





the **LINK**

*January 1964*

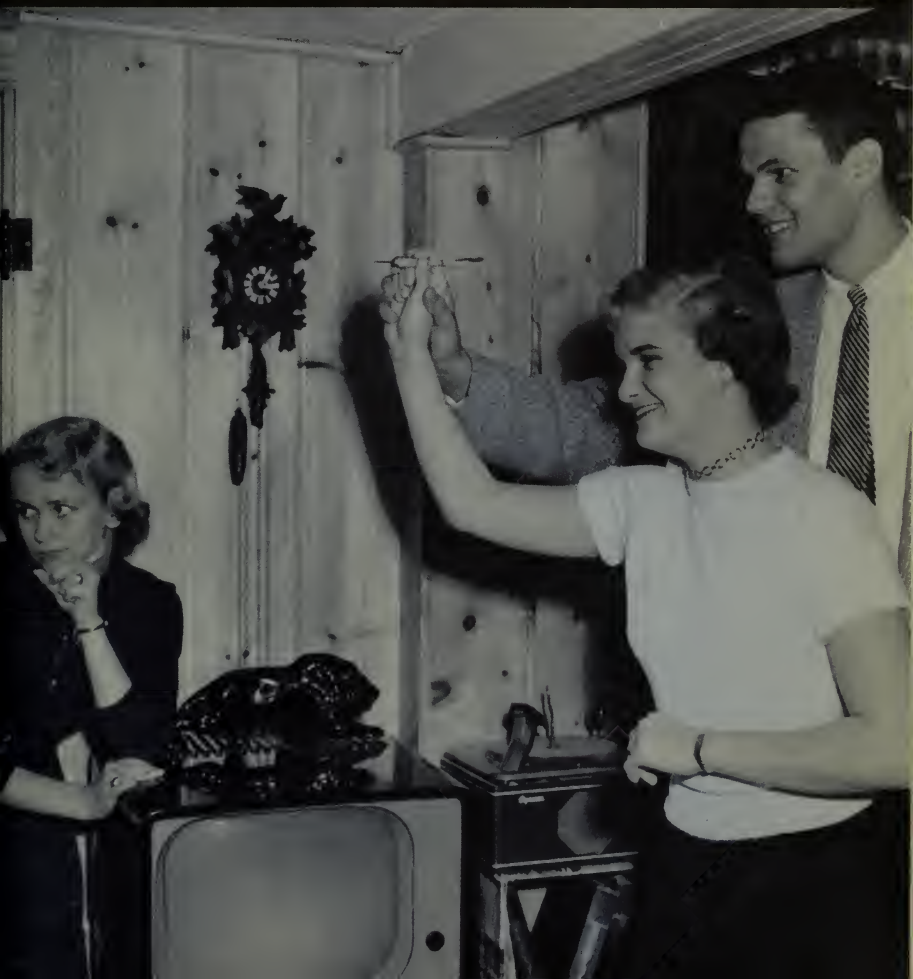
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

DUST OFF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

IF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WERE IN UNIFORM

25¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 22 • JANUARY 1964 • NO. 1

STORIES

ALWAYS WALK TALL .....	Dauney C. Craddock	11
MEI WONG AND THE EMERALD NECKLACE .....	Charlotte and Dan Ross	48

ARTICLES

HAPPY NEW YEAR! .....	J. Richard Sneed	5
THE CHALLENGE OF TOTAL COMMITMENT .....	Carl W. McGeehon	8
SADAKO AND THE PEACE MEMORIAL .....	Della M. Dever	16
BEATING TEMPTATION TO THE PUNCH .....	Raymond M. Veh	21
FIRE-WALKING IN FIJI .....	Fred Cloud	24
TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS .....	Ernst E. Klein	26
DUST OFF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS .....	David A. MacLennan	34
IF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WERE IN UNIFORM .....	Bob Karolevitz	39
THE MOST PRECIOUS MINUTE IN SCIENCE .....	Glenn D. Everett	43
THE CHRISTIAN'S DYNAMO .....	Frederick W. Brink	54

OTHER FEATURES

DAILY BIBLE READINGS .....		20
HE INTRODUCES MEN TO CHRIST .....	Bob Allan	32
"MILE-A-MINUTE" MURPHY .....	Mario DeMarco	33
THE BEGGAR POET .....	Richard R. Smith	42
LOST IN FIRE, \$3,000 HOBBY .....	George S. Wilson	56
TENSE: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE .....	John G. Lambrides	57
LET US PRAY .....		58
BRIEF NEWS ITEMS .....		59
THE LINK CALENDAR .....		62
DISCUSSION HELPS .....		63
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS .....		64
AT EASE! .....		66

COVERS

Front: The Christian life is not a sad one. Who has more real fun than Christians? Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Winter in the north woods on Long Lake, near Phelps in northern Wisconsin. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

Inside Front: Happy New Year! Photo by Don Knight.

Inside Back: Make it a habit to go to church or chapel every Sunday during the New Year. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Stanton Levy. Occasional spots by Volk.

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# SOUFF

## Inspiring, Informative and Interesting

I began reading THE LINK while undergoing basic training at Great Lakes Navy Training Center, Illinois, in December 1961. I have found your publication to be very inspiring, informative, and interesting. All I can say is—keep up the good work!

Please enter my subscription.

—Frank Steve Kovacs, Jr., R. F. D. 1, Box 224, Nazareth, Pa.

## Out of the Ordinary

The article, "I'm Hospitalized" by James V. Claypool should prove especially helpful to our newer patients.

"He Would A-Wooing Go" is a pleasant change from the common run-of-the-mill love story.

—Chaplain Joseph C. Elmer, Veterans Administration Hospital, Spokane, Washington.

## Airport Incomplete Without THE LINK

Our new chapel at Tempelhof Central Airport, "The Outpost City," has recently been completed. However, there seems to be one item that is "not available." This item, of course, is THE LINK.

*(Continued on page 65)*

## STAFF

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**H**AIL and welcome! And to you —a Happy New Year!

Now a new calendar goes up; before us are 366 (it's Leap Year, remember!) new days for fresh, wonderful living! Our position is like that of a football team where the coach in his pep talk said, "Well, here we are, unbeaten, untied, and unscored upon—and getting ready for our opening game."

To begin the New Year well is half the battle. Robert Louis Stevenson keynotes the secret, revealing the empowering word, saying,

Whether on the 1st of January or the 31st of December, faith is a good word to end on!

*Faith* is the word; always within it is the dynamic secret of victorious

living. As the Book of Revelation (the closing one in the Bible) declares: "Behold, I make all things new!"

What a joy it is to stand at this point of new beginning: spiritually, psychologically, and in every other way. This new gateway presents a time and place to resolve our ambitions; to redirect our lives. Saith the Lord: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it!"

To make your New Year really new—and happy—you will need to hazard the risk of faith often in the venture of living.

Faith was summarized precisely by a college boy, saying: "Faith is not attempting to believe things that are not so; faith is betting your

By J. Richard Sneed

life on the constructive forces of goodness." The young man might have added that faith is not believing in spite of evidence; rather, faith is doing things in spite of difficulties.

So, for a really Happy New Year, summon your belief now to hazard a few great risks. Many of these ventures will involve heroic faith in *yourself*, in *others*, and in *God*.

Employ then, here and now, the faith of "resolute expectancy" and say with Fitzgerald in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, "Come on, future, we've our back against the past!"

**S**ALES executives teach that the first ten words of a selling presentation are the most important. What, then, are you saying to *yourself* as you face the risks of faith here at the gateway of these 366 new days? What really do you believe within yourself about this happiness, which we all seek?

An English newspaper once posed this question to its readers: "Who are the happiest people on earth?" These were the prizewinning answers: (1) A craftsman or artist whistling over a job well done; (2) a little child building sand castles; (3) a mother, after a busy day, bathing her baby; and (4) a doctor who has finished a difficult and dangerous operation, and saved a human life.

No kings or emperors are among these, one observes; no millionaires, no conquerors. So, one must conclude, neither riches nor rank makes happy lives. Say to yourself, then, in your eight opening words to the

New Year: Happiness lies in a constructive job well done. Focus on your new opportunities, for happiness is in the present rather than in some fictional, future date. Keep this always in mind.

Would that it might be said of you at New Year, as a friend said of Hendrik Van Loon, the writer: "He lived as some people eat—ravenously—and with an ever-increasing appetite. All around him people were growing old, but he grew up."

Your own Happy New Year involves no less a risk of faith in your *fellowmen*, in those people about you! Indeed, any cynicism which discourages faith in another strikes at the very heart of basic confidence in yourself. Actually, an investment of faith you make in another is one of the surest ways to strengthen yourself. Epictetus was right in saying, "If you would be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others."

Your faith, focused in another, is itself enough incentive to encourage his improved living. If he is bad, your confidence will make him better; even if faultless, he will swing his lantern higher.

This New Year brings 366 daily new associations for service. So then, recognize these fresh opportunities, saying:

Here's a clean year,  
A white year.  
Reach your hand and take it.

You are  
The builder  
And no one else can make it!

**A**DVENTURER that you are into the New Year, your best start, your continuance, and your triumphant ending will result at the point of your applied faith in God, the Creator.

During a terrible storm at sea, a woman passenger clutched the captain's arm and said, "Tell me, are we in great danger?" Replied the captain, "Madam, we are in the hands of God." The startled lady groaned and exclaimed: "Oh, is it as bad as all that!"

Now, many another person may also think that faith in God involves only the "Emergency Entrance" to happiness, a way of access only when all else fails. Real sustaining happiness for the New Year is



"I thought I'd wear what I was wearing the last time you took me out."

provided through His "Open Door" which no man can shut, and through His ever-empowering, ever-creating promise: "Behold, I make all things new!"

The story is told that Brulof, the celebrated painter, one day touched a pupil's sketch with a few brush strokes for correction. "Why," exclaimed the startled student, "you only touched it a tiny bit, but now it is quite another thing!"

God likewise improves the picture of daily life which you are painting. By a few strokes, by a few touches of love, patience, and faithfulness, he can make your New Year into something entirely different—after the fashion of his perfect picture for you.

Dare yourself always to risk and live in the presence of the best. Trust God not only in the emergencies of life but in the faith of daily living. Zona Gale pictured her father in these words: "He loved to stand in the prow of life's ship and feel the spray of future in his face."

Yes, *faith* is the keynote. As Stevenson said:

Whether on the 1st of January or the 31st of December, faith is a good word to end on!

Receive, therefore, as a final Happy New Year wish to yourself the empowering words of this Benediction:

God bless thy year;  
Thy coming in, thy going out;  
Thy rest, thy traveling about;  
The rough, the smooth—  
The bright, the drear—  
God bless thy year!



# The Challenge of Total Commitment

By Carl W. McGeehon

VOLTAIRE, the French skeptic of another generation, was walking down the street in Paris with a friend. A religious procession passed in which was carried a large crucifix. Voltaire lifted his hat respectfully. "What!" asked the amazed friend. "Have you found God?" "Ah," said the skeptic sadly and a little bitterly, "we salute, but we do not speak."

A nodding acquaintance with God and the things of God hardly puts us in this place where he can do much for us or with us.

Norman Thomas, the perennial candidate for president on the Socialist Party ticket, was scheduled to speak to a group of distinguished leaders from many areas of life. In his introductory remarks, the toastmaster emphasized the great respect Norman Thomas enjoyed. He spoke of his scholarship, his courage, his absolute integrity, and that he had won the esteem of his fellowmen regardless of party affiliation. Mr. Thomas' comment, when he rose to speak, was brief and pointed. "I would gladly exchange," he said,

"some of this respect for a little support."

## A "Little" Religion Brings Unhappiness

Something less than wholehearted support of Christ and his kingdom seems to characterize many who would call themselves Christians. It becomes obvious from our prayers or our prayerlessness, our neglect of the Bible, the secular, worldly character of our major interests and activities, so that in many instances our loyalty to Christ is something less than enthusiastic.

A mother described her daughter's spiritual condition by saying she had too much religion to be happy at a tavern but not enough to enjoy a prayer meeting.

The unhappiness caused by a scant measure of religion is nothing new. Cain and Abel both made sacrificial offerings to the Lord. Only Abel's offering was acceptable. The inference is that Cain's gift was not offered in sincerity, or in the right spirit, or with the right motives. He had enough religion to offer a gift;

*Chaplain McGeehon is now at HQ PACAF, APO 953, San Francisco, Calif.*

he did not have enough to make his sacrifice acceptable in the sight of God.

The New Testament tells that Ananias and Sapphira were religious enough to make a sizeable donation to the early church. They lacked, however, the purity of heart and sincerity of purpose to make their gift acceptable to God.

E. Stanley Jones described slightly religious people by saying they had been inoculated with a mild form of Christianity and thus rendered immune from the real thing.

Bertrand Russell was once asked if he understood Einstein's theory of relativity and if he went with him all the way. Quickly the philosopher replied, "I will answer this first question in the negative and the second in the affirmative."

This could well be the Christian's attitude toward Christ. We are not required to understand him; it is required only to follow him in total commitment.

Jesus was asked about man's supreme requirement for life. He replied, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. . . . You shall love your neighbor as yourself" (Mt. 22:37-39). This is an absolute claim. No waivers are granted. No watering down of the requirement is allowed.

"You can only get out of it what you put into it." So goes a familiar saying. Undoubtedly this is a valid insight into some areas of life's experiences. It does not apply, however, to religion.

There is an "all or nothing" quali-

ty about our Christian faith. We must put everything into it to get anything out of it. If we put anything less than everything into it, we get out a sense of frustration, discontent with self, and an uneasy conscience.

The demands on the follower of Christ in terms of commitment are tremendous. God wants all of us, our entire personality, all the time. When the measure of dedication is on the skimpy side, the result is unhappiness. One can serve two masters—God and self—but not well, and not without internal discord.

### Why Men Fail

The world always stands aside for the man who is totally committed.

A psychological study entitled "Why Men Fail," arrived at the following conclusions:

1. "The majority of people who succeed in life are not more gifted than those who fail.

2. "The majority of people who fail in life are not less gifted than those who succeed.

3. "The majority of people go through life using less than 40 per cent of their God-given abilities. (This is equivalent to an eight cylinder engine chugging along on three cylinders.)

4. "The majority of folk who have handicaps—who have every reason to fail—fail to fail."

These conclusions would bear out Shakespeare's insight when he has Cassius say, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

The secret of success in the secular world is written in terms of dedication. No one ever became famous by half-hearted application of his talents or lukewarm devotion to a cause. Certainly no one ever became a saint by default. Spiritual stature is a result of commitment to Christ and his kingdom.

Man needs a unifying purpose. Until he finds a central, unifying loyalty, he is at loose ends emotionally. A novelist described modern life when he wrote of one of his characters, "She mounted her horse and rode off in all directions."

### Commitment Gives Direction

Commitment to Christ gives direction to life. We cannot live happily, effectively, or at peace with ourselves until we sort out life's demands on our time, energies, and loyalties. Out of our relationship with Christ grows a new perspective, a new sense of values, a new attitude toward life. When Christ, his will, his way of life are put first, then all other things will take care of themselves.

The peril of being only slightly religious is that it provides no insights by which to live, no resources from which to draw, and no loyalties to give life meaning.

John Wesley said the people he was most concerned about were the

"almost Christians." Half-hearted loyalty is as bad as no loyalty at all. A Christ who was satisfied with lukewarm devotion would not be a Christ who could save us from ourselves or the evil around us.

