in panic what she would do if they started to fight. And then, not saying a thing, Harmon went out the door. They could hear him clumping down the stairs.

Tom smiled crookedly at her. "I hope he gets over it. I'd hate to have him think me yellow all his life. He probably thinks we've lost the election. Maybe he's right."

A half hour later, when they were putting their coats on, the telephone rang and Tony answered it. "Tom," he said, "long distance. You still want that paper in the city?"

A grimace of fatigue moved across Tom's face, and he hesitated before he reached for the phone. This time, Marie had the other phone to herself. She heard a buzzing and then a brusque voice: "City desk. Nelson."

Tom was halfway through what he had to say when the man at the other end broke in abruptly. "Stay away from it, kid. We're in hot water ourselves over it. Our story was wrong. Our Dacherty's son's name is Herbert, not Albert. The two families are distantly related, but that's all."

He didn't wait to hear every-

thing that Tom had to say about the district attorney's office, either. "Forget it," he said. "I don't know who you were talking to, but I'm not surprised that he gave you a wrong steer. Old man Dacherty—your student's father—is in politics, too. The DA belongs to the other party. One of his boys wouldn't mind giving Dacherty or his son a nudge into hot water."

That was all. Tom hung up, smiled at Marie, and finished buttoning his coat.

Marie felt something warm and moist in the corner of her eyes. She dabbed at it quickly with her fingers. When she could control her voice, she said, "I'm glad. You were right."

Surprisingly, his arm came around her shoulders and gave her a little shake. "I know you are. And I'm glad I had you with me tonight." This time, when he looked at her, she knew he saw her.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 4

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 1. (f) | 7. (d) |
| 2. (g) | 8. (l) |
| 3. (e) | 9. (a) |
| 4. (j) | 10. (k) |
| 5. (h) | 11. (c) |
| 6. (i) | 12. (b) |

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH

Daily Rations



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

THEME: In Training to Be Athletes of the Spirit

1	Light for Sure	Matthew 5:13-16
2	From a Great Tempest to a Great Calm	Matthew 8:18-27
3	How to Walk on Water	Matthew 14:22-33
4	Three Distances of Devotion	Matthew 26:36-46
5	Soldiers Abusing Jesus	Matthew 27:27-32
6	A Captain Converted by an Earthquake	Matthew 27:45-54
7	Big Money for Soldiers	Matthew 28:1-15
8	Soldiers Making Fun of Jesus	Luke 23:33-37
9	A Doubting Soldier Wonders	Acts 10:1-33
10	A Seeking Soldier Satisfied	Acts 10:34-48
11	A Miracle in the Guard House	Acts 12:1-19
12	Steering a Straight Course	Acts 16:6-15
13	An Army Rescues a Preacher	Acts 21:27-36
14	A Preacher Gets an Honor Guard	Acts 23:22-35
15	From Contrary Winds to Fair Havens	Acts 27:1-8
16	Good Cheer in Shipwreck	Acts 27:16-26
17	Exercising Leadership	Acts 27:27-36
18	Chaplain Saves 276 Men!	Acts 27:37-44
19	Good Advice for Fathers	1 Peter 3:1-12
20	A Soldier's Unusual Privilege	Acts 28:11-16
21	A Good Conscience and Faith	1 Timothy 1:1-11
22	Play the Game Squarely	2 Timothy 2:1-13
23	Inspired Scripture Is Profitable	2 Timothy 3:1-17
24	A Number of Personal Matters	2 Timothy 4:1-22
25	No Respector of Persons	James 2:1-13
26	Faith Not Apart from Work	James 2:14-16
27	Be Not Self-indulgent	James 5:1-11
28	Save at Least One Soul from Death	James 5:12-20
29	Being Happy in Sufferings	1 Peter 4:12-19
30	Casting All Your Care Upon Him	1 Peter 5:1-14

United Fellowship

Like a Flower

"She loves me. She loves me not. She loves . . ." It always bothers me when I see someone pulling apart a beautiful flower to satisfy this silly superstition, but I console myself with the thought that God made so many flowers.

This stunt does remind me, however, that flowers are usually composed of many parts. Their beauty is often made up by each of several different parts adding its own worth to the whole. A rose with only one petal would be a homely freak, and we would throw it away. A lily stripped of

all except its stamen would be both useless and uninteresting. For good reasons God made up the beauty of flowers from many parts.

For equally good reasons, God made effective personal religion so that it requires several elements to make it complete. Like a flower, its beauty and value arise from the right combination of parts. Some people try to make up a religion of only one element and end up with a useless way of life. James reminds us that, at a minimum, religion must be made up of two elements: faith and works. But the Christian religion is more than these two. Its beauty arises from the proper arrangement of many things: love, sacrifice, holiness, patience, humility, faith, confidence, truth, service, brotherhood, conviction, sobriety, perseverance, prayer, and many others. God evidently felt that it was more beautiful and effective that way.

We should be glad for our complex religion and not try to reduce it to its final minimum essential. It could very well be that, after we have pulled out the various elements one at a time and cast them off, we would end up with, "He loves me not."



—Joe Dana

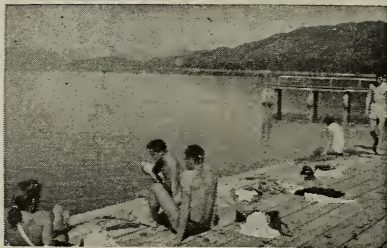
Retreat at Tahoe

Editor's Note: On my desk is an attractive folder. I'll let it tell its own story.

