

The LINK



June, 1949

Father's Day, June 19, 1949



HE wants to be like his Dad! You men, did you ever think, as you pause, that the boy who watches your every move is building a set of laws? He's moulding a life you're the model for; and whether it's good or bad depends on the kind of example set to the boy who'd be like his Dad.

Would you have him go everywhere you go? Have him do just the things you do? And see everything that your eyes behold, and woo all the gods you woo? When you see the worship that shines in the eyes of your lovable little lad, could you be content if he gets his wish, and grows up like his Dad?

It's a job that none but yourself can fill; it's a charge you must answer for; it's a duty to show him the road to tread ere he reaches his manhood's door. It's a debt you owe for the greatest joy on this old earth to be had—the pleasure of having a boy to raise, who wants to be like his Dad!

—Sunshine Magazine

THE LINK

June, 1949

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Elmer L. Baker ("Trial by Typhoon," page 3) gave up the office of county superintendent in the Oklahoma schools to enter the Navy in 1943. "Less than a year later," he writes, "I was swinging all alone on a life raft in the Pacific for dear life. We, the crew of the *USS Asphalt* (IX-153), were 'guinea pigs' on that experimental-type ship, which was built of a 'new process of concrete' and steel." He is still recovering from that experience, at the same time free-lancing his way through a master's degree in education and studying professional writing at Oklahoma University.

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Irv Leiberman ("Working Man's College," page 13), also a veteran of World War II, writes that his article is the culmination of two years of rugged existence in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. He has studied at Cornell, Columbia, and Western Reserve universities, and has placed material in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Coronet*, *Pag-eant*, *American Legion*, *Hygeia*, *Foreign Service*, *Reader's Scope*, and other national periodicals.

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James Howard Hull ("Wanted," page 15) worked for the U. S. Forest Service for nine years, until he "got smashed up in a bad accident," and thinks "that is probably why some of my stories are Westerns." A graduate of Yale (1907), he has written outdoor

books for boys (*Trail and Pack Horse* and *Sid Turner, Fire Guard*, Double-day) and some short stories.

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Mabel Otis Robinson ("Where the Rio Grande Bends," page 33) became interested in writing travel articles while following her husband (who just completed a 20-year stretch in the U. S. Marine Corps) about the country. She is the author of "The Boys Ate Everything," which appeared in the September, 1947, issue of *The Link*.

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Franklin W. Ball ("Tempest Tossed," page 37), as you might suspect, is the son of a Methodist minister, a "mountain circuit rider." He began writing as a hobby, and has seen his work published in a dozen magazines.

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Joseph C. Salak ("Capsule Cartooning Course," page 29) declares that this article in our hobby series is "something I've wanted to write ever since my discharge from service. It is the result of experience on the field and a promise made to my buddies of the 361st Engineers at Camp Claiborne, La., where at Sunday services we first made the acquaintance of *The Link*. I never had any formal art education but doodled my idle time at camp illustrating my letters to friends at home. These rough cartoon letterheads caught the attention of the personnel officer, who encouraged me to have them mimeographed and distributed them to the men of our Headquarters and Supply Company. Before long even the brass asked to be placed on my distribution list."

The pay-off came one day during the drive into Germany when an officer saw him awkwardly trying to chop wood in

(Continued on page 9)

Trial by Typhoon

By

ELMER LeROY BAKER

"All my life, I have believed in the practice of prayer," declares this author, "but it took a war to teach me the power of it. The saying, 'There are no atheists in foxholes!' was no joke. I know, too, there were none swinging onto any life rafts!"



... the waves rolled down upon me with deafening roar.

WE were anchored right in the sea-way with no protection.

Shortly before, the seas had become so rough that we had to suspend all operations. The last major task we performed on our ship, the *Asphalt*, a big supply barge made of concrete and steel, was the provisioning of some of the ships from Admiral Halsey's Task Force before they sailed off for diversionary attacks on Truk, Ponape and the invasion of the Philippines. The *Asphalt* carried 6,000 tons of provisions and medical stores and was one of the so-called Crockery Fleet, an American secret weapon of supply. She was big as an LST, but a trap for sailors in a typhoon.

For days Lieutenant Lloyd E. Corp, ship's master, and Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert B. Shoemaker, executive and supply officer, had been trying to get a berth safe inside Tanapag Harbor where barges belonged. But the harbor master was an Army major. He did not recog-

nize our danger. He persistently said "No!"

By the next morning all the ships around us shoved out to sea to weather the storm. But our barges were compelled to rely on their anchors. Tugs were lacking to tow them out. The *Asphalt* and the *Bauxite*, sister barges, were in the worst spot nearest the reefs.

Captain Corp and Lieutenant Shoemaker sent out urgent messages with signal light and over TBS radio (talk between ships), but they failed to get us any relief. A tug came just in the nick of time and towed the *Bauxite* away to safety. Her skipper sent us a message wishing us good luck as the tug towed her out to sea.

We rocked and reeled for three days and nights in those churned, white seas. At five o'clock on the morning of October 6 the *USS Asphalt* went aground and shuddered and trembled in every molecule of her concrete and steel.

Our supply squadron commander was aboard the rescue tug *Clamp*, No. 33, coming to our aid—too late! Bumping a reef, the *Clamp* withdrew and stood out to sea for fear of piling up alongside of us.

I shall never forget that commander's last message: "Equip all men with life jackets, stick to your ship and good luck!"

So we found ourselves driven like rats into the very bow of our ship, while huge waves pounded up our deck and exploded in our faces.

Those waves ripped away our superstructure and capsized our crawler crane. They were gigantic walls of water and mighty force. They roared up our deck and created general havoc as they tore our ship to pieces. The starboard gunmount was soon full of injured men.

That night, fifteen minutes after ten by my skipper's radium-dialed wrist watch, I washed overboard on the crest of a great comber. With a sickening shudder I felt my life belt rip loose.

"Oh, God!" I cried out, but salty, bitter water checked the words in my throat as I was sucked down and down by the undertow. Tons of water fell in on top of me. A sense of utter horror and helplessness surged through me as I whirled around and around and down and down. I was beginning to drown when I was spewed to the surface. I swallowed great gulps of bitter water, but luckily I did not strangle.

Gasping for fresh air, I yelled twice for help, but the men aboard ship were powerless to help me. I realized I was strictly in the hands of God. *I prayed.*

After about twenty times of being carried under and rolled roughly along toward the beach two miles away, I came up alongside a six-man raft. It was straining on a two-inch manila line

about two hundred yards from my ship. This was the first miracle. I grabbed the side, flung myself into the raft headfirst. Promptly I was flung back into the sea again!

I was desperately battling for my life now. I thought of my family, my relatives and my home. These thoughts came to me rapidly in visions. They were quick, vivid, exciting visions. I knew my only chance was to cling to this raft.

Lunging boldly back, I crawled into the raft another time. Then I got rid of my water-weighted clothes. I held on tightly with first one hand and then the other and undressed. Off and into the sea went every rag except my shorts.

All night long I clung to that raft while it capsized about three times every two minutes. I was skinned all over from head to foot. New abrasions continued to appear. The salt water stung and burned till I lost all sense of feeling. When I mention I now have traumatic arthritis in my arms, shoulders, back and feet, you can understand why.

Once when I capsized I caught my right foot between the drop-net, lattice bottom and the side. I nearly drowned beneath the raft before I got my foot loose. Then my arch felt as if it had been broken. To this day I wonder at the punishment the Lord permitted me to take and live.

All night long I clung for dear life and prayed. I repeated the Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm. My arms and shoulders and back ached to the breaking point. My head hurt, my lungs hurt. I was frightened and yet full of wonder about the outcome. It was the longest, loneliest, most terrifying night of my life.

The moonlight was tricky. Things were distorted. I prayed for daylight and rescue. At last I knew the real agony of prayer.

Towering walls of water completely shut out all vision of my ship there on the reefs in the moonlight as the waves stormed over her and rolled down upon me with deafening roar. Time and again my raft capsized. I clung on underneath for dear life while the big breakers shook me savagely.

"Oh, God!" I cried out into the booming of the surf. "I'm doing all I can. If You don't help me, I can't make it. Give me more strength, O Lord!"

A huge wave, carrying several hatchboards on its crest, bore down upon me. I gazed in awe and terror, ready to leap beneath my raft to save myself from utter destruction. But they whipped around me at the last moment and left me riding high and safe again.

Relieved, I opened my hands from tightly clutching the rope netting in the corners. Now I sat relaxed for the first time. As I sat there calmly in my raft I gathered new confidence from my narrow escape. I knew my prayer had been answered, for I had learned how to relax and rest my aching muscles between combers.

I asked God to let me live and do *some* good for mankind. I promised Him I would not cease trying in my efforts in behalf of humanity. This confession of that night's miracles and this testimony of the power of prayer is a fulfillment in part of that promise.

I did not pray for myself alone but for all my shipmates aboard the battered *Asphalt*.

"Look here, God," I said. "Those are my shipmates aboard that wrecked ship. They are all good fellows at heart. They have done wrong many times I guess, like me. But they deserve a better deal than this. Please help them!"

Afterward some of my shipmates confessed praying for me and for themselves. Every man was sorely tried and

hurt. A third of the crew were injured seriously. Miracle of miracles, every one of that crew of sixty-eight men and four officers survived—except one! My close friend and bunkmate, Lloyd Emery French, drowned when they abandoned ship next morning.

Flotsam of all descriptions floated past me that night. I spied a small, dark can floating beside my raft within reach. I fished it out and saw it was a can of peanuts. My hand felt the key on the bottom. My heart leaped up as I realized I held in my hand the instrument for survival. God's miracle for which I had prayed had been granted me.

With the lid of that peanut can, razor sharp, I hauled in two feet of that manila line to make sure I had the main line and set to work. Just as I began I heard another terrific roar. I looked up and saw a twisting mountain of water rolling over the *Asphalt*. I cut that line in two in a couple of seconds as it came tearing down upon me. I finished cutting the line just as the giant comber capsized my raft for the last time. I swung on underneath and struggled against the current.

When it passed it left my raft riding free and unshackled. I picked up a pole darting by and used it for a paddle. But try as I would, I could not move the raft ten feet nearer the shore. The tide was going out. Its magnetic pull was too much for my spent strength. I turned and followed the channel out to sea.

I realized I needed a distress signal, pulled off my shorts, fastened them to the pole and set it upright in the front end. Day was breaking over Saipan when I passed through the channel far astern of the *Asphalt* and hit the open sea. My white shorts billowed in the breeze and became a sail. I held the

pole upright with my left hand, paddled with my right, and kicked my feet through the basket netting.

I discovered I could maneuver my raft by leaning my pole from side to side. When I sighted the masts of the ships standing off at sea to weather the storm I was riding the crest of a big swell. Then I slid down into the trough. But I had spotted them and now I leaned my mast to portside and climbed the next swell to bear down upon them.

A squall came and drenched some of the salt water from my bruised and battered body. It felt so good I even began chanting a little ditty in the rain.

A Catalina and Coronado flying boat circled overhead. I wig-wagged my shorts at the crews and I saw some of them wave back at me.

Soon, from the top of another swell, I saw the little Yard Minesweeper No.

151 coming out from the fleet to meet me and pick me up. I had a hazy idea about my directions and calculated I was about seven miles off Saipan headed on a general course toward Tokyo.

I was stark naked, unless the gold ring on my left hand can be counted. I was bruised, battered, raw all over, and utterly tired and alone. For nine long, agonizing hours I had battled the raging sea for my life and earnestly prayed.

My one great desire was to be picked up safely by that little minesweeper. By the grace of God, I was!

"Always in the face of danger, I prayed," writes Mr. Baker. After my first narrow escape at Saipan, I resolved to pray every night between dangers. This praying grew in me. I prayed on watch, in the chow line, on the fantail, in my bunk; and always just before I slept, wherever I slept. I was convinced of the power of prayer!

Chaplain Solomon Rosen

In a recent issue of **The Link**, you ran an excellent article, "Sky Pilot from the Sky," concerning the experience of one of our former chaplains, Chaplain Solomon Rosen. Judging from the content of the article, you are unaware of the fact that this young and brave chaplain lost his life in the crash of one of our planes in Oklahoma, when eleven officers and enlisted men of our base perished.

Your tribute was a just and fitting one, for Chaplain Rosen was a most remarkable and beloved chaplain, far wiser and more tolerant than his youth would indicate. He was with us here at Sheppard only a few months, but in that short time had demonstrated great ability and a great heart, and had made many friends among officers and enlisted men alike.

You said in your article that his creed was simple and went the Golden Rule one better: "We must do even more for others than we do for ourselves." Those of us who served with him with such great pleasure can certify to the fact that he practiced what he preached. His death has been a great loss to the Chaplain's Corps, for he brought to his work a deep sense of loyalty, tolerance and patriotism. He was a great credit to his denomination and to our Corps.

—George F. Gaerttner, Jr.
Assistant Wing Chaplain
Sheppard Air Force Base

PALOMAR—

Mightiest Telescope Made

Compiled by **Miriam E. Bradbury** from material furnished by the
California Institute of Technology

ON June 3, 1948, Palomar, the mightiest telescope ever made, was officially dedicated to the service of science and man.

