



The

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LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



VOLUME 2

A PRAYER FOR DADDY

NUMBER 1

STORIES • ARTICLES • POETRY • DISCUSSION TOPICS • JOKES
BIBLE READINGS • PUZZLES • CARTOONS • "BATTING THE BREEZE"



God WAS THERE!



AS AN ARMY OFFICER, the chaplain has just finished censoring another of the men's letters. You do not know him, so he will not mind if I quote part of it: "I

have just come back from Communion. It was held this time in the beautiful, tiny chapel that is part of this old castle where we are living. The flickering candlelights made you feel as if God was in the shadows all about you. I had the same feeling I told you about after our last Communion, the one we held out under the trees where the chaplain set up the altar on the back of his jeep. I felt God was there too. I know I do not do all I should, for I drink and swear sometimes, but as I prayed tonight I felt God was near me and near you at home. I never understood before why they called it Communion, but I understand now. I came back to my bunk knowing that whatever is ahead of us He will stay near me if I keep near Him."

This, then, is Communion: have you found it so?

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

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Photo by Harold M. Lambert

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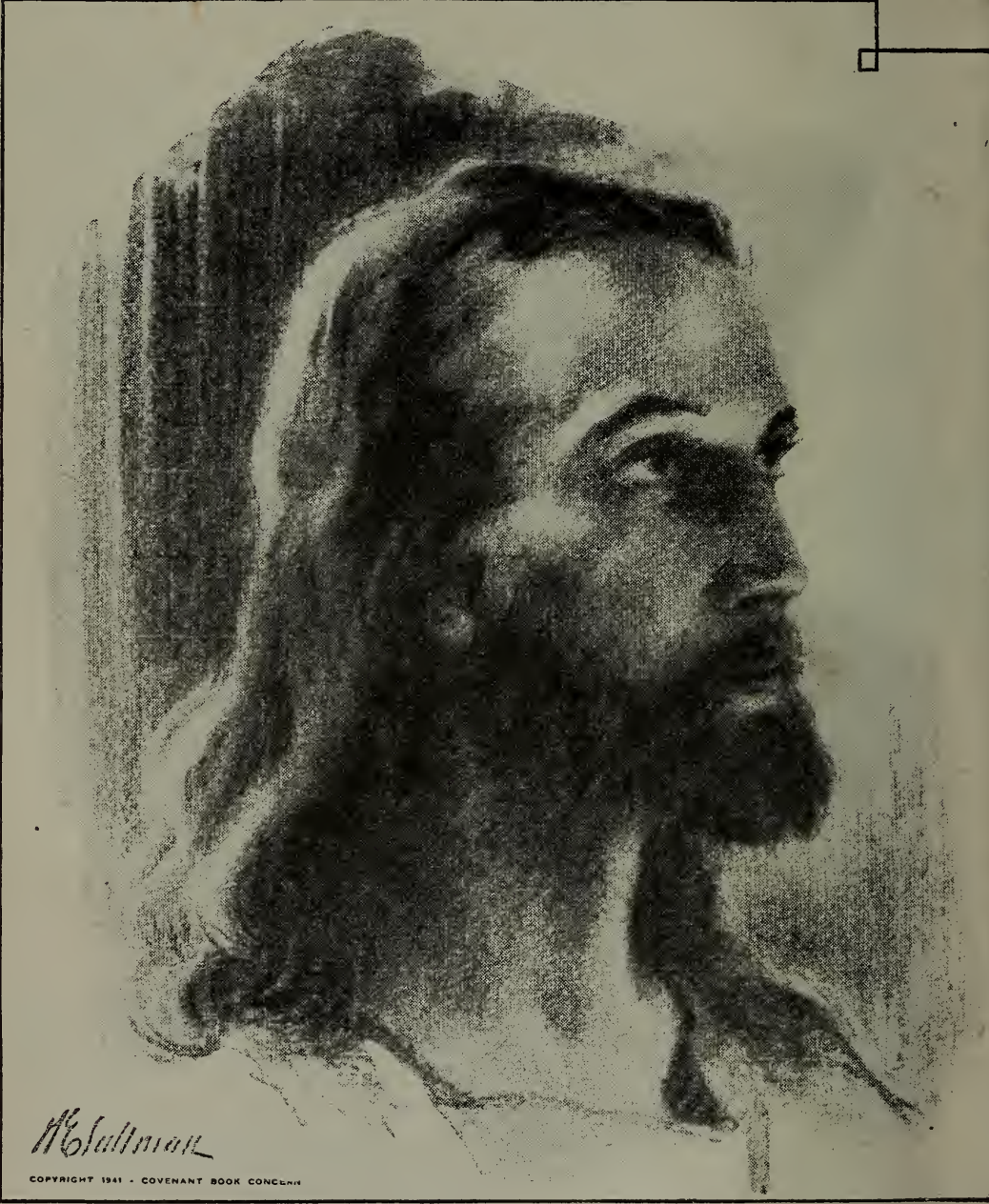
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CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor



McSaltman

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HERE IS A *Man...*

(An Editorial)

BEING constantly dinned into your ears these days is the statement that in this toughest of all wars you too must be tough. And it is true. This is no spot for softies. No war in history has so demanded that men be *men*. The sissy and the panty-waist are as out of place in the Army and Navy and Marine Corps as a zoot suit is out of style on Tarawa. Our enemies, make no mistake about it, are plenty tough. To conquer them, we must be tougher.

But don't get the idea that toughness is all a matter of physical brawn. Just as a strong back and a weak mind are a flimsy combination, so is a strong body and a weak will. Many a super-tough soldier with flabby moral fibre has gone down for the count while some fellow with far less bulge to his muscles has slugged his way to victory and come out of the ring upright instead of prone. The manliest of all virtues spring not from physical stamina but from moral and spiritual courage, not from the muscles but from the backbone.

FIGHTING men are natural-born hero-worshippers. And that is good. When you find a man putting a hero on the pedestal that is his heart, you're looking at a fellow who's on the way to become a hero himself. For that's what this hero-adoption does for you; you tend to become like the image set before you. So here's a warning: Pick your heroes with care! A mischoice here can be quite as serious as a mischoice at the marriage altar—more so, maybe. The wrong wife can destroy your peace of mind, and maybe your bank account. But the wrong hero can destroy your soul.

Well, what do you want in a hero? Ask the toughest guy you know, and what kind of answer would he give? Chances are, it would run something like this: "Strength, stamina, the ability to take it—and to give it." Or maybe, if your tough guy is a bit shy on vocabulary, he'd sum it up in the one rather vulgar but expressive word, *guts*. In any language, what he'd mean is a MAN.