What started out to be a retreat for a Bible study group of Air Force personnel from Hamilton AFB, California, culminated in the formation of Hamilton's United Fellowship of Protestants.

A cabin on the shores of Lake Tahoe was the scene of the three-day retreat that began Friday night and ended late Sunday afternoon. The group departed from Hamilton after duty hours on Friday and spent two days and nights on the mountain. Fifteen delegates paid \$5.00 each for the six meals.

The staff was composed of Chaplains Simon Scott, Jr., and Conway Lanford of the Base Chapel who conducted the conferences and worship services. Dr. Donald G. Stewart, Professor of Christian Education at San Francisco Theological Seminary, was a surprise vesper speaker.



The theme of the retreat was "To Serve the King of Kings," which is a phrase taken from the theme hymn, "Rise Up, O Men of God."

Saturday was spent in conferences on serving Christ and witnessing, which resulted in the formation of the UFP at Hamilton. Recreation in the form of swimming, softball, and sight-seeing occupied the afternoon. A vesper service and stunt session was the evening fare. Sunday morning was set aside for Sunday School and a Holy Communion which became a time of dedication.

Mrs. Conway Lanford planned, purchased, and prepared the meals. The conferees did KP.

Results of the retreat have been far-reaching. An active group of some 30 to 50 men and women have organized in an active program within the United Fellowship of Protestants. The deepened spiritual fervor of several members and the heightened spiritual





Editor's Note: Chaplain Scott reports, "In our meetings we are using THE LINK, and have found it to be very adequate for our needs." Thanks, Chaplain.

tone of the entire group has been noticed on the base. This has led to the rapid growth of the group. From this retreat there has been an increase in Sunday school teachers, choir members, and ushers. The entire program of the chapel has been undergirded in a noticeable way.

It is recommended that this type of week-end retreat be repeated as an annual event.

The good-looking gang below is

the United Fellowship on the USS CORAL SEA entertaining a group of Baptist pastors from the vicinity of Valencia, Spain. The pastors told of their work at a Monday evening meeting.

Like the group on the USS MIDWAY last year, this Fellowship on the giant carrier is visiting Protestant churches around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, under the leadership of Chaplain John Craven, shown in the center of the picture.

The fellow in the front row holding the Bible is Leo Lawrence who was formerly a leader in the United Fellowship at Patuxent River NAS.



They Sang Their Faith

Our Aims

1. To catch the zeal which moved John and Charles Wesley.
2. To consider the faith in Christ that makes people sing.
3. To understand the influence of Christian hymns.

Psa. 100:1, 2; Eph. 5:18, 19

John and Charles Wesley

Back of every great personality is a mother who is a great woman. Back of Augustine stands Monica. Back of George Washington stands Mary. Back of John and Charles Wesley stands Susannah.

Susannah Wesley taught her nineteen children the alphabet. More, she taught them the Scriptures. She imparted a love in her children for spiritual values.

One night six-year-old John found himself plunged into one of the two key experiences of his life. He had been put to bed at the usual hour in the familiar security of Epworth rectory. A little later he awakened in a room of menacing flames. Although he was snatched to safety the experience was seared on his whole personality. He told his mother that, when he grew up, he was going to save souls, because he was "a brand snatched from the burning." Wisely, Susannah took her small son seriously.

While at Oxford University, John, together with his famous brother Charles, and George Whitefield, organized a group that was nicknamed the "Holy Club." This, like his studies, moved under the characteristically Wes-

leyan discipline. Their precision in ministering to the sick, in praying three times daily and silently every hour, earned them the title, "methodists."

John had not yet found the spontaneous drive of a self certain of its calling. A period of apparent defeat followed before he reached self-integration. His trip to Georgia as a missionary to the Indians failed. He fell in love, and the experience added to his feeling of defeat and uncertainty. He met the Moravian, Pastor Boehler, and for a while came under the influence of quietism. The inner struggle increased. His spiritual experience was bleak. John was being prepared for the second key experience, the sign and seal of his destiny.

On May 24, 1738, worn by weeks of struggle, John entered a little meeting of Anglicans in Aldersgate Street, London. Among other things that night he heard someone read from Martin Luther's preface to Paul's Letter to the Romans. It described "the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ." That brought Wesley's inner emotions together in a feeling he de-

scribed as a "strangely warmed heart." He said, "I felt I did trust in Christ—Christ alone—for salvation."

Wesley had tried to settle his difficulties intellectually. He had the mind to think things through, and his own admissions of stubbornness bespeak a will power anything but weak. But the miracle of redeeming change, he felt. He found a new faith, an assurance of forgiven sins, and release from the working of spiritual decay. The very next turn for him in this heartwarming experience was to begin to pray for his enemies. Then and there he testified openly what he now first felt in his heart. He hurried to share this joy of self-integration with his brother, Charles, ill in a near-by house. Charles, who later became the great hymn writer of Methodism, sang:

"How shall I equal triumph raise
Or sing my great Deliverer's
praise?"

From that day on these two brothers became men of action. While John Wesley was the preacher and organizer of early Methodism, Charles Wesley, the poet and singer, gave wings to the good news of the revival to sweep over the English world.