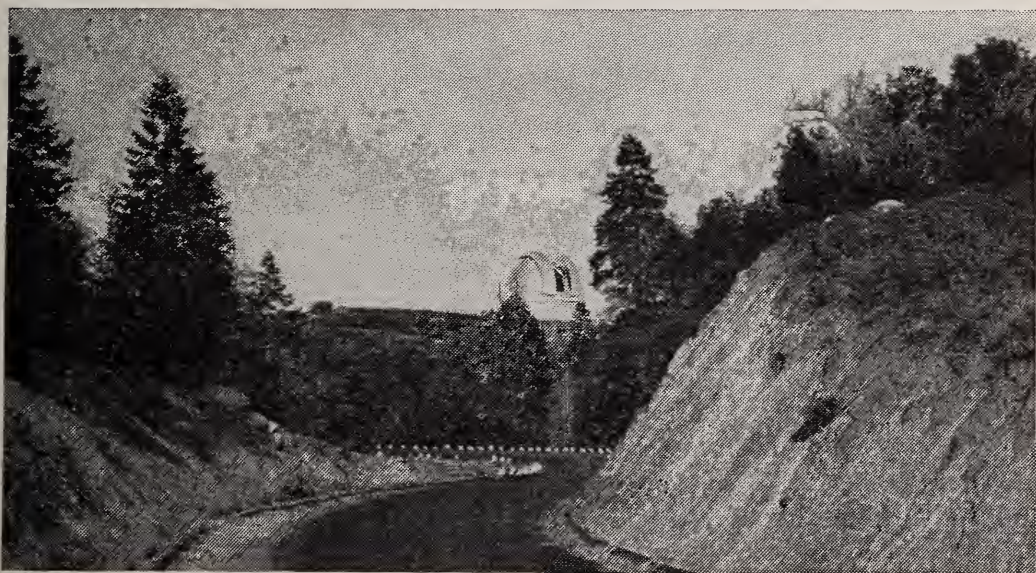
Located on Palomar Mountain in San Diego County, California, the Palomar Observatory and its 200-inch telescope represent man's most daring effort to look into space.

Palomar is primarily the result of the efforts of one man, the late Dr. George Ellery Hale, who was also responsible for the 100-inch telescope on Mt. Wilson in Pasadena, and who devoted his entire life to astronomy and its promotion.

The idea of this great telescope was

born as far back as 1917, when the Mt. Wilson Observatory was put into successful operation, and Dr. Hale could see that an even larger telescope was desirable. As the work with the 100-inch telescope progressed, it became more and more clear to those who worked with it that a larger instrument would some day be needed.

In 1928 the telescope project was assured. Through the continued efforts of Dr. Hale, money was obtained from the Rockefeller Foundation with which to build the telescope and observatory. In all, more than 6¼ million dollars was given to the California Institute of Technology for this instrument.



View of the approach to Palomar Observatory in San Diego County (California Institute of Technology photograph)

Thus began one of man's greatest scientific enterprises.

Dr. Hale did not live to see it completed, but his leadership was a decisive factor in its making, and the Board of Trustees of the California Institute of Technology by resolution in May, 1948, named the telescope the *Hale Telescope* in recognition of Dr. Hale's achievements. "As this great instrument probes the secrets of the universe, it is fitting that it should stand also in memory of the great scientist and the great leader who contributed so brilliantly to the science of astronomy and who served so ably his community and his nation."

Though Palomar Observatory was built officially by the California Institute of Technology, it was planned and largely executed by the staff of the Mt. Wilson Observatory. At the present time the two laboratories are operated cooperatively under single management.

The telescope itself has no lens but only mirrors, of which the 200-inch is the largest and most important. Actually the telescope is a huge camera. The 200-inch mirror is an instrument for gathering light that will enable astronomers to photograph objects a billion light years from the earth. A single light year represents 5,865,696,000,000 miles.

The mirror was not cast as the customary solid disc but has a new form, the face solid glass, the back cellulate. This reduced the weight and provided an innovation in mounting whereby the mirror is supported at 36 points. With the polishing and grinding completed, the mirror now weighs $14\frac{3}{4}$ tons. Some 31 tons of abrasives and polishing pitch were required to do the job. In addition to the 200-inch mirror there are six others which are mounted in the telescope so they can be used in any combination necessary. When not in use

they can be moved into positions where they do not obstruct other focuses.

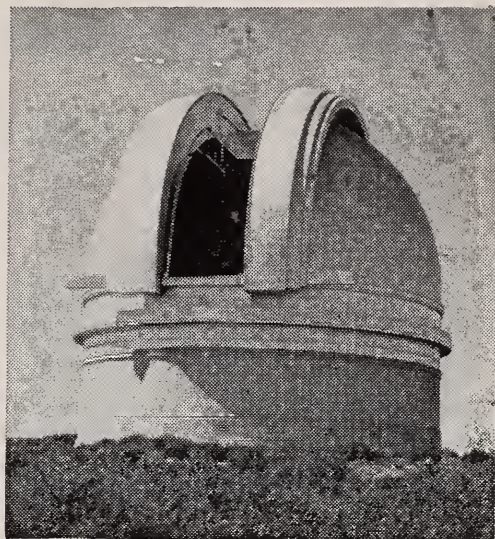
The base for the telescope is entirely separate from that of the dome building and has contact with the dome only through the ground itself. The four corners of this base are actually supports resting on concrete. The one at the southwest corner is of the ball-and-socket type, permitting rotation only. The other three permit, in addition, both horizontal and vertical motion for adjustment for altitude and azimuth to three minutes of arc. Thus, should the telescope be thrown out of line at any time it can easily be realigned.

In the control of the telescope an electric remote indicating system of right ascension and declination is used. So that there will be a minimum of idle time when seeing is good, the telescope can automatically be set to predetermined star positions. This automatic setting is accurate to one second of arc. A push of a button sets the telescope in motion. It moves to the predetermined position and then follows the star across the skies. The control desk, located between the north piers, has indicators giving right ascension and declination and also dials on which can be set the position of the next star to be observed. It also has numerous switches for energizing various devices and indicators giving zenith angle of the telescope, the position of the wind screen, the rates of motion in right ascension and declination, the focus position, the sidereal time and Pacific Standard Time. At each of the three observing stations there are indicators of right ascension and declination, electrical control buttons for moving the instrument at guiding, setting and slewing speeds and switches for adjusting the focus; there is also telephone communication between stations and the control desk.

The drive at celestial rate is by means of an electric motor supplied with power from an accurate frequency standard. The variations in driving rate, caused by atmospheric refraction and other effects such as a slight deformation of the telescope structure, are calculated by a mechanical computer which automatically adjusts the frequency of the time standard to the proper rate. A similar computer is provided for declination to drive the telescope continuously at the proper rate during exposure. Thus, automatically the telescope will follow a star at all times and as long as the astronomer wishes. Rotation of the dome is controlled by a small dummy telescope in order to keep the dome slot in line with the telescope axis. Limit switches are provided to stop motion of the telescope in both hour-angle and declination as well as in altitude, to prevent damage.

Six flexible cables totaling 450 conductors carry the power from the buildings to motors and telescope controls. The observatory has in all more than 400 miles of wiring.

The superstructure of the telescope is a hemispherical dome revolving on a circular track with split shutters riding on horizontal rails. The dome building is almost entirely of steel and is 137 feet in diameter and 135 feet high, or approximately 12 stories. The dome weighs 1,000 tons and is insulated to keep temperature rise in the daytime to



Exterior of the 200-inch dome, showing a portion of the telescope through the opened shutters. The dome building is approximately 12 stories high.

a minimum so that there will be little temperature difference inside and out when the shutter is opened at night for observation. The dome building has three floors, the third containing the instrument itself. The other two floors are used for offices, storage rooms and equipment rooms.

The program of the 200-inch telescope is to carry on where the 100-inch Mt. Wilson telescope leaves off in confirming, if possible, many existing theories. As some problems are solved greater problems will probably emerge, as is always the case when new frontiers are established.

THE LOW-DOWN *(Continued from page 2)*

the rain near Omaha Beach—and decided he was wasting his time. So Salak, the morale factor, was delegated to drawing letterheads for the men in addition to his clerical duties—all through France, the Philippines and Japan.

“Quite a few of the men started copying my sketches and revealed talents formerly unknown.” Here’s your chance to start uncovering yours. Just turn to page 29 and go to it!

Off the Records

BY JOEY SASSO

TOP ALBUM FOR THE MONTH:

Supper Club Favorites—Perry Como, RCA Victor. Perry Como, whose NBC "Supper Club" is one of the nation's favorite radio programs, is regarded as one of the most important factors in bringing both new and old hits into the limelight. With his new RCA Victor album, *Supper Club Favorites*, Perry puts six of his biggest radio hits into one package. Included among these tunes, which bring the perennially popular radio program between the covers of a record album, are such superb recorded Como favorites as *Prisoner of Love*, *Temptation*, *Because*, *When You Were Sweet Sixteen*, *Till the End of Time*, and *Song of Songs*. Each of these is the type of song which Perry does so well, singing in the full-throated, richly expressive manner which has made him the nation's number one popular singing favorite, both on records and over the air waves.

Nat "King" Cole at the Piano, Capitol Album. Many entertainers capture popular acclaim, but it takes true virtuosity to hold it year after year. Such an artist is Nat "King" Cole. His many records with his fabulously successful trio continue to register hit after hit, as Nat goes on playing and singing his way into the hearts of Americans. In this album we hear King Cole's true musical genius; no vocals, no group arrangements . . . just the magic of his piano. Here is relaxing music, sparkling music from the talented fingers of a musician

who knows and loves his art. We proudly bring you . . . King Cole at the piano!

Tangos for Two—Harry Horlick, MGM Album. Here is an album which dance enthusiasts should rush to get. It's all tangos, especially arranged by distinguished conductor Harry Horlick, who has put into these arrangements his own astute theories about how tangos should be played. Tangos have long been a favorite source of dancing and listening pleasure, but in many instances the majority of people who like the tango have been afraid to try its apparently difficult rhythm. That is why this album is different. Mr. Horlick has used a revolutionary procedure in these arrangements by using a drum, an instrument usually left out of a tango interpretation, and by use of the drum, he has given these tangos a well-defined rhythm that is easy to follow.

TOP CLASSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH:

Mendelssohn: *Songs Without Words*, Op. 19, No. I (*Sweet Remembrance*) . . . Stravinsky: *Berceuse* (from *The Fire Bird*) . . . Shostakovich: *Danse Fantastique*—Jascha Heifetz, violinist, with Emanuel Bay at the piano, RCA Victor Red Seal. In this new release Jascha Heifetz again demonstrates his unique ability to bring to musical miniatures his most expressive and ingratiating artistry. Playing his own arrangement of *Sweet Remembrance*, from Mendelssohn's first of eight volumes of *Songs Without*

(Continued on page 36)

Class E Allotment

By Harold Winerip



THE sole advantage in being stationed in the Southwest Pacific during World War II was the fact that a GI was afforded the opportunity to increase his bank account noticeably. He couldn't spend any sizable amount of money even if he wanted to, since practically everything on jungle bases was rationed gratis by Uncle Samuel—cigarettes, magazines, movies, chewing gum and toilet articles. For a couple of dollars a month Soldier Joe took care of all his needs insofar as items were available, requiring his own money for virtually nothing but haircuts, air-mail postage and assorted trinkets. On top of that he was honored with a 20 per cent increase in pay.

Such being the case, this T/4 character's first official act upon hitting New Guinea soil early in 1944 was to increase his Class E allotment from \$30.00 a month to \$60.00.

Ordinarily these allotments were processed without a hitch, but since the main office in Newark handled millions of them, soldiers were advised to check with the folks back home to make sure that the moola was arriving there safely. So I

went ahead and wrote my sister Susanna after a couple of months, asking if she was getting my increased allotment regularly. But Susanna had a superb talent for ignoring my questions.

She sent back a V-mailer informing me that she had spent the week-end in Vermont. I tried again, and she replied that her favorite song at that particular time was *Goodnight Wherever You Are*. I tried three more times. Respectively she reported that she had learned a new Lindy step, that her boss was a stinker of the first water, and that the ration on lamb chops in the States had been lifted.

Finally I became desperate and wrote: "Susanna, you must

listen to me. You must drive everything else from your mind. I am not asking you for a long letter, I am not asking you to bake me a fruit cake. All I want is you should say yes, my checks are getting home okay, or no, they're not.

"If they're not, I will see the company clerk and get it straightened out. But please, Sue, for old time's sake, for the sake of my morale and well-being, let me know. I'm not complaining about sweat-



ing it out here, but the only thing I can salvage out of the mess is sufficient moolie for Lois and me to get married when the war ends. Dear, sweet Susanna, if you tell me what I want to know I will capture for you a Jap saber, a Jap flag, a Jap house boy—anything you want. But tell me, Susie, tell me so I can sleep again nights." Then, as an afterthought: "Please send me some air-mail stamps as they are quite tough to get around here."

Each morning and evening thereafter I attended chapel and prayed, prayed with fervor that Susanna would reveal the secret. I vowed that if she failed I would send her a threatening letter, contact the Red Cross, plead with the Army Emergency Relief. I felt that if I didn't find out the score soon I would turn out a blubbing idiot.

Finally the letter arrived, and when I tore open the envelope my heart sank clean through my anatomy—the stamps were stuck to the paper so stubbornly I couldn't read a word. I steamed them. I sprinkled them with powder. I salaamed over them. Eventually they began to give, and I carefully peeled one off.

"Dear Bobo (her pet name for me)," she wrote, "I received your letter today and was glad to hear that everything is fine." I sweated out another stamp. "You asked me if I got your allotment check." The next one was obstinate and required a full five-minute operation.