ALL RIGHT, it's conceded that you want for your hero a *man*, someone who is at the opposite pole of what you mean when you use the word "softie." So in our hunt for a real man, let's seek out the manliest man, the strongest man, the man with the most courage and stamina and ability to take it—and to give it—who ever lived. Him we will make our hero. Right? Well, if you're in earnest about your search, you will give your adulation to one Man and Him only. Look at Him. Weigh Him in the balances. Put Him to **(Concluded on page 14)**

MINE

Eyes

HAVE SEEN

The story of a soldier who found sudden vision in the vicinity of sudden death



JUST in that split second before the booby trap went off, Jim Bailey saw the wire. He tried to yell a warning to Benny. But the kid had sprung up before he could stop him, and had dashed out across the narrow path to heave a grenade at that spot behind the wall where a machine gun was spitting viciously.

Jim's cry was no more than half formed in his throat when the earth in front of them burst asunder. It smote Jim in the face like the thrust of a huge fist. He fell back, stunned, debris cascading about him. For a moment he was numbed by the force of the shock, and the thought came to him, "This is it—this is death."

But when he tried to move, and felt the pain of it, he knew he was alive. Only the sudden darkness puzzled him. A moment before, that area in the courtyard of the ruined church had been bathed in a deceptively peaceful moonlight. Now it was pitch dark. He tried to blink his eyes—and then he knew. Sharp pain, like a thousand pinpricks in his eyes, told him he had been blinded by the exploding sand.

He lay still on his back, and bitterness, mingled with rage, swept through him. The bitterness was total, not only against the enemy who had stopped cold the ad-



By CORPORAL ERIC HALBERG



vance of his outfit, and whose diabolical contraption had just blinded him and probably killed his pal, but a bitterness that embraced all of life, all of the foolhardiness of this bloody struggle.

It had been different this afternoon, when he and Benny had volunteered to go ahead and clean out the machine-gun nests that had stalled the whole American advance. His outfit had met defeat for the first time. This morning, commanded to sweep in and take this town on the road to Rome—a village which, said the military reports,

had been evacuated by the main body of Nazis—they *had* swept in, only to be driven back, street by street, by the deadly fire from nests of Nazi rearguards planted in every ruins and behind every gaping window to fight a delaying action. The Americans had taken cover in buildings on the edge of town—scarcely a block from where Jim now was. And there their commanding officer had given them a pep talk—all about the high importance of this town, all about how delay in taking it would stall the whole offensive and throw the Allied timetable out of kilter.

Jim recalled now how, taking all of it in, he had felt exalted with a high mission, and, fool that he was, had volunteered to go out and be a John the Baptist to prepare the way for a bold snatch of victory from the hands of defeat. Benny Goldstein, a serious-minded Jewish kid, had volunteered to go with him. They had waited for cover of night, and then had worked their way forward, house by house, building by building, toward a spot in the vicinity of this blasted church, where the main cluster of the Nazi rearguard seemed to be hidden.

Well, he reflected, it had been a great idea while it lasted. Hero stuff and all that. But being a hero was no good when you failed. And *how* they had failed, Benny and he!

HE gingerly touched his face with his hands, experimentally flexed his arms and legs. Over the area, following the blast, there lay a stillness like the stillness of death. He remembered the words of lanky Lieut. General Mark Clark: "There's no place in the world as quiet as a battlefield before a battle." To which Jim added now, "Nor *after* a battle either." In his bitterness he felt sure now there was more "after" than "before" to this engagement. Might as well admit it: the Americans, at

least this particular company, were licked.

Suddenly, a few yards away, he thought he heard a low moan. He listened, and heard it again. "Benny!" he yelled, his voice like a bugle blast on the still night air. Promptly a rattle of machine-gun fire from the nest behind the wall sprayed his hiding-place. But caution fell from him like an old cloak. Turning over on his stomach, he began a cautious crawl forward. Another burst of bullets spattered about him as he came out into the clear. But somehow he managed to find Benny—and a quick examination with his hands told him the kid was unconscious but still alive. Miraculously, it seemed, the Jewish boy had not been killed, though the blast had given him a badly shattered leg.

QUICKLY Jim made up his mind. To stay here was suicide. He must somehow carry or drag his pal to the shelter of that ruined church, the direction to which he hoped he now remembered. He was struggling to hoist the kid when he heard running steps. He instinctively grabbed for his revolver. "It's all right," said a breathless voice in clear English. Strong hands lifted Benny from him.

The steps went away, then were back, and Jim was being led forward, stumbling, crouching. His groping hands touched a wall, then he was led up some steps. "Here we are," said the voice. They were evidently within the walls of the church. Jim's leg bumped against something solid, and his hands felt what seemed to be a bench.

"Sit there, soldier," said the voice, "while I attend to your pal."

"Who are you," asked Jim, "and what are you doing around in all this hell?"

The voice, strong, assured, said: "I'm a Protestant minister. My little mission church was on the next street. The Nazis blew it up before they evacuated."

The minister moved away, and then Jim heard another voice speak, in Italian. "Who's that?" he called out, on the alert again.

"Father Barcelli. This is—or was—his cathedral. They blew that up too, and when he came in to save a few things, they shot him down and left him here. But, fortunately, the bullet did not put him out of action."

THE sound of ripping cloth reached Jim's ears, and then fresh moans from Benny. The minister, evidently aided by the wounded priest, was dressing Benny's leg. Jim sat quietly for several minutes, thinking deeply. Presently he put out his hands and touched an object in front of him. It had a familiar feel. "What's this?" he called out.

"An organ," the minister replied. "About the only thing left intact. Funny, isn't it, that an organ should be spared when everything else is destroyed? An organ's not much good, is it, without a church or a congregation?"

Jim made no reply. But, eagerly now, like an artisan touching tools long lost, his fingers began to move over the silent keys. Snatches of hymns he used to play came to him, and his hands picked out the notes. "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" . . . "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" . . . the stirring strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers." His lips curled a little against the inward surge of peace the memory brought.

He felt the presence of the minister beside him. "Do you play, soldier?"

"Used to. Many years ago. In a little Presbyterian church in my home town," he replied absently, his mind far away. Then: "That was when I used to believe in what the organ spoke," he said quietly.

"You don't—believe—now?"

"How could I? Religion's like—well,

it's like this village, like your church, dead, a pile of rubble!"

The minister's hand touched his shoulder. Then he said slowly, in a low but confident voice: "Soldier, my church isn't dead. Brick and stone—and men—can be blown to bits. But the things of faith never die. It takes more than Nazis to kill them. . . . Excuse me, I must see to your friend again."