The Negro Spirituals

Negro Spirituals are true folk songs, created out of the sorrow and the suffering of the slaves brought from various localities of Africa to the United States a century and more ago. Here these primitive folk were suddenly cut off from the moorings of their native culture, scattered without re-

gard to their old tribal relations, having to adjust themselves to a completely alien civilization and to learn a strange language, and held under a harsh system of slavery. It was from these people this noble music sprang.

Blown through or fused into the vestiges of his African music was the spirit of Christianity as the Negro knew Christianity. It is not possible to estimate the sustaining influence that the story of the trials and tribulations of the Jews as related in the Old Testament exerted upon the Negro. This story at once caught and fired the imaginations of the Negro bards. They sang their hungry listeners into a firm faith that, as God saved Daniel in the lion's den, so he would save them; as God preserved the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, so he would preserve them; as God delivered Israel out of bondage in Egypt, so he would deliver them.

Spirituals were originally intended only for group singing. Some of them may be the spontaneous creation of the group, but far the greater part of them are the work of talented but unknown individuals influenced by the pressure and reaction of the group. "Deep River," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Steal Away to Jesus," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," are only a few of these plaintively beautiful songs.

We Sing Our Faith

God instructs the Christian to praise him in song and melody. In every church, regardless of denomination and belief, music is present; and so it should be, for

Questions for Discussion

1. Name several hymns that are sung to the same tune.
2. What hymn is known as the Crusaders' Hymn?
3. List several hymns in the hymnal which were written by composers of your denomination.
4. What is the most frequently used morning hymn?
5. Approximately how many hymns do you know?
6. How often do you learn a new hymn?
7. Do you make a practice of memorizing hymns?
8. What thought or thoughts do you like a hymn to express?
9. In planning a worship program how would you select hymns which help to unify the service?
10. What are the requirements of a good hymn?

this is an excellent way of giving thanks to our heavenly Father. The psalmist says, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord."

Music has always had a prominent place in the world, especially in divine worship. God himself called attention to music when he asked Job the question, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the cornerstone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" This may have been the beginning of song, and the most active imagination of mankind can derive but a slight

impression of the magnitude and magnificence of that wonderful chorus. In Exodus 15 we find the first biblical history of singing. Look it up.

The Lutheran Reformation restored to the layman the right to join actively in the musical services of the church. As a result, thousands of hymns were written in Protestant Germany and were provided with tunes which remain today. Take your hymnal and see from how many sources we get our hymns. The history of hymns is fascinating.

We Would Be Building

A few years ago a group of young people representing a large number of Protestant churches met to consider how they might help to make the world better. After the conference one of the leaders kept thinking of the ideas for a better world that the young people had discussed, and finally set them down in the hymn, "We Would Be Building."

The author is Purd E. Dietz, Professor of New Testament at Eden Seminary, St. Louis, Mo. The tune is the familiar movement from *Finlandia*, by Jean Sibelius, the famous Finnish composer.

Read the words carefully, considering these questions:

1. Why do we need to build our world anew?
2. What can we do to help make our world more Christian?
3. Are we willing to build according to God's plan?
4. How can we be certain of the divine commands?

They Lived by Their Faith

Our Aims

1. To study two outstanding personalities who lived a certain kind of life that made them world famous.
2. To sense how the Christian faith leads people to live in the spirit of sharing.
3. To discover how a Christian knows when he is called to work for Christ.

Luke 19:1-10; Matt. 13:45, 46

Jane Addams

Eight years after graduation from college, Jane Addams awakened to the fact that she was spending all her time "preparing for great things" instead of starting to do them. So she and Ellen Starr took an old house, once the homestead of Charles Hull, and opened a settlement house. Here she started reading clubs, dramatic classes, boys' clubs, nurseries, and kindergartens for the immigrants who lived in this congested, industrial section of Chicago.

Not content with working with the children, she worked with all ages. An old woman ninety years old who had nothing to keep herself occupied used to pick all the plaster off the walls, much to the consternation of her landlords. This woman was taught to make paper chains by the Hull House kindergarten teacher and she took delight in adorning the walls she had once defaced.

So Miss Addams with her splendid education, took care of babies,

sheltered wives from their drunken husbands, and ministered to death beds. A constant stream of bruised and battered folk flowed into the stimulating harbor of Hull House and found there a bit of beauty and a ray of friendliness.

Today Hull House has many buildings and many workers—Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—but all of these workers strive with Jane Addams to carry out the purpose which is stated in the Hull House charter:

"To provide a center for a higher civic and social life; to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago."

Miss Addams was a great believer in peace. She sponsored a Peace Ship in 1915 which went to Europe endeavoring to secure an end to World War I. The impact of her belief in peace is still felt.

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Toyohiko Kagawa

Toyohiko Kagawa has given his life to the spreading of Christianity in Japan. His method isn't just to read the Bible or preach a sermon; it is to live among the people, his every act and every word reflecting a Christlike attitude.

When a beggar asked for his shirt one day, Kagawa gave it to him. The next day the same man demanded other articles of clothing. Kagawa immediately handed them over. This left him with only a ragged kimono, but he wore it and attended classes at the theological seminary.

As a young man, Kagawa rented a room in the slums of Kobe. He shared it with those who had no place to go. Ignoring the danger to himself, he aided people stricken with leprosy, tuberculosis, and other dread diseases. No call for food, clothing, or help of any kind went unanswered, though such calls were made by drunkards, thieves, and murderers. These were his neighbors.