There is a Spanish proverb which reads, "Take what you want from life, but pay for it." That is to say you can have what you want, you can be what you wish, if only you are willing to pay the price.

Jesus Christ shows us what we are and what we may become. The way to spiritual depth is the way of total commitment. There are no bargain basement rates by which God's spiritual resources can be acquired. Love, joy, peace, power, faith, fellowship, courage, hope, salvation—these come to the truly dedicated disciples. Lukewarm, "half-and-half" followers never know these blessings.

We miss the point, however, if we think of total commitment in terms of trying harder, whipping the will until one's dedication is complete. The secret lies in a closer walk with Christ. It is through our relationship with him that we are changed and empowered.

Spiritual growth, spiritual power, spiritual peace come not by striving but by surrendering. Whatever true happiness we will know in this life will come from squandering ourselves for a purpose. ■ ■

**POINTED PROVERBS:** Every baseball team could use a man who plays every position superbly, never makes an error—but there's no way to make him lay down his hot dog and come down out of the grandstand. . . . A few girls prefer to remain single, but the majority would knot. . . . One thing in favor of TV, it's just about replacing the sleeping pill.—*Gene Yasenak.*



## ALWAYS WALK TALL

By Daune C. Craddock

**Danielle was the first Negro woman in the Marine Corps**

**D**ANIELLE followed the small, dark red cap through the deserted depot. The dismal waiting room reeked of stale tobacco and sweat. She noticed that there was only one rest room for ladies—not the two familiar signs: LADIES and WOMEN (COLORED). She thought of home and how as a young girl her father had always told her that the ever-present signs were not

the important thing. “Don’t let ’em bother you, honey,” he’d say. “If you remember to always walk tall and be proud, everyone’ll know you’re a lady.”

The red cap led her through gray cement arches and out into the brilliant San Diego sunshine. She got into a waiting cab and said to the driver, “Marine Base, please.”

She leaned back in the soft rear

seat and pressed the folds of her uniform skirt with slender brown hands. A tight knot was beginning to form in her throat. "I hope the C. O. at boot camp let them know I was coming," she said to herself. Two months ago she had been full of excitement. "Imagine," she had said to her parents, "the first Negro in the women Marines! I feel almost like a pioneer." They had all been very happy . . . but today was the beginning of the real test. Boot camp had been easy. She had been accepted because none of the girls really knew what to expect, anyway. She remembered one of the girls had remarked that once you entered the recruit barracks you changed from a civilian to a sponge—to be molded into a Marine. The recruit barracks were four days in the past, though. Four days of travel and growing apprehension.

DANIELLE looked around the dim anteroom with its cheap rattan furniture. The bare floor was still damp from a recent scrubbing. She walked over to the office. A scarred, wooden desk was piled high with papers and in the far corner a sergeant was filing folders into a metal cabinet.

"Ah . . . excuse me," she said.

The sergeant turned around and looked at her. The girl's hands came down to her sides in a limp motion. She stared, but said nothing. Danielle felt sick. "Oh, they weren't told," she thought.

"I'm Danielle Washington," she said. Her voice was hoarse. She cleared her throat.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't supposed to get here until tonight, but the train was ahead of schedule." She looked down at her highly polished shoes. "You're apologizing. Don't do that," she said to herself. She looked up and stood as straight as she could and smiled. "I don't know how that happened," she said and laughed. "They're usually late."

The sergeant in the office continued to stare at her.

"I'll get the Lieutenant," she said.

Danielle watched her cross the room, open a door, and whisper to someone inside. In the still room Danielle heard the word "nigger" as though it had been shouted through a loudspeaker.

A tall thin woman appeared at the doorway.

"Come in, please," she said.

Danielle walked into the office and stood in silent awe. She felt hot. She placed a dark hand inside her shirt collar, easing the tightness with long tapered fingers. She forced a smile and hoped it didn't look artificial.

"Be seated, Private," the Lieutenant said. "I'm going to be very frank. We weren't expecting you and I'm afraid you might have a rough time."

"Yes, Ma'am," Danielle murmured.

The Lieutenant picked up a pencil from her desk and watched it intently as she twirled it in her fingers.

"You know," she went on, "the Navy and the Army have had colored women for years, but the Corps has never tried it."





She looked up at Danielle. "Now you're the guinea pig. Good luck!"  
"I'll do my best."

She rose from her chair and walked slowly toward the door, hesitating before she turned the knob. "Excuse me, Lieutenant," she said and turned to face the older woman. "If for some reason this didn't work out, would it, ah, be possible for me to leave?"

"Let's cross that bridge when we come to it, Private."

DANIELLE'S cubicle was at the end of the top left deck. A narrow, metal bunk was in one corner. The dresser, which stood between the bed and a small open closet, was shiningly clean. She looked out the window at the dozens of yellow

buildings and at a platoon of recruits calling cadence as they marched by.

She walked over to her suitcase and started to unpack. The picture with her mother and father's dark faces was on top of the neatly-packed uniforms. She placed the leather-framed pictures on the dresser and stood looking at them.

"Oh, Daddy. I wish I were home. I'm not sure I can go through with this."

The phone, she thought! There was a phone booth at the top of the stairs! She ran down the long center aisle of the dorm.

"I'd like to place a call to Memphis, Tennessee." She stopped to catch her breath. "Law offices of Daniel Washington, please."

She heard the clicking of wires and far away sounds in the background and then the soft drawl of a Southern voice.

"Law offices of Luther and Washington."

"Is Daddy there, Miss Wilson? This is Danielle."

"Why, honey, where are you? Ah declare, it sounds good to hear you."

"I'm in San Diego."

"Goodness sakes! Way out theah! Oh, here's your Daddy now, honey."

Her father's deep voice boomed over the wires, "Danielle, sweetheart! How are you?"

She choked back the tears and said, "I'm so homesick, And—well—I just had to call you. How are you and Mama?"

"We're fine, honey. Just fine. Are you—ah—how are they treatin' you?"

"I'm O.K. But I just got here . . . and . . . I don't know how it's going to work out."

The line was still. The only sound was a fly humming in the phone booth and the distant tapping of Miss Wilson's typewriter in Memphis.

Her father's voice was an octave lower when he spoke. "You remember what ah used to tell you when you were just a little tot—about how our people have two strikes against us when we're born?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And how we've got to watch out for that third strike. That's the bad one and we've got to fight it. We spend all our lives fightin' it, but in the end it makes us a little stronger. You just keep pitchin', honey. Ah know you can do it."

Danielle put the receiver closer to her ear and murmured, "I'll try, Daddy. I'll try real hard."

"O.K., honey. Now you take care and call whenever you want to."

"I will. Give Mama my love. 'Bye."

She sat in the booth for a long time, staring at a crack in the wall. Daddy would be going home soon. She wondered what her mother was having for dinner. Maybe a big pot of ham and black-eyed peas. How she loved Mama's black-eyed peas. What was today? Oh, yes, Tuesday. Choir practice at the church tonight. She hoped they missed her singing. Everyone had always said what a lovely voice she had.

The sound of talk and high-pitched laughter came from downstairs. The girls were coming back

from their jobs on the base. Heels clicked on the wooden stairs and a group of five girls came around the corner of the stairway.

She left the phone booth and watched the girls come toward her.

"I've gotta rush," one girl said. "Glenn's going to meet me at 5:30. We're going to Tops for . . ." she stopped in mid-sentence and stared.

"Hello," Danielle said.

The girls froze on the steps.

"I'm Danielle Washington. I arrived this afternoon."

The girls continued to look at her, but made no movement or any effort to speak.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll finish unpacking."

She walked down the long hallway, knowing that she was being watched every step of the way.

The laughter and voices changed to scattered whispers throughout the dorm.

SHE sat down on the bed and thought of her conversation with her father. She wished she had his faith. He had always been close by when she needed him, but now, when she needed him most, he was two thousand miles away. If only she could sit down and talk with him.

She heard a bugle play chow call. She must eat. She must leave the barracks and cross the street to the mess hall and face the girls again. Her footsteps echoed throughout the empty dorm as she walked down the aisle. She felt completely alone.

The mess hall was practically de-

sented. There were ten long wooden tables with benches. The first one was filled, but there was no one sitting at the other nine. She smiled with slightly trembling lips at the uniformed girls, and sat down at the second vacant table. The girls' chatter ceased.

Danielle wondered if she should wait for one of the fatigue-clad recruits to serve her, or should she get her food from the long aluminum counter. She looked around her, wishing someone would please tell her what to do. The brown walls of the hall were depressing. The stillness in the large room frightened her. A dark-haired girl at the first table stared at her, hostility written on her face. Danielle's hands,

crossed in her lap, were perspiring.

She bowed her head and whispered, "I don't think I'm very hungry tonight."

She ran from the hall and across the street, almost stumbling on the stairs as she rushed to get inside the barracks. The Lieutenant's door was open and she stepped in the office without knocking. It was empty. She put her hands on the desk and leaned toward it, her head down.

"I can't do it," she said between sobs. "They'll have to find another guinea pig. I just want to go home. Oh, Daddy, I'm so sorry."

The small brass clock on the desk ticked softly. She stood there for a long time listening to the rhythmic music coming from a building across the street. A fiery sunset cast shades of blues and reds on the wall. She turned around and started for the stairs, but a blond girl stood at the doorway, blocking her way.

"Yes," Danielle said, "what is it now?"

"I brought you a tray of food. I thought maybe later on you'd get hungry. First days are always so rough."

Danielle stared at her and then a slow smile began to creep over her full lips.

"Oh! Oh, thank you so much!"

She looked down at the tray heaped with good-smelling food. "I think I'll be all right now, Daddy," she thought.

Her back was very straight as she carried the tray up the stairs, and her black eyes were clear and shining. ■ ■

### Church Chuckles by CARTWRIGHT



"This is my husband, Elwood, Reverend. I think I've finally converted him from golf to Christianity."

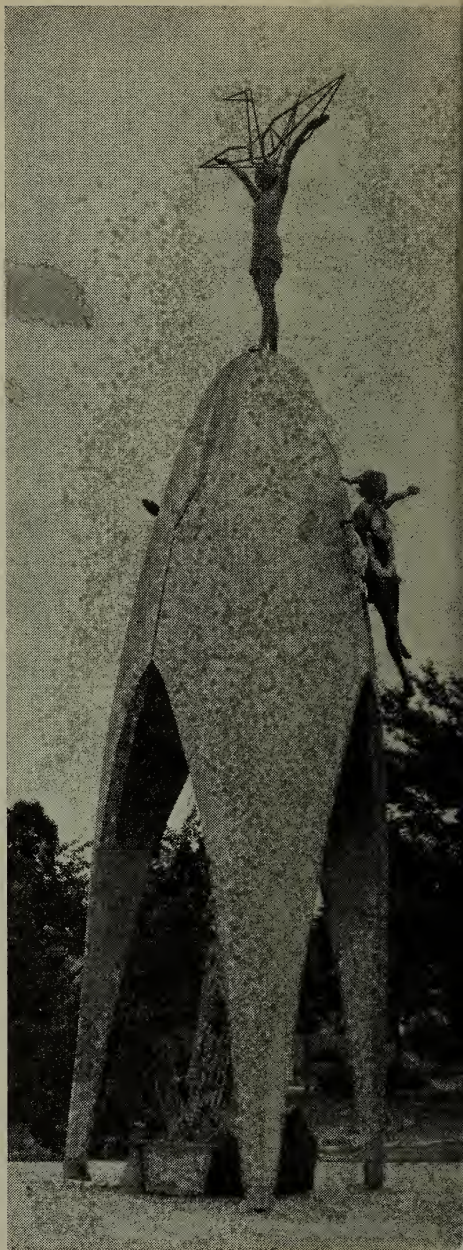
Elwood could be both a golfer and a Christian—with proper perspective.

*Sadako  
and  
the  
Peace  
Memorial*

By Della M. Dever

**The schoolchildren of Hiroshima built a memorial to all children who died from the A-bomb blast**

ON August 6, 1958, I observed with the Japanese people the thirteenth anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima. Each year on this day the inhabitants of the city, as well as a great number of visitors, gather in Peace Memorial Park to remember the dead of Hiroshima's bomb blast. The commemorators gather round the Peace Monument located at the very center of where the blast took place and offer one minute of silent prayer for their dead and for the perpetual peace of the world. At the appointed hour sirens all over the city sound forth and call



the population to this moment of memory.

I was deeply moved as I heard Mayor Watanabe interpret the significance of this day. In many ways, of course, it was a day of horror. The bomb killed or maimed over half the population of 400,000. And the effects are still felt. In the past years from time to time some blast survivors, with no outward injuries and apparently in normal health, have suddenly become sick and died in spite of careful medical care. The cause is invariably traced to radioactivity which afflicts the victim with various types of deadly anemia. It is estimated that some ninety thousand victims of the bomb lead a miserable day-by-day existence in Hiroshima. There are other unfortunates in the Hiroshima Prefecture and many more in Nagasaki. Remember that Japan is the only nation that has ever suffered an atom-bomb blast!

So the people of Hiroshima have gone through the fire of suffering and deep sorrow; and yet they try to see how their suffering may be turned into the good of all mankind. The Mayor points out that the atom bomb speeded up the end of the war; it saved thousands of lives of Japanese people living elsewhere in Japan; and hopefully, it may have initiated the day of peace and the end of further wars.

The destructive power of the bomb was enormous, extending six miles outside the city. And the predictions were that the land of Hiroshima would remain sterile for seventy-five years. After the bombing, the population dropped to 130,-

000; people were afraid to live in the city. However, the dire predictions proved to be untrue and the new Hiroshima is a thriving city. Its population is larger than in prewar days. There are giant skyscrapers, substantial public buildings, lovely homes and fine, wide streets.

The idea of making Hiroshima a peace memorial city began early after the bombing. On the fourth anniversary (August 6, 1949), a peace law was passed—the Peace Memorial City Construction Law—making Hiroshima the “Peace Memorial City.” The stated aim was “to faithfully realize the ideal of lasting peace.”

The building of Peace Memorial Park came as a result of this law. The old Industrial Exhibition Hall destroyed by the bomb has been preserved as a perpetual reminder of the 1945 destruction. It is known now as the “Atomic Dome.” Not far from the Dome stands a fine new building—the Peace Memorial Data Hall. It displays photographs and other data telling of the terrific wreckage of the atom bomb.

It was in this hall that I found the story of Sadako Sasaki. Here is that stirring story:

On the morning the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima, Sadako was a bright-eyed, happy little girl—two years of age. Even though she happened to be only one-half mile from the epicenter of the bomb explosion, she didn't suffer so much as a burn. She grew into a fun-loving, high-spirited and sports-minded young girl. Her schoolmates adored her. Suddenly, when Sadako was twelve



The city of Hiroshima from the air with Peace Park in the foreground.

years of age, in February of 1955, she became so seriously ill that she had to be hospitalized immediately. As she was in her last year in grade school she continued her studies in the hospital and received her diploma on her sickbed. She was graduated with her class and enrolled in junior high school. With fervent prayers for her recovery, Sadako's classmates urged her to begin the task of making one thousand folded paper cranes.

I must tell you now about the legend of the Paper Crane, one of the oldest of the Japanese fables and one deeply rooted in the lives of the Japanese people.