It takes more than Nazis . . . Jim turned the words over in his mind. And suddenly he saw the truth of it, the full grand meaning of the little drama being enacted before his sightless eyes. It took a little time for him to get it. But as he sat there thinking, a new vision dawned. A Protestant minister had rescued a Roman Catholic priest, and now together, side by side they were working over there to save the life of a Jewish boy! Working together while the whole might of the Nazis sought to destroy them and all they stood for! Why, all his life he had thought of the three faiths as incompatible. He recalled occasional squabbles that used to break out back home when one faith seemed to be poaching on the preserves of the others.

ALL that seemed far in the past, unimportant now, unreal. *This* was real. *This*, he realized in a flash of revelation, was what the war was all about! To guarantee every man his right to worship as he chose—this against the sadistic mania and cold savagery of a way of life that was pledged to destroy every human right and leave the world no religion but war, no God but the state. This faith, this freedom, was the thing that must not die!

The minister was back beside him. His voice was filled suddenly with a strange excitement. "You said the rest of your company—what's left of them—are not far away . . . perhaps within hearing distance?"

The minister leaned close. "The priest

ells me there's an auxiliary pump to this organ that works by hand. Wouldn't you like to play something—*appropriate?*"

"Would I!" Jim cried, suddenly exalted with the bold plan. "I probably will bring those vultures in the machine gun nests down on us. But then it may . . ."

THE minister moved hurriedly away, and Jim's fingers sought the keys again. And suddenly a sonorous chord sounded out on the still air. Immediately, as though in response, the machine gun behind the courtyard wall rattled, and slugs spattered against the broken walls and pinged through the roofless structure. For a moment Jim's fingers fumbled, then they found the strains he knew he must play.

And out upon the night air there burst the notes of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Jim jerked out more stops, and as the hail of bullets increased, coming now from two or three different directions, the organ, a bit wheezy but with plenty of power, swung into the martial hymn: "*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord . . . As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free . . .*"

For minutes the organ spoke, accompanied by an increasing frenzy of machine-gun fire. It flashed across Jim's mind that the very eagerness of the hidden Nazis to silence this call to Christian arms embodied, in miniature, the whole gigantic struggle of this war. In an agony of ecstasy he played on. He heard nothing but the mighty challenge of the music he

was sending forth like a great bugle call.

Then from behind the organ, where the priest and the minister were pumping bravely, there came a cry. "They're coming, soldier! They're coming!"

It was true. Jim could hear now, above the sounds of the organ, the mighty bursts of a barrage, the blasts from grenades and bazookas that heralded the onslaught of his company as it swept forward, the roar of a hundred young American voices, leaping to the attack. Jim let out a shout and played all the harder, his mind on fire with the words: "*Trampling out the vineyards where the grapes of wrath are stored . . . His truth is marching on!*"

He was so engrossed that he hardly heard the ominous crackle of machine-gun fire close at hand. And he scarcely felt the impact of the bullets that sprayed across the console and froze his fingers on the organ keys . . .

DAYS later—or maybe it was weeks, he never knew—a nurse gently shook him out of a deep sleep. He came awake to hear, as from a distance, somebody reading a citation with words that mentioned "Bravery in excess of duty . . . performing, at risk of his life, an act that turned the tide at a strategic time and place . . ."

But Corporal Jim only grinned. At the hospital they had told him he would soon be well again, would see again. But the last was not too important, he reflected. For his eyes, the eyes of his soul, had seen something they'd never forget.



● Through the aid of the Methodist Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, I received 500 copies of THE LINK last month. I should like to tell you what happened to them.

At this camp, where 3000 different soldiers are sent for training every three days, the opportunity of getting literature distributed is great. As the chaplain's office is easily accessible, the men are able to show their desires by coming to my

tent for the type of literature they need most.

In this particular case, I passed out about 50 copies of the magazine in the recreation area, and then returned to my tent. Within two hours, the other 450 copies had been passed out to other soldiers who had come to my tent to ask for a copy for themselves.

—CHAPLAIN MILLARD G. ROBERTS,
Miami Beach, Fla.



ANCHORS

Awcigh!

Rough seas lie ahead, men! Better haul these four anchors aboard!

By CHAPLAIN ROGER K. WICKSTRAND

THERE are a lot of moral "goldbricks" in the Army. Many service men are living a postponed life. They think solely in terms of when the war is over and they are back home living a normal, sheltered life. But we need to remind ourselves that the living of life cannot be deferred any more than it can be relived. We do not prepare for life; we live it daily whether in school, office, shop or army. It is this attitude that is, to a large extent, responsible for the "let her drift" psychology of the goldbrickers.

Some fellows reason thus: "It doesn't matter what I do while I'm in the Army, for this is only temporary, a mere interlude in my career." But habits formed while in the service will clamor for recognition in civilian life. Does it sound reasonable, for example, to conclude that once a soldier has developed a taste for liquor he will forget all about it when discharged?

There's no denying that life in the Army does challenge one's home training, religious convictions and experience. If these qualities of life are sacred and dear, they are worth fighting for.

To get down to cases, let's look at a passage of Scripture that records the experience of some men on a transport long ago. It's in Acts 27:29, and reads: "Then fear-

ing lest we should have fallen upon the rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day."

Like these voyagers in this thrilling story, many service men left their home ports fearing no evil. Now, having actually embarked on the dangerous business of war, they find themselves in the midst of a terrifying storm. Not unlike the frightened passengers of Paul's ship, they find it necessary to throw overboard a lot of impedimenta in order to keep afloat. Similarly, they are diligently searching for essential anchors to keep their ships above the waves and to ride out the storm. Four anchors were mentioned in the above verse. Let's give them names as we haul them aboard.

⚓ **THE ANCHOR OF HOPE** is a foremost necessity. Life can hurt but not destroy him who has hope aboard. With hope, the roughest storms can be weathered. Out of the present war have come numerous stories of men who kept body and soul together on the strength of this strong anchor. Notable among these is Eddie Rickenbacker and his crew, who were adrift in the South Pacific for twenty-one days without food and water.

Hope sustains life. When things go wrong, when the heart grows despondent,

when life looks futile and contemptible, when you are lonely, when boredom gnaws, when passion snarls, when disappointment grips, when you think you cannot go on—then you must remember to *hope in God* or your ship will go under.

Here is where a man's faith comes to the rescue. In the throes of adversity it is possible to have peace and joy through hope in God. We are indebted to the Psalmist for this gem, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? *Hope thou in God.*"

This kind of hope is not a vague transient optimism which waits for something good to happen. The Christian hope, states Paul, is "an anchor of the soul."

⚓ ANOTHER FACTOR in combating the elements is the anchor of DUTY. Many fellows chafe under duty. There are times when we all rebel against strict regimentation and almost curse daily drudgery. But to be *free* of duty would be a curse. It is one of God's chiefest blessings to mankind. Duty has saved many from shipwreck.