Kagawa wasn't accustomed to this type of living, so the adjustment must have been hard to make. His parents died when he was a small boy, but his father had been a secretary in the emperor's council. A wealthy uncle gave him a home but disowned him when Kagawa began to take English lessons and became interested in Christianity.

Since then the life of Kagawa has been dedicated to serving his country and his God. No job has been too lowly for him to undertake in order to earn money with which to help others.

Though he once worked as a chimney sweep, Kagawa later became the author of more than sixty books. He has lectured all over the world. He was elected to the Japanese House of Commons. He was appointed to the Imperial Relief Committee at the time of the earthquake in Tokyo and Yokohama. He launched the Kingdom-of-God movement to unite Christian forces in Japan.

Kagawa's appearance is not prepossessing. His clothing is of the cheapest. His voice is raspy and harsh and often breaks just at the place when you are most eager to catch his words. His eyes are so poor that he gives up his effort to follow his notes. But when he writes on the blackboard an expression that his audience did not catch, you are startled by the gracefulness and clearness of his written word.

Kagawa is not a man clothed in soft raiment, not a reed shaken in the wind, but a prophet of God with a message for our age. His is the message of the redeeming, re-creating power of the love of God that can save individuals, communities, states, nations, and the world. It is a message that calls for action and indicates where the humblest Christian can take hold.

Does God Govern Men?

Benjamin Franklin said: "I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is

it possible that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this."

Faith is the cornerstone of the lives of these great people. They are examples of a contagious faith. That is why their lives were and are contagious.

How Contagious Was Jesus?

Jesus was so contagious that it wasn't safe even to have dinner with him if you wanted to stay as you had been. Take Zacchaeus, for example. He was a tax collector, so hard boiled that he worked for the Romans against his own people because it paid him better. Of course everybody hated him, and avoided him. But Jesus invited himself to dinner one day. Nobody knows what was said. Probably the words don't matter anyway, but something in Jesus' character got across to Zacchaeus. All of a sudden Zacchaeus saw that the way he was living was no way to be happy; and he saw that happiness was something he wanted desperately. He made up his mind to pay the price for Jesus' kind of happiness. It came high, but he paid it because he wanted it. That's how contagious Jesus was.

What Faith in Christ Will or Will Not Do

The fact that you and I are believers in Jesus does not mean that we are not going to be subjected to any of life's troubles. The

Questions for Discussion

1. How is faith strengthened through crisis experiences?
2. Must some things be accepted only on the basis of faith?
3. How can we communicate what we feel deeply within ourselves about God to others?
4. What are the basic beliefs in the Protestant Christian faith?

truth is that the germ of death is in us and becomes active the moment we are born. We have sin in our hearts. We live in a world of sin. The general consequences of sin come upon us.

Our Lord does not give us any assurance that he is going to answer our prayers in the very manner in which we expect they will be answered. The story of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus gives us abundant evidence of that. If you are a believer in Jesus Christ, you do have the absolute assurance that your prayers, spoken in the name of the Lord and addressed to the Triune God, *are going to be heard!* He will see to that. God will do it in his way.

Jesus is not only the answer to sin; he is also the answer to death. Whatever others may or may not believe, this is a definite promise which Jesus gives to all who believe Him: "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die."

They Wrote of Their Faith

Our Aims

1. To discover what impels authors to write of their faith.
2. What do these authors accomplish by their writing?
3. To see how writing and reading books influence for good or evil.

Acts 17:10-15; I Tim. 4:12-16

The New Testament Writers

When Paul, on his missionary journeys around the Mediterranean Sea, came to the city of Corinth he received a very encouraging report of the faith and good works of the band of Christians at Thessalonica where he had been a few months before. So happy was he over the news which Timothy brought him, that he sat down and wrote the Thessalonians a letter telling them how happy their Christian faith made him and also answering some questions which they had asked about the Christian way of life. This is the earliest of the writings which we have in the New Testament, this letter written by Paul to his Christian friends at Thessalonica from the city of Corinth in the year 50 or 51 A.D.

Perhaps Paul had written letters to some of his churches before. If so, they are lost and we do not have them. But during the next fifteen years he wrote at least ten which were preserved and which we now have in our New Testament. Always they were written because Paul had something special to say to the Christians in a certain place. Because

he could not go to them he wrote them a letter.

It is likely that Mark wrote the first of the Gospels to be recorded. He wrote the whole story of Jesus' life as he learned it from Peter and added also the things which he had heard his mother tell. The whole church needed such a story, for soon there would not be anywhere a disciple who followed Jesus during his life.

Christians, who at first had been so interested in the teachings of Jesus that they did not think to ask about his life, began in the 60's and 70's and 80's to want to know every detail of Jesus' life here upon earth. Many writers sought to meet this need and many Gospels, so-called, were written. As the years passed, three of these stories of Jesus seemed so much more accurate and true to his spirit than the others that they were used by more and more churches. Later the Gospel of John, a deeply spiritual interpretation of Jesus' life, was added to the first three.

By the year 200 most churches considered the letters of Paul, the four Gospels, and The Acts of the Apostles, written by Luke

along with his life of Jesus, to be sacred. They kept them in their churches and referred to them to settle any disputes.