"Well, I'm not sure. When the check was for \$30.00 it was coming okay, but I'm not—" (I labored over the next one with such ardent effort that my index

finger began to bleed) "—positive about the \$60.00 one. It may have come and then again it may not." Nervously I lit a cigarette and resumed removing postage.

"Sometimes it seems like it's \$30.00 and sometimes \$60.00. I never paid much attention." Beads of perspiration began to form on my brow; I painstakingly got rid of another stamp.

"Only the other day I was saying to Bonnie Mae Jepson, 'Bobo increased his allotment,' I said—" The next stamp had a Spartan-like persistence and I was forced to remove it in patches. "'—and I don't remember whether it went through okay or not. He's been asking me about it but I always forget.'"

The perspiration was staining my shirt. My head throbbed. "Well, like I say, it's hard to remember those things what with so much on my mind and Tommy Dorsey coming to the Totem Pole and all."

My heart pounded and I felt dizzy. With trembling, bloody fingers I worked another stamp off. "Well, am I the silly goose, Bobo! Why didn't I think of it before? I'll check with your bank book!"

Passionately I worked over the next stamp. I employed skill, courage, religion and all else I could summon. I gave it my ultimate and the result was that everything began going black, my head spun, but with the tenacity of my Commando training I held on and read: "Yes, here it is right here. Sixty dollars. It went through fine. Like I was saying to Bonnie Mae—"

I collapsed in a heap.



Another who may be said to have his ups and downs is the unfortunate chap who happens to get an aisle seat at a movie. —Boston Naval Shipyard News

Working Man's College

BY IRV LEIBERMAN

“YIPPEE! School is out!”

In many colleges throughout the world this victory call usually implies that summer vacation has arrived. This, however, is a story about a college where the students don't know the meaning of summer vacation.

The very day the regular session of school is over, they board busses for practically every district in Alaska for their summer jobs. Yes, the school referred to is the University of Alaska, which is located on a slight knoll in the rich agricultural region along the Tanana River. Within easy view, some 120 miles to the southwest, rises Mt. McKinley, and 5 miles away lies the city of Fairbanks, one of the largest in Alaska.

Outwardly this northernmost university in the world does not greatly resemble our oldest institutions of higher learning, but that it has a great future is conceded by many. The cornerstone of the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines, later to become the University of Alaska, was laid on July 4, 1915, and the school is one of the 69 land-grant institutions of the United States.

When the School opened in 1922, it had only six students. From that date, however, under the guiding hand of Dr. Charles E. Bunnell, its president, the University has grown to an enrollment of several hundred students, offering courses to both whites and natives in agriculture, geology, mining engineering, chemistry, home economics, education, business administration, and arts and

letters. Of course, the emphasis is placed on such fields as agriculture and mining, but the other courses play their part in the curriculum.

President Bunnell is a very energetic man who refuses to tolerate lazy people. Anyone who has ever met him comes away with exactly the same words ringing in his ears:

“This is no country for a loafer.”

He puts great emphasis on that, and if you ever decide to visit Alaska, you will come to a realization of why he considers laziness such a terrific handicap in Alaska.

“Five per cent of our students are sent to us and 95 per cent come of their own accord and work their way through,” he reiterates to all visitors. And it is true that most of his students earn nearly enough during their four summer months on various jobs to enable them to pay their way through winter college expenses.

The students of the University wait on tables and do much of the work there. When summer rolls around some of them go to work in towns where the seasonal industries thrive. Others board busses for mining districts.

Bunnell has been known to say, “My students have 121 working days every summer.” Apparently he means it, too. He expects those who want to get an education badly enough to work every day of their vacation in order to save enough money to come back to school for the next session.

Of course, the institution does its bit to help too. In fact, it has a number

of benefactors. There are three territorial scholarships that have been authorized by an Act of the Territorial Legislature.

The first is given by the Fairbanks Branch of the American Association of University Women and amounts to a scholarship of \$150 to the worthiest girl graduate of the Fairbanks High School every year.

The second is the Margaret R. Phipps Scholarship given annually by Mrs. Lawrence C. Phipps of Colorado, whereby a competitive examination is given each year to boys, high-school seniors in the territory; and the winner receives the sum of \$150 each year for four years.

The third scholarship is awarded to first-year students in the fields of agriculture, pre-fisheries and mining, and is based on scholastic background, personal qualifications and needs.

President Bunnell is very proud of the fact that his school has become a member of the Northwest Association of Secondary and Higher Schools. This means, of course, that the credits attained at the University of Alaska will be accepted anywhere.

Since Doctor Bunnell seems to be the 'push' behind the University, perhaps something should be said of his background. A Pennsylvania farm boy, he graduated from Bucknell University and migrated to Alaska in 1900. There he taught at an Indian school on Wood Island, which is located near Kodiak.

He not only taught school during the following years in Alaska, but also found time to practice law, and serve as a Federal judge until he took charge of the University in 1922. He has been president since that time. When he looks at you from behind his horn-rimmed glasses you can see that he is sold on the prospects of Alaska's future. He is a man fatigued from hard work, but with the ability and initiative to do much more.

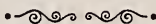
It is claimed that a larger proportion of students earn their way through the University of Alaska than any college in the States. The student attitude is very democratic and straightforward. The atmosphere that lingers over the 'working man's college' is very pleasant and refreshing, which is something you can't say about many of our decadent institutions.

If after the bus trip out to the campus from Fairbanks, you could hear the students singing at their ceremonial bonfire that is staged for the incoming freshmen every fall, you might be led to believe that perhaps all our American schools need today is a little more of the 'working class' and less of the 'playing class.'

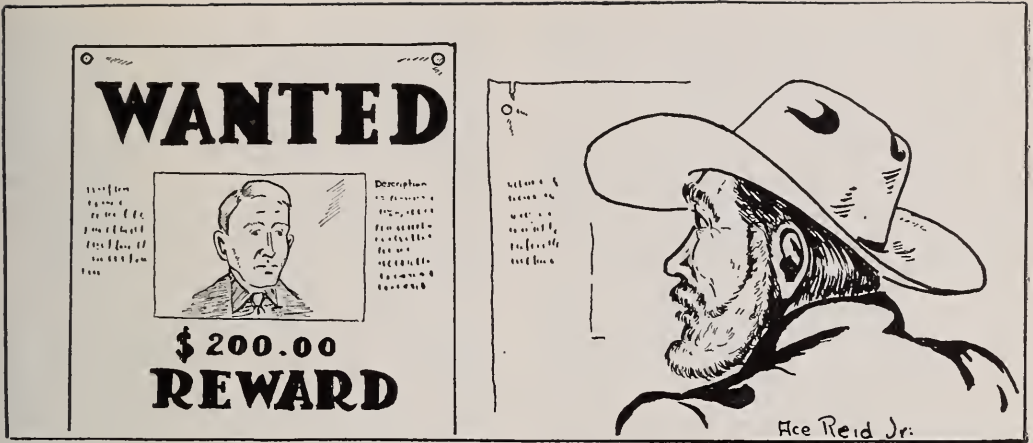
As you near the bonfire you can hear their voices singing:

*All hail Alaska, sing her praise,
Our home of carefree college days;
A pioneer, we see thee stand
Champion of far north frontier land.*

Carefree, indeed! With 121 working days every summer!



For those who wish help through private or home prayer **The Temple**, by W. E. Orchard, D.D. (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, 1946, 167 pages, \$1.25), is recommended. First published in 1929, it is now appearing in its seventh edition. Appropriately, it is dedicated "to all those who, weary of fruitless quest and endless argument, are willing to try **The Way of Prayer.**"



BY JAMES HOWARD HULL

IT was already after twelve, and the poker game was almost at an end. One by one the players had reckoned up their losses and departed. Oscar Savage signalled with three fingers for three cards, and regarded the other two remaining players with poorly concealed apprehension. One was a clean-shaven, neatly dressed stranger whose long, quick fingers and consistent winnings proclaimed him a master of cold decks. The other was J. Ingram Hughes. Oscar knew him and respected him. He owed J. Ingram Hughes five hundred dollars. The note would be due on the first of the month, and he would be able to pay. Hughes was a substantial citizen.

It was a no-limit game. With an effort at casualness, Oscar picked up the three cards which were dealt him, and arranged them nervously. Then he stared at the hand he held, scarcely daring to breathe. Four Queens!

"Your play, Oscar," said the dealer.

Oscar knew it. His heart was thumping dangerously, and his hands trembled ever so little. He must not begin too high. "Oh, I'll start her off for four bits," he muttered, throwing a coin lightly toward the center of the table.

Hughes called and raised. The dealer merely called. Then Oscar felt safer. Hughes, too, must have a good hand, but four Queens would beat it. The bidding went on briskly, with bigger and bigger raises. The dealer always called, but never raised. Oscar moved as if in a dream. There was more money on the table than he had ever seen in any poker game before. And he held four Queens! But this thing had gone far enough. He broke the silence of four tense minutes. "Call you. What have you got?"

The man who had dealt was the first to throw down his hand. "Tens over sixes." And his eyes turned with steady alertness toward Hughes.

Hughes smiled and showed his cards. "Four Kings beats it."

"Hands off!" hissed the man who had dealt. Remaining seated, he held an automatic in his right hand, and with his left, he reached for the money. "Four Kings may beat it, but I've got the difference right here!"

J. Ingram Hughes half rose from his chair and his hand dropped toward a hip pocket. Still seated in motionless defiance, the dealer pressed the trigger.

With a quick motion he swept the money into his pocket and with it, the deadly automatic. J. Ingram Hughes sank to the floor and lay motionless.

With the quickness of a frenzied impulse, Oscar leaped to his feet, tipped over his chair and grabbed his pistol. Half dazed, he stood holding it pointed at nothing. J. Ingram Hughes lay on the floor, motionless. Instantly, a dozen men, hearing the shot, swarmed in from the adjoining room, and with them, Big Mike, the proprietor.

Oscar felt the cold eyes of the dealer upon him. "Well, you've killed him, Oscar. Might as well put up your gun."

Oscar was at first too much surprised to be even moderately frightened. "I didn't shoot him! You did!"

"Oh now, none of that," the dealer mumbled. "I guess we've got witnesses enough." There had been no witnesses except Oscar, and the dealer knew it.

Still holding the incriminating pistol, Oscar tried to explain that he had drawn only in response to a quick impulse, with no particular purpose in mind, and that the dealer had done the shooting. But the words came haltingly. Big Mike came silently toward him, wrenched the pistol from his hand and gripped his arm. "Come with me, Oscar." he whispered.

In the moment of confusion which followed, they slipped quickly to the door and up the three stone steps to the board sidewalk. Then Big Mike released him and spoke swiftly. "Your best move, Oscar, is to get away from here and never come back. You've got a chance if you move fast."

Oscar made one last effort. "I didn't shoot at all, Mike! You see—"

"You can't get away with that. No chance of it. All you can do is disappear, and don't waste any time!"

And Oscar did. Before morning he

was ten miles up the canyon, and before darkness came again the town of Afton was twenty miles behind him. Here was the cabin which he had furnished with enough provisions to last all summer, and the placer mine which had never paid. Here he would be safe for a few months. His plan was to disguise himself by growing a beard.

The days dragged on. He was not surprised that no one came here to look for him. Few men knew of his mine, and no one knew where it was located. Idleness grew more and more irksome, and one day he began to repair the old sluice box and make plans for the work that had once thrilled him. It would at least keep him from worrying too much, until he could grow a beard and take a train to some remote destination.

The summer was a long one. He tried to remember that he was really innocent, but from time to time he felt like a man guilty of murder. That guilty feeling troubled him more than anything else. He was practically safe from the law. His time here was not entirely wasted, for there were sometimes a few nuggets in the riffles. What he could not forget was that he was a fugitive, and that from now on he could never be anything else.

The first of October ended his stay at the cabin. Snow and frost would soon put an end to the work, and his supply of provisions was almost exhausted. He tried to plan. Disappearing forever would not be difficult. The beard was a much better disguise than he had hoped it would be, because of its color. Although he was young, and his hair was still black, the luxuriant four-months' growth of beard was white as a patriarch's. He regarded himself in a grimy hand mirror. With his hat pulled well down over his eyes, he could easily pass for an old man.

He locked the door of the cabin and walked twenty miles to the town of Afton. Under cover of darkness he found his way to the one little hotel, where he knew everybody. Familiar eyes gazed blankly at him. Never before had he worn a beard, and it was white.

Early the next day he found little difficulty in converting his meager supply of nuggets into money. He was not short of cash now. At five in the afternoon the train would pull out, and he would leave this place forever, square with the world. And yet not quite square. Although he knew he was innocent, he felt guilty. He tried to understand that guilty feeling. What difference did it make what everybody believed about him, if the fact of the matter was that he was innocent? Instead of virtually becoming what everybody believed him to be, why couldn't he be himself? The thing seemed easy in theory but hard in practice.

There was one way in which he could approach the ideal of being himself, a man square with the world. He still owed the estate of J. Ingram Hughes the sum of five hundred dollars. It was overdue, and Hughes was no longer living, but why not pay it anyway? Why not send to J. Ingram Hughes a check for five hundred dollars? Somebody would get it, and the account would be square.

He entered the bank without being recognized and secured the check. At the post office, he addressed a letter to J. Ingram Hughes and mailed it. Something on the wall as he passed out of the post office attracted his attention. It was a photograph of himself, Oscar Savage. Reward of two hundred dollars for information concerning his whereabouts. His train would not be leaving until five. He had seven hours to wait. Still feeling like an outcast, not wanted

as a friend but only as a convict, he returned to the little hotel and waited.