From the day of induction the soldier gets acquainted with the meaning of duty. Drilling, tedious training, long marches, guard duty, "K.P.," eating out of mess kits, sleeping in barracks, being ordered around—all this seems senseless at times. But as we go along we realize that duty keeps us in line, that it is all a necessary part of our preparation.

See yourself for what you are, an important cog in the war machine designed to defeat the Axis, to liberate the enslaved of the earth, to secure a just and lasting peace. Such a conception of your task will add dignity and mission to your life in the service. Moreover, a keen sense of duty is a protection against all manner of evil. As soldiers we have a duty to God, country, home, loved ones—and, above all, to ourselves. Let's perform that duty nobly.

⚓ A THIRD indispensable anchor is PRAYER. No soldier dare board the transport of Life without a strong anchor of prayer. We learn to shoot a gun by firing out on the range; we learn to pray by praying. It is the simplest exercise of the human soul. Paradoxically, it is the most difficult course in the curriculum of the university of Life. Prayer is essential to peace of heart and holiness of character as well as a prerequisite for effective service. There are some things which some Christians cannot do, but all can learn to pray.

"Prayers are measured not by their *extent* but by their *content.*" God is more interested in the petitioner than the petition. The Publican's prayer was short, manly, honest and direct. His prayer was heard and he went down to his house justified.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint." Why? Because it changes us, makes a difference in how we feel within ourselves, and towards others in whom we trust, and in what we do. E. Stanley Jones says, "Our endeavors will follow our prayers." The purpose of prayer is to get God's will done, not just to achieve selfish ends or gratify our whims. Regular prayer habits help us to get on the beam with God, to help Him work out His redemptive purpose in the world.

If more G. I.'s would pray more and gripe less, think more of others and less of self, work harder and ask for fewer favors, they would be better soldiers and get more happiness out of Army life.

Prayer keeps us in touch with the home base. It is like a sluice gate. When open, the water rises, lifting the vessel to a higher level and makes further progress possible. When it is hardest to pray we ought to pray hardest, ever remembering that God does hear and answer prayer today as He did in Biblical times. No man can get up

off his knees after talking with God and be the same.

✚ FINALLY, the CROSS, which in shape resembles an anchor, must be lifted aboard to assure a safe passage and our eventual arrival at the port of heaven. The cross is the very embodiment and proof of God's love for us.

Soldier, go forth and conquer in this sign! This is the cross that towers o'er the wrecks of time. Christ's enemies and contemporaries have long since been forgotten. But He has changed the course of history, thrown empires off their hinges, gains in power and influence daily, is the greatest force in the world today—and He will govern the ages to come.

Soldier, do you know what it means to feel the grip of the cross on your soul?

You say that it is hard to live the Christian life in the Army. It is hard to live it *any* time *anywhere*, but it can be done if you make up your mind. Fall in line with millions of Christian soldiers "marching as to war with the cross of Jesus going on before."

General MacArthur showed great insight when he stated: "Throughout the history of mankind symbols have exerted an impelling influence upon the lives of men. The cross and the flag are embodiments of our ideals and teach us not only how to live but how to die."

Armed with hope, with a profound sense of duty, with prayer and with the cross, you are invincible. These are your four anchors against any storm that will beset you. Haul 'em aboard, men—and do it now!

A Matter of Conscience

THE Christian is a foe to ignorance; he fights it on every front. To get in touch with Christ is to have a mental awakening.

It was certainly no mere chance that 95 per cent of the higher educational institutions of America came out of the Christian Church. Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind." That phrase "with all thy mind" was not in the original Old Testament command; Jesus put it in. Scientists tell us that most of us use only one half of our brains. Jesus would awaken that other dormant half and help us to love God with "all" our minds.

An ignorantly trained conscience is a danger to the world. The conscience is not an infallible guide unless properly trained. It is a capacity within us which decides whether a thing is right or wrong, but *what* it decides as right or wrong is

determined by the training we give it. Paul killed people in all good conscience until his conscience began to be trained under the tutelage of Christ. Then, and then only, was it a safe guide.

We make our consciences, and then our consciences make us. Many people have their consciences trained to be sensitive to very marginal sins and short-comings, and not to be at all acute to central and fundamental sins. They have picayunish consciences which load them with a sense of guilt over trivialities. A truly Christian conscience is a great achievement, as well as a great gift of God.

Not only does conscience approve or disapprove within the framework of what it is taught, but guidance also is within the framework of our intellectual conceptions. To give the safest and highest guidance, our minds must be Christianly informed and trained.—E. STANLEY JONES.

A soldier who's been around takes issue with the rumor-mongers. Might be a good idea to tear this out and send it home!

by

CORPORAL
GENE
THATCHER

Fort Custer, Mich.



Reassurance

THE FOLKS BACK HOME!

On the question of morals, it seems to me that the general public is being very unfair to the service men and service women.

Any statement that the men and women in uniform are not keeping faith with their God as well as with their country is a slander on their character and courage. Such untruths are the deadly poison of fifth-columnists, aimed not only at breaking down morale but at discouraging the enlistment of WACs, WAVEs, SPARs, and others.

I believe my Army travels—from Florida over to California, over to the Hawaiian Islands and all the way back to Michigan—have qualified me to pass on the chastity and reverence of the clear-eyed boys and girls who are defending with their lives all that is religious in America—and, indeed, the world.

First, to set at rest any misunderstanding as to what I am about to say, everybody must realize that the joyful whistle of a boy in the direction of a girl cannot be construed as immorality. It is the natural outlet of our American way of “boy

meeting girl.” And if a girl answers the call by making the friendship of the whistler . . . well, if this is immorality, then we need more of it!

In a minority of cases, it is true, there's a bad soldier. But the record will reveal that for every wayward man in uniform there are a score in “civies.” Much news space has been given to the fact that the rate of youthful delinquency on the home front has jumped tenfold. All in all, I'd say the morals of our young people in the service are well above the average. Veterans freely admit that Doughboy and Doughgirl, 1943, are better-behaved than their 1917-18 counterparts.

Rumor-mongering is the biggest reason for this false idea of our soldiers, sailors, and marines. True, a visitor to one of our training camps will find lovesick boys and girls cooing and kissing on the parade grounds, in the service clubs or wherever else couples foregather, but in most cases it will be found that they are married persons seeking their last moments of happiness. (Incidentally, this public display of affection can be blamed, I believe, on gov-

ernment authorities. They provide guest-houses wherein the wives can get week-end rooms, but a husband is not even allowed to spend time with his wife in the guest-house! It seems to me that if the couple can leave no doubt as to their legally wedded bliss, they should be allowed to spend these few hours together.)