Always the thing they tested a book by was whether it gave a clear, true picture of Jesus and whether it would inspire Christians to follow Jesus' teachings. Some books we have never heard of were first included in the New Testament and then dropped because they did not measure up.

It was not until A.D. 367 that just the twenty-seven books we now have in the New Testament began to be accepted by most of the churches as the finest of Christian writings. But many years passed before these were bound together in one volume.

A Great Novelist

Throughout the centuries men have tried to depict what Christ means to mankind. In our generation there has lived a man whose ability to put into novels great truths and stimulating personalities has attracted the reading of millions. Lloyd C. Douglas is a household name across the world, for his books have been read by millions and the motion pictures developed from his novels seen by more millions.

Lloyd Douglas was born in Columbia City, Ind., August 27, 1877, the son of a minister. He received his education at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, and the Lutheran Seminary located there. Many colleges and universities honored him for his books. Ordained into the ministry he served Lutheran churches in Ohio and Washington, D. C. For

four years he was director of religious work at the University of Illinois. Then he held pastorates in the Congregational Church at Ann Arbor, Mich.; Akron, Ohio; and Los Angeles, Calif. Before giving up the pastorate to engage in full-time writing he served a four-year pastorate in St. James United Church, Montreal, Canada.

The first novel from his pen to attract widespread attention was *Magnificent Obsession*. Briefly stated, the story centers around Bobby Merrick, a wealthy young man whose life was saved from drowning at the cost of the life of a highly-valued surgeon and citizen, Dr. Hudson. During convalescence at the hospital, Bobby overhears some person deploring the fact that his useless life had been spared at such a great cost. His reaction to this remark; his ultimate determination to become a great brain specialist and live Doctor Hudson's life for him; and the consequences for Bobby's life in spiritual development and professional attainment constitute the story. The meaning of the story is that what we give away lives on down through all time.

Then came other well-known titles: *Green Light*, *White Banners*, *Forgive Us Our Trespases*, *Disputed Passage* and *Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal*. Finally there came the great novel on Simon Peter which makes this disciple stand out as a real man.

Dr. Douglas probably joins the procession of literary immortals by his novel, *The Robe*. Built on Biblical and fictional incidents it has a quality that inspires and

Questions for Discussion

1. Why did not Jesus write down everything he wanted us to know?

2. Do we know who wrote most of the books? Did these writers get together and plan it? Did they all write at one time?

3. Did they know that we would some day gather together what they wrote and call it the New Testament?

4. Why are most of the New Testament books in the form of letters?

5. What are some great religious books of this present day?

6. What must a book have to live on beyond one generation?

7. Why are the presses issuing so much trashy literature today?

8. What can be done to get more men to read worth-while books?

copies and has several close competitors with nearly the same reader total.

Christian church publications now circulate by the millions. In this we should rejoice. Do you read a church paper weekly to keep informed of progress in the religious world and to know the inspiration that can come from clean reading? Do you read your Bible—the source book and guide-book for Christian living? It is the “Book of all people.”

Man does not live by bread alone. He really lives—although most of the world’s hungry souls do not know it—“by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.” There is God, but can he speak to a hungry soul?

The answer is in God’s book. In the Bible Christ says: “I am the bread of life; he who comes to me shall not hunger; and he who believes in me shall never thirst.”

In the Bible we read: “Trust in the Lord, and do good; . . . and he will give you the desires of your heart.” “Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness; for they shall be satisfied.” “The Lord is near to all who call upon Him.” “He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.” “He heareth the cry of the afflicted.”

We need to study our Christian faith carefully. It is true that the more we know about something, the more interested we are in it. For this reason, we each should find some way to become well acquainted with our Christian faith. Discuss with the group how the use of Christian literature can help with this.

thrills. (The topic writer sat up until 5:00 A.M. to finish it, so enthralled was he by the story.) Hollywood’s depiction of the story has made it grip millions all around the world.

What Do We Read?

There never was a time when papers and magazines, both secular and religious, were so widely circulated as today. The tragedy is that much of the literature being circulated is of the wrong type. People are reading as never before. But what are we reading? Never before have we had so many daily papers. One large monthly magazine has a circulation of more than three million

They Stood Up for Their Faith

Our Aims

1. To be inspired by the heroism of spiritual pioneers.
2. To express courageously moral and spiritual convictions.
3. To see the importance of a faith that stands the test of struggle in today's world.

Acts 6:8-15

Marcus Whitman—Trail Blazer

It was Marcus Whitman who blazed the migrant trail to Oregon when he set out, in the year 1836, to work as a medical missionary among the Indian tribes of the Upper Columbia. Dr. Whitman and his young wife crossed the mountains by wagon train, the first persons to reach the Pacific Coast by this means.

In 1839 the emigrations of Americans into Oregon began to pour over the famous South Pass of the Rockies and along the Oregon Trail. But that part of Oregon's history is a familiar tale. It is a stirring tale of covered wagons, of hardy men and women pioneers seeking a land of hope, promise, and opportunity; a tale of almost incredible hardships and privations—the companions of all those who pioneer in extending the frontiers of civilization.

There were also the inevitable clashes with Indians, just as there had been in almost every other part of our nation. Most of the tribes in Oregon—the Umpque, Coquille, Owhyhee, Klamath, and the rest—were a peaceful lot, but trouble with the white settlers was more or less to be expected.