The crane is the graceful marsh-

land or water bird which inhabits the many shorelines of Japan and, according to the legend, believed to have a life-span of 1,000 years. The legend continues that if one becomes ill or misfortune befalls, by the making of one thousand small folded paper cranes—a laborious and complicated folding technique—health is restored, good fortune returns and real happiness is obtained.

The distinctive pattern of the crane is used by many Japanese manufacturers as a design on fine china of all types, including dinnerware, tea and luncheon sets, ginger jars, lamp bases and many other art objects. Also the design of the crane

is imprinted, painted, or embroidered on the most beautiful silks, satins, and velvets of Japan.

The legend of the crane has become a strong symbol of peace today, not only in Japan, but the Paper Crane Society movement has spread around the world. Recently Oakland's (California) Women for Peace mailed out small folded silver-foil cranes commemorating Hiroshima Day and the legend of the paper crane.

Now Sadako's effort to make one thousand paper cranes became more and more a chore for her but her friends cheered her on.

Upon completion of the 664th crane, in October of 1955, Sadako died of leukemia lymphatic leukemia in the Hiroshima Red Cross Hospital.

Sadako's death so shocked her classmates that they built her grave themselves and there and then vowed they would not let the seeds of

another tragedy grow as did this one. This group of Sadako's friends organized themselves into the Kokeshi Circle—named for the Kokeshi dolls which Sadako had always loved. The boys and girls of this circle decided to erect statues to the children stricken by the atom bomb, and especially one of Sadako, their beloved classmate.

In November of 1955 a nationwide conference of junior high school principals was held in Hiroshima. At this conference the boys and girls of the Kokeshi Circle distributed a mimeographed appeal to the educators for help in their plan for the statues. Their plan made national news! A nationwide appeal was launched for help and responses from the schoolchildren of all Japan were overwhelming. From Hokkaido in the far north to Kyushu in the south intense interest was expressed in the project.

The Hiroshima League of School Children for Building Peace was organized in January of 1956 and even though the Kokeshi Circle had been the impetus for the formation of this league, it readily merged into the new league.

All over Japan the children withheld sums of a few yen from their meager spending money. (360 yen is the equivalent of one American dollar.) Adults contributed; even pen pals in England helped. Factory workers in Osaka pledged as much as 200 yen per month; coal miners not only donated but collected donations for this cause.

When funds had accumulated, the league of youngsters asked Professor

**This Cenotaph was dedicated to the victims of the A-bomb. A-bomb Dome is shown in the background.**



Kazuo Kikuchi of the Tokyo University of Arts to produce the statues, and the epitaph on the cement block was to be chosen from the anonymous suggestions which the league had solicited from the schoolchildren of Hiroshima.

On learning from Professor Kikuchi about the statues, 1948 Nobel Prize Winner for Physics, Hideki Yukawa, was so moved that he donated the bell and had it engraved with the epitaphs: "A Thousand Paper Cranes" and "Peace on Earth and in Heaven."

The statues were unveiled by Eiji Sasaki, brother of Sadako, on Children's Day of May 5, 1958, and the Bell for Peace, donated by Dr. Yukawa, tolled sonorously all over Hiroshima. Student representatives from the high schools and junior high schools of all Japan, as well as many outside visitors, were present at this unveiling. It was a great moment in Japan's history.

The monument itself is oval-shaped to represent the real bomb; it is set on three tall legs and stands about thirty-three feet in height. Surmounting the monument, at the rear, is a large bronze statue of Sadako holding aloft in both hands a gilt bronze image of a folded paper crane. On either side, and a little under the top of the monument, are bronze statues of a boy and girl respectively, facing the center of the atomic blast with their hands held high. Under the center of the monument is the Bell for Peace. Engraved at the foot of the monument and in juvenile handwriting are these words:

This is our wish,  
This is our prayer  
For building peace  
In the world.



## Daily Bible Readings JANUARY

DAY	READING
1.....	Mark 1:1-13
2.....	Mark 1:14-20
3.....	Mark 1:21-45
4.....	Mark 2:13-17
5 Sunday.....	Mark 2:18-28
6.....	Mark 3:7-19
7.....	Mark 3:20-35
8.....	Mark 6:1-13
9.....	Mark 6:14-29
10.....	Mark 6:30-56
11.....	Mark 7:1-30
12 Sunday.....	Mark 8:1-26
13.....	Mark 8:27-9:1
14.....	Mark 9:2-29
15.....	Mark 9:30-50
16.....	Mark 10:13-16
17.....	Mark 10:17-31
18.....	Mark 10:32-52
19 Sunday.....	Mark 11:1-11
20.....	Mark 11:12-26
21.....	Mark 11:27-33
22.....	Mark 12:1-17
23.....	Mark 12:18-27
24.....	Mark 12:28-34
25.....	Mark 13:1-23
26 Sunday.....	Mark 13:24-37
27.....	Mark 14:1-25
28.....	Mark 14:32-50
29.....	Mark 14:26-31; 66-72
30.....	Mark 15:1-39
31.....	Mark 16:1-20



# Beating Temptation to the Punch

By Raymond M. Veh

WHY," asks the clean-minded GI, "did God make it harder to do right than to do wrong? Why does the man who always tries to do right often go unrewarded—so far as man can see?"

Let us answer these questions in Yankee-fashion, by asking others. What glory would there be in doing right if it were as easy as it is to do wrong? What would there be heroic about doing a brave deed if you knew no risk? Wouldn't a pay check every Friday afternoon for every kind of noble thing you had done during the week cheapen those fine things?

When thrust on his own, every GI finds that it takes all that there is in him to live a clean, strong, Christian life. That's where the adventure of it comes in. The dictionary defines the verb adventure, "to risk, to hazard, to put to the test." If living a Christian life didn't demand something of us, the less would be its value. We must put it to the test in the crucible of life.

We don't live very many years until we discover that we are in

trouble simply because we don't know how to handle temptation. Every day of our life, no matter how sheltered we are, we face some choice in which the wrong action is so seductive, so plausible, so pleasurable that it takes a conscious effort of will to reject it. Temptation is universal, as old as the Garden of Eden.

Who of us has not felt like him who said: "Satan works overtime when he takes up my case. I am different from all the other people that ever lived on earth. Mine is the titanic struggle, the herculean effort, toward righteousness!"? No, there's nothing new about our trials and temptations! We aren't special cases! Temptation comes to everybody who faces the dawn and seeks eternal life. True, some are tried at one point less than we are, but they are tried at another point more. So it turns out even! Temptation is a part of the business of being right. There's a little Calvary in all worthwhile objectives!

Since we must learn to confront temptation, our best procedure is to beat temptation to the punch by be-

*Dr. Veh is editor of Builders, Evangelical United Brethren magazine for young people, Harrisburg, Pa.*

ing prepared beforehand. This comes as we develop day by day strength of character, as we lead an active Christian life and as we put first things first.

How then can we beat temptation to the punch?

### **1. Accept the fact that temptations will come.**

Much of your happiness or unhappiness depends on your ability to handle temptations, instead of letting them handle you. None of us will ever be completely free of temptation. "Accept your vulnerability." God created us in such a way that we are free to make our own decisions. We are free to choose, to select, to act as we so desire. It is this cherished freedom of will that opens the door to all manner and form of temptation.

A person is at the point of temptation when he considers doing that which places his own desires, his own wishes, and his own will ahead of God's desire, God's wish, and God's will.

We can choose the high way or the low way of life. It is our decision. We are free to live as sons of God to be sure. But we are also free to live as sons of evil.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "We are condemned to some nobility." What he meant was that for most people there can be no yielding to temptation without punishment, for even if their transgressions go undetected, something within them will see to it that they punish themselves.

The Apostle Paul tells us to think

on "Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious. . . ." (Phil. 4:8).

### **2. Surrender your weakness to Christ.**

The way to stand above temptation is to introduce a new force. We need a new and stronger motivation in our lives. When Jesus was tempted to turn stones into bread he withstood the temptation by recalling a greater need in human life. "Man shall not live by bread alone," he said. As important as the need for physical food is the need to realize man is not all flesh, that he has an eternal soul. It was this greater truth that sustained Jesus in his time of temptation.

The prayers that God hears are not the utterances of our lips but the deepest desire of our hearts. Before we really pray for deliverance we must sincerely want to be delivered. Therefore the first prayer we need to offer is that God will give us the grace to truly surrender our pet sins, to really want to give them up.

Learning to use the weapons of the Holy Scriptures to defeat the evil which we have inwardly surrendered, we must be ready for it when it springs suddenly upon us with all of the snarling power of long-established habit. We discover in the account of the temptation of Jesus that he met and defeated each temptation with a passage from God's word. That method cannot be improved upon for us.

### **3. Overcome evil by practicing the good.**

The best defense is usually a strong offense. The best way to overcome an evil is to practice its opposite good. We need to keep too busy to yield to temptation. Make life so full of great things that there is no time for lesser things. Thus, temptation is licked already; sin is already defeated.

"God is faithful," says the Apostle Paul. He will not let you crack! God does not promise there will be no temptation, but he does promise to give you the strength to overcome it (1 Cor. 10:13). Temptation is common, but it has been beaten. It can be overcome by any person in whom the Eternal Spirit operates. Some of us know. And we know who gets the credit.

Be sure that the struggle is never-ending. But if you can recognize temptation for what it is, if you can

chart your own areas of weakness, if you can avoid rationalization and short-sightedness, you are making headway. And if you can hang onto God and your principles even when you fall short of them, you are out in front. Though you may still lose a few battles, in the end you will win the war.

God is always eager to make heroes of us. That's why he says (in effect): "I can't cheapen virtue by making it easy. I am not going to pay you in the 'geegaws and gimcracks' (flimsy, unsubstantial trifles) of life for living finely and bravely. I am going to make it a real adventure. You'll have to risk something to win character."

That's the joy of it, the thrill of it. There is nothing commonplace about living the life which brings victory over temptation. ■ ■

## NEW SERIES BEGINS

In this issue of *THE LINK*, the first of the New Year, begins a new series of articles for your reading and study (see page 34). Dr. David A. MacLennan, minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester, New York, will lead you throughout the year on a study of the Ten Commandments. These commandments, the moral laws of God, are the center of gravity and the basis of every legal code. They are the very fabric of life itself.

After this introductory article, there will be one article each month on each of the Commandments from One through Ten. The final chapter, December, 1964, will be on the Ten Commandments and the teachings of Jesus.

Get your issue of *THE LINK* each month and keep up with the series. In this day of doubt and irresolution and breakdown of moral principles, be one of those who is "quietly holding fast to the things that cannot fail."



## *Fire-Walking in Fiji*

By Fred Cloud

PRACTICAL jokers in America, a few years back, delighted in giving a napping fellow a "hot foot." The technique was simple: an unlighted match was inserted between the sole and upper of the victim's shoe, then lighted from a second match. As the match burned down to the surface of the unsuspecting sleeper's shoe he got a hot foot.

This is nothing, however, in comparison with the self-inflicted ordeal of the fire-walkers of Fiji. Theirs can truly be called sizzling soles! Should you happen to be in the Fiji Islands along about June (as I was in 1963), you may get to observe this fascinating spectacle. It is performed both by Fijians and by Indians, with some differences which I'll describe shortly.

The Fijian fire-walkers live on an island called Beqa (pronounced Mbengga), off the southern coast of Viti Levu. (Viti Levu is the largest of the three hundred islands which constitute Fiji.) From the harbor at Suva, capital city of Fiji, the island of Beqa looms up clearly on the horizon. Its peaks—the tallest of which is 1,450 feet above sea level—loom up greenly out of the Pacific Ocean.

The Fijian name for fire-walking is quite descriptive. Called *vila-vilaivo*, it means literally “jumping into the ovens.” The men of the village prepare an “oven” by digging a pit and filling it with large stones. Then wood is placed on top of the stones and set afire. When the stones are white hot, the fire-walkers jump into the pit and walk around on the stones.

There is no fakery here. Wet cloths thrown onto the stones by spectators first sizzle, then burst into flames and burn up! Even so, there is no indication of burns on the feet of the fire-walkers when they emerge from the oven. Although doctors and other scientists have observed the fire-walking feat, they have so far been unable to come up with an adequate explanation of why the walkers’ feet act like asbestos rather than flesh.

For the Fijians of Beqa, fire-walking is viewed primarily as an initiation into manhood. It is not done as a trick or stunt to impress tourists. However, if given advance notice (and a feel!), they will perform the fire-walking ceremony for tourists.

The Indian fire-walkers of Fiji perform their ceremony annually, usually in June. For them, it is an act of religious devotion in fulfillment of a pledge to the Hindu goddess *Kaliamma* (in India, *Kali*—the goddess of destruction).

The Indian fire-walkers undergo seven days of special preparation, at the temple of Kali apart from their families. On the day of the ordeal, they go to a nearby river for ceremonial purification. Then, led by a band of drummers, they proceed to a sacred compound where a large pit (about twenty feet long and six feet wide) has been dug. A fire has burned logs down to glowing embers, though flames occasionally flare up. The walkers, dressed in saffron (bright yellow) loin cloths, with turmeric smeared on their faces and large needles thrust through their cheeks, ears, and arms, walk the length of the fire-pit. I sat six feet away from the pit and could hardly stand the heat from the embers; yet, like the Fijians, they showed no trace of burns on their feet!

After the ceremony, the devotees crowded into the temple of *Kaliamma* for a final act of worship. The next day, they returned to their families and jobs.

My hunch is that the devotees are worked up into a trance-like state, so that they feel no pain. But what puzzles me most—as it puzzles others also—is why the skin of the fire-walkers’ feet is not seared. Perhaps it’s a dramatic example of “mind over matter.” What do you think? ■ ■

# Treasure in Earthen Vessels

By Ernst E. Klein

A WELL-GUARDED niche in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art contains the priceless masterpiece of the craftsman's art, Cellini's cup. Visitors gasp in awe at the elegance of this cup of gold wrought in the shape of a seashell on whose edge a mermaid sits while a green-gold turtle forms the base. In the same showcase there are large goblets carved from solid crystal. Here is a considerable treasure. But I have looked on all these cups and found them empty. They contain nothing to cool dry lips or cheer the heart of man. There is no strength for weary bodies, no health for sin-sick souls, no "balm of Gilead." The containers are precious; the contents are nil. When I think of times of refreshment, I remember a battered tin cup hanging in the well house, back on the farm, and of the burlap-covered earthenware jug we used to carry into the hot fields at harvest time.

American culture is in danger of becoming a fancy container devoid of any vital meaning. We do build pyramids, as did the Egyptians of a bygone day, but we spend millions on every shot into outer space. We probe the distant vicinity of

Venus, prepare to land on the moon, and establish instant global communication via Telstar. But what do we have to say to the best of the world, or to the edges of the universe? Visitors from other lands are not favorably impressed by the barrage of sights and sounds that pour from our competitive commercial channels, whether radio, TV, the silver screen, or the press. Every major city has massive projects of urban renewal underway. Will there also be a renewal of the spirit?