Cpl. Thatcher

The most stirring and accurate damnation of the slanderous lies against our service members was recently given here at Custer by a Catholic chaplain. Speaking to a Sunday audience composed mostly of soldiers and WACS, he said:

To me the greatest injustice being perpetrated against the young men and women in the service is being performed by those who spread the rumors of immortality in our camps. It is a terrible slander. It is up to our women in service to light the way to cleanliness by their godly practices during these days of stress. History has

proved that just in proportion as our women conduct themselves, so Christianity holds up its head—and the men respond with a like conduct.

As for religion, the folks back home need never worry about the prayers and devotion of their far-off sons and daughters. In the Pacific I saw mud-spattered and weary soldiers kneel on damp ground to say their Sunday prayers. I saw others pray to God during services conducted from the rear of a command car, while engines of destruction droned overhead. You'd never forget these moments.

With God on his side, the American fighter is unafraid. And home folks need not fear for him. He's going to win!

And, be it said, religious interest is not confined to the fighting fronts, where, with death ever present, a more serious attitude may be expected. Right here in the States, many are the boys who forsake their Sunday morning sleep for church services. And that's a bigger sacrifice than many civilians realize, since a soldier gets only one chance to sleep late, and that's on a Sunday. They pray with a reverence and seriousness that is gratifying.



I am desirous of adding my compliments to the long list of chaplains and service men who are enthusiastic over your publication. I feel it is fulfilling a great need in uniting Protestants all over the world. One probably will never know the great contribution your League and magazine are making to the cause of Protestantism. The results undoubtedly will be far-reaching.

—CHAPLAIN VANCE D. ROGERS,
Farragut, Idaho.

I never knew how good it was to have copies of THE LINK arrive until they were delivered to me here in the field last night. With all "usual" literature left behind (since we are simulating tactical conditions) the August copies of THE LINK provide a connecting link between God and the men of the regiment. I returned tonight with an empty musette bag after giving away over 50 copies to Protestant soldiers in isolated groups. God bless you in this most important service!

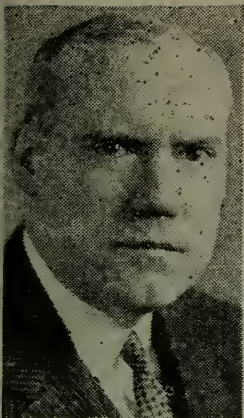
—CHAPLAIN ROBERT A. LUNDY,
Fort Jackson, S. C.

Stationed far away in the Southwest Pacific, I was glad to get my first copy of THE LINK today. I am a Christian, but since I came into the Army I have seen a few mistakes I used to make. I have quit everything that I know is wrong and am now sure I am living a Christian life.

I read and study every day in my Bible or some book on religion. There are so many men all about me that are lost. I do all I can to try to help them. I have gotten a few to go to church with me, but the majority do not go to church. I believe, as we move closer to the front, some of the men will change. I hope after the war more people will turn to Christ and the world will be a better place in which to live.

I am from Greenwood, Mississippi, and have been overseas sixteen months. I enlisted in January of '42 and came over without any training. Some of the men talk of going home. We would all like to go home where we could see our loved ones, but God will help us to get there as soon as possible.

—ROBERT O. DULIN,
APO 913, San Francisco, Calif.



Back from the Fronts

Chairman of S.M.C.L. National Council, returning from world tour of war fronts as the emissary of Protestant churches, reports: "The League and THE LINK were conspicuous everywhere I went!"

By WILLIAM BARROW PUGH

AS CHAIRMAN of the Service Men's Christian League, and the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, I have just completed three months' journey by air, visiting our soldiers and sailors in Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, Great Britain, North Africa, Sicily, Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, Iraq, Iran, India, Central Africa, South America, Panama and the West Indies.

Before leaving I said to some friends, "I know that I am coming back the humblest man in America, because I will have seen our sons and our daughters in such a spirit of devotion to high ideals and high thoughts and loyalty to their duty as is almost impossible to describe." How prophetic that statement was!

No one can make such a journey and not bow in deepest humility before the record of achievement and heroism therein revealed. The world has never seen better teamwork. Every man, every outfit, every branch of the service is working as one unit. The enemy is being struck hard by one solid impact of determination ready to give everything it has for the final and inevitable victory.

In this atmosphere of united endeavor, the Army and Navy are both remembering that in the profession and in the practice of the faith of our fathers lies the only safeguard for our liberties. I met over a thousand individual chaplains at work—earnest, devoted ministers of the Cross—respected by all for their consecrated service. I saw hundreds of chapels and thousands of men attending services in them.

The Service Men's Christian League and THE LINK were always conspicuous.

The historic declaration made by our Commander-in-Chief after Pearl Harbor is being preached and practiced, "We shall win the war and in the peace we shall seek, not revenge, but the establishment of our international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule the hearts of men and nations." With such a spirit America can look forward with sacred optimism to a better day.

HERE IS A *Man* . . . (Concluded from page 3)

every test, and see if this Man is not the world's finest example of manhood.

And because he was a Man—*all* Man, through and through—His life challenged the strong, the adventurous, the courageous. They flocked to His banner, and remained to march beneath it so long as they remained strong. Only hidden weaknesses, cropping out in unsuspected moments to betray their real lack of intestinal fortitude, could drive men from Him. But even the weak He made strong—if they would let Him. If not, they simply fell by the wayside, the once-strong and the always-weak alike. And those who fell? Of them we would say today: "They lacked guts."

Remember, however, before we condemn the weak ones too severely, that His campaign was enough to frighten any man. He set out on no minor mission, no skimpy skirmish. He set out to conquer a world! With that as His "target for tonight," He began in obscurity to set up a beachhead here, a supply line there, a communications station over there.

His plan of invasion was through the human heart.

He had no mighty army, no dive-bombing planes, no plunging tanks, no streamlined battleships. Nobody pinned any medals on Him. Nobody wrote Him up as a hero. Instead, the propagandists in his own country built up a smear campaign against Him that Goebbels himself would revel in. Yet he went on and on—this strong Son of God. Tough? The world never saw, before or since, a man with the toughness of this Man.

"Blood and sweat and tears"? He knew them all, and knew them as we, no matter how badly things go for us, will never know them. Pledged to fight the greatest

fight of all—the fight for the redemption of the world and the deliverance of the human soul from tyranny more shackling than any ever cooked up by all earth's tyrants put together—He went forth to do battle.