Ten years after Dr. Marcus Whitman drove the first covered wagon down the Oregon Trail, the Oregon Treaty was signed, thanks in large measure to the endeavors of Dr. Whitman himself.

Thirteen years later, so swift was the moving tide of events, Oregon became a State in the U.S.A. The pioneering days were past. A new era had begun.

Dr. Whitman made a tremendous contribution to the Christian Church on the Pacific Coast and has left his name forever engraved upon the list of those who gave their lives in the heroic struggle to lift the sights of the frontiersmen toward God.

Eivind Berggrav—Modern Hero

During the Second World War, Bishop Eivind Berggrav was Norway's leading church primate. The Nazis imprisoned him and kept him in confinement in a cottage twelve miles from Oslo. They threw up a barbed wire fence and confined the Bishop to an area of 500 square yards.

He was there for three years, spending his time making a Norwegian Bible translation, doing household chores, chopping wood,

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and cooking his own meals. Constantly he made plans for the day when Norway should finally be liberated. Once a week he put on a pair of spectacles and a black beard, went past his guards, and motorcycled to the place where the underground church held its meetings. It was a stone's throw from the Gestapo headquarters. There, through a coded information system which covered the entire country, Berggrav directed the activities of the underground church.

One of the great moments after the war was the meeting of Berggrav and Niemoeller at the Provisional Committee meeting of the World Council of Churches held in Geneva. Leaders in the church resistance were now leaders in the effort toward a united Christian church. Bishop Berggrav played a significant part in all the preparations for Amsterdam.

At the Amsterdam Assembly he was elected to the Central Committee of the Council. In the first meeting of this body, Bishop Berggrav was one of the most outspoken in pressing for a public protest against the arrest of Bishop Ordass by the Hungarian Communist government, seeing in it a similar oppression to that which he had experienced. He was made one of the six presidents of this Council and served until the Second Assembly of the World Council in Evanston, Ill., this past summer.

Berggrav has taken an active part in the work of the churches on international affairs. Those who hear him sense his close touch with and concern for the common

man troubled by despair in a divided and chaotic world.

One of the notable addresses at the Evanston Assembly was made by the aged leader. He stated his conviction that there is no distinction in his mind between the concept "world" and some kind of an environment in which the church lives which is called "sacred." "I do not consider the world to be the secular place as distinguished from the sacred soil of the Church," he said. "Indeed the church of Christ finds itself exactly where mankind is living."

He went on to say that tensions within and among the churches have contributed, and still do, to the tensions outside the church. The differences over inter-communion were cited as an example of tensions within the church.

However, tensions are not necessarily wrong in themselves, explained Bishop Berggrav. He suggested that tensions among Christians might be *Christian*. "It is when sin enters that they become destructive," said the Bishop. "Even tensions between men or between nations may be according to God's plan for life to keep it growing and vital and to inspire it." It is when fear and anger are a part of tension that it becomes sin. Love is creative and tensions which exist in love can be part of God's will. "There may be differences of opinion, differences about what we like or dislike, but no anger, no envy, no irritation. Because in the unity of Christ, love is the constructive and over-ruling factor."

Our unity in Christ does not call upon us to become one uni-

form church. Divisions in thought or tradition, as well as those divisions provoked because truth has been revealed to us differently, do not in themselves cut us off from each other if we are in this unity of Christ.

Early Heroes of the Church

Stephen, Paul, Peter, all suffered at the hands of persecutors. Was the price they paid too much? Our best answer is that their Christian ministry and deeds were sealed most convincingly when they backed them up with their very lives.

Although the price was tragically high, the persecution of the early church weeded out those who only half-heartedly believed and lived in the Way. It gave a high tone to the morale of the church and strengthened the bonds of fellowship among the members.

Yet in spite of the exacting qualifications of Christianity, the church grew with surprising rapidity. We are told that Christian leaders tried to restrain those who craved martyrdom, for many wanted to rush in to seek that honor! It appears that persecution brought some new vigor and life into the church.

The early Christians had become so devoted to what they believed to be God's will that they made a powerful stand. We need today young Christians who will stand for their Master.

Our Creed Today

Here is the creed one youth group developed: I can be Chris-

Questions for Discussion

1. How can we tell the difference between the radiant Christian life and merely a glowing personality?

2. In what ways can a person gain increased assurance in his convictions about right and wrong?

3. Does a person become queer when he is wholeheartedly Christian? Why do some seem so?

4. Can you tell of a personal experience in which the way of Christian love has been more powerful than the forces of evil and selfishness?

5. How can one make a clear-cut stand for his Christian convictions and not take the attitude of being superior to those who do not hold to his convictions?

6. Is it right for a person to make a stand which will bring suffering or persecution to his family or loved ones?

7. Which is the greater virtue, tolerance or firm conviction? Can one's convictions be wrong?

tian. Country and city alike present a lifelong challenge to me, for in them there are boys and girls, men and women who need Jesus and are waiting for someone to lead them to him. In country and city are those who need the love and compassion, the tenderness and understanding, the salvation and security that can be found only in Christ. Wherever I live, I can be Christian. Wherever I live, I must be Christian.

A Worship Service

Carl R. Key

INVOCATION: May the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. Amen.

HYMN: "Take My Life, and Let It Be Consecrated."

SCRIPTURE: Philippians 4:4-8.

MEDITATION: It was Tennyson the poet who said, "I am a part of all that I have met" . . .