A church can also be an empty vessel, however costly and elegant the outer shell. Cologne Cathedral, on the banks of the Rhine, took more than four hundred years to build. Its twin towers were badly damaged during the second world war. Repairs were estimated to take fifteen years and many thousands of dollars. In 1950 a lottery was conducted on the very steps of the cathedral to raise the funds for its repair, while inside one could find a "treasure room" containing valuable relics of gold and silver gems. The sanctuary was largely deserted except for tourists. How many American churches are essentially show-

pieces, symbols of the affluent society whose function it is to sanctify the current values and bestow a social status on those who belong? Meanwhile, not far away the slums take their toll. The rates of unemployment, broken homes and juvenile delinquency steadily climb, while the teen-age subculture carries on its incessant warfare against the society which so largely fails them.

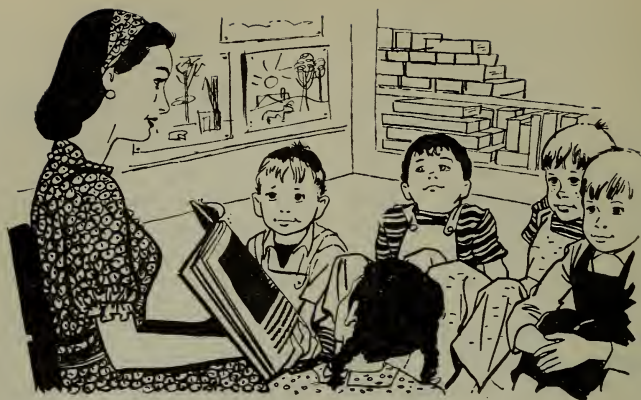
This is our world and the world of our children. It is a world of turmoil and transition in which the heresies of nationalism and atomic diplomacy add a dimension of gloom to every sky. It is a world in which fear and hatred and violence are inescapable facts of life which inevitably influence our children. This is the atmosphere in which the Christian nurture and training of the young must take place.

How can normal personality development, sound character training, education for Christian living, take place under these circumstances? How can eager, bright-eyed boys and girls come to know God in such an age? Can they be shown the reality of his grace in Jesus Christ so that they will make spontaneous response? Where are the guidelines, the exemplars, the inner dynamic of the Christian life we seek to communicate to the young? And where is the nurturing community where the child can drink deeply of the elixir of divine love, finding the inner strength to face an often pagan and destructive world? This is the challenge of our age to the Christian educator.

## Personal Involvement

Our statement of the problem points to its solution, or at least to the direction we must take. Human personality does not develop in a vacuum. It is always the product of a community, a society, a culture. This is why the Christian educator cannot ignore the world at large. In order to help train a child in the way he should go, imparting to him a knowledge of God and of Jesus as Savior and Lord, we must understand how the language of society in general and the values of his particular community are affecting that child. And we must be willing to work with others in that society—parents, teachers, recreational leaders, librarians, representatives of the press, radio, TV—to make the larger environment into a truly human community. No man lives unto himself. This is impossible in the real world we live in.

Good Christian education, therefore, begins with good citizenship. Our problems of character and conduct, of belief and behavior, are rooted in the real world of man and things, nature and history. In that real world we as Christian educators must take our stand as real men and women; knowing the sins and foibles of that world, but also the saving grace of God at work in that world. Only through our personal involvement can we hope to understand the problems of the boys and girls we hope to teach. Only as we begin to function as “salt” and “light” in the world can we help young people find their places and functions in life.



### Vehicles of God's Grace

The boys and girls we teach know that we stand not only in the world at large, but also in that particular community called the church. Though some church buildings are empty and cold, where the church is the authentic people of God it is the community of love. Its function is not only to point to the love of God revealed in the past, in the biblical events, but also in the present and in the future. The church must only speak about the love of God; it must be the community which consciously partakes of and celebrates the ever-present love and mercy of the heavenly Father.

Where these great realities are actually experienced by families—where parents and children are aware of participating in a community of love that receives and celebrates and freely shares the grace that is in Jesus Christ, in the fellowship of the forgiven and the for-

giving, in speaking the truth to each other in love, disciplining each other, knowing the joy of obedience to the Lord of life—there Christian education is not a problem but an achievement. The tragedy of the contemporary American “organization church” is simply that it experiences so little of the good news it so ostentatiously proclaims. The priesthood of believers in Luther’s sense of being “little Christs” to each other is possible only where people know each other deeply.

The answer to the problem of better Christian education is usually given in terms of curriculum, teaching aids, better classrooms and equipment, teacher training, and the like. Millions of dollars are spent for Christian education buildings that are used only a few hours a week. Tremendous energy is wasted on attendance contests, prizes, and other promotional gimmicks which can create only numerical illusions



of success and inner emptiness and frustration.

If the first responsibility of the Christian educator is to be a real man or a real woman in the real world, the second is to be a real Christian in an authentic church of Jesus Christ. God needs no more chameleon-like "culture Christians" trying to sanctify the *status quo*. He could use a few more rugged saints with the courage needed to reform a world church, recalling it to its God-given task and reshaping it for its mission in the world. Physical plant and equipment, good techniques and materials are necessary. But all are at best frail and secondary vehicles for the truth of God. Unless his grace is seen in human lives, it will not be seen at all!

### Free to Be

Boys and girls will know their teacher not only as a man or woman of the world, taking some sort of stand and playing some role in the social issues of the day. The children we teach will be aware also of our place in the church, of our functioning as churchmen and churchwomen. They will read our attitudes and emulate our values. They see world and church through our eyes as well as their own. But first and foremost they will know us as persons, and their judgment of us will be a part of their judgment of the church, their understanding of the world.

In the last analysis, the teacher cannot hide behind lesson materials or equipment. He or she will not succeed in being a different person while in class—some incarnation of

piety or of someone's idea of a Christian. Children soon know us for what we are. There is no escape! They will be convinced of the love and grace of God as a reality in this world only as they become aware of his spirit incarnate in at least some of what we are and do.

To say that this is so is not to lay claim to moral superiority or spiritual achievement. It is, rather, true Christian humility to confess with the Apostle Paul that "We are no better than pots of earthenware to contain this treasure, and this proves that such transcendent power does not come from us, but is God's alone" (2 Cor. 4:7 NEB). If this is so, then a great burden is removed from us; we are freed from all necessity to pretend that we are better than we are; we no longer need to pose as "experts" or "authorities" on the Bible or Christian theology and morals. We are free to be ourselves, admitting our limitation, our continuing moral struggle, and our constant need of forgiveness. We are free, too, to forget ourselves; we no longer need to build up our reputations as mature Christians worthy of imitation. We are free to follow Christ in obedience to God. We are free to give ourselves to these children, as Christ gave himself for us. Only when adults whom they know actually function, however inadequately, as vessels for the transcendent glory of God, will boys and girls become aware of that power in the world and in their lives.

What does this mean for our relationships with boys and girls? One

eight-year-old was asked by a neighbor why she and her sister apparently preferred the neighbor's house to their own home. Susie's reply was, "At home Mother just lets us talk. You listen to us like a person." Love for another begins in respecting the other as a real person, even a young child. "Each member of the community is given his particular place," says Dietrich Bonhoeffer in *Life Together*. This is especially important in the formative years when children are seeking an identity. Unless we are able to give "listening love" we will not be able to give anything to the other one, for we fail to recognize his dignity as a person. We fail to see that he has a world of his own with pains and problems that are unique. And we fail to convince him that someone cares, and is his friend.

To give this kind of love without shame and pretense, we must get to the child's level. The man who knows that he lives only by grace and is acceptable only because God is a forgiving father, should be able to consider a child's viewpoint and problem more urgent than his own.

The schools in Manchester, N. H., were closed on a Monday one year in tribute to Catherine Neary, a second-grade teacher for seventeen years, whose death came suddenly. "She had a wonderful talent for meeting each child on his or her level and helping him to solve his problems." . . . (She was) "always there to share our joys and sorrows." . . . "In any kind of trouble, she'd be in to help out. And when it was good news, she was right

there to offer congratulations and help celebrate." "She was a teacher, a friend, and also something special . . . every one of us got something that is going to make our lives better." So ran the tributes to a school teacher. Or shall we say to an "earthen vessel" from which people received something of the transcendent grace and glory of God?

She was always there! Can this be said of the modern church school teacher? Or is this only a one hour a week duty within the confines of an institution called the church? Do we know the parents of our children, the kind of homes from which they come? Does the quality of life in the home help the child to develop a sense of *trust*, the expectation that "when help is needed, it will somehow arrive?" The unloved child is pushed in the direction of mistrust, setting the stage for various personality inadequacies in later life. Does the home offer the child *encouragement* and *recognition* for tasks well done? Do parents instill a sense of *autonomy* and *initiative* from which children gain *confidence*, *purpose*, and *direction* for their lives? Is there "a firm, friendly consistent discipline, with parents holding themselves to the same high standards demanded of their children?" (Dana Farnsworth) Does the family provide for its children the necessary ingredients of a sound character structure, or is it another empty vessel, however luxurious on the outside? The teacher must know!

### The Church of Jesus Christ

So far, we have said nothing

about the "private" disciplines of Bible reading, prayer, and meditation usually urged as necessary preparation for the teacher. Perhaps the reason for this is our conviction that, like the whole process of Christian education, these disciplines cannot be private. Without these, we become empty vessels, "noisy gongs" of sounding brass. But the task to which we are called, the challenge which contemporary culture hurls at the church and which we must accept, is too much for any individual, or even for a family alone. As educators aware of the many varied and often sinister influences at work in our communities shaping the conduct of young and old, we know that the entire body

of Christ is involved in the educational task. There is a corporate responsibility for the common life of the community that ministers, deacons, and church members share with church school teachers, public officials, and every channel of public opinion.

It is this common life, this corporate responsibility for culture, that we lift up to God in private prayer and public worship. Our Bible reading is not for "points" in some private "spiritual" game, but the earnest seeking to know the Word of God alive and at work in the present age, the local scene, as well as in the hallowed past. This is a discovery we do not make alone. When we find this treasure it is always in the company of other persons—perhaps *our* parents or ministers, or friends and neighbors or fellow teachers—real people whom we have known rather well, if not intimately, and in whose life we became aware of another dimension: "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God" (2 Cor. 4:6). Here in these very human folk who for us were "always there," we have received "treasure in earthen vessels."

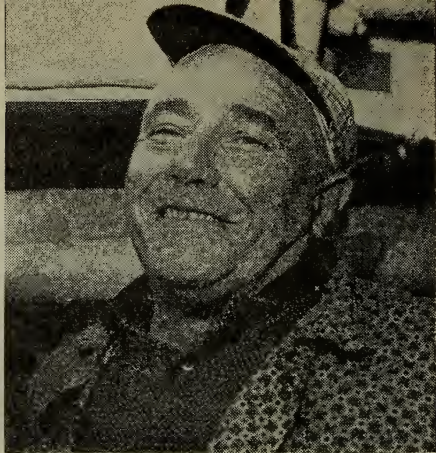
This is the church of Jesus Christ, tempted in these prosperous days to become ornate and empty, but constantly renewed by these humble servants who know the true treasure and will not rest until they find it. And those who receive, give. For it is the nature of this treasure that it cannot be hidden. It shines forth from the lives of the humble, the obedient, as from the face of Jesus Christ. ■ ■



"My sister thinks the world of you—you're her last resort."

# He Introduces Men to Christ

By Bob Allan



Robert W. Hancock

**R**OBERT W. HANCOCK, a husky and good-natured Merchant Marine room steward, is the unofficial "chaplain" of the USAFS *General Hoyt S. Vandenberg*, missile tracking vessel recently dedicated in Baltimore.

Known to many seamen as "Rev" Hancock, he is a dedicated Baptist layman who for many of his fifty-five years has blended religion with his duties on shipboard. He keeps a supply of Bibles and tracts on hand, conducts services in the absence of a regular chaplain, lends a sympathetic ear to the problems of crew members.

"I like to start off my sermons, such as they are, with some sea stories, maybe from the Bible, like 'Jonah and the Whale,'" said "Rev." Hancock, as Captain Alex Hancock, commander of the ship, invited him on the press tour so that this reporter could interview him.

"He has some dillies of sea stories," smiled the captain. "Oh, by the way, the other night I found a tract of 'The Gospel According to St. Luke' in my room. You know, we are always getting each other's calls over the intercom and each other's mail."

This steward with a passion for evangelism recalled having witnessed many conversions as a result of what he calls his "lay leader" ministry.

"But none moved me as much as those on the Troopship *Brazil* in World War II."

He gets his Bibles and tracts from the American Bible Society; the New York Port Authority's religious facilities, and the American Tract Society. His wife and four children are active in the Baptist church in Walden, N.Y. He is a native of Southampton, England, and an American citizen.

# STORIES FROM SPORTS

## “Mile-a-Minute” Murphy

**B**ACK on June 30, 1899, a record for a mile run was made by bicycle in  $57 \frac{4}{5}$  seconds. Yes, it's true; Charlie Murphy became famous for making this record mile. It was done in the most unusual way. Don't laugh, but Murphy actually raced a train going 60 miles per hour.

Back in the 90's when the fastest thing on wheels was a train, Murphy, who was twenty-eight at the time, made the unheard of statement that there wasn't a locomotive built that he couldn't keep up with. The usual remarks were heard as in the case of all daring men. People snickered, shook their heads and said, "He's crazy!" But Murphy was a wiry and stubborn Irishman, and he kept insisting that he could accomplish this feat if certain obstacles were eliminated. An agent for the Long Island Railroad approached Murphy and asked him if he could really keep up with a train going full blast. The cyclist gave a reassuring yes.

Plans for the race were made by Murphy and the railroad company. Planks were laid in the center of the tracks (so Murphy could pedal his bike on a level) for a distance of three miles at a side station at Maywood Station, Long Island. A large hood was built in back of a special coach to keep the on-rushing air from slowing Murphy down. The big day arrived. Photographers, newsmen, and a large crowd of onlookers gathered to witness this great event. Murphy was stationed in back of the large oven-shaped coach. The signal was given and both cycle and train started off. Murphy pedaled with all his might; he was doing splendidly for the first one-fourth mile and then he started to fall behind slowly. But like all great athletes who have a hidden source of that "extra something," he began slowly to regain the lost ground. At the finish of the mile Murphy was still with the locomotive. He had established a record for doing the fastest mile on two wheels. Asked how he managed to regain the lost ground, Murphy replied: "I couldn't see a dream of a lifetime go up in smoke."

Because of this unheard-of accomplishment, the great cyclist was given the nickname of "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy. It was a fitting name for a great cyclist.

Murphy died in 1950 at the age of seventy-nine.

—Mario DeMarco

# Dust Off the Ten Commandments

By David A. MacLennan

SINCE World War II most of us have become nearly shock proof against disclosures of personal and public morality which would have horrified the best of our grandparents. But not quite! To discover how untrustworthy, sensual, disloyal, men like ourselves can be is to have our complacency and tolerance of "weakness" shattered. Sometime ago, *The Saturday Evening Post* published a series of articles revealing the existence, structure, and tragic criminal record of the North American expression of the Mafia, the huge crime syndicate operating in the United States since the 1930's. Juvenile delinquency has mushroomed on both sides of the tracks in community after community in North America and in many other places on the earth's surface. Stealing has become a widespread activity of young and old, of the well-to-do as well as of the poor. Dastardly acts of violence have been committed, often by men and boys who did it, they said, "for kicks." Such personal assaults frequently resulted in serious injuries and sometimes in death to victims whose identity was unknown to the attackers. Divorce continues to be a real threat to the family life of citizens both civilian and military. Corruption poisons the common life at all levels. On the international scene, so many and so flagrant have been the failures to keep agreements solemnly entered into by heads of nation-states that many are surprised when a treaty is observed and a pact maintained.