Late in the afternoon he was at the railway station. In fifteen minutes the train would leave. Then he would be safe, but a fugitive. A wiry little man in gray came bustling in—the local sheriff. He approached briskly. His eyes were cold and impersonal. "Your name is Oscar Savage," he blurted.

Oscar did not try to escape. He nodded, with lowered eyes.

"And it was you who sent this check to J. Ingram Hughes this morning?"

"Yes," Oscar assented meekly.

"You're wanted," the sheriff continued.

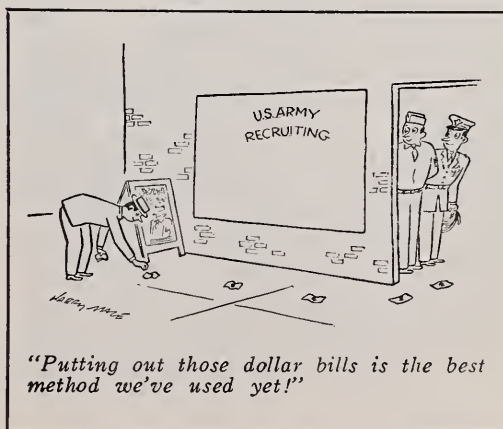
"J. Ingram Hughes wants to see you."

"He's dead," Oscar objected. "He was shot last spring."

The sheriff argued. "The man who shot Hughes last spring didn't shoot him dead. Ever since Hughes got out of the hospital, two months ago, he's been offering a reward for you. You made a mistake, and he wants to tell you about it in person."

"He could clear me!" Oscar almost shouted. "Hughes could testify against the man who shot him!"

The sheriff shook his head. "He could have done that, but it wasn't necessary. I took care of the man who shot Hughes, fifteen minutes after it happened. He got life."



"But the evidence was all against me," Oscar protested.

"That's the mistake you made," said the sheriff. "That's the mistake Hughes wants to tell you about. There wasn't any evidence against you. Big Mike had your pistol, and it hadn't been discharged. The man who shot Hughes had the gun he did it with right there in

his pocket, and that gun had been fired once. Clear case. Nothing to it."

"I've made a mistake," Oscar muttered. "Maybe I'm dumb."

"And Hughes wants the pleasure of rubbing it in," said the sheriff. "Don't let him put anything over. First shave off the whiskers, and then look him up. Be yourself!"



Go Till You Guess

A BIBLE QUIZ

© W. A. Wilde Co.

By AMOS R. WELLS

Bible Buildings

(Read each description a line at a time, and *Go Till You Guess*. Your score for each item is the number of the line at which you obtained the answer, and the lowest total wins. Answers on page 44.)

No. 1

1. This was a great building which Samson destroyed.

2. It was erected in honor of the national god of the Philistines.

3. Samson, blinded, pulled it down during a religious festival when it was crowded.

4. Some three thousand persons were on the roof.

5. Samson perished with the multitude.

No. 2

1. This was a great edifice begun by Zerubbabel.

2. The building was authorized by Cyrus.

3. It was greatly hindered by the Samaritans.

4. Finally it was completed because of the urging of two prophets.

5. It was larger than its predecessor on the same site, but far less magnificent.

6. It lasted for five centuries.

No. 3

1. Two cities built by a nation of slaves for their oppressors.

2. They were built of brick, which the slaves had to manufacture.

3. They were compelled to go out and gather straw to bind the brick.

4. Cruel taskmasters whipped them on in their work.

5. They were cities of granaries.

No. 4

1. This was the third great building on the same site.

2. It was built by the king of Judaea just before the birth of Christ.

3. At the time of Christ's death a great earthquake worked destruction in this building.

4. It was not completely finished until eighty-two years.

5. It lasted only eighty-nine years.

Great Lady

By Gertrude Doro

OUT of our recent conflict came stories of sacrifice and heroism in the armed forces. But wars are not won on battle fronts alone. Behind the firing lines are soldiers whose deeds never go down in military history, but they will be recorded in humanity's record book to remain forever.

Such is the story of an unassuming little lady down in Jacksonville, Florida, who wears no medals and received no public reward for her services. Yet she has one of the most unusual and praise-worthy records of the entire war.

The name *Mrs. J. A. (Mom) Howell* means nothing to others, but to thousands of lonely GIs in every part of the world during the war it brought back memories of good food, warm hearts and a world worth fighting and dying for.

"Mom" fought a home front battle by throwing open the doors of her home to thousands of service men and women and serving free over 4,000 fried chicken dinners, and baking and mailing 3,000 beautifully decorated cakes to service personnel in strange and distant lands.

She carries scars of battle too, for months of bending over hot grease on a kitchen range can leave its mark. Yet the hour was never too late or her body too tired to open her door and prepare food and a clean bed for a lonely homesick boy who passed her way. Besides her battle scars, Mom has war decorations too—the hundreds of grateful letters and the million warm spots in the hearts of men and women who fought for a cause.

Gifts came to Mom from every part of the world—among them she especially prizes a cushion top of parachute silk given her by a young flyer. She told me the story. On his fiftieth mission over Germany, with death riding beside him, this youngster kept saying, "I've got to get through—I've got to finish Mom's cushion top!" He did get through and with his own hands delivered the finished gift months later.

There were medals and decorations too—even presidential citations. "I couldn't remember my own mom," some letters would say, "but I knew you'd be praying for me—so I plunged right in. Actually you deserve my decorations."



"Mom" Howell with one of her cakes

And so it went. To the great heart who knew the needs of the soldiering boy, turned man too soon, came hundreds of letters, decorations and hard-won relics from fighting men who needed desperately to remember something safe and good in a world gone mad.

Mom's friends all over the country often surprise her. Once Kate Smith dedicated the song "Dear Mom" to her and Vic Mature sent two dozen red roses and wrote in her remembrance book these words: "It's women like you that all boys in every branch of the armed forces are proud to be fighting for—if you could be awarded a medal it should be none other than the Congressional Medal of Honor."

Mom smiles and says nothing, but this letter written to a group of her "girls" who were graduating as nurses from St. Vincent's Hospital gives one an insight into her true character.

"You have each and every one grown very dear to me, and it is with a sad heart that I see you go. I am more than grateful to each of you for the many happy hours you have given me out of your busy lives. Soon your class will pass out into the world of experience. You will face a crisis which will demand the loyalty of each one. Strength,

courage and patience as well as perseverance is required if you would conquer the wrong and vindicate the right.

"Let you not then go without aim, without objective in life, but let you rather remember that God has a place for each of you individually. Your highest duty to yourselves, your fellowmen and to God is to find your work and enter whole-heartedly upon its accomplishment. I feel humbly grateful for the privilege of having had so many of you in and out of my home. The richest and happiest reward I could ever receive would be to know that you had been made happier and better girls for having passed my way."

Mom Howell's service to her country has ended. Her doctors say her great heart is just a little tired. Her war record will not be recorded in man's history nor will her frail shoulders flaunt the words *disabled in action*.

But Mom carries her reward in her heart, and who can say which is the greater honor? Who can say the seeds of kindness and service to her fellowmen she has sown will not be carried to the four corners of the earth and bear fruit that will make this world just a little better place in which to live in the tomorrows to come?



For those who have spent considerable time in the front lines most accounts of warfare at the front are washouts. Many are unrealistic to the point of being downright disgusting. Not so with Audie Murphy's **To Hell and Back** (Henry Holt and Co., New York, 1949, 274 pages, \$3.00.) Here America's most-decorated GI lets you wallow in mud, smell the burning, decaying, bleeding inwards of both man and beast, while death, either instant or tortuous, stalks near by night and day.

A rugged-looking police officer complained that the book was too profane. To which we said, "It could have been much more so without exaggerating the actual."

This is not a book for timid souls. But it is **the** book for those who want to get a true picture of what happens over and over again along thousands of yards of battle front as hundreds of squads and platoons of infantry, together with their supporting elements, close with the enemy in mortal combat.

Gift Horse on Wheels

BY ED GALING

Chapter III—Conclusion

THE STORY THUS FAR:

What started out to be a brief vacation in New York for John and Lea, a thirtyish couple whose marriage, Lea thinks, has gone slightly stale, turns into a crusade to Mexico when she wins a trailer at a radio give-away program. She's thrilled; she's been wanting to go somewhere for so long! John is **not** thrilled; he'd **much** rather be at home. Subsequently they offer a ride to young Bob and his wife, "Pumpkin," who have been evicted from their apartment and, lacking a place to sleep, want to go back to the home of Pumpkin's folks in the South.

Coping with the trailer and trying to keep up with the "youngsters" in the matter of dancing, carnival-going, and love-making has proved a tough race for John, but he's going all out to demonstrate his love for Lea and show her there's plenty of life in the old boy yet.

THE next day I took my bearings again. In another day we would be hitting home country for Bob and Pumpkin. In a way it would be a relief to me. From that first night when I kissed Lea like Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik" I had been on roller skates, so to speak. I almost out-danced Bob, almost out-swam him when we stopped for a swim. And the sweetest words to my ears were those that Bob said to me in praise: "Gosh, Mr. Stevens, you're a tough man to keep up with."

Nevertheless, Bob will never know how hard I worked to keep up. It was going to make me very happy to drop



them both off and let them go along on their jolly way.

As we kept heading southward the countryside became more beautiful. The crusade to Mexico was changing my views on a lot of things. But what really mattered was not losing Lea. I still didn't know about that. Lea isn't one to give out secrets until she is ready.

While we were sitting around the card table after supper that night I announced that we'd be in Leeburg the next day. "Folks," I said, looking around me, "I hope that makes everybody happy."

Pumpkin gave me a short smile, and Bob just sat there with a sad look on his face and said, "I hope so."

I couldn't understand it. But I should have known something was cooking.

Lea smiled. "John is in a good mood," she said. "This trip is doing him a lot of good. Isn't it, John?"

"Sure," I said, "why not?"

I dealt the cards, still looking at the two kids. Finally I couldn't help blurt-
ing, "Say, what's wrong with you two? Have you had a lover's spat, or what? You both look like you've seen a ghost."

"It's nothing," Bob said, still sad.

There was a flash outside and the rumble of thunder.

"We're in for a storm," Lea said quietly. "The radio said we'd have one of those tropicals tonight."

"That's just dandy," I remarked. "Better make sure we're securely fastened down."

I went out. The sky was that ugly reddish dark and the lightning cracked and blazed across it. Rain was about ready to come down—in buckets. I went in hastily.

"Yep, we're in for it," I warned, "but there's nothing to worry about as long as we're in here."

"No, of course not," Pumpkin said, biting her lip. Suddenly she stood up and went into the other room. Lea got up hastily and followed her. I just stood there wondering what was going on.

Overhead the heavens were having a war of their own. I was sure glad we were safe and dry inside the trailer and suddenly I started feeling a certain affection for it.

"I wish someone would tell me what's wrong," I said to Bob. He stared at me and frowned.

"You mean you don't know?"

"No. Say, what goes on here?"

Lea answered the question for me. She came into the room and announced, "John, I think you'd better get a doctor. Pumpkin is going to have her baby!"

Bob and I spoke simultaneously:

"A baby?"

"Tonight?"

Bob must have known about it for some time, but I, poor deluded fool,

hadn't known a single thing about it.

"Don't stand there gawking," Lea snapped. "Both of you. There's nothing wrong with a woman having a child!"

"Thanks for telling me," I said sarcastically. "I suppose I can just go out there in a thunderstorm and fish up a doctor any place, eh?"

"We've got to do something, Mr. Stevens! There must be a doctor somewhere!" Bob pleaded, grabbing my arm.

I put on my coat and sighed. "Bob, stay here with Lea. I'll go out and see what I can do. I only wish you people had said something sooner."

As I went out in the rain and got into the sedan I thought with sudden amusement—imagine, having a baby born in a trailer that we won in a radio quiz show. Well, the old trailer was finally doing a good deed. Maybe I shouldn't be so disgusted with it.

Don't ask me how I found a doctor that night. It would take a book to describe what I went through. It must have been around midnight. Maybe he'd been up late the night before. He didn't like the idea of going on this trip, nor my looks. I couldn't blame him. I was drenched.

But he came along and when we got to the trailer I said quickly. "Come on, Doc, she's in there!"

"Young man, this had better be the truth," the old man said in a grating voice as he walked up the steps.

When we went in everything was quiet. I called out, "Lea, the doctor's here!"

The curtains parted and Lea looked out at all of us gravely. I can still see it today—the look she gave us. "Don't disturb her now," she said quietly, "Pumpkin has just had a cute little boy."

The doctor looked things over and complimented Lea on her medical abil-

ity. Through the rain I drove him back again. I hoped the money I gave him made up for his loss of sleep that night.

When I finally returned to the trailer Bob was sprawled out asleep and Lea was waiting for me.

I went over and took her in my arms. "You great little wonder, you," I said

one. And I knew that Lea felt the same way.

The day I drove into Leeburg, South Carolina, most of the little town came out to see what it was all about. We drove down the main street and finally I found the place that belonged to Pumpkin's folks.



The doctor looked things over and complimented Lea on her medical ability.

admiringly. "Remind me to tell you that I'm in love with you." I kissed the tip of her nose.

"John," she whispered, "I'm going to faint!"

"Hey, you can't do that! Here, drink some water."

What would happen next? A baby in the trailer and tomorrow we'd be in Leeburg. One thing was sure: Bob was a changed man. He had responsibility now. There it was, that little bundle that rested in Pumpkin's arms. It made me feel good to know that I'd been a part of their lives, if only a small

I knocked on the door and introduced myself to the elderly man who answered. You should have seen the expression on his face when he learned the news. I guess it does come as a shock to be new grandparents.