"You are today the portrait of your yesterdays.

"Every thought, every wish, every secret dream were strands woven into the fabric of your soul on the loom of your daily purpose.

"All that you dreamed but dared not, is a part of you.

"All of the frustrated purposes, the denied and disinherited capacity that travailed for birth in you, are now a part of what you might have been.

"The sacrifices, the prayers, the lives of your parents are inseparably a part of you.

"The comrades along the way—fellow workers, students, teachers, friends—all wielded a trowel in shaping the one that is you.

"The dreams that call on you, and the hopes that stir within you all have their roots in the past, and their bloom in the future depends on the person you now are.

"There is a restless urge within you, seeking to have you outgrow yourself.

"Your highest potentiality, if realized like the prize in the race, depends as much on the last lap as the first. Not unto him who begins; but unto him who finishes.

"A spark of the Divine within you awaits its eternal promise to be fanned into a glowing flame which will throw a luminous light on the pathway of all who travel with you.

"You can be a child of the Most High; or a traitor to yourself."

Roy A. Burkhardt in "The Future Belongs to You." Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. Used by permission.

HYMN: "God, Who Touchest Earth with Beauty."

TALK: "Tools for Christians"

We have amazing tools today; all the way from the huge rotary press a hundred feet long and three stories high that prints the daily paper to the tiny transmitter in a hearing aid. With these tools we can make anything—spun glass so fine no one can see it, and ships the size of the *Forrestal*. These tools we use for making things; and things are important in life. If life is easier for us than it was for grandpa, it is because we have learned to make so many things.

But there is more to life than just things, no matter how pretty or perfect they may be. Life is also made up of attitudes and thoughts. In fact, what we call the "Christian Way of Life" can never be made of things, but is built whenever we form a better attitude or create a more effective idea. But what tools are there for us Christians to use to make a better world?

In our Scripture Paul has suggested a set of seven tools with which you and I can help build a better world, a world more in keeping with the hopes and dreams of Jesus. They are *truth, honor or honesty, justice, purity, beauty, goodness, and righteousness*. This is a kit of tools worthy of the best workman. If all of us who call ourselves Christians would take these tools and go to work for Christ, we'd have that better world in a hurry.

PRAYER POEM:

O Haunting Spirit of the Ever True,
Keep thou the pressure of thy way
upon us.
We see a world too big to grasp;
We glimpse a city too far off to reach;
We trudge a way too long to walk;
We feel a truth too pure to understand.
We have a purpose that we cannot
prove;
A life to live beyond the power of
living;
A vision time nor energy cannot
contain;
But faith that all our effort will not
be in vain.
O Haunting Spirit of the Ever True,
Keep thou the pressure of thy way
upon us. Amen.



"She's mean, all right," said the boy about his teacher, "but she's fair."

"What do you mean by that?" asked his mother.

"Well," he replied, "she's mean to everyone."

—*Watchman Examiner*

Nothing improves a woman's appearance more than a man's.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

Tony was drafted and sent overseas. One day because of his awkwardness he was being kidded by his lieutenant. "What did you do before you joined up?" asked the officer.

"Playa da music and da monk, he collecta da mon."

"Why did you join the Army then?"

"I no join. I was drafta."

"And what became of your monkey?"

"Oh, dey make a lieutenant out of him."

—*Arkansas Baptist*

Little Mary had not been very good, and as punishment she was made to eat her dinner at a small table in the corner of the dining room. She was ignored by the rest of the family until they heard her saying grace: "I thank thee, Lord, for preparing for me a table in the presence of mine enemies."

—*Watchman Examiner*

The two-headed man from the circus found himself without funds in a department store.

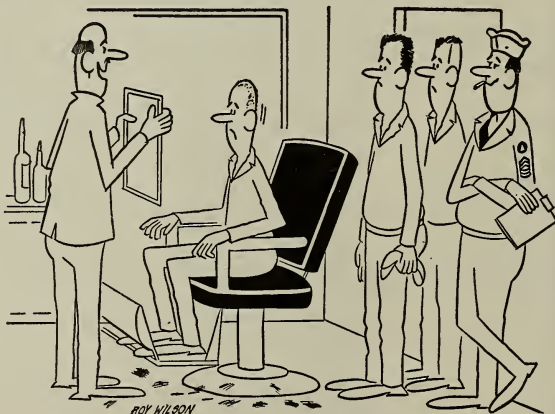
"I'm the two-headed man with the circus playing here," he said. "Can I charge these ties?"

The clerk looked doubtful. "Do you have any identification?" she asked.

—*Montrealer*

Tourists are people who travel thousands of miles to get a kodak picture of themselves standing by the car.

—*Watchman Examiner*



"There now—admit it—isn't that neat? . . ."