With Him there were only a corporal's guard of followers—just ordinary fellows like you and me. On the whole, even they misunderstood His objectives, questioned His strategy, unwittingly blocked His thrusts toward His goal. And in His final and decisive encounter this squad, seized with a bad case of shellshock, left Him cold.

Kings and dictators, fearing Him as they'd never feared each other, vowed to blitz His program off the face of the earth. They sabotaged His every move. A quisling named Judas sold Him out to His enemies. The gestapo of His day hounded Him for three years, and when they finally took Him they put Him through a torture and led Him out to a death more cruel than anything ever dreamed up by the wildest sadist among the little men of Nippon.

But He was man enough! He could and did take it. He could and did *give* it! Though fighting to the death the men whose principles—or lack of them—he hated with all the clean soul of Him, He still never descended to personal hatred or bitterness. He met their worst with His best. They ran Him through with a sword, but He pierced their hearts with forgiveness. They said He was dead, but He strode through death and seeming defeat to life and everlasting victory.

Today, in His army, men march millions strong. And they, and they only, will always be the world's conquerors.

Fellows, it takes a man to follow a Man like that!



A Woman's Prayer

FOR HER MAN

OVER THERE

O GOD, I make this prayer for him. He has gone into war. Let him find the higher meanings of war and not the lower, war's strength and not its ugliness.

Let him find such things as self-surrender for the common good, self-sacrifice for an ideal, such devotion to a cause as shall develop heroism, such patience under hardship as shall create strength of soul, such courage in peril as shall bring out all that is noble and Godlike in him.

Let this war be, to him, an adventure fine and wonderful, an education wherein he shall learn life's deepest lessons, an apprenticeship for ultimate manliness, a training that shall provide him a perfect body, a spiritual opportunity that shall enable his soul to come to its due stature.

Keep him from war's debasements: from excesses that loosen life, from cruelty and brutality that harden life, from lust and drunkenness that rot life, from dishonor, cowardice and all things that make life coarse and common.

If he shall have good fortune, favor

and advancement, give him modesty and the greatness of spirit that shall leave him unspoiled.

If it be deemed by destiny that he shall be wounded, or taken prisoner, or be in anywise unfortunate, may he show that noble spirit which redeems disaster.

And if he fall, if his life be among those that are to pay the penalty of the world's misgovernment, may he die as a hero, leaving to me the memory of his great sacrifice as an undying inspiration.

O God, let him ever feel that my loving thoughts hover about him night and day, as guardian angels.

Make him a help and not a hindrance to his comrades. Make him the pride and not the shame of his country.

And keep him the hope of my heart and nest of my dreams, the chosen one of my love, my treasure of treasures, that I give to my God and my country.

Let me be in every way worthy of him. And bring us, in Thy divine mercy, some sweet day to a blessed reunion, where all these severed, bleeding heart-strings shall be healed and knitted up.

Thou, who art all compassion, hear this cry of a woman's soul for one she loves more than her own life.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



THEY walked along the city street together, hand in hand, so much in love that the street was a lane leading directly to the center of Eden. It was that hour between sundown and dusk. Shops all up and down the street were beginning to close. The boy and the girl weren't saying much—they didn't have to. But there was something in the way in which the boy glanced down every so often, something in the girl's trick of throwing back her head so that the lovely line of her chin was like a flower seen in reverse. There was something too in the way her lashes flickered back until they almost touched her eyebrows, something in the way she smiled.

It was the boy who jerked to a stop in front of the biggest show window on the street. He stopped so abruptly that the girl quavered: "Good grief, Dick, are we playing 'Snap the Whip'?"

If the girl YOU left behind is like the girl of this story, you need have no fear for the future!

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



She laughed and the boy laughed too, though a shade breathlessly, and told her: "Phooey for 'Snap the Whip'—we're playing house! That's the chair I was talking about, Penny. That's the chair I've always been talking about, ever since I knew you. A fellow can relax in a chair like that and read his paper and smoke—"

Penny said, "And get ashes all over the rug and maybe go to sleep if he's had a hard day. It's a nice chair, dear, but the color's ghastly."

"Just like a girl," said Dick, "thinking

about colors at a time like this. It's the slant of the back that gets me, Penny—it's the length of the chair and the width of it. It's big enough for two people to sit in, when you get right down to cases."

Penny crowded close to the window but she didn't let go of Dick's hand. She pressed her nose, button-like, against the pane and squinted her eyes a bit. "Let's see," she mused, "let's see. Maybe they'd do it over in brown for us—sort of a tapestry. Or maybe they have a selection, ready made, inside. With brown we could use gold colored curtains and a neutral kind of a rug, and we wouldn't have to fuss about matching up odds and ends, either. Dick, let's stop in this place tomorrow and ask what colors are available!"

Dick cleared his throat. He said: "Okay, honey, tomorrow it is. Too bad we were so rushed today or we could have taken care of it. . . . You're looking very neat, Miss Penny. I like the face you're wearing."

"Your clothes are very becoming to you," nodded Penny. "I always say clothes make the man! Leaving clothes out of it, I admire the way your hair fits down over your forehead—not too far, I mean. Makes you look deceptively intelligent."

Laughter, muted this time—two mouths laughing in rhythm—then two pairs of eyes studying each other, minus the laughter. Dick said, "We're wasting effort—this complimentary stuff. We know where we stand, but it's where we sit that's vital! We've got a whole apartment to furnish and do it in jig time because . . ."

PENNY'S voice was soft as she completed the sentence. "Because we're going to be married—tomorrow," she said. "It's a beautiful thought, isn't it, Dick? We're going to be married tomorrow, and then we'll be together—you and me, Dick—for the rest of our lives. You and me, Dick—

building a home that's as solid as the construction of that chair in the window."

"Twice as solid, and a million times more durable than any chair," Dick said. "We're building that home on love, Penny—" his voice was husky—"you know—love. The stuff that makes the world go round."

Penny said, "Love? No, dear, that's only a small part of it. We're building it on faith."

"Faith in a crazy universe?" queried Dick. "Love's my platform, Penny. I'm sticking to the original idea."

PENNY'S hand turned over in Dick's hand until the two hands were palm to palm. She said very low, very quietly: "Faith is the original idea. It has to be there or else the love will wear thin at the edges and sag in the middle. Not faith in each other, Dick—we've had that ever since I saw you 'way the other side of the room at that dance where we met. Not faith in things like furniture that money can buy, or the lease that the landlord will write out when we pay the deposit on our apartment. I mean—the larger faith. Faith is something that makes a home possible and love possible and—and living possible. Faith in . . ."

"The future?" asked Dick. There was something suddenly tense in the modeling of his jaw. "Faith in the *future*, Penny?" Penny told him: "Yes, in the future and in the future's security and in—don't think I'm corny—the sanctity of the future. . . . Dick, when we come back to this store tomorrow, to get the chair, we'll pick up a lot of trimmings to go with it."