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## DO WE NEED TO DUST OFF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS?

Of course to ask this question is like asking, do we need morality? From time to time clever and intelligent and well-intentioned men come forward and say, "Obviously we need a moral code. We need ground rules in order to survive on this increasingly crowded planet. But the old morality is obsolete. The Ten Commandments served their time well enough, but they are dated, antique, irrelevant."

Certainly the Ten Commandments are old. Scholars tell us that the essentials of what we know as the Mosaic Code may be much older than Moses. Other cultures and societies produced sets of commandments. This does not or should not downgrade the Ten Commandments which Judaism and Christianity both honor and make the basis of morality. When we learn that other religions proclaimed a savior, this should not startle or perturb Christians whose faith and hope and life are centered in our Savior Jesus Christ. Surely the fact that other communities besides Israel longed for a deliverer, a Savior, points to the universal need of One who will act as God-in-a-human life. God planned it that way, when all was ready "He sent forth his Son." In the same way, the basic rules for living we know as the Ten Commandments have parallel codes of law in other religions and societies, but the Ten Commandments have a place and an authority no other code of laws possesses. The Mosaic code has stood the test of the centuries, of differing types of communities, and of various crises. It is not too much to say that the Ten Commandments form the basis of all legal codes in civilized nations. Of course, from age to age certain features of the actual commandments as given in the Bible (Exodus 20) have had to be modified and spelled out differently than in the age in which they were first given. Nevertheless, the Ten Commandments have not been superseded and cannot be retired from their long and honorable service.

### GOD IS THE ULTIMATE SOURCE OF THE DECALOGUE

Remember how the passage in Exodus introduces the commandments? "God spake all these words." As children we may have pictured God as a great big, stern but benevolent-looking, grandfatherly gentleman, speaking in thunderous tones for all His human children to hear. That God does not speak as a man speaks, even when his voice is amplified by electronic means, does not mean that God does not "speak." A word of God comes to us in different ways, often as God's

Spirit inspires or instructs a human being to think His thoughts after Him and to speak or write in His name, in His Spirit. We Christians believe that God is the ultimate source of all life, of wisdom, of power, of goodness, of health and peace and all else that redeems life and keeps it sane and sound. Therefore, we believe that behind the Ten Commandments stands the living God.

God did speak these words to and through a sensitive human transmitter. Let us now answer a question which persons unfamiliar with the scriptural account might ask!

### WHEN AND HOW DID GOD GIVE THESE RULES FOR LIVING?

Our faith and the morality inseparable from it are historical. Neither Christianity nor the Judaism which preceded it are religions dreamed up by gifted persons of uncommon piety. Christianity is the good news of what God has done on planet earth. It is the record of God's action in human history.

God's visitation and redemption of his people came through great events—"mighty acts"—God-initiated and carried through. God's supreme act was in giving himself uniquely in the personality of Jesus of Nazareth. The birth, life, teaching, death, resurrection and continued life of Christ with his body, the church, constitute the mightiest event of all.

The other great event in the divine plan and action was the exodus of God's people, Israel. Led by their superb commander in chief, Moses, the Israelites made their forty-year trek from Egypt where they had been slaves of a powerful dictator. Their goal was freedom within the territory then known as Canaan, promised to them by the Eternal God. On the long, dangerous march the commanders, all other ranks and "effectives" survived external enemies. Like nations today, ancient Israel was threatened chiefly by its own inner weakness and waywardness. God had made an agreement with them to be their God. He promised that they would be his people, guided and guarded by him. The Eternal reminded them of what he did to their Egyptian oppressors, how he carried the children of Israel in the equivalent of transport planes! "I bore you on eagles' wings and brought you to myself" (Ex. 19:4). God wanted them to be a genuine community, dynamically good and the instrument by which he could proclaim his truth and design to other sections of his human family.

Always, of course, an agreement involves at least two parties.



“Now, therefore, if you will obey my voice and keep my covenant, you shall be my own possession among all peoples; for all the earth is mine, and you shall be to me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation” (Ex. 19:5, 6). When their revered general relayed these orders to them the people responded loyally: “All that the Lord has spoken we will do.” But God knew that human beings with the best of intentions can forget, can become befogged about their duty and responsibility. You and I, like our spiritual ancestors of long ago, need to have our obligations “spelled out.” God spelled out the basic requirements by which individuals and entire peoples must live to live a full, creative, satisfying life. He gave these directives to Moses.

After suitable preparation, the people massed at the foot of the mountain named Sinai. Out of the fire and smoke of Sinai’s summit Moses emerged bearing the Ten Commandments. No wonder the emotions of the people were shaken. To realize “down deep inside” that we live in a moral universe, that demands are made upon us, is to be shaken out of our nonchalance and self-sufficiency. Only virtue will work in this kind of world. To really understand this fact is to be “rocked” out of any “I’m all right, Jack” mood. Centuries after the Ten Commandments had been given, the Apostle Paul gave an evaluation we twentieth century humans can accept: “. . . the law is holy, and the commandment is holy and just and good” (Rom. 7:12).

### DO CHRISTIANS NEED TO “DUST OFF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS”?

Granted that the vast majority of human beings need rules to obey if they are to live decently and live at all, aren’t Christians “above the law”? Aren’t all persons who are, as St. Paul would say, “in Christ”—that is, committed to Christ in trust and love and obedience, beyond needing rules to live by? “Legalistic Christians” surely is a contradiction in terms. As James Moffatt translated the great apostle, “The love of Christ controls us.” This is true, and the early church leader and saint, Augustine, spoke truly, if somewhat surprisingly, when he said “Love God and do as you please.” If we truly love God we shall please to do what God desires. But we are human, and without sound laws religion can consecrate immorality. History shows tragic instances of religion doing just that. It isn’t legalism or law versus love or grace; it is love within law. The law, the New Testament teaches, is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. Just because we

are human—just because we are Christians in the making, “going on to perfection” as the Wesleys would say, but not there yet—we need the Ten Commandments. “I came not to destroy the law,” said our Lord Jesus Christ, “but to fulfill the law.” As a devout Jew, Jesus revered the Law. Christians who ignore or minimize the Ten Commandments are in danger of being subchristian, or unchristian, and even antichristian in their relationships to God, to one another, to the kingdom of God whose citizens seek always to be responsible upholders of that kingdom’s laws.

### WHAT ARE THE TEN COMMANDMENTS?

They are a set of rules by which to live as responsible citizens of God’s realm. They are a road to righteousness which God himself planned and which he helps us to travel. The commandments are a design for living in a law-abiding universe. As we keep loyal to these laws we help maintain the fabric of civilized living and of Christian living. So much of life seems to be coming apart at the seams because of lawlessness, anarchy, irresponsibility—the “I couldn’t care less” attitude. We need ground rules to observe; we need guidelines to follow; we need standards by which to measure all behavior and attitudes. One thoughtful twentieth-century soldier of Christ said that the commandments seemed relevant or related to today’s world because they are for our good, and for the good of all God’s children. He put it this way: “We are made for chastity. Unchastity is a violation of our integrity. We are made for honesty. Cheating is a violation of our integrity.” So with worship of the living God instead of idols, such as security, our class, our success, or any of the other false gods. So with murder, with stealing, with dishonesty, with greed, with envy, and all the other violations of God’s design for living.

One thing is sure: when we break any of these basic rules for true living, we do not really break them. The foolhardy character who thinks he breaks the law of gravity by jumping out of a plane without a parachute does not shatter the law; *he* is shattered. The law-breaker is broken. When we fracture any of the Ten Commandments, we really break ourselves. Most tragically, we break the loving heart of the great and gracious God whose love and justice are bound together. However spoken, these ancient and timeless words have found their way to man’s heart as the voice of God. Let us hear him. Let us dust off the words engraved not only on ancient stone and in law books, but in our lives and in the ground plan of the universe. ■ ■

# If Benjamin Franklin Were in Uniform

By Bob Karolevitz

**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN, America's most famous jack-of-all-trades, was born 257 years ago this month (January). He was a printer, inventor, statesman, writer, postmaster, politician and a few other things during his full life.

Because of his amazing versatility and wide interests, it wouldn't be too great a stretch of the imagination to picture him as a career serviceman either. As a matter of fact, we have a good reason for thus portraying Mr. Franklin, and here's why.

From his early childhood, the author of *Poor Richard's Almanack* had a "plan of life." Wherever he went, whatever he did, he worked constantly for self-improvement. With him it wasn't just a New Year's resolution or the turning over of a fresh leaf; he invented and practiced his own strict formula.

Franklin discovered his "blueprint for success" when he was just a struggling printer in Philadelphia, badly in debt and fighting to keep the wolf from his door. He thought of himself as a simple man of ordinary ability, but he also believed

that he could acquire the essential principles of successful living if he could only find the right method. Having an inventive mind, he devised a system so simple, yet so practical, that anyone could use it without difficulty or inconvenience.

First he made a list of thirteen things he figured he had to do to improve himself. Then he started at the top of the list, and for a whole week he practiced that point faithfully—letting everything else follow its normal pattern.

It took him thirteen weeks to complete the cycle, and then he would start all over again. When he was seventy-nine years old and writing his autobiography, he attributed his success and happiness to that formula. Then he concluded: "I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefits."

Now, what does all this have to do with the military service in 1964?

Simply this—the same formula that was so profitable for Benjamin Franklin can work equally well for a soldier, sailor, airman, or marine. We can all use a little brushing up

on various phases of our careers and personal habits, although most of us labor under the delusion that we're positively too busy (or it's a little cockeyed) to worry about any self-improvement nonsense.

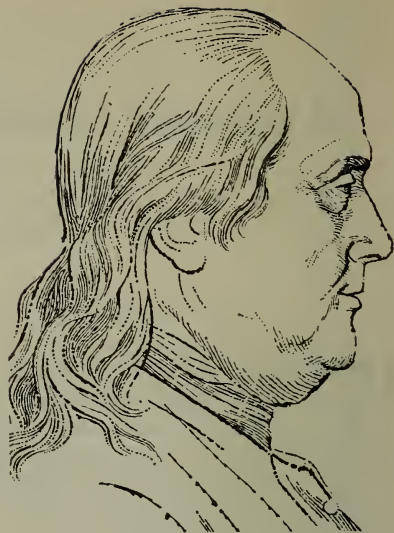
However, Franklin's formula is too simple and too painless for such excuses. Even if you only half-practice it for a cycle of thirteen weeks, you're bound to emerge a more informed and "refreshed" serviceman or woman. Here's the idea:

Make out a list of thirteen "weaknesses" or shortcomings you suspect in yourself (even this examination of conscience will be of value to you). Then give a week's strict attention to each subject in turn. Try this as a sample list:

1. *Language.* Has my language deteriorated since I joined the service, both grammatically and in content? Do I use unnecessary foul talk just to be "one of the boys"? Would my barracks conversation be acceptable at home with the family?

2. *Physical Care.* Am I watching my personal health? Even though I've got age in my favor, am I shorting myself on sleep? Are my eating and drinking habits—especially in off-duty hours—conducive to good health? Do I take advantage of sports programs to use the muscles my assignment doesn't keep active?

3. *Religious Emphasis.* How long has it been since I've been to chapel? Have I met the chaplain, if only for just a friendly chat? Have I written to my own minister at home to tell him about service life and to maintain my "spiritual connections"?



Have I attended the church of my denomination off post?

4. *Worthwhile Reading.* Have I visited a post, USO or local library? How long has it been since I've read a truly good book? Do I have trash paperbacks and comic books in my gear? Do I read a newspaper habitually (not just the funnies and the sports page)?

5. *Letter-Writing.* Have I established at least a weekly pattern of writing to my parents, spouse, guardian? Have I made a list of other friends, acquaintances, and benefactors I should write? Are my letters informative and cheerful, or are they nothing but dirges of discontent?

6. *Neatness, Cleanliness.* Do I maintain my footlocker and other gear neatly *between* inspections? Do I make a special effort to keep

## FRANKLIN'S OWN LIST

1. *Temperance.* Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.
2. *Silence.* Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
3. *Order.* Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
4. *Resolution.* Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
5. *Frugality.* Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself: i.e., waste nothing.
6. *Industry.* Lose no time; be always employ'd in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
7. *Sincerity.* Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.
8. *Justice.* Wrong done by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
9. *Moderation.* Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.
10. *Cleanliness.* Tolerate no uncleanness in body, cloaths (sic), or habitation.
11. *Tranquility.* Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
12. *Chastity.* Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dullness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's place or reputation.
13. *Humility.* Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

my hair cut, fingernails trimmed, shoes shined? Are my clothes laundered, cleaned and pressed regularly—or just enough to get by?

7. *Military Bearing.* How long since I've checked my salute before a mirror? Do I wear my uniform properly, or do I fudge a little on the regulations? How about my posture; do I walk erectly? Do I stand around with my hands in my pockets?

8. *Preparation for Promotion.* Do I know my military assignment thoroughly? Have I read all available training manuals—not just the ones demanded of me? Am I working toward self-improvement and leadership, or just letting things come as they may? Even though I do not plan a military career, am I doing as well as I should in my present service hitch?

9. *Contemplation.* Do I take any time to think constructively? Am I taking advantage of this period in my life to plan my future moves: i.e., more education, a different job, a call to the ministry, a military career?

10. *Cultural Pursuits.* Have I visited a museum or art gallery? Have I attended a concert or symphony? Have I taken a correspondence course or made use of on-post educational and cultural facilities and programs? Am I lowering my sights and my interests just so my buddies won't think I'm a long-hair or a square?

11. *Cultivating Friendship.* Have I made any REAL friends since donning the uniform? Have I been

a "loner," an anti-social character with lack of respect for fellow servicemen who also have feelings, ambitions, etc? What is my true attitude toward bias and prejudice of all kinds?

12. *Financial Obligations.* Have I paid all my debts? Is my allotment program realistic? Even though service pay is not necessarily great (it's been a lot, lot worse), do I try to save a dollar or two in a bank account, a mutual stock program or in some other manner? Have I got the gambling bug?

13. *Organizations.* Do I belong to any worthwhile off-post clubs, fraternities or lodges? Have I checked with the chaplain about youth groups, denominational organizations, which might be suitable and profitable for me? Once a member, do I carry my share of the load?

There you have it—a suggested formula for self-improvement. Give strict attention to each subject for one full week; study it; work at it. During the week on religious emphasis, for instance, pick up the Bible occasionally—and read it.

That's what Benjamin Franklin would probably be doing if he were in your shoes today. And remember, he was successful in literally dozens of pursuits! Even materially, he made enough money by the time he was forty to spend the rest of his long life without economic worries. "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee" is the way he put it.

Tuition is cheap in this personal university—and it will produce if you practice the system diligently. After all, one of the greatest men

in American history is proof of the plodding.

You have the formula. Old Ben can take you no further! ■ ■

## The Beggar Poet

### THE CERTAIN HEART

There is no way that I can prove my  
God,  
And yet he conquers all my disbelief—  
With sure direction when I am confused,  
With comfort when my heart is sick  
with grief,  
With certainty that I cannot describe.  
I know He's standing near when I have  
need  
And life shall not defeat nor doubt  
destroy.  
If I will trust and follow He will lead.