We carried Pumpkin upstairs and put her to bed. She was still weak and needed rest. That night at dinner the entire "Pumpkin" family was there. Ma and Pa and a few uncles and cousins. And Lea and I were the guests of honor. They wanted to know the whole story of our trip from New York to South Carolina, and we told them.

"You know," I told the people that night, "I'm not used to making speeches. I've always been the sort of guy who likes his slippers and his pipe, and lets the rest of the world take its course." I looked at Lea, who smiled at me warmly. "But somehow, with the help of my wife, I think I have learned a great deal of human nature in the past few days. I think the only way to do that is to go out into the world and see things for yourself."

Later we discussed the future of Bob and Pumpkin, especially their housing.

The old man scratched his head, "There ain't much room for a brand new family in Leeburg," he said. "As a matter of fact, there ain't been any new homes gone up for a long time. Course, they can stay here with us until things get better."

"I see," I responded.

Lea looked at me and I thought, oh, here we go again.

"Yes, but that wouldn't do the new family much good, now would it?" Lea said. "They should have a little home they can call their own."

Bob looked crestfallen. "No rest for the weary," he said with a sigh.

I looked at Lea and she looked at me. I knew what she wanted me to do.

"Well, I'll tell you what we can do," I said. "We can let Bob and Pumpkin have the trailer to use as a temporary home. It can be used just the way it is."

They all protested. It wasn't right for us to do a thing like that.

"Look, folks," I said strongly, "there's more to a trailer than just being a luxury wagon. Bob and Pumpkin need it more than we do. We're the kid's godparents. It's no more than right we give him a good send-off."

"Besides," Lea joined in, "John never did want the trailer anyway."

"No," I said, but I was lying now. A

trailer did have good points in a way.

We went upstairs to tell Pumpkin the news. Her voice was husky as she said, "You people are so darling, but we can't—"

Lea put her hands on her hips. "Enough said. My mind is made up. Besides, the trailer served its purpose with us. You children made my man wake up a little."

I blushed. It had.

"When you have your own home we'll take the trailer back, but there's no rush about it. It's yours."

We won the argument. The next day we had to get ready to leave for Mexico. We left the trailer right next to Pumpkin's home so they wouldn't be far from each other.

"You kids be good," I warned them with a grin. "When I return this way I want to see this trailer fixed up right."

Lea kissed Pumpkin. I shook Bob's hand warmly. "I won't say good-bye," Lea said. "We'll come back this way."

"Oh, Lea," Pumpkin said, wiping her eyes, "I'm so happy."

"That's what counts, dear. We're happy too. Thanks to you folks. Stay happy."

We left them. We got into our old battered sedan and drove away quickly. We don't like extended good-byes.

I put my arm around Lea and suddenly I felt better than I had in a long time. "Lea—" I said after a while.

"Hm—"

Pause. Then, "Sorry we left that trailer behind?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "No-o-o, darling. It served its purpose with me."

"What was that?"

She snuggled closer to me. We drove along peacefully this way and I thought, this second honeymoon is going to be a success after all.

"You know," Lea said again, "I guess running around all the time isn't exactly fun either."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," I replied. This, I thought, was a good chance to give her my philosophy. Maybe she was coming around to my way of thinking.

"Maybe there is something to the quiet life," Lea said again. Her voice seemed far away and soft. I knew she was thinking.

We drove along silently and then I said, "Just think, Lea. They're brand new parents now."

Lea looked up at me and patted my face. She said in a whisper, "I *am* thinking about it, dear."

"Lea!" I said, startled. "What are you—?"

Lea started to laugh and stroke my face tenderly. I looked at her suspiciously. Sometimes Lea gets the craziest notions. . . .

Sails in the Sunlight

From now on until late autumn a million and a half yachtsmen will hoist sails to their hobby and dot every sizeable lake accessible as well as American inland and coastal waters. This fast-growing hobby is not confined to the wealthy alone when one considers that the size of sailboats range from the tiny 9½-foot dinghies to the big schooners, at a cost averaging from as little as \$150 to the more expensive type.

To watch the graceful white wings of sailing craft is as thrilling and exciting to the spectator as it is to the sailor yachtsman. The members of the 40 yacht clubs of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association alone will flash their colored sails on more than 1,500 boats in the sunlight on Lake Michigan.

On a clear, warm and breezy day our inland and coastal waters float more than 18 different classes of racing sailboats, beginning with the dinghy and ending with the 10-meter cutter-rigged craft. The dinghy is ideal for the person of moderate means who indulges occasionally in sailing as a hobby. This easily maneuvered craft carries from 55 to 72 square feet of sail, averages 9½ feet in length and displaces 100 pounds. The large type craft, of course, is for those who really have salt water in their veins; this carries 1,600 feet of sail, is 58 feet in length (sometimes as much as 85 feet), and displaces 16 tons.

Then, for the person who has as much time as money to invest in his hobby, there are the sail craft of the cruising type, some of which are equipped with auxiliary engines. Sloops, cutters, yawls, ketches, and schooners of various lengths, from 20 feet up, are included in this class.

So, Heigh Ho, mates! put away those model clippers you've been rigging all winter and get yourself down to the beach, to the lakes and harbors and indulge in some pleasant wishful thinking. Perhaps if you wish hard enough and often enough, some day you too may be transporting a sailing canoe in your auto trailer.

—By Joseph C. Salak



FAN MAIL

My wife, a Belgian war bride who has learned enough English to appreciate good literature, certainly received a spiritual blessing from your "Topic Talks" by Lintner (September, 1948).

I'm in school on GI bill at Southwest Texas State Teachers College. I'm contemplating returning to the service; therefore I will receive available copies once again. Your magazine was a "leaven in the bread" of my spiritual life in Europe, 1944-46.

Charles H. Linstrum
Apt. 136, Riverside Homes
San Marcos, Texas

..

May I take this means to express my appreciation for your kindness and thoughtfulness in sending me several copies of the February 1949 issue of *The Link*. It is indeed an honor to be among the contributors to that outstanding magazine.

Jon J. Chinen
323 Packard Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan

..

May I simply comment that I personally always enjoy your excellent periodical. It is well edited and full of interesting and helpful material.

Robbins W. Barstow, Executive Associate
Church World Service, Inc.
214 East 21st Street
New York 10, New York

May I take this occasion to congratulate you on the splendid work you are doing with *The Link* and *The Chaplain*. I find both of these most helpful in my program work here at the Headquarters of the Armed Services Department.

Robert E. Laveaga, Armed Services Dept.
The National Council of the Young Men's
Christian Associations of the U. S. A.
347 Madison Avenue
New York 17, New York

..

You may think it strange to receive a letter from a Japanese woman. However, ever since the winter of 1945, I have had the joy of reading *The Link*, which has been such a blessing to me, and the teachers and students out here at my school, for we use them as our English textbook. So far the chaplains of different outfits have given me their back numbers, which has been a tremendous help in many ways.

Mr. Nakada, my cousin, and I have a Bible school combined with a junior and senior high school and English night school. To tell a long story in a few words, Mr. Nakada's father, who studied under Mr. Moody in his institute, came back and started a Bible school in 1901. However, this school was burnt down and the whole school put to an end by the Japanese government soon after father Nakada's death.

So after the war we wanted to restart something of the same, only putting more emphasis on "work" for the Bible students; that is to say, they must learn to work and study, so we have them earn their own "bread and butter," which to us would be "rice and fish," I guess. It was through the kindness of the GHQ chaplains that we were able to get started.

In the theological department we have now 28; 5 will graduate this spring and start their own churches, by having either an English school or kindergarten to be self-supporting. In the junior high we have now 400 boys and girls—a real coeducational affair, which has been keenly watched by the old-type Japanese school teachers (and so far so good), for as you know our boys and girls have never been thrown together, so it is something very new. In my senior department I have 120 boys and girls. They are a fine bunch; most of them have found their Saviour, and it

is taking the lead in the whole school. In the English night school I had 170, but because I could not get the right kind of textbooks for them I have dropped the number to 80. I am trying to see what I can do to get Sunday School papers and other literature for them. It is so much nicer to have nicely printed textbooks, and it is far cheaper for the students to pay for the papers that come to us from time to time from the States. The only trouble is that I can't get enough of one kind to go around.

The Link has been a big help in many ways, and I can use it for English and also for the Bible side of it. It is really surprising how many of the students really become interested in the Bible through reading *The Link*.

Mr. Nakada is now with the Chapel Center with his choir, helping them out each Sunday. He started the giving of "The Messiah" 19 years ago, and we have kept it up, singing it even in Japa-



Students, teachers and emblem of the Bible Agricultural School in Japan, summer, 1948

nese during the war years, and then in 1945 sang it with the GI's, and up to date. Both Mr. Nakada and I have studied at Moody's. Mr. Nakada is one of Dr. Williamson's first students in his Dayton home.

*Daisy (Mrs. Ugo) Nakada
Bible Agricultural School
Wakamatsucho, Chiba, Japan*

I believe your magazine is supplying a vital need in the lives of the men of the armed services, and I am happy to contribute my poem, "The Still Small Voice," in your "Batting the Breeze" column.

*Clifford Thomas
936 C Avenue
Coronado, California*

NEWLY REGISTERED SMCL UNIT

Service Men's Christian League of Chanute Air Force Base (Illinois), Chaplain Henry C. Bristow, sponsor.

PEN-PALS

The Link seems to be a good place for getting acquainted with people so I thought I'd try, too.

I'd like to have people write to me from everywhere. I especially would like to hear from other fellows. Those in the services will be especially welcome. Girls between 15 and 18 years old can write if they want to. The fellows can be from about 15 to almost any age, but ones in the 20's and 30's preferred.

I'm a boy 16, tall, slim, a junior in high school, have red hair, blue-grey eyes, wear glasses and that's me. Hobbies: writing, corresponding with different people, interior decorating, playing the piano, fashion designing, reading, contesting. I'm interested in people and the things that interest them.

If you'd like a snapshot I'll try to send you one. Also I'd like to have one from everyone who writes. There's nothing I enjoy more than receiving and answering huge amounts of interesting mail so don't let me down.

The Link is tops. Here's hoping.

*Harry L. Clark
Box 283
Covington, Oklahoma*

The Still Small Voice

By Clifford Thomas

The coast of France was strangely dark,
And every heart was pounding;
Across the ether—grim and stark—
The 'D' day call was sounding.
But in those moments tense with fear
As men knelt down to pray,
A voice of hope spoke soft and clear,
"I'm by your side today."

Then each man knew within his heart
That God had surely spoken;
And bound with Him to do their part,
The tie could not be broken.
It made the weakest man feel strong,
And confidence held sway;
That inner voice became their song,
"I'm by your side today."

In far-off isles—by coral strand—
Come sounds of war's commotion;
And men face death on every hand,
Their deeds stir deep emotion.
No danger quelled that cheering word,
Though long and hard the fray;
But constantly that voice they heard,
"I'm by your side today."

When resolution comes to man,
No matter what his station,
To fight all evil ways—and plan
Their full extermination—
Then soon the conflict will be won,
As, walking down life's way,
That guiding voice shall lead them on,
"I'm by your side today."

CAPSULE CARTOONING COURSE

BY

JOSEPH CHARLES SALAK



COLLINS

Chapter I

"Give a man a dollar and he may forget both the dollar and you. But give a man an idea and he will gratefully remember it and you all his life."

THERE isn't much gaiety among people or nations these days. It is that thought which prompts this feature. You may find enjoyment, relaxation or even a quiet chuckle or two as you experiment with line drawings. If you do—then its purpose has been fulfilled.

Perhaps you voice the question: How do I know I have enough talent to draw?

The fact that you are reading this material proves that you want to draw, and that urge wouldn't exist if your talents were not inclined in that direction. But experiment with these sample charts and see for yourself.

Before entering the mysteries of creative cartooning let us mentally prepare ourselves with some of its possibilities.

Eleven of the top magazines published 4,399 cartoons by only 297 cartoonists in 1947. *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* used more than 1,000 cartoons each. After you study some of the published drawings you, too, will agree that what this country needs is better cartoons, not MORE. Perhaps you can fill that demand to some extent.

In spite of repeated criticism that the current trend of comic books is a crime inspiration and indirectly responsible for juvenile delinquency, statistics show a continued increase in their popularity as

far as sales are concerned. (Each month approximately 40,000,000 comic magazines—150 titles—are bought at a cost of \$4,000,000. The youngster reads an average of 12 comic books every month; adult comic fans average 6.) However, you as an amateur cartoonist can serve as missionary in this field. Introduce new and clean comics. Replace some of the glitter in the exploits of Little Red Riding Hood, Sleeping Beauty and Cinderella. The cycle is bound to change; prepare yourself for it now, and ride in on its coming crest to success.

Drawing cartoons is not an art that can be learned in a few hours. It requires time, patience, practice and above all, persistence. Naum Gabo, constructivist sculptor and painter, often spent months working on a single piece of art. In 34 years of work he has completed only 70 paintings. He never starts work on a painting until he has the complete image of it in mind and arrives at that image only after months of reflection and hundreds of sketches.

Eldon Dedini, whose cartoons appear in *Esquire*, taught himself to draw by copying comic strips. Now at the age of 25 he roughs out a hundred sketches a month, and on one occasion painted an entire *Esquire* cover in only two

days. He tries his ideas on his wife. If she laughs he finishes them in wash, charcoal or water color.