Dick prompted, "The gold-colored curtains and the neutral rug and a sewing table for you? Is that what you mean?"

"That's what I mean," agreed Penny. "But don't let it throw you! These things, even the chair, are extras. We have the most important items already . . ."

"Such as the doilies in your hope chest?" asked Dick. "So that I won't make smudges when I rest my head on the upholstery?"

"Such as the tenderness I'll give you when you rest your head on—on my heart," whispered Penny. She stood a little straighter. "Hush, somebody's coming out of the store."

It was the owner, a portly man with the fixed grin of a salesman. "I was just closing up," he said, "but I noticed you two standing outside and so—well, if there's anything . . ."

Dick cast a glance at Penny—it was the appealing glance of a male who's trapped—and Penny spoke up, brisk and businesslike all at once. "We want that club chair in the window," she said. "No, don't bother to tell us about the price. We know all the answers when it comes to—to price. . . . No, you needn't show it to us this evening. It'll be best to see it tomorrow when everything's bright and sunny—when the colors will come clear in our minds. When our minds—will come clear."

Dick said, talking very fast, "It's *almost* time . . . Penny, I'd rather you didn't come to the station with me. Penny, I'd rather

I left you near this window, so I can remember you against the home we're going to have when we're—when we're married."

"And that," said Penny, "will be tomorrow—even though tomorrow may be years from now! We're going to be married tomorrow, Dick, and we're going to have that home tomorrow and the colors will come clear tomorrow. Keep the word in your soul, Dick. *Tomorrow*. No matter what happens, no matter where you are. Tomorrow's the thing you're fighting for. Tomorrow's the thing we're both praying for . . ."

They kissed each other solemnly, and then again, with a quick sharp insistence. And then Dick said, "So long. You'll have a card, with my—my forwarding address on it—before you know I've gone . . ."

And Penny said, with her voice as gay as a little red wagon, "Until tomorrow!"

She stood there, leaning back with the chair separated from her by a wall of plate glass—plate glass and what else! She watched youth and romance and dreams stride off, away from her, and when he turned at the corner and waved, she waved back, gallantly. It was only when he was out of sight that she stopped smiling.



"As Ye Would Have Others . . ."

WHEN SOLDIERS come to me complaining of unfaithful wives I listen patiently until the story is ended. I then look straight at them and ask if they have been faithful. Very often the voice of complaint becomes the voice of confession.

Here is an excellent test of the type of life you are living: Would you prescribe your way of life for all humanity? Would you have your wife do unto you as you are doing unto her? Would you have your mother and father and sisters and all your neighbors develop the habits you have been cultivating? If you have not been inside a church for the past six months does it mean you would be willing that all people should cease to go to church and that each and every church should be closed? Would you have all people adopt your way of life?

This is a just and fair test. It may be applied to any religion or philosophy. I suggest that you apply it to your own conduct. When you are about to go A.W.O.L., think what it would be like should the whole army choose to do the same. When you are about to violate some regulation, imagine what kind of a country we would have should everyone adopt such an attitude toward law.

—Chaplain John H. Eastwood in "United Presbyterian."

“What Shall Thy Wages Be?”

By Rear Admiral James Duncan MacNair

A FEW years ago I was asked to address about four hundred young men at a banquet in Drexel Hill, Pa., and I chose as my subject, “The Impatience of Youth.” I had dwelt upon the unwillingness of modern youth to put in the proper length of time to be proficient, and remarked that there was no royal road to learning and that in order to succeed in life a person must have patience and give himself unstintingly to his task. As the basis for these remarks I told the Bible story of Jacob, who supplanted his brother Esau by taking away his birthright and the blessing of Isaac, their father. I told how Esau, angry at being thus cheated, had vowed to take Jacob’s life after the father’s death; how Rebekah, the mother, had sent Jacob into hiding at Padan-Aram; then of the meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the well, the reception into the uncle’s home and finally Laban bargaining for Jacob’s services and asking Jacob, “What shall thy wages be?”

You’ll remember that Jacob agreed to serve Laban seven years for Rachel. But instead of getting Rachel, Leah, her older sister, was forced upon him, and for Rachel Jacob was forced to serve another seven years. The question was asked, “How many young men of today would be willing to serve a prospective father-in-law seven years for the lady of his choice, let



Rear Admiral MacNair, now on the Navy’s “inactive” list, has had a long and distinguished career in the chaplaincy. During World War I, he was chaplain of the 6th Regiment of the U. S. Marines, an outfit that covered itself with glory in the famous battles of Verdun and Belleau woods.

alone fourteen as Jacob did for Rachel?”

When the address was finished the chairman turned to me and said jokingly, “Chaplain, I have often waited seven years for my wife!” While it was said in jest, the very nature of his remark proved the point I had endeavored to make; for, if he meant what he said, it showed that he lacked patience, and his impatience had made minutes seem like hours, hours like days, and days like years. We have to learn that we can’t *hurry* life—any more than the chairman had found he could hurry his wife!

Young men and women interest me supremely. Thousands have come to me for advice, counsel, guidance and heart-to-heart talks. Each one to me was and is a distinct and separate personal-

ity. As I study my young friends, I ask myself: “What is his aim and object in life? What does life mean to him? What is he working for? What are his wages.”

It is amazing how many people go through life without any apparent plan whatsoever. They conduct their lives on a hit or miss mode of living.

Each young person (and each older one as well) should seriously ask himself or herself: “Why am I in this world? Is there a special work for me to do? And, if so, how can I accomplish the greatest good and be of the most service?”

No person, either in civilian life or in the service, should be satisfied with merely earning his pay and no more. Regardless of the task to be done, do it as though it were your very own and do it to the very best of your ability.

It is laudable for any man to strive for good pay, high wages, position, power and wealth; but these alone should not be the chief aim and motive of a fellow's ambition. For the period of your service in the armed forces, of course, none of these rewards are likely to come your way. But even as you serve your country you should be getting the correct slant on life and how to live it worthily, so that when such rewards are again available you will assess them at their actual value.

Every man and woman of you has a role to play in this drama called life, each has his particular task to perform, and it is his business to serve his God, his country and his fellowman to the utmost of his

ability. Each person is a co-worker with God. Each man by his life and by his work makes this old world of ours better or worse, and people richer or poorer, for his living in it. It is up to the individual to decide which it will be.

Do not complain when you are not advanced as rapidly as you think your service deserves. Do not put it down as "favoritism on the part of the brass hats" when you are not recognized for what you figure is your real worth. Weigh yourself in the balance and see if you are not partially or perhaps wholly to blame for what you may call your "tough luck." You may not have given your best, you may have slighted your task or you may not have played the game fair.