1955 UCM Training Conference

CONFERENCE	OPENING DATE	CONTACT ADDRESS
INDIANA	June 10	519 Bd. of Trade Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.
NORTHWESTERN	June 12	Presbyterian Church, Rapid City, S. Dakota
COLORADO	June 19	1458 Pennsylvania, Denver 3, Colorado
OHIO	June 20	35 W. Gay St., Columbus 15, Ohio
FLORIDA	July	Methodist Church, Umatilla, Florida
IOWA	July 17	525 Sixth Ave., Des Moines 9, Iowa
TEXAS	July 24	504 W. 24th St., Austin, Texas
MISSOURI	July 31	614 So. Olive, Mexico, Missouri
PENNSYLVANIA	July 31	2403 No. Front St., Harrisburg, Penna.
VIRGINIA	August	190 W. Grace St., Richmond 20, Va.
SO. CENTRAL	Aug. 1	79 E. Adams St., Chicago 3, Illinois
OKLAHOMA	August	1517 No. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.
NO. CAROLINA	Aug. 6	105 W. Vance St., Wilson, N.C.
EASTERN	Aug. 13	Box 385, Concord, New Hampshire
KANSAS	August	327 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kansas
W. VIRGINIA	Aug. 8	1350 St. Marys Ave., Parkersburg, W. Va.
CENTRAL	Aug. 21	Presbyterian Church, Albert Lea, Minn.
CHESAPEAKE	Aug. 27	Bethesda Methodist Church, Middletown, Del.
NATIONAL	Aug. 28	79 E. Adams St., Chicago 3, Illinois

(Continued from page 9)

UNITARIAN

Liberal Religious Youth, 25 Brown St., Boston, Mass.

UNITED LUTHERAN CHURCH

Rev. Leslie Conrad, 1228 Spruce St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. Robert A. Kempes, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Rev. Gene Stone, 1201 East Broad St., Columbus 5, Ohio

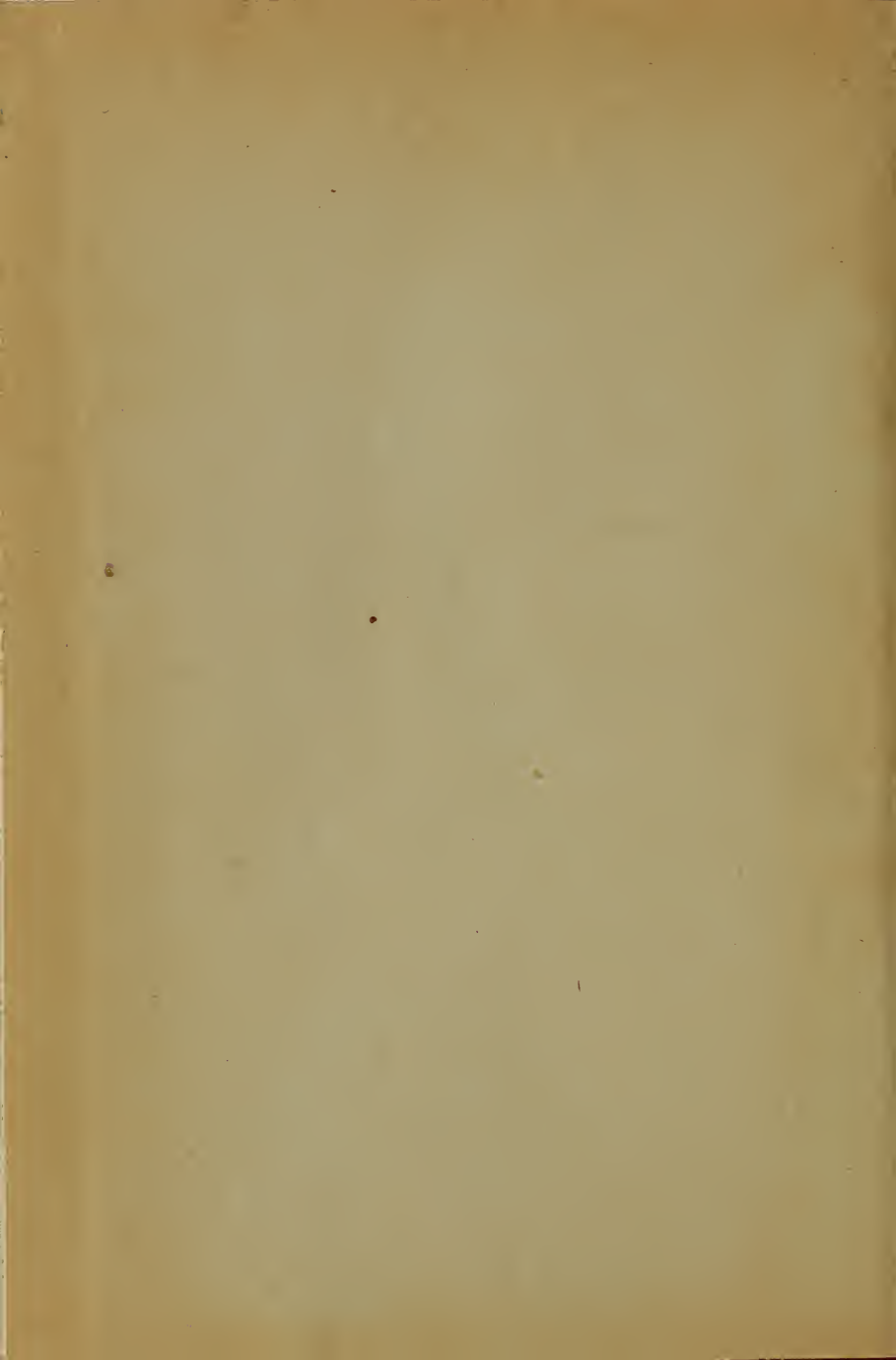
U. C. Y. M.

Rev. A. Wilson Cheek, 79 East Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. George Corwin, 291 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.





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