About now you might feel the question: How does an artist get his ideas? Cartoonist Jim Williams in his single-panel pictures searches the quiet corners of everyday life and presents in his drawings humor and understanding. The 59-year-old artist sits down at his drawing board at 6 a.m. and waits patiently for an idea to strike. Sometimes it takes hours, but once he has the idea he finishes a panel quickly. Often he produces four panels in one morning.

Mr. Williams reveals a secret concerning drawings which often appear with the notation "Redrawn by request." This, he explains, is when he falls behind schedule and then his old cartoons are republished.

Paul Terry, successful cartoonist and creator of Mighty Mouse, Terrytoons, and Aesop's Fables, gets his ideas from Aesop, who wrote 220 fables. But the

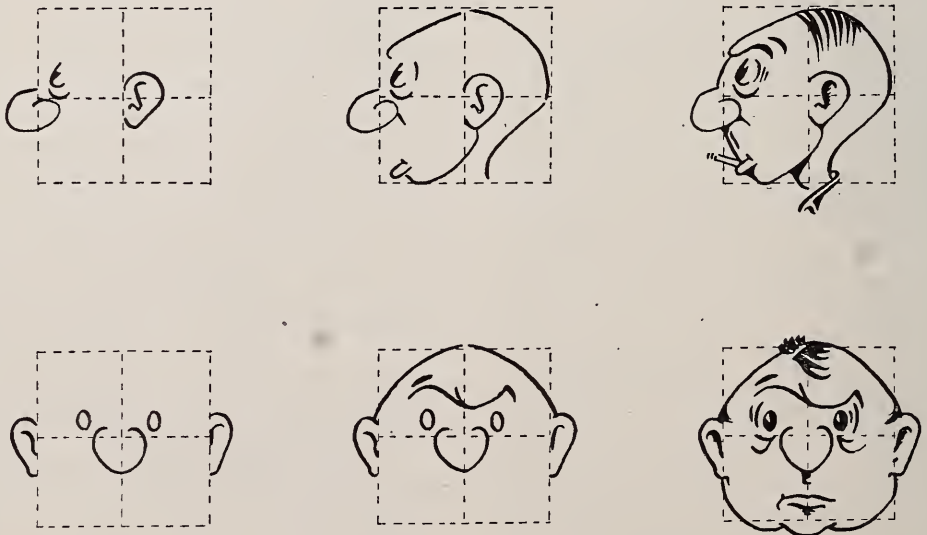
ingenious Mr. Terry made 460 and on every cartoon he creates he gets 16,000 theatre bookings. Cashing in on 2600 years of Aesop publicity, the cartoonist philosophizes as follows: "If you steal a whole lot from one person it's plagiarism. If you take a little from many, it's research."

Zachary Hendrick, artist for the Walgreen Drug Company in Chicago, made 23,140 merchandise drawings in 10 years, used up 528 bottles of ink and wore out 660 pen points for newspaper ads. Are you sufficiently ambitious to do as well?

LESSON I

You want to draw? Fine! Let's start at the bottom; things are good and solid there. For inspiration consider the seal pup, who oddly enough, is afraid of water. He has to be taught to swim by his mother. But it is that natural fear which prompts a respect of the water and results in his later becoming

CHART NO. 1



so much at home in and under water after he has conquered that original fear. So with your drawing. Overcome your fear of not being able to draw a straight line and you will be drawing all sorts of lines which, when properly put together, make a successful cartoon.

For this first lesson we will concentrate on the cartoon face.

Study charts 1 and 2 closely. They are self-explanatory. Look at the drawings until they are firmly fixed in your mind. Then put the charts aside and draw each face from memory, following the system used on the chart. After you have done this, turn your first sketches face down and copy the chart just as it is, as accurately as possible. When you have completed this, compare your first original sketches with the copied drawing. You can now see the results, and they should prove to you that you can draw, or at least make fairly good copies.

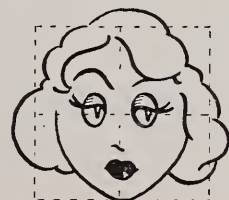
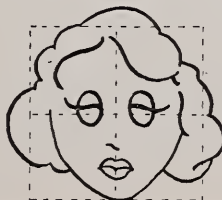
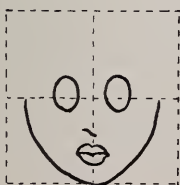
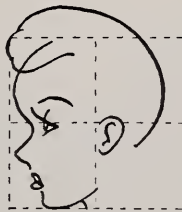
Cartooning is simply the art of copy-

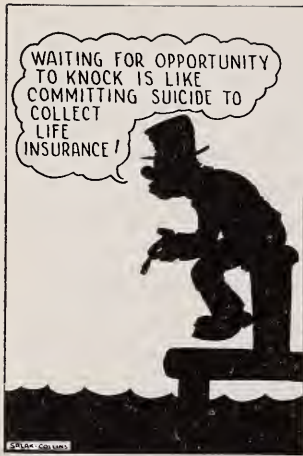
ing certain lines and putting them together—lines which after a time become familiar to your mind and are reflected from your eyes onto your drawing paper. Keep that thought before you; cartooning is original copying from your mind through your eyes. See what you draw before you start to draw it.

Study the silhouette illustration accompanying this lesson. Silhouettes are the ABC of drawing. When climaxed with philosophic sayings or gags they are acceptable to many publications.

For one month devote your spare time to drawing these two charts until you have them perfected and can draw them just as accurately without referring to the charts. Use the formula as shown; a rough square for the head drawn with pencil; sketch in the features and finish the drawing in ink. Erase the pencil outlines with a soft gum eraser. All professional artists make rough pencil outlines and then complete their drawings in ink.

CHART NO. 2





In the meantime create other faces, using your newspaper comic strips for ideas. Take the nose of one character, the eyes of another, mouth of a third and combine

these features but as time goes on you will only refer to them for guidance and slowly but surely originate your own. This file is in fact your set of live models. Use them. They are valuable.

There are no short cuts to cartooning success. It is a long way through the valley of work up to the peak of the mountain by persistent practice, which removes the thorns and briars as you proceed.

If your first drawings haven't that certain something, no promise of instructors will transform them into masterpieces. Again, only time and practice will accomplish this feat.

No special, miraculous formula can change a bad cartoon into a successful one. Be your own critic and keep over-optimism from crowding you from your drawing board.

Drawing cartoons, like anything else, demands determination and perseverance. If you want to draw and enjoy drawing and you really, sincerely seek for success in this field, not just wish and hope for it, you're bound to find it eventually. It all boils down to this: concentrate your desires into a single objective and persevere resolutely.

If you intend to draw, then draw, and start now. Cartoons are a true source of inspiration; they spread the gospel of joy, wit and humor. Be original and work in solitude, for there you will find release for your talent.

Our next lesson will be the comic cartoon figure and animal.

In the meantime, practice and improve your comic faces. Practice makes for perfection.

them. Note how a face is made to laugh, cry or frown in anger. Continue this practice until you can create your own original faces without the need of newspaper aids for inspiration. One month of this constant practice will be time well invested.

EQUIPMENT

The only equipment you need for this course is a soft drawing pencil, a drawing pen, some bond paper and a bottle of India ink—all available at your stationery store. As you progress you can determine for yourself just what your additional art requirements should be.

At this stage it is suggested you start a "morgue" of clippings. Magazines, catalogs and newspapers are your source for this reference material. Clip out faces, dresses, background scenery, furniture, animals, figures of every type; sort and file them in envelopes or folders under proper headings. Then when you start to draw a cartoon figure you can refer to your files for authentic details. At first you will naturally copy

The real tragedy of life is not in being limited to one talent, but in the failure to use the one talent. —E. W. Work

Where the Rio Grande Bends

BY MABEL OTIS ROBISON

Primeval is the first impression of visitors to Big Bend National Park—along with a tremendous feeling of space and nature in the raw. Once an Indian hunting ground and border hide-out for bandits and cattle rustlers, this vast area is now in the early stages of development as America's sixth largest national park. Its more than 700,000 acres lie within a deep *U* where the Rio Grande makes a sweeping bend. Roads are mostly unpaved. Accommodations are still meager. But the scenery, with its many shades of earth and sky, its arid types of shrubbery, its high peaks, is something you cannot write home about because you do not have words

to describe it. It is a mixture of the blues of heaven with the reds of Hades and all the colors of earth and sea blended together.

You not only see Big Bend Park but you *feel* it, as soon as you leave U. S. Highway No. 90 at Marathon and head towards the Chisos heights 80 miles in. Half-way there, you drive through Persimmon Gap in Santiagos Mountains, a ridge resembling the crouching dinosaurs which once inhabited the region. After you get through Persimmon Gap, you are in the Park proper and the wide vista unfolds against a background of Chisos coloring—pure blues, blending to purples.



The Basin as seen from the top of Lost Mine Peak: Casa Grande at the upper left; Bailey Mountain at the upper right, center (Photo by W. Ray Scott, National Park Concessions, Inc.)

Your road enters Tornillo Flat, once the bed of an ancient sea. Spring clothes the Flat in brilliant crimson, yellow and purple cacti and Spanish daggers hold great clusters of white flowers on their long stalks. To the west the Rosillos, Christmas and Paint Gap highlands are rose-shaded, while the Sierra del Carmen Bluffs to the east are red-, purple- and black-banded.

You begin the steep climb into the mountains, where ocean convulsions of prehistoric ages hurled up cliffs, columns and spires with rock layers folded, tilted and lop-sided, mountains turned upside down and left in unexpected places, all augmented in grandeur by ever-changing lights and shadows from sun and moon. You follow Green Gulch between Pulliam Mountain and Lost Mine Peak, past wooded canyons where orioles, tanagers and cardinals flash and nest. Now alligator juniper, pines and tall century plants replace the desert flora, striving to reach the naked volcanic peaks. Grey oak and redberry juniper grow on the slopes and high up the golden eagle watches.

It is well to drive slowly now for flag-tail deer are apt to spring across the road to disappear down some small canyon. You may catch a glimpse of other animals also—coyotes, mountain lions or small pig-like peccary, for the Park gives protection to everything native to the soil.

You cross the heights and begin to go down into the Basin, where Casa Grande looms 7,300 feet above small cabins and camp grounds for tourist accommodation. A notch between two mountains called "The Window" allows the only vista of the outside world from here.

At the Basin, one can set up headquarters and explore. For these explorations he needs heavy hiking boots

and hiking clothes. Trails lead to South Rim, Lost Mine peaks and other scenic spots. From South Rim one can see 100 miles across the Rio Grande into Mexico. Pack trains go into the mountains near Johnson Ranch to see the caves which once sheltered the west Texas cave dwellers. Guides will tell you of petrified trees and giant turtles and fossilized oysters three feet in diameter.

An 84-mile circle to Santa Elena Canyon, then up to Terlingua and back to the Basin makes a nice day's trip. At the top of Burro Mesa one sees wild burros, descendants of Spanish herds of a century ago, lift their shaggy heads to stare at your car. You feel dwarfed by the great Santa Elena Canyon. The Rio Grande at this place has cut a 1,500-foot gash in the limestone, leaving it streaked with rust, copper, blue and green. Near the canyon entrance is a camping ground where one may fish and swim.

To reach Terlingua, one must drive back 12 miles and get onto the road leading to Alpine. Now the vegetation bears strange Mexican names, *sotol*, *maguery* and *mesquite*, important source of food. Once Terlingua was a quick-silver mining town but after the war falling mercury prices caused its abandonment. Adobe buildings are slowly crumbling to dust. When the mine was deserted most of the town was carried away by the Mexican laborers.

Because of the Park's location in the big bend you may go east the next day and also hit the Rio Grande at Boquillas Canyon, with a stop at Hot Springs with its healthful waters. At Boquillas, Mexico, on the white sands of the river, one sees the adobe houses of the quaint Mexican village against the black and purple cliffs of Sierra del Carmen bluffs. Should you be invited to eat at this

village you might be served roasted century plant or Spanish dagger blossoms or bread made with flour from the dried mesquite beans. You might be offered a salad made from the tender joints of prickly pear or strawberry cactus served with sugar and cream.

Returning to the Basin, the Chisos Mountains with scanty oaks and cedars clinging to their bald escarpments form a purple backdrop against the road through the mysterious badlands broken by arroyos and buttresses. You recall the sights these hills have seen through the ages—cave dwellers who moved across them before Columbus came to America, the Apaches who lived and

fought there before the white men came, the Spanish Conquistadors with their brilliant trappings and love of adventure, the Comanches on their way to Mexican raids, the camel patrols which the United States Army used there in the early 1860's.

The work of patrolling, maintaining and improving this vast area is in the hands of geologist Dr. Ross Maxwell, with a staff of 17 rangers. The Park is open the year around for people who can take it. You'll come home feeling that things which looked mighty big before, even troubles, have dwarfed considerably.



Santa Elena Canyon, Big Bend National Park, Texas (Photo by Glenn Burgess, National Park Service)

OFF THE RECORDS

(Continued from page 10)

Words, written for piano, Heifetz eloquently captures the sensitive grace of its lyric beauty. The *Berceuse*, a tone poem in miniature, expressively colored by passages in octaves and harmonics, and *Danse Fantastique*, a charming modern salon piece, are coupled on the other side of this new RCA Victor Red Seal recording. Heifetz plays both with typical richness of tone and technical perfection.