### PRAYER OF DEDICATION

In the stillness of my soul  
Grant me power to behold  
What our Lord and Savior heard—  
The beauty of thy Holy Word.

And through thy word reveal to me  
The truth, that I may walk with thee.  
Help me seek that I may find  
A God-directed heart and mind—  
A mind I trust to thee to fill  
With the knowledge of thy will,  
That every act throughout my day  
Shall testify thou art the way.  
The way, the truth, the life I live—  
All I have I gladly give.  
Accept me as I come to thee  
Make me as I ought to be.

—Richard R. Smith

# The Most Precious Moment in Science

By Glenn D. Everett

Next eclipse in the United States can be seen in 1970

ON Saturday, July 20, 1963, I watched scientists working in a mountaintop camp in the north woods of Maine during the most precious minute known to science.

The sun was in total eclipse for exactly one minute and one second. To capture that precious minute on film and analyze it with scientific instruments they had traveled hundreds of miles and set up a vast array of equipment.

At the same time, other scientific parties were busy at several points in Alaska and northern Canada recording this same event as the moon's shadow swept across the earth, momentarily blotting out the sun's light in mid-afternoon.

Why do scientists travel halfway around the world to study something which can never last more than five minutes and usually lasts only about one minute? Why do they go to great expense on their limited research budgets and suffer inconvenience and hardship just to observe these solar eclipses for these fleeting seconds? Why do they start

out on these trips knowing that bitter disappointments may be their only reward? (If clouds cover the sun at the moment of totality, all their efforts have been in vain.) Why? The answer is: the patient and dedicated determination of scientists to extend man's knowledge.

The reason for their interest can be explained by two simple facts: First, it is only during the time of a solar eclipse that man can see and photograph the vast area of space that lies inside the orbits of the planets Venus and Mercury. Second, it is only at this time that man can get a clear look at the atmosphere of the sun and, by analyzing it, learn some of the secrets of the incredible atomic reactions that take place deep in its fiery interior.

Man is dependent on the sun for his earthly existence. Without its heat, light, and life-giving radiation, the world would very quickly become a desolate, frozen wasteland incapable of supporting any kind of life. There is no time when man comprehends this more clearly than



The solar eclipse of July 20, 1963, as photographed by NASA in Maine where the total eclipse was visible.

when the ancient “dragon” of legend begins to swallow the sun and the black disc of the moon inexorably advances over the face of the sun, cutting off its rays from the earth.

Man feels very humble and weak at such a moment, and for a moment can share the terror of the ancients who were caught unawares by an eclipse and feared the sun was vanishing forever. We can feel grateful at such a moment that science has enabled us to predict the eclipse and that we know for sure the sun is coming back.

For all the scope of man’s knowledge, we really know very little about the sun. It has been only in recent years that science has come to understand that the basic source of the sun’s energy is the fusion of

hydrogen atoms into helium under conditions of incredible heat and pressure rather than atomic fission or chemical reactions as had hitherto been supposed. The exact nature of the reactions which take place in the sun, and sustains our life on earth, is still subject to lively debate. Sunspots and the huge solar flares that create the “prominences” seen at the time of eclipses are still largely mysteries.

The best time to study the sun is when its bright disc is cut off from view. This happens only during a total eclipse. As the moon advances over the last crescent of the sun’s surface, the phenomenon known as Bailey’s beads occurs. The remaining sunlight comes to the earth through the valleys between



the mountains of the moon. The crescent is cut into little pieces which glisten like beads. Suddenly, this little crescent widens and flames out. For a stricken moment, the observer wonders if he has made a terrible miscalculation and is not really in the center of totality after all. The flaming area widens and then the observer realizes that he is seeing the prominences that mark the sun's atmosphere, huge flames that leap from the sun's surface 100,000 miles or more into space.

During the July 20 eclipse a very large and striking prominence was seen and photographed in the southwest quadrant of the sun. These prominences are also seen behind the moon just before the moment of totality. Then the shadow falls dramatically on earth and instantly the great corona of the sun appears. This is a markedly elliptical "crown" which surrounds the sun and can only be seen during the moment of eclipse. It has approximately one-half the brightness of a full moon and is much larger than the moon, of course, which lies in its center as a black disc, sharply outlined.

The moon continues its movement, covering up now the inner atmosphere so that the corona alone is visible. Only in the last five years since American space satellites discovered existence of the Van Allen belt of trapped particles around the earth has it been speculated that the corona may be a similar belt trapped by the powerful magnetic field of the sun. The corona is very thin, with bright stars easily seen through its veil, and it extends out

into space many millions of miles, in fact, probably to the orbit of the earth itself. In the opinion of some scientists, we are within the solar atmosphere, in a strict sense of the word, which accounts for the fact that when the sun "sneezes" radio communications are seriously disrupted on earth.

Many experiments conducted during the fleeting seconds of an eclipse are directed to improving our knowledge of the corona and its effect on communication and perhaps on the weather of the earth.

During the July 20 eclipse, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration was engaged at the camp in Maine in a search for comets near the sun which can be seen only at the time of an eclipse. They definitely discovered at least one comet only five degrees from the sun, probably inside the orbit of Mercury, with a tail about 100,000 miles long.

Comets were a terrifying mystery to mankind, regarded as ominous signs in the heavens, until as recently as a century ago. We still know very little about them, except that they seem to consist of very diaphanous material, probably a flux of subatomic particles which become visible only when close to the sun and excited by its magnetic field.

Comets are no longer described as "wanderers in space" but are recognized as all being members of our solar system flashing about the sun in incredibly elongated orbits. We may have many more comets than hitherto believed because the smaller ones would become visible

only when very close to the sun—too close to be detected by the eye or the telescope of man, except when the sun is momentarily turned off by an eclipse.

The discovery of this comet during the July 20 eclipse, and further comet searches which will be undertaken at future eclipses, should greatly enhance man's knowledge of the origin and nature of comets. In an age when we expect to send men on long voyages into space and unmanned space probes close to the sun, comets are part of the cosmic traffic which must be reckoned with.

Hence, the NASA team which was hunting for comets during the eclipse had a very practical purpose in mind.

Like the search for comets near the sun, the number of experiments that can be conducted *only* during an eclipse is legion. It was during an eclipse in 1919 that the light of a star was found to have been displaced by its passage near the disc of the sun through its strong magnetic field. This dramatically confirmed the prediction of a young Swiss patent clerk named Albert Einstein. And it lifted him to fore-

Scientists Francois Dossin (left) and Luc Secretan (right) as they prepare to photograph the solar eclipse. The camera mechanism, specially constructed for this operation by Goddard's Fabrication Division, was built on a shoe-string budget of \$2,500, and consisted of surplus aerial cameras mounted on the rear axle of an old truck.



most rank in the world of physics. With his theory of relativity, Dr. Einstein introduced us to a strange world where nothing is stable, including light, which travels in curves; not even time itself, which varies according to speed. This theory could only be proved during an eclipse.

The next eclipse of the sun will be in the summer of 1965 with totality lasting five minutes—longest in several centuries—on the islands of the mid-Pacific. Scientists are already preparing their experiments. The next eclipse in the United States will be March 27, 1970, and will conveniently pass right over Cape Canaveral, Florida, certain to make it the most intensively observed eclipse in history—if it doesn't rain. There will be another one in Maine the summer of 1972.

Altogether, since scientists began their serious study of eclipse phenomena about 1850 it is estimated that there has been just about one hour of total viewing time and to obtain that hour thousands of scientists have trekked to the farthest corners of the globe.

The armed forces have taken a keen interest in recent eclipses and have placed their full resources behind the scientists. On July 20, they particularly studied the effect on high-frequency communications of the temporary cut-off of the bombardment by solar particles. Canadian and American Air Force planes tried to race the eclipse shadow to extend it from one minute to seven for the benefit of scientists aboard. But someone goofed and take-off

was four minutes late. One plane stayed in the shadow 134 seconds. Two others sped after it at Mach 2 (1500 mph) but fell far behind as it moved at almost Mach 4 (3000 mph).

The supersonic planes have to fly a course that takes them away from the earth, curving away below, in order to coordinate their movement with the sun so that cameras can stay trained on the corona for time exposures. So far, this hasn't been very successful. But they will keep on trying.

Perhaps some day we will be able to orbit a satellite around the moon in such a way that it will artificially create its own eclipses for cameras aboard to photograph. Maybe the days when the parties of scientists trekked out into the sands of the Sahara, up to the mosquito-laden marches of Great Slave Lake in Canada or off to Midway Island in the Pacific to observe an eclipse will be over. A glamorous and adventurous chapter of history will close.

It isn't over yet, however, and to capture the most precious minute in science, the minute when the sun is completely covered and the corona glows in the darkened heavens, scientists will continue to travel great distances—hoping it won't rain. ■ ■

## PHOTO CREDITS

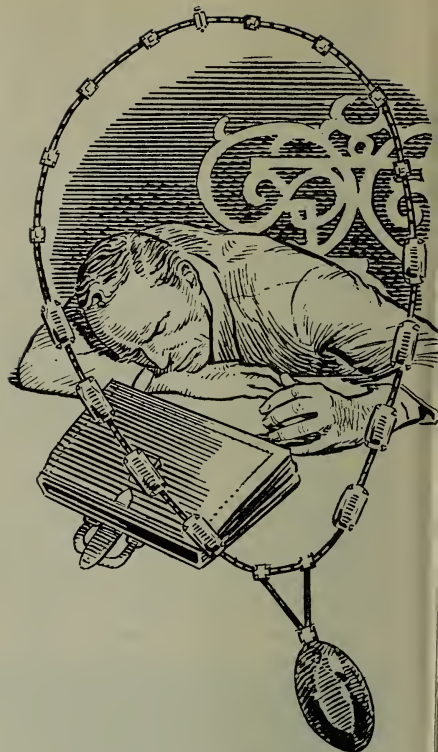
Pages 16-19, City of Hiroshima; page 24, Rob Wright, Suva, F.I.; page 32, USAF Photo; pages 44, 46, NASA; page 59, Church World Service; page 60, U.S. Navy; page 61, U.S. Army.

Mei  
Wong  
and  
the  
Emerald  
Necklace

By Charlotte and Dan Ross

IT was early evening and the art dealer, Mei Wong, had turned on the lights in the large treasure-laden room on the fifth floor of Bombay's Imperial Hotel which served as his studio. The soft glow of artfully concealed lights picked up the crimson hue of the rich tapestries that hung from the walls with great golden dragons and silver white phoenixes looming eerily from their lavishness.

Mei Wong, white suited and ro-tund, stood before a fine embroidery



of the manger scene with the Infant Savior. It was a huge piece about five feet square with the central figures European but the back-ground details Chinese.

"This is the item that Mr. Ravello helped me locate," Mei Wong said turning to his companion, a tall, dark-skinned, ascetic-looking man with a short black beard. "Worth a large sum," the art dealer continued. "You see a great deal of this sort of ecclesiastical embroidery was done in China for the Portuguese."

## Mei Wong solves another puzzling mystery

"Most interesting," the tall man observed dryly. He was Inspector Bannerjee of the Bombay Homicide Division and an old friend of Mei Wong's. "Since Victor Ravello has helped you in the past you won't object to doing this slight favor for him now."

"Indeed not," Mei Wong nodded amiably and padded back down the long room past the display counters with their treasures of jade and china to his wide mahogany desk. Sitting behind it he fumbled in one of the drawers for a moment.

Inspector Bannerjee, who had followed him and now stood in front of the desk, glanced at his wrist watch with unconcealed impatience. "I'm afraid we're late for our appointment with Ravello as it is," he said.

Mei Wong glanced up, his moon-face quite inscrutable. "I was looking for an item to serve as a gift for my good friend." He held up a small, exquisitely carved jade elephant in his pudgy hand. "Perhaps it will cheer him up."

Inspector Bannerjee laughed shortly. "I doubt that very much. The only thing that would help him now is the return of his emerald necklace."

Mei Wong nodded solemnly. "I understand," he sighed. "And he feels sure it was stolen?"

"He's certain of it," the Inspector said. "That's what he's waiting in his studio to prove to us now."

The elderly art dealer raised his

huge body from the chair with obvious effort. "I am most curious about all this. Let us go at once, Inspector."

With a wry smile the Inspector followed him to the door. Downstairs an official car was waiting to whisk them across the city to the studio of Victor Ravello in the business area of the seething Eastern metropolis of four million people.

Ravello also conducted a regulation jewelry business, and his studio was located in the rear of the imposing street level store. Inspector Bannerjee led Mei Wong through the big front room and along a narrow, shadowed hall to the smaller quarters that served as the office of the Italian dealer.

Ravello, a gray-haired, wiry little man with a sad expression rose quickly from his desk to greet the two. "Delighted to have you come, Mei Wong," he said in his jerky manner. "Very kind. Dreadful situation. Good of you to arrange this, Inspector."

Inspector Bannerjee's grave face surveyed the room. "I see that we are all here."

A tall, distinguished man with thinning blond hair and a pleasant smile crossed to the Inspector. "This is ridiculous and embarrassing," he said with a humorous twinkle in his weak blue eyes.

Mei Wong addressed the man. "It is some time since we have met, Mr. Prentiss."

Norman Prentiss turned to the art

dealer with a friendly reply. "By Jove, that is true. I haven't been in the market for any trinkets lately."

There was another person in the room. A stocky man with thick horn-rimmed glasses and a red face. He now joined them.

"My old friend, Mei Wong," he exclaimed, clasping the art dealer's hand. "I had no idea you were coming along tonight."

Mei Wong allowed a faint smile to cross his face. "My role of consultant is bringing about a reunion of old friends."

"Indeed!" the stocky man agreed in a robust voice. He turned to the others. "We've known each other since the days when Wong was in Singapore. Before the war."

Inspector Bannerjee gave the stout man a professional frown. "I'm sure you are glad to see Mr. Wong, Dr. Steadman. But could we just postpone these pleasantries until we get our business attended to?"

Somewhat chagrined the stout man went back to his chair. "Carry on, Inspector," he said. Then he beamed at Mei Wong once more. "We'll talk over the old days when this nonsense is settled."

**I**F you will all be seated," Inspector Bannerjee said firmly, "I will proceed." Victor Ravello returned to his desk and sat with folded hands looking nervous and unhappy. Norman Prentiss and Mei Wong sat together at the other side of the room across from Dr. Steadman.

"To bring you up to date with the facts," Inspector Bannerjee ad-

dressed himself to Mei Wong, "I will tell you what happened the night Mr. Ravello claims his valuable emerald necklace was stolen."

"Worth a fortune!" Ravello interrupted. "Vanished! Taken from me!"

The tall Inspector glared at the dealer. "Mr. Prentiss had some friends visiting his home who were interested in purchasing a necklace of this type. He requested Mr. Ravello to bring the necklace to his house and display it for them. Dr. Steadman was also present as a guest."

It was the turn of the blond Norman Prentiss to interrupt this time. He leaned across to Mei Wong and said plaintively: "Tried to do this boulder of a Ravello a favor and now he claims I filched his necklace."

The Italian dealer rose angrily to his feet. "Of course! You! Who else?"

Inspector Bannerjee waved Ravello back to his chair. "If you will be quiet for a few minutes longer, gentlemen." He turned to Mei Wong. "From the evidence gathered I assume the evening went well. The guests, an American couple, were charming through dinner and extremely interested afterward when Mr. Ravello showed them the necklace." The Inspector paused. "But when the price was quoted they seemed astounded and said it was far beyond what they could afford."