One must learn that he reaps what he sows. One must ever bear in mind that when the best is given the best will come back to him. Each must answer for himself, "What shall thy wages be?"

--*{ CRACKING WISE }*--

» The regiment was marching across a patch of desert. All day long they marched under a burning sun, kicking up a cloud of fine sand with their feet. They had been going a long time without a rest when one soldier, so thirsty that he just couldn't stand it any longer, demanded of his corporal: "Hey, buddy, when do we get to the ocean?"

"Ocean!" repeated the corporal. "We're a thousand miles from an ocean!"

"Well," said the soldier disgustedly, "all I can say is, this is a mighty silly place to put such a big beach!"—*Young People's Weekly*.

» An English soldier wrote home: "They put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 575'; they took me to church, made me listen

to a sermon for forty-five minutes. Then the minister opened his hymnbook and said, 'No. 575. Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?' and I got seven days in the guardhouse because I answered I certainly was."—*Watchword*.

» A German patrol and a Danish patrol had paced the same beat so long that they finally had begun to talk. One day the German sighed, "Oh, if only peace would come, so that one could do something besides soldiering!"

"What would you do then?" the Dane asked.

"First I'd take a cycle-trip through Greater Germany."

"Is that so?" said the Dane. "But what would you do in the afternoon?"—*The Churchman*.

Notes

TO SERVICE MEN

ONE thing for which our warriors everywhere are thanking God and the army these days is that you can't learn "bronco-busting by mail"! For if life had become that easy, our fighters would be so soft that even the thought of those three-inch ants would vanquish them completely!

Yes, in spite of the fact that modern science has apparently lain awake nights trying to coddle us humans (as witness the new drug which suspends all stomach action, thus eliminating hunger, for those who wish to reduce!), there remain a few things like brawn, and character, and stamina, and esprit de corps, which must be painfully and personally acquired from within. The bold captaincy of one's soul in meeting personal problems over a long period of time, the gruelling discipline of will and muscles by the army, the knitting of comradeship with those engaged in the present gigantic mission—these things, believe me, cannot be mastered by mail!

Yesterday I received a letter from a high commissioned officer in a peculiar branch of the service. His sincerity cannot be lightly dismissed on the grounds that a soldier "always wishes to God he was some place else!" I quote: "I'm a rugged animal with a capacity to lead. I understand fear and how to overcome it, in myself and in others. I'm sure I'd be of concrete value to that part of the army which actually, physically, takes and holds ground. I'm not being melodramatic about it, believe me. I've tried to analyze my reasons—strong, urgent, compelling—for desiring this special spot, and have failed. Among the strongest of my reasons, I am certain, is my desire to plumb the depths of this fleeting consciousness called Life. My sympathies are wholly with the dirty, tired, elemental infantryman. He has the toughest, least glamorous, and, to my mind, most important role in the army, and I long mightily to be a part of him."

I've known this young man for a long time. His way has been made single-handed and alone, his lot has been what the world would call "hard." His attitude of rebellion against the relative "safety" of his present niche stems directly from the fact that he, like Lincoln, learned all he knows the hard way—definitely not "by mail"!

—Mayo Cornell



The World You Want

—OR DO YOU?

"My Christianity," said the Marine, "has taught me that the answer is always YES to the question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" Here's some stimulating stuff for that S.M.C.L. bull session on World Order!

By STEPHAN H. FRITCHMAN

"I'M sick of fancy advertisements telling everybody that I, as a member of the armed services, don't want any improvements in America! Since when has my country been afraid to grow?"

The fellow speaking was a young Marine lieutenant with whom I was having dinner in New York a few hours before he left for active duty in the Pacific area. He had been reading some ads in popular American magazines, five-color jobs, full-page layouts, very impressive. They included eloquent pleas to leave the broken picket fence just the way it was the day he enlisted, pleas for the right of every American to make a million dollars, letting the chips fall where they may.

The Marine went on: "Too many of us guys have seen houses on our own street that should have been ditched long ago. I'm fighting for a lot of things—freedom, democracy, my family—but also for some fresh new houses instead of some crates built by a phoney contractor in 1906. If getting those houses built means tethering a few boys down to twenty-five thousand a year, it's o.k. with me."

"Why," I asked, "are you so burned up about the ads? Who cares?"

"I care," he replied with vigor. "You'd be surprised how many people think the

writers of such ads know how we're thinking. Besides, those ads are so self-righteous; they spread on the idealism too thick. One of them even started with 'Onward Christian Soldiers' being taught to a bunch of nice kids in a schoolroom. I'm no saint, but I have enough Christianity in my bones to resent a good hymn being used to sell the American people—and us soldiers—the idea that we as a people are afraid of change. My religion stands for change, lots of it, where it's needed. *Now.*"

When we had finished our conversation that night in the shadow of the Grand Central Station, I felt my friend had commissioned all of us at home with some pretty rugged assignments. For he was a fellow who felt his religion really had something to say about the tough problems we face as a people. His religious conscience hadn't gone underground for the duration, not even for twenty minutes!

After he had gone I made some notes on what he said. One of them went something like this: "My Bible wasn't different from anyone else's, and it gave me a religion of people who wanted to get up and go places, to fix what was obviously wrong in the setup around them and get men and women to have a little faith

that God doesn't expect them simply to hang on with their teeth. . . . Didn't Moses go into Pharaoh's brickyards in Egypt and lead the Jews to freedom from their oppressors? Didn't Amos lead off with his right and attack the black markets, loan sharks, and bribe-taking priests?"

In all our discussion there was no debate about the importance of personal religion—the kind that gives a fellow a compass to use in every situation, a faith that produces integrity and moral responsibility. We took that for granted. But we also agreed that religion is *always more than personal*. It has always (since Cain and Abel) said we are members of society. "My Christianity," said my friend, "has taught me that the answer is always yes to the question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" And in a world that can be circled in sixty hours by a plane, the word "brother" has grown a lot. We have gone far beyond Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, who wrote a century ago: "New England is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can take in."

I meet merchant seamen who have made friends with Russians in Murmansk, with stevedores in Liverpool, with Spaniards in the Carribean. The Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes have a new climate in which to operate today—and only with some honest change do they stand a chance which we all want them to have.

Talking with this ex-newspaper man now in the Marines, I had the feeling that he had hold of something mighty important. To a Christian brought up on the parable of the Good Samaritan and "the cup of cold water given in My name" it is no heresy to want to see a quart of milk daily in the stomach of every Hottentot (an idea which so upset a midwestern manufacturer a few months ago). My

conversation left me thinking pretty hard, and I jotted down