Debussy: *Reverie* . . . Beethoven: *Fur Elise* (*Bagatelle in A Minor*, Grove's No. 173)—Jose Iturbi, RCA Victor Red Seal. To *Reverie* by Debussy Jose Iturbi brings a classic interpretation of a popular favorite. This romantic morsel has provided one of the happier meeting grounds between music lovers of ordinarily conflicting tastes. Iturbi bridges the gap admirably. Everyone who has ever had a piano lesson will recognize and welcome Beethoven's *Fur Elise*, which occupies the reverse side. Its cameo-like beauty is finely expressed by Iturbi in sonorous tones.

Green: *Romance* (based on a theme by Paganini) . . . Mozart: *Minuet in D*—Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, with Gerald Moore at the piano, RCA Victor Red Seal. Two encore favorites featured in the British film, *The Magic Bow*, for which Yehudi Menuhin recorded the sound track, are performed by Menuhin in an RCA Victor Red Seal release. One, *Romance*, based on a Paganini theme, discloses a fine melody which Menuhin delivers with a warm and ingratiating tone. In direct contrast, Menuhin plays Mozart's celebrated *Minuet in D* on the reverse side with a pristine beauty that is moving in its eloquent simplicity.



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(Prepared by James V. Claypool, Secy., Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society)

THEME: God of the Whole Earth

1. Psalms 121 **God of the Hills**
2. Proverbs 6:6-19 **Go to the Ant**
3. Isaiah 11:1-9 **Animals Tamed**
4. Joel 2:28-32 **The Heavens Disturbed**
5. Acts 2:1-12 **Languages Changed**
6. Acts 2:37-47 **Lives Changed**
7. Luke 5:27-39 **Sinners, Follow!**
8. James 2 **Work and Live**
9. Revelation 3:1-13 **Hold Fast**
10. Romans 2:1-11 **Free and Equal**
11. I Timothy 6:6-21 **The Good Fight**
12. Ephesians 6:10-18 **Finally, Be Strong**
13. Isaiah 54:11-17 **Lengthen the Lines**
14. Psalms 63:1-8 **Is God Mine?**
15. Acts 16:16-40 **How to Be Saved**
16. Psalms 95:1-8 **God Likes Joy**
17. Titus 3 **Diligent in What?**
18. Psalms 119:9-16 **For a Young Man**
19. James 5 **Hold No Grudge**
20. Psalms 148 **God Over All**
21. Philippians 1:15-30 **To Live Is Christ**
22. Psalms 5 **God in the Morning**
23. Exodus 3:7-14 **God the Deliverer**
24. Matthew 3 **John the First**
25. Isaiah 1:11-18 **How Meet God?**
26. Acts 16:5-15 **A Great Voyage**
27. Nahum 1:1-7 **Who Can Stand?**
28. Proverbs 4:1-18 **Fatherly Advice**
29. II Peter 1:16-21 **Scripture Is of God**
30. Song of Solomon 2:10-17 **A Lover's Song**

TEMPEST TOSSED

BY FRANKLIN W BALL



SUNDAY wasn't the regular day for the doctor to visit our house but we had to call him. We all needed him—bad. It all started when the new preacher made a common announcement at the morning church service.

Dad had bought the big eleven-room house down on Elm Street some time before, and he had been stacking it up against the day he would have to retire from the ministry. But he hadn't expected his heart to start ticking out on him so early. However, the conference year had hardly started when he had a bad spell and the doctor reluctantly told us that he was through. We were shocked, but glad the big house would soon be ready for occupancy. When it was, we moved in—Mother, Dad, Jake and I.

Now my sister and her husband and two children were temporarily out of a place to live, so they moved in with us for a few months until their house was finished. Shortly after them came my oldest brother and his wife and two

children. But there was plenty of room for us all.

About the time the new preacher moved into the parsonage at the end of the church's fiscal year, brother Jake graduated from college and went to take a job away from home. Sister's house was finished and my oldest brother found a flat the same week. That left the three of us—Dad and Mother and me—lonesome and sometimes lost, in the big house on Elm Street.

Now Dad's Church publishes a small quarterly for home reading called *The Upper Room*. Since this little booklet has a national circulation of about two million among members of the Church, no one thought of explaining much when mentioning it at morning service, least of all the new preacher.

The church had paid Dad his salary during the remaining months of the year in which he got sick, and to make him feel useful, had allowed him to continue looking after the literature—magazine subscriptions, quarterlies, and

the like. That was why he had about fifty copies of *The Upper Room* on his hands when the year ended.

"Now concerning *Upper Rooms*," the new preacher began, "I have just been informed that Rev. Jones still has several of these left. Anyone interested in acquiring any of them should see him early, for they will soon be gone." Then he launched into his sermon and we all thought no more of the announcement; nearly all of us, that is.

I saw two men and one woman leave church immediately, and wondered why. A couple of others raced to their cars after the service was over. Word got around our village as though on wings of gossip. Three people were at our front door when I got home from church, four cars stood before the door and another was stopping. People were climbing out of all of them, all wanting to rent upstairs rooms.

From there on it was unimaginable. Dad raced back and forth between a ringing telephone and a clanging door bell until he was about to have another attack. Then he turned the phone over to Ma and set himself up as a sort of guard at the door. I looked after the five who came to the back door.

Pedestrians came by the dozen. Cars came and went all afternoon. Men alighted and raced across the lawn to the front door, then argued about who got there first. Some drove angrily away saying, "It's a fake and a dirty trick—and by a preacher, too."

By dark, the drove had dwindled down to five or six an hour when we saw Dad was fast tuckering out. That was when Ma finally got on the emitting end of the telephone for the first time that day and called Doc. He came hurriedly, thinking what we all were.

When he finally got Dad settled he asked him how he was feeling. Dad said, "Fine. Fine. Sold every one of those *Upper Rooms*." The doctor, not being a member of our denomination, thought Dad had gone batty until we tried to explain. Then he thought *he* had gone batty.

As Dad jingled the change in his jeans I noticed the stack of *Upper Rooms* was gone from the hall table. Then it was that I knew why some of the disappointees got a little madder than others. But they'll get over it. For Dad says that is one of the chief purposes of the little quarterly—the stilling of the tempest.

The Plain Language

A main Pennsylvania road runs through the little Quaker community of Plymouth Meeting. At the intersection there, not so long ago, a serene, elderly lady eased her gleaming 1938 Ford up to the traffic light, stopped, and promptly stalled the motor. And, try as she might, nothing she could do would start the car.

As she stepped again and again on the starter, the driver of a powerful and impatient 1949 model began to blow his horn in back of her. With every passing second the bleat of that horn seemed to become more shrill.

Finally, with a slight toss of her head, the little old lady opened the door of her car, got out and went back to the car behind hers.

Then in true Quaker fashion she said, "Perhaps thee and I should change places. Thee try to start my car. And I will stay back here and blow thy horn."

—William Sheppard

Topic TALKS



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

WHEN IS A MAN AT HIS BEST?

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why are we made in God's image?* (Genesis 1:26, 27)
2. *Why does the knowledge of good and evil make us morally responsible to God?* (Gen. 3:5)
3. *Why should we provide for spiritual growth as well as physical needs?* (Deuteronomy 8:3; Matthew 4:4; Luke 4:4)
4. *How could Paul write that a man is both the image and the glory of God?* (I Corinthians 11:7)
5. *Why should we strive to be new men in Christ our Saviour?* (Ephesians 3:14-19; 4:17-24)

- *Resource material:*

How do you think a man can be his best? Is it an easy matter? *Should* it be easy? If you say it *should* be easy, what are your reasons for saying so? If you say it *should not* be easy, give reasons for your answer.

Certainly each of us owes it to himself and to society and to God to make the most of life. Robert Browning once said: "My business is not to remake myself, but to make the absolute best of what God made." And that will keep us busy!

As a matter of sober fact, it is no simple matter to talk about being our best, and then try to attain that goal! Woodrow Wilson once wrote these very impressive words about this matter:

"Surely a man has come to himself

only when he has found the best that is in him, and has satisfied his heart with the highest achievement he is fit for. It is only then that he knows of what he is capable and what his heart demands. And, assuredly, no thoughtful man ever came to the end of his life, and had time and a little space of calm from which to look back upon it, who did not know and acknowledge that it was what he had done unselfishly and for others, and nothing else, that satisfied him in the retrospect, and made him feel that he had played the man. And so men grow by having responsibility laid upon them, the burden of other people's business. Their powers are put out at interest, and they get usury in kind. They are like men multi-

plied. Each counts manifold. Men who live with an eye only upon what is their own are dwarfed beside them—seem fractions while they are integers. The trustworthiness of men trusted seems often to grow with the trust.”

There is much gold to be mined there! The lasting value of unselfish service, for instance, is stressed, for nothing takes its place as an ingredient in true character and in worth-while accomplishments. But this does not come as a surprise to any of us whose minds have been steeped, as Woodrow Wilson's was, in the teachings of Jesus in the New Testament. Jesus said, as you remember: “If any man desire to be *first*, he shall be *last* of all, and *servant* of all.” (Mark 9:35b) How strange that must have seemed to many a frothy go-getter who could see no farther than his own nose!

Not only that, but Jesus taught us plainly that a man, once he has become great, shall not be above the lowliest service for others: He told us plainly that the greatest among us should be as the younger, and that the chief should be as a servant; and He proudly proclaimed that *He* was as a servant. (Luke 22:26, 27)

He gave that principle graphic force by washing His disciples' feet one day. (John 13:3-5) But that was only an illustrative incident that was buttressed by His lifetime of service and sacrifice for others. Any of us who wishes to know how to live life at its best should study His words and His ministry with care and with the determination to follow His teachings and His life. We can find no better model for greatness and for the best life that is possible for us today!

Responsibility is another matter that Woodrow Wilson stressed. But isn't it true that responsibility is only the obli-

gation to serve? It is duty, wearing the garments of reality. We must deal with it honestly and fully if we are to be our best in life.

Too often we have thought that greatness implies great natural endowments at the start. But most of us should take courage from the fact that any man can reap vast rewards from life if he will steadily improve and increase his *small* endowments by putting them to work for others and for his God.

If one man has a fortune and merely lets it lie idle, he may not be nearly as happy and as successful in the end as the man who has only a very modest amount of money but keeps steadily building it up by frugality and thrift and far-sighted planning and conscientious toil. I knew a cobbler who built a substantial two-story building by industry and thrift in matters that you or I might disdain. And I feel very sure that you must have known people who were just as careful to make the most of their endowments and opportunities in spiritual matters.

Probably some of the most helpful people of your acquaintance have been those who have taken their apparently small endowments and capacities and have *made them grow*, steadily and to surprising proportions, by using them unselfishly and wholeheartedly, following the example of Jesus.

But remember one thing above everything else: *no man makes the most of his life without Christ*. If you are really eager to live the best life possible, you simply cannot do it without the guidance and the help of Christ. He came that you and I might have life, *and that we might have it more abundantly*.

Nothing less than that should ever satisfy you!

Let's follow His example and seek His help!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

GOD'S RENEWING LOVE AND POWER

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How did the old Psalmist speak of God's renewing love and power?* (Psalms 23:3)
2. *Should we look for experiences of God's renewing love and power in our lives each day?* (II Corinthians 4:16)
3. *How can we have a part in God's renewal of our strength?* (Isaiah 40:31)
4. *How do humility and contrition help us to find spiritual renewal with God?* (Isaiah 57:15)
5. *How can we help God to renew our minds?* (Romans 12:1, 2; Ephesians 4:20-24)

-
- *Resource material:*

Those were not idle words in which the Psalmist assured us that God restores the soul. We still need that restoration, day after day and night after night, and God can be counted on to give us this priceless gift through His love and His power.

This is one of the most real things about our Christian faith. And we should remember that we can help to make these experiences of renewal more frequent if we are receptive to them and if we try to deepen our religious life.

The great prophet Isaiah had some wise words for us on this matter: "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: *But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;*

they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." (Isaiah 40:29-31)

Over half a century ago, Henri Frederic Amiel, a Swiss essayist and poet, wrote these words concerning spiritual resources:

"The man who has no refuge in himself, who lives, so to speak, in his front rooms, in the outer whirlwind of things and opinions, is not properly a personality at all.

"He floats with the current, who does not guide himself according to higher principles, who has no ideal, no convictions—such a man is a mere article of the world's furniture—a thing moved, instead of a living and moving being—an echo, not a voice. The man who has no inner life is the slave of his surroundings, as the barometer is the

obedient servant of the air at rest, and the weathercock the humble servant of the air in motion."

If those words seem wistful rather than authoritative, it is perhaps because Amiel seems to have been regarded more as a kind of literary Hamlet and not as a St. Francis of Assisi, and yet the words have value for us; they point to a need and a yearning such as you must have felt many times in your own life.

It is good for us to remember that any man who would experience God's renewal of inner spiritual resources should be *humble*—and he should be *contrite*. The two should go together. We might take a lesson here from the pen of the great prophet Isaiah: "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to *revive* the spirit of the *humble*, and to *revive* the heart of the *contrite* ones." (Isaiah 57: 15)

If we are humble, God can do something for us; if we are contrite, *broken up over our sins*, God can do everything for us, and can begin by granting us His forgiveness.

A little over a century ago, Edward Bouverie Pusey, a professor of Hebrew in Oxford, was able to help the Church of England to come through the great crisis when John Henry Newman and others left it for the Roman Catholic Church. Scholarly and devout, Pusey had this to say about humility: "The tree falls with any gust of wind when the root is near the surface; the house

which has a shallow foundation is soon shaken. High and wide as the noblest trees spread, so deep and wide their roots are sunk below; the more majestic and noble a pile of building, the deeper its foundation; their height is but an earnest of their lowliness; you see their height, their lowliness is hidden; the use of sinking thus deep is not plain to sight, yet were they not thus lowly, they could not be thus lofty. Dig deep, then, the foundation of humility; so only mayest thou hope to reach the height of charity; for by humility alone canst thou reach that Rock which shall not be shaken, that is, Christ."