Victor Ravello nodded vigorously. "Innocent dupes! Led on by Prentiss! No idea what he had up his sleeve!"

"Whatever was up my sleeve," Prentiss turned to the dealer to de-



fend himself, "it certainly was not your necklace."

"The point is," Inspector Bannerjee raised his voice to quiet them, "that afterward Mr. Prentiss took Mr. Ravello aside and told him to go directly to his studio here and wait for a half-hour. He was sure he could persuade his American guests to change their minds and come after the necklace."

"I heard that discussion," Dr. Steadman said in his loud voice.

"Mr. Ravello did just that," Inspector Bannerjee continued. "But he claims that on the drive here he began to feel dizzy. And shortly after

he came into the studio he passed out. When he raised his head an hour or so later he found the necklace stolen from his briefcase which lay empty beside him."

"And he has the cheek to say I did it," Prentiss told the others indignantly.

"You were away from your home at the time," Ravello accused him. "Plain! Guilty without question!"

"I drove my friends to their hotel," Prentiss asserted. "Then I went back to my place and played chess with Dr. Steadman."

"Mr. Ravello claims," Inspector

Bannerjee told Mei Wong, "that Prentiss drugged him and then told him to go back to the office. Knowing he would be there and unconscious, Prentiss followed and took the necklace from him after he'd passed out."

"Unquestionably what happened!" Ravello insisted. "No one else knew!"

Mei Wong raised his eyebrows with slight interest. "What opportunity did Mr. Prentiss have to administer a drug to my friend, Ravello?"

Dr. Steadman boomed across the room. "None! That's why I say his whole theory is rot! No one can question my honesty. I say Prentiss is innocent!"

"That is why he had you there," Ravello complained. "Window dressing!"

INSPECTOR Bannerjee turned to Mei Wong. "Nothing was served in the hour following dinner but some lemonade."

"But everyone drank some of that," Prentiss said with a smile. "None of us complained of being drugged."

"Everyone was served from the same pitcher?" Mei Wong's eyes probed the blond man's face.

"Yes," Norman Prentiss nodded. "It was a plain glass pitcher. Dr. Steadman mixed up the lemonade for me himself. And I seem to remember he took down the glasses from the shelf. So there were no tricks about it."

Dr. Steadman got up and came over to Mei Wong. "I did just as

he says. Mixed the lemonade myself. And it was very good, if I do say so. And I took down the glasses while he was getting the pitcher from the refrigerator."

Mei Wong showed sudden interest. "From the refrigerator?"

Norman Prentiss laughed. "I suppose it does sound different. It's a habit of mine. When I use a freshly mixed drink with ice I always pour it into an ice cold container. That's why I keep the pitcher in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. It does wonders for the drink."

The elderly art dealer nodded. "It sounds most intriguing." He looked up at Steadman. "You all drank from this pitcher?"

Dr. Steadman considered. "Yes, each of us had one drink. Ravello took a second one if I remember correctly. Prentiss poured it for him and that emptied the pitcher. That was some time later and it finished the lemonade. We all drank the same stuff. There wasn't a chance of it being tampered with; it was in full view all the time."

Inspector Bannerjee looked at Mei Wong sharply: "What do you say, Mei Wong?"

The stout art dealer turned to Norman Prentiss and chuckled. "I am remembering a certain house party at which we were both guests," he told the blond man. "I recall you were especially impressed by the host's magic tricks."

"Really?" Prentiss fingered his collar and said nervously. "You must be wrong."

"I think not," Mei Wong said quietly. "Our host too used a clear



pitcher of water which he covered on a table with a white cloth. When he removed the cloth twenty minutes later at the end of his act the water had turned to red wine."

"I'm sure I wasn't there," Prentiss said, a slight tremor in his voice.

"I can, if necessary, prove you were," Mei Wong told him. "And I recall our host explaining how the trick was done. First he froze the colored powder in a slight amount of water at the bottom of the pitcher. On top of this he froze another protective layer of clear water. Just before the act began he brought out the pitcher filled with plain water and covered it. During the twenty minutes the pitcher was in the hot room the ice melted and the colored powder was released to turn the water to wine. I suspect that in your case, Mr. Prentiss, you used sleeping powder and it was released in the same way in that last drink you poured from the pitcher for Ravello."

The Italian dealer jumped up. "Of course. Exactly! No question!"

Inspector Bannerjee looked at the blond man: "What about it, Prentiss?"

"All right," Prentiss nodded dejectedly. "I did it. Wong is right. But Ravello can have the necklace back. I wasn't able to dispose of it."

Later when they had all gone but Mei Wong and Ravello, the Chinese dealer gave his Italian associate the small elephant. "I think it was perhaps wise," he said, "not to press the charge against Prentiss. He is not all bad and you have the necklace returned."

Ravello smiled at him gratefully.

"Thanks to you. There was no evidence. If you hadn't remembered that incident at the party we'd never have known how he'd done it."

"Dr. Steadman gave me the clue," Mei Wong told him, "when he mentioned Prentiss removing the pitcher from the freezer. It brought back the party. It was a twist of fate that I had also been there and heard the host explain it. Fate stepped in. Though you hide it from men, heaven sees your act!" ■ ■

## NOTED AUTHORS

By Joseph C. Stacey

Listed below, in jumbled fashion, are the names of twelve authors, together with the titles of their most famous "works." See if you can match them correctly.

1. Daniel DeFoe (a) *The Sea Wolf*
2. Mark Twain (b) *The Raven*
3. Cervantes (c) *Treasure Island*
4. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (d) *David Copperfield*
5. Alexandre Dumas (e) *Robinson Crusoe*
6. Booth Tarkington (f) *The Man Without a Country*
7. Robert Louis Stevenson (g) *Tom Sawyer*
8. Edward Everett Hale (h) *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
9. Edgar Allan Poe (i) *Penrod and Sam*
10. Rudyard Kipling (j) *Don Quixote*
11. Jack London (k) *The Three Musketeers*
12. Charles Dickens (l) *Kim*

(See page 57 for answers)

# *The Christian's Dynamo*

By Frederick W. Brink

WHEN a sincere Christian talks about prayer, he finds himself making startling claims. He claims that God, the creator and sustainer of the universe, with all his majesty, his power, and his busyness with the universe, still has both the time and the desire to listen to a child's "now I lay me," to a searcher's plea for answers, to a frightened person's cry for assurance, to a weak person's call for strength. He claims that God, the Almighty, speaks to individual men, and that men in all their smallness can talk with God as with a friend.

Those claims are true! God is that kind of God, and man can reach out to him and be touched in return by him through prayer.

All of life stems from God. Man is created by God in his own image. Just as it is permissible to discuss a machine with its designer, or a book with its author, life may be discussed with its creator. A man's aspirations are what distinguish him from lesser beings. His spiritual nature, not his animalism, is that which

really makes him a man. This spiritual nature needs nourishment as much as man's body. Where does this food for the soul come from? From the fellowship of prayer. At least, this is one place.

Prayer can be defined in many ways. But more important than a definition is an understanding of what prayer can do for a man.

1. Prayer brings man into the presence of God. This does not mean that man drags God down to his level. Rather man is somehow lifted to the level of God himself. A man prays; a door opens; the man steps into the presence of God. Standing in that presence, prayer is his conversation with God.

2. Through prayer God directs a man's energies and controls his thinking. A man would be foolish to grope around a dark room, stumbling and falling, when all he had to do was snap the light switch to have everything revealed in its proper place and proportion. Life is such a dark room. Prayer is the light switch that permits the room

*Chaplain Brink is head of Personnel Branch, Office of the Chief of Navy Chaplains, Washington 25, D.C.*

to be flooded with the wisdom of God. So flooded, selfishness is revealed as out of place; the struggle for the moment is seen to be less important than the goals of the future; the small circles of society that shut people out are made to give way to the larger circles that bring people in. Man prays, and from the response of God finds strength to do and be what he knows he should do and be.

3. Through prayer God enables a man to see that there is something bigger than either the defeat or the victory of the moment. Prayer ties a man to the stream of eternity. Prayer helps a man see that one failure is not total defeat, because God grants renewal and strength; one victory is not total triumph, because God has left other tasks ahead still to be achieved.

4. Prayer brings to a man the consciousness of mistakes forgiven and errors erased. No man can go through life spotless. He knows within himself, without prompting, that he is accountable to his God for his own failures and shortcomings. He knows what he should have been, what he should not have done, or what he should not have done. In prayer he finds the avenues of cleansing and forgiveness. Like a son talking with a father, understanding and forgiveness, encouragement and refreshment for the future are exchanged.

5. Prayer puts a large measure of challenge on a man. Prayer does not save a man from work. It is no Aladdin's lamp to be rubbed to summon a slave genii. It is no slot

machine to spill out returns when the coin of certain words is inserted. God expects a man to do all he can himself. God is not going to answer a prayer just to save a man from effort. Nor is God going to change the laws of nature just to spare one person or please one person. Such answers to prayer would make God capricious, one who plays favorites, one who has to be contacted at just the moment when he feels inclined to be generous. This is not our God. Our God is one of order and plan, who could, if need be, change the course of events, but who has chosen to leave it to men to shape events while standing ready to grant wisdom and strength to the man who endeavors to shape those events.

All of this makes prayer the life-blood that courses through the veins of a Christian. All of this makes prayer at once an essential and natural, and very desirable part of life.

Set times and places for the practice of prayer are helpful, but they are not absolutely essential. For prayer can take place anywhere, at any time. Prayer needs no special time, no special posture, no special language, no special place. It needs only the spirit of a man reaching out to God in gratitude, in need, in petition, in question. For when a man does reach out, he finds God waiting. A man will help himself pray if he establishes the habit of praying a few minutes each morning before he starts his day. Let him ask God's guidance and strength for whatever the day may bring. And then a few minutes in the evening

let him review the day with God, seeking his judgments, his forgiveness, and his thanks. But prayer flows from the heart of the Christian as a spontaneous thing, and can flow at any time, in any place.

All the man must remember is to be sincere. He cannot expect God to answer if he asks for something he does not really want, or that he would not be willing to work to

achieve. God's answers are always for man's benefit. The man who sincerely expresses himself to God, in whatever words come best to him, who understands that God does not so much remove problems as show the way to their solution, that man has tapped a source of power like no other in the universe. That man "kneels how weak—rises how full of power." ■ ■

## Lost in Fire, \$3,000 Hobby

By George S. Wilson

AT a remote Aircraft Control and Warning Site, Cape Lisburne, Captain Green lost in a fire his stamp collection valued at \$3,000. Unfortunately, it was not insured. The government makes a payment in such cases, but the payment is not insurance and does not pretend to reimburse the loss. In the case of hobbies, the payment is \$500 maximum. Captain Green should have carried his own insurance on such a valuable collection.

The point I want to make, however, is not related to the loss or the insurance. It is about hobbies. Captain Green was sorry about the loss but I'm sure he is not bored with life. A friend of mine, a man of many hobbies, tells me he hasn't been bored in twenty years. This is a real accomplishment; but it's not out of reach for any of us.

Do something constructive and creative with your spare time. No matter where you are stationed anywhere on the globe, you'll find interesting things to collect. For example, I'm in Alaska now and this country is a paradise for "rock hounds." The bases and sites have lapidary shops with equipment most of us could not afford to buy ourselves. You can collect stamps in a big way on less than some guys spend for beer. And you can collect stamps anywhere mail is delivered. Companies will send on approval packets and boxes by the pound.

The man, woman or child who is busy with a hobby will keep out of trouble. "Cabin fever" is no problem for him. He doesn't spend his off-duty hours in the bar. He is busy creating something—a collection, a model, a jewel, a picture—and in the process he is creating a better man.

And don't forget to see your friendly insurance agent! ■ ■

# Tense: Past, Present and Future

By John G. Lambrides

**B**BETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is than a fatted ox and hatred with it" is an Old Testament recipe. A cliché often used by chaplains declares, "It's not what a man eats, but what is eating the man." There is the tense in grammar and there is a tense in emotion. If you ask the average man where his stomach is, he would point to his belt line, to his not-so-new frontier. He is not aware that his stomach is under his ribs. Napoleon equated a good soldier with a good stomach. His stomach is like an overgrown kidney bean about eight inches long and four wide. It can manage the hot and cold, the hard and the soft, the bitter, the sweet and the sour, but it is harrassed by fear and fret. The emotional stress sets the stage for ulcers.

Worry is the antithesis of worship, while fear and fret are the antagonists of faith. A well-ordered life schedule, along with a balanced diet, periods to pray and play. The stomach is strong but not strong enough to withstand too much tension. We are told that the stomach has three layers of muscles, laminated lengthwise, crosswise, and diagonally. It is lined so as to resist juices and acids. Emotional stresses produce excessive juices which overflow into the intestines—into the duodenum. The digestive system extends below the stomach with the twenty-three feet long small intestines, one inch in diameter. There are three sections which are: the duodenum one foot long, the jejunum eight feet long, and the ileum fourteen feet. The large intestines are five feet in length. An ancient philosopher said "Know thyself." Most men know more about the car they drive than they know about themselves.

To possess peace of mind we must trust in the promises and the providence of God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace." For believers the abundant life in Christ governs the past, present and future. ■ ■

## ANSWERS TO "NOTED AUTHORS"

(see page 53)

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

## Let Us Pray

Eternal God, as we enter upon the journey of this New Year, give us the courage to walk with thee. Forgive us for our sins and our failures and our selfishness in the years past; create within us a new heart and a new mind and may we follow a new way, thy way. Grant us, O Lord, the guidance of thy Holy Spirit for we do not know how to travel as we ought. Be thou our care and providence. May we live in faith not fear, love not hate; and may this be a year of prayer for us, daily prayer; a year when worship in thy house will become more meaningful to us; a year of true Christian adventure. This we pray for Jesus' sake. *Amen.*

O Lord, our Lord, grant thy servant more maturity. I have been too childish, too juvenile, too self-centered. I have been quick to judge others and slow to find fault with myself. I have magnified the big "I" and have sought to impress others with my goodness. Now, Lord, take this spirit and these attitudes away. I confess my sin. May I grow in grace, in love, in understanding, in good deeds, in purity, in faithfulness. May I also grow in knowledge—a knowledge of the Bible, a knowledge of my faith, and a knowledge of thy will and thy way. May I keep my eyes upon the face of Jesus Christ from which shines thy light, thy love and thy life. Awaken me to my real talents and give me the strength to

rededicate my life to thee today. Through Christ, my Lord and Savior, and the goal of my life. *Amen.*

Merciful Father, we know thou art the friend of the outcast and the weak. We pray, therefore, for the alcoholics who are slaves to strong drink; for the victims of narcotics; for criminals who desecrate the laws of society and thy laws, O God; for those who are poverty-stricken and who are unable to find jobs or who have lost the incentive to work. Help us to help all these people. Forgive us for too often the church has passed them by. Lord, we believe that Jesus Christ has the power to transform any life—so grant that we may have the faith to direct the rejected to thee. Hear our prayer, in Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Almighty God, the world is being reborn and we pray that we may be a part of it. Let thy Holy Spirit shake us up; let him have control over us, helping us to conquer fear, prejudice, anger, selfishness. Give us victory over the sins of the flesh and the sins of the spirit. Help us to share with the oppressed of the world. There are so many in this troubled world who are insecure, who are hungry, who are lost. Lord, grant that we may share our time, our talent, and ourselves with the needy of the earth. In Jesus' holy name. *Amen.*

# BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

## Church Center at UN

The magnificent, twelve-story, \$3-million Church Center at the UN has now been completed. It stands directly opposite the south corner of the UN Plaza and 44th St. It serves Christians and others interested in the UN throughout the U.S.A. and from overseas as a church-sponsored "classroom window" on the UN. Its facilities include twelve conference rooms with direct, closed-circuit, audio lines to UN General Assembly and committee rooms, a \$100,000 chapel seating 120 persons, and cafeteria and private dining room accommodating 170.

It conducts educational seminars and conferences on the UN; orientation sessions for overseas-bound missionaries; special meetings with UN delegates for churchmen and the like.

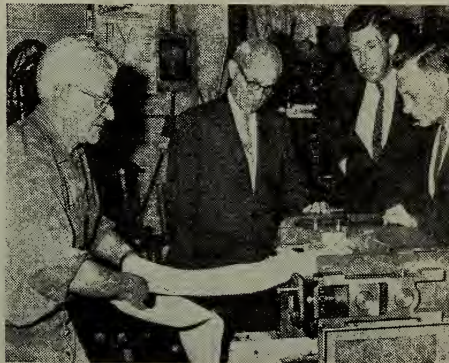
## Churches Mourn Children's Deaths in Birmingham

Nation-wide expressions of grief and shock and mourning and penitence by religious leaders and others came shortly after the bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Ala. Leaders have issued a "Call to the People of America" to insure every citizen of the full protection of the laws of the U.S.A. Funds are being collected to aid the families of the children killed in the bombing and to help rebuild the church.

## Watch Your Driving!

The National Safety Council reports that the accident death toll from careless driving continues upward. For seven months in 1963, the total deaths were 22,930—an increase of 1,050 over the same period in 1962.

Machine to produce fortified noodles in Algeria for thousands employed in a food-for-work reforestation project is given trial run by an expert (left) while Church World Service officials watch. Center to right: Gaither P. Warfield, Africa committee chairman; Jan Van Hoogstraten, director for Africa; Wilson O. Radway, assistant director of Material Resources. Christian Rural Overseas Program of Church World Service donated two machines. Share-Our-Substance foods will be used in this project.





A 12-member discussion committee from Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish personnel met weekly before the Pre-Marriage Seminar held at the U.S. Fleet Anti-Submarine Warfare School, San Diego. LCDR W. R. Begg, CHC, USNR, is leading the group discussion.

### **Need for Church to Help Those Wishing to Reform**

Methodist Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., of Columbia, S.C., has called upon the churches to give creative assistance to men who have been stigmatized by crime and seek to rehabilitate themselves in decent society. He said: "Experts tell us that one reason so many criminals never reform is that our so-called Christian communities lend them little or no assistance in the effort."

### **Blind Children Visit Aircraft Carrier**

On Sunday, August 4, 1963, twenty-five blind Japanese children, ranging from the age of eight to fifteen, were visitors on the giant aircraft carrier CONSTELLATION. The carrier was in the port at Yokosuka, Japan, and the children were invited from the Yokohama Christian School and Home for Blind Children to participate in the Protestant service and tour the ship. CDR Paul W. Reigner is the ship's

Protestant chaplain. A special offering of \$200 was received during the worship service on the day of the visit and turned over to the school.

### **A Call to Prayer**

A small group of citizens in Newberry, S.C., has issued a "Call to Prayer" to all of those people who are willing to join them in giving heed to God's Word, 2 Chronicles 7:14 (KJV): "If my people, which are called by name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." You are invited to pray with this small group at noon daily that God will turn us away from sin back to Him.

### **Church Membership Classes**

*The Sewart Scribe*, newsletter of the Protestant Parish, Sewart Air Force Base, Tenn., reports that chil-



dren and young people are having the opportunity to take religious instruction leading to church membership. Various classes are given representing the major Protestant denominations. These will continue into the Lenten season. The *Scribe* points out: "Since it is not possible for military chapels to have a membership register, the chaplain will write to the pastor of the church selected for acceptance of membership prior to the confirmation and/or baptism."

### Universities and Leadership

Dr. Wm. A. Overholt, Protestant chaplain at Boston University, is now on a leave of absence for a year to study all over the world the role universities play in developing leadership in present-day society. Dr. Overholt will conduct research in London, Paris, Heidelberg, Geneva, Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Beirut,

Teheran, Delhi, Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, Manila, Hong Kong, Taipei, Kyoto and Tokyo. He will be accompanied by his wife and two children.

### No More Rent for Pews

On January 1, this year, St. John's Episcopal "Church of the Presidents" in Washington, D.C., opened its stained-glass windows and let fly out its ancient custom of renting pews.

### New Director, NSCF

The Rev. Leonard G. Clough, of Hanover, N.H., has been named general secretary of the National Student Christian Federation, a movement related to the NCC.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR!** to all our readers everywhere in the world. May 1964 be the best year ever for you!

Post Chapel Protestant Choir 1962-63, Carlisle Barracks, Pa., won the annual Second U.S. Army Choir Contest. Mrs. Carl W. Hoffman, director, is third from left in front row. Chaplain (Lt Col) Herman N. Benner, Post Chaplain, is on the extreme right in the third row.



# The Link Calendar

**J**ANUARY the new year begins. A bright new year before you with promise. Whatever mistakes and failures have been yours last year, now is the time to *turn over a new leaf* and write upon the year's pages with faith, hope, and hard work.

- Dec. 31.** New Year's Eve. Many churches on this night pray the old year out and the new year in with watch night services. A good way to begin.
- Jan. 1.** New Year's Day. A holiday, but also a time to take a few moments and worship God. Thank him for time and pray, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." New Year's Day is the great time in America to have parades and football games. Watch out for these: The Rose Bowl, Pasadena; the Orange Bowl, Miami; the Sugar Bowl, New Orleans; the Cotton Bowl, Dallas; the Sun Bowl, El Paso; the Hula Bowl, Honolulu; and the Tangerine Bowl, Orlando.
- Jan. 1—31.** March of Dimes. To collect money to continue the fight against polio, arthritis, and crippling diseases.
- Jan. 5—12.** Universal Week of Prayer. Also Big Brother Week. The latter sponsored by the "Big Brothers of America."
- Jan. 6.** Epiphany. 12 days after Christmas. Baptismal day of Christ.
- Jan. 7.** Millard Fillmore's birthday. 13th President of the U.S.A. B. Jan. 7, 1800.
- Jan. 13.** First Sunday after Epiphany.  
Stephen Foster Memorial Day. Foster was accidentally killed on January 13 in 1864.
- Jan. 18—25.** Week of prayer for Christian Unity. "He Is Our Peace."
- Jan. 19—26.** Church and Economic Life Week.
- Jan. 19.** Second Sunday after Epiphany. Also Robert E. Lee's birthday comes on this date. Lee was born in 1807 and died in 1870. An outstanding Christian gentleman.
- Jan. 19—26.** National YMCA Week. Also National Jaycees Week.
- Jan. 26—Feb. 3.** Youth Week.
- Jan. 26.** The third Sunday after the Epiphany.
- Jan. 29.** Wm. McKinley's birthday. 25th President of the U.S.A. B. Jan. 29, 1843.
- Jan. 30.** Birthday of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 32nd President of the U.S.A. B. Jan. 30, 1882.

**LOOKING AHEAD:** Lent begins Feb. 12. World Day of Prayer is Feb. 14. Holy Week is March 22-28. Good Friday is March 27. And Easter is March 29.

# Discussion Helps

**T**HROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion.

## 1. The Challenge of Total Commitment (page 8)

*Bible Material:* Matthew 22:34-40

What did Jesus mean when he called us to love God with all the heart, all the soul, and all the mind; and our neighbor as ourselves? Why is there a need for total commitment? Can "total commitment" lead to fanaticism? How prevent? How do you know when your dedication to God is complete?

## 2. Beating Temptation to the Punch (page 21)

*Bible Material:* 1 Corinthians 10:13; Philippians 4:8

Under what circumstances do you find yourself most ready to yield to temptation? When you fall into sin, what can you do? How did Jesus overcome temptation (see especially Matthew 4:1-11)? What other verses from the Bible can you think of that help you beat temptation? How is it possible to beat temptation?

## 3. Dust Off the Ten Commandments (page 34)

*Bible Material:* Exodus 20:1-17

Is there evidence of widespread immorality in America today and the world around us? If so, what? Does this mean we are developing "a new morality" or endangering the foundations of Christian society? What are some reasons for regarding the Ten Commandments as basic and essential for civilized peoples? How would you describe the Ten Commandments to a person who had never heard them? How does Christ help us to keep the commandments—and go beyond?

## 4. The Christian's Dynamo (page 54)

*Bible Material:* Matthew 6:5-15

How does prayer change things? Or does prayer change people and help them to change things? How? We often hear: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Prove this. What does Jesus tell us about prayer in Luke 11:5-13? Also Matthew 6:5-15? What are the reasons for using the traditional written prayers of the church? What are the reasons for using spontaneous prayers? What types of prayers can God *not be* expected to answer?

## *Books Are Friendly Things*

**John Doe, Disciple** by Catherine Marshall. McGraw Hill Book Co., Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. 1963. \$4.50.

Here is another exciting book from the late Peter Marshall, minister, preacher, chaplain of the U.S. Senate. Mrs. Marshall has edited a few more of the more than 600 complete sermons Dr. Marshall left. These are excellent. They are "for the young in spirit" as the sub-title suggests. And they are beautiful, poetic, soaring to great heights in vocabulary, imagery, but most of all in spiritual appeal.

**David of Jerusalem** by Louis de Wohl. J. B. Lippincott Co., East Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1963. \$4.95.

The distinguished Hungarian Catholic author has given us a readable and accurate portrayal of the heroic David, shepherd boy who became King of Israel by the grace of God. This was the last work of de Wohl for he died a few days after the manuscript was completed. The German original has been translated by Elisabeth Abbott.

**At Wit's End** by Jack Finegan. John Knox Press, 8 N. Sixth St., Box 1176, Richmond 9, Va. 1963. \$2.75.

Are you at wit's end? Can't sleep? Afraid of being different? You can't forget yesterday's mistakes? You have fallen into bad habits? God's guidance does not seem to come? Jack Finegan would have a word with you. Dr. Finegan, professor of New Testament at Pacific School of Religion, is a prolific writer; and his books always combine thorough scholarship and dynamic inspiration.

**The Human Rift** by Noel Keith. Bethany Press, Box 179, St. Louis 66, Mo. 1963. \$2.50.

Mankind is torn apart because we are torn from God. Sin has separated man from his Father; and so there is a rift between God and man; and man and man. Injustice, indifference, discrimination, dishonesty, communism, pessimism—these are some of the results of this rift. Christian love, of course, is the answer but how do you express Christian love? There are ways to repair the rift—and Dr. Keith gives us his answer.

**No Two Ways About It** by Dale Evans Rogers. Fleming H. Revell, Westwood, N.J. 1963. \$1.50.

Dale Evans is not only a movie actress, a lovely mother, an author, but she is a woman of great faith who tries to live every day as a humble, devout Christian. "There are no two ways about it"—there is but one way, and that is the way of Christ, the way of God. Dale here tells you why the present-day philosophies of materialism ("anything for a buck"), success, and sex gratification are not the way to happiness. The way is Christ.

## *Sound Off!* (Continued from page 4)

The airmen and I would appreciate the opportunity of reading this fine publication. We would like to have at least fifty (50) copies per month for distribution to our men here in Berlin. At the present time we do not have funds established to support this purchase. We are asking—in faith, that we might receive.—Chaplain, Capt, Preston C. Brown, Jr., USAF, 7350th Support Squadron, (USAFE Representative, Berlin), APO 742, New York, N. Y.

### **THE LINK in Formosa**

The following letter from A. Dale Golding of the Far East Broadcasting Company pleased us very much:

“As I strolled along Chung Shan North Road, Taipei, Taiwan, I suddenly sensed the crowd up ahead. It was a silent group of fifteen or twenty men of varying ages and a couple of uniformed school girls. As I approached I noted that they were clustered around the entrance to an art shop. Their attention was focused on the brush in the hand of a young artist and the easel upon which he was working.

“I stopped stock still for I expected his subject to be a mystical Chinese dragon—or perhaps some beautiful calligraphy. But much to my surprise a lifelike portrait of President Kennedy stared back at me from the canvas. As the artist dexterously touched up the portrait, I glanced about seeking to discover his source material. Then I spied it—LINK magazine, July 1961—was clutched tightly in his left hand. He glanced hurriedly at the President pictured on the cover as he put the finishing touches on his masterpiece.

“I was deeply stirred as he laid his brush aside and wiped his hands. Summoning my limited Mandarin, I spoke to him. ‘This is very well done. Thank you for painting my President.’ His face broke into a radiant smile as he recognized the foreigner in his audience. He thanked me for my kind expression and I turned to walk away.

“As I moved away through the crowd, I carried a picture in my heart which will long remain. A picture of an intense crowd of Chinese people watching a humble artist deftly painting Our President. This was a simple gesture of international goodwill which cannot be purchased with military assistance or foreign aid. It is purely an expression of the heart—it said these people are our friends. It occurs to me that it works both ways.

“Congratulations to LINK—an outstanding publication.”

—A. Dale Golding, Far East Broadcasting Co., APO 331, San Francisco, California.

### **Wide Acceptability**

Because of its fine Christian quality and its wide acceptability by Protestant personnel, we would like to subscribe to THE LINK.

—Chaplain (Capt) Jack E. Brown, Jr., USA, 1st Recon Sqdn, 2nd Armored Cavalry, APO 411, New York, N.Y.

# At Ease!



"This will help you to keep track of the time, dear!"

In a letter sent by an American Legion Post: "You are invited to be one of the speakers at our Memorial Day meeting. The program will include a talk by the mayor, recitation of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address by a high school pupil, your talk and then the firing squad."—*Time*.

A church in the San Fernando Valley recently stopped buying from its regular office supply dealer. It seems that when they ordered some small pencils to be used in the pews for visitors to register, the dealer sent golf pencils, each stamped with the words: "Play Golf Next Sunday."—Carroll E. Word in *Coronet*.

A panhandler approached a prosperous-looking businessman and asked him for the price of a cup of coffee.

"What sort of person are you?" asked the man in angry tones. "Look at you, you sleep on a park bench, your clothes are in rags, you're dirty and hungry; why don't you get a job and go to work?"

"Go to work?" growled the tramp, "What for—to support a bum like me?"—Jack Herbert.

## EYES RIGHT!

Here's the menu,  
My advice is  
Read the side first  
Where the price is.

—Addison H. Hallock

The rather fickle bachelor was telling a married friend about the talents and accomplishments of a girl he had just met. The married man listened quietly. He had heard him rave like this before.

"And you know," the bachelor enthused, "this girl has brains enough for two!"

"Then," was his companion's terse comment, "you ought to marry her right away!"—F. G. Kernan in *Quote*.

A fat lady stepped on the scales, not knowing they were out of order. The indicator stopped at 75 pounds. A gentleman watching her exclaimed: "Great heavens, she must be hollow!"—*Wichita Eagle*.

Keep laughing!

I was glad when they said unto me  
Let us go into the House of the Lord