The wise old Psalmist knew very well that God can never turn away from a broken and a contrite heart, for it pleases Him more than any amount of burnt offerings. Listen: "For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Psalms 51:16, 17)

Of course He will not despise it; *it is the fairest fruit in His garden!*

Paul stressed the great importance of the renewing of our minds, and we do well to remember that we can have an active part in this ourselves. (Romans 12:2) Unless we have cleansed minds, and unless they are turned constantly toward spiritual matters, we shall not be the best Christians.

Renewing, by its very nature, is a *continuing process*. We should try to experience it *as long as we live*.

We need it as an ongoing experience of God's love and power.



One loving spirit sets another on fire.

—Augustine

- *Subject for group discussion:*

PHILOSOPHY IN TWO WORDS

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How can our spiritual resources help to sustain us?* (Proverbs 18:14)
2. *Can we count on God to sustain us always?* (Psalms 23)
3. *How does righteousness help us to find God's sustaining power?* (Psalms 55:22; Isaiah 41:10-13)
4. *Why should we abstain from all fleshly lusts?* (I Peter 2:11, 12)
5. *Why should you and I abstain from everything that seems to be evil?* (I Thessalonians 5:22)

-
- *Resource material:*

About the middle of the first Christian century a babe was born in Phrygia who was to be known to the world as Epictetus. A slave suffering cruel treatment for years, he became a distinguished philosopher whose ethics embodied teachings of self-renunciation, endurance and the placing of limits upon ambition. He indicated that all philosophy might be compressed into two words—*sustain* and *abstain*. Those are good words for a young Christian to take and adapt to his own needs today and tomorrow.

Sustaining the physical body is not enough. We do not go far as Christians until we discover that we need to sustain our *spiritual* resources and build upon them. We are sustained by faith and by prayer and by divine truth as we find it in the Bible. We are sustained by our own efforts to fight off evil when it attacks us, however insidiously and persistently.

And we know well enough that God

sustains us. He is at our side constantly to help us in whatever needs we may experience. The Bible gives many instances of His sustaining power, and we know that it is available for us always, and particularly when we try to be more worthy of it through our Christian faith and our sincere efforts to live righteously.

And the Church can help us to sustain a vital Christian life. The wise Samuel Johnson, in his *Life of Milton*, wrote: "To be of no Church is dangerous." Take full advantage of your religious services and your chaplain. And find your place in the church when you get back into civilian life.

Remember that God will always sustain you. As the psalmist assured us long ago, He is both our refuge and our source of unbounded strength in any moment of trouble. (Psalms 46:1) Remember that when the bleak, cutting winds of adversity are buffeting you!

Paul, who had many reasons for

knowing whereof he spoke, declared: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Romans 8:31b) Think that over when you get into a tight spot!

God helps us to sustain ourselves in physical and mental health and in spiritual well-being.

But we should think also of the second part of that compressed philosophy of Epictetus: *we need to abstain*. From what? From everything that our knowledge and judgment would brand as likely to harm us or lower our efficiency or decrease our chances to succeed and be happy and helpful.

The true Christian is no softie, whether in a uniform or out of one. He has the courage of his convictions. He finds it possible—and helpful—to take his stand for what he believes to be right, even if he seems to stand alone for the time being. He knows he does *not* stand alone; he knows God stands with him and gives him courage and sustaining strength as he needs it.

It is true that a Christian may at times feel weak and wobbly; but he is smart enough to know what to do about *that!* "What time I am afraid, *I will trust in thee.*" (Psalms 56:3) *That does it!* For the psalmist spoke brave words out of his own numerous experiences: "I will not fear what flesh can do unto me." (Psalms 56:4b) *You* can have the same kind and the same degree of courage if you are willing to *build it up*, day by day, in your own experiences of asking God, in prayer and in faith, for His sustaining power; finding it one hour, you will be stronger when the next temptation comes, and the next—and the next. Spiritual strength is built up by use, just as surely as physical strength grows with exercise!

Paul warned against yielding ourselves to fleshly lusts; there is no surer

way to debase our highest spiritual qualities than to give our passions the whip-hand over the best that is in us. The men you admire most are not those whom you know as sinners against the moral law. They forfeit some of the respect of decent people when they stoop to indecency and immorality. And that is something to ponder if you are tempted to turn your back upon the teachings and the example of your parents and your Christ, merely for a few fleeting moments of fleshly indulgence.

Another thing from which it is well to abstain is the use of alcoholic beverages. This is an insidious enemy that is becoming more gluttonous and more boastful every day; leave it alone, lest you, like so great a multitude of others, be unable to cope with it. Said a wise old writer long ago: "Wine is a *mocker*, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is *deceived* thereby is not *wise.*" (Proverbs 20:1)

But Paul had a wise warning that can save us from this and many another evil if we will be prudent enough to follow it: "Abstain from *all appearance of evil.*" (I Thessalonians 5:22)

It's worth while to give yourself the benefit of the doubt!

Play safe by *steering clear of everything that may harm you!*

Answers to "Go Till You Guess"

(Questions on page 18)

1. The temple of Dagon at Gaza. Judg. 16:23-30.
2. The second temple at Jerusalem. Ezra 3:6-6:15.
3. Pithom and Raamses in Egypt. Ex. 1:8-14. Ex. 5:1-21.
4. Herod's temple at Jerusalem. Matt. 27:51. John 2:20 does not take account of the temples' surroundings.

- Subject for group discussion:

SOME ENEMIES OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH

- Questions and Scripture references:

1. Why should we guard ourselves against carelessness in spiritual matters? (Hebrews 2:1)
2. How did Jesus treat callousness or hardness of heart in his disciples? (Mark 16:14)
3. What was Paul's advice against those who were contrary in thought and actions to his teachings? (Romans 16:17)
4. Why do carnal sins war against spiritual growth, and how can we avoid them? (Galatians 5:19-21; 16)
5. Why is covetousness hurtful to our spiritual growth? (Exodus 20:17; Psalms 10:3; 119:36)

-
- Resource material:

Spiritual growth is a serious, full-time endeavor for a Christian; we should be at it as long as we live and with all possible earnestness. It doesn't yield a satisfying harvest to spasmodic and half-hearted labors on the part of the lukewarm: it *requires* and *repays* our *best!*

Wouldn't you agree that *carelessness* is one of the commonest and most harmful of the enemies against our spiritual growth? The writer of one of our New Testament books was eager to point out this grave danger when these words were written: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." (Hebrews 2:1) Instead of that last clause, the margin gives what is perhaps a better and a more striking reading: "lest haply we *drift away* from them."

What a multitude of *drifters* we have who have slipped away from their moorings in the Christian faith and are heading unconcernedly for the rapids and the whirlpools and destruction! From their actions you would never guess that the Christian Church means much to them. Yet it offers them hope and faith and the means of finding eternal life at last, through faith in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Then there are those who are given to *callousness* in spiritual matters. They are not sensitive to the many slight spiritual influences that play upon us in every hour. They know a cyclone if one comes along but they are not sensitive to the still, small voice of God that outlasts the tempests. Because they are callous they are not hungering and thirsting after righteousness; they tolerate religion but they do not allow

themselves to become excited about it. So their callousness is an enemy to their spiritual growth.

But *carnality* is a much greater enemy of spiritual growth. Paul was insistent in his warning that the carnal mind is enmity against God. (Romans 8:7) There is lifelong conflict in each of us, between the fleshly and the spiritual. The earnest Christian will learn to avoid certain temptations and challenge everything that would impair his spiritual efficiency and his sensitiveness to the highest spiritual influences that surround him.

Paul followed the warning with a prescription: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall *not* fulfill the lust of the flesh." (Galatians 5:16)

He gives us a sordid list of the sins of the flesh and he warns us against expecting eternal life if we give ourselves over to them. (Galatians 5:19-21) Some of them, like adultery, are sins that shock us and we feel we can safely resist them because they are great and formidable sins. Some of them may appear to be a little more respectable and may not seem quite so revolting to us. But beware of *all* of them, *for they are enemies of your spiritual growth*. You cannot afford to harbor them if you value your spiritual security!

In his second letter to Timothy, Paul gives this splendid advice, which is still valuable for us today as we look forward to spiritual growth: "Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart." (II Timothy 2:22)

A hypocrite is a traitorous enemy of his own spiritual growth. He stabs his spiritual integrity in the back. If he is left to his own devices he will never be a real Christian.

Matthew Henry gave us these significant words: "Hypocrites do the devil's drudgery in Christ's livery." Certainly they don't do Christ's work but undermine it on every hand, day in and day out.

Another enemy who is close to a hypocrite is a *compromiser*. You and I begin a slow sabotage of our highest principles and our most exacting ideals when we compromise them; we thereby stunt and dwarf our spiritual growth. Sometimes we carry that sabotage to its final point when we turn our backs upon the teachings and the example of Jesus. Said William Ellery Channing: "The sages and heroes of history are receding from us, and history contracts the record of their deeds into a narrower and narrower page. But time has no power over the name and deeds and words of Jesus Christ." Yes, but *you and I* can deliberately and shamefully turn our backs upon all that He taught and lived and did; *as far as we are concerned individually, we can make it all as useless for us as if He had never loved us and gone to His cross!*

Is there a worse betrayal than that?

Can you think of a worse enemy to fight against your spiritual growth than *you* can be if you let down your guard and turn traitor to the best and the highest?

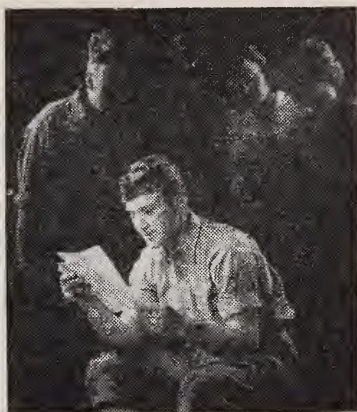
The psalmist gave us a terrible description of the wicked man, and a part of it is likely to happen to any one of us if we relax our efforts to develop and strengthen our own spiritual growth; listen to this terrible indictment of one who became *lazy and selfish* in spiritual matters: "he hath left off to be *wise*, and to do good."

That can wreck every vestige of spiritual growth in you!

Notes

to service men and women

. . . by Mayo Cornell



Kaufmann-Fabry photo

DOUBTLESS many of you young people are at a point in your training where even the word *regimentation* makes you want to commit mayhem! Your mind tells you that regimentation is necessary, your experience shows you what wonders it can perform, but if they call this the land of the "free,"—oh, BROTHER!

Now when this feeling of revolt gets into high gear, it is time to drag out into the light your own personal "bill of rights." That bill is the property of everything that breathes and it has to do with your right and privilege to develop personally along reasonably congenial lines, in or out of service. For never for an instant must you stop thinking of yourself as an individual, armed services routine to the contrary.

One of the best ways to relieve the tension of regimentation in your life is to get to know yourself. Sit down quietly now and here and take inventory. List all your assets as to personality, habits, secret desires, ambitions, etc.; then list the things which, due to circumstances over which you have no control, block the path of your progress in these matters. It will amaze you to discover that many of these hurdles do not actually exist, or they can be subtly altered to fit your will. And it will hearten you to find that once the line of attack is clear, once the truth makes you free, pooled effort on your part will accomplish miracles. Do you have a hobby? Do you yearn to write, to draw, or to design? Do you wish to paint, or sing, or invent? Do you wish to become more personable and popular among your fellows? Do you crave the accoutrement of leadership? Then realize and become deeply, electively aware of the fact that life, in or out of the Army, is almost entirely a matter of choices, a business of selections, and that where self-improvement and spiritual development are concerned, the service may aid rather than obstruct.

And above all, learn to submit with *savoir faire* to the things that you are powerless to change; to the demands, for instance, of that regimentation which alone can spell the larger good. Remember, too, that for every man and woman who earnestly seeks it, there is a system of proven compensations beyond price.



A new farmhand from the city was told one wintry morning in the small hours to harness the mule. In the dark he tackled a cow instead of the mule.

The farmer shouted from the house: "Say, what's keeping you so long?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," shouted the farmhand. "Both his ears are frozen stiff."

—*Christian Union Herald*

✱

Private: You brag about your ability to judge people by their dress—what about that little blonde over on the beach?

Pfc.: Insufficient evidence.

—*Exchange*

✱

If wives weren't so quick on the draw, there'd be more joint bank accounts.

—*Boston Naval Shipyard News*

✱

"Tell me, who is the real boss in your home?"

"Well, my wife bosses the servants, and the children boss the dog and cat, and—"

"And you?"

"Well, I can say anything I like to the geraniums."

—*Exchange*

A sarong is a bright-colored potato sack—for tomatoes.

—*Exchange*

✱

There once was a sad little WAC,
Who hated to hit the sack.
When asked why this was,
She replied: "It's because
The bed hurts my poor aching back."

—*Army Times*

✱

Machinist: I just can't eat this chicken—it's too tough. Call the manager.

Waitress (mournfully): It's no use. He's tough too.

—*Exchange*

✱

Little Joe called his dog "Baseball" because he caught flies, chased fowls, and headed for home when he saw the catcher coming.

—*Watchman-Examiner*

✱

His thoughts were slow, his words were few, and never formed to glisten; but he was a joy to all his friends—you should have heard him listen.

—*Christian Herald*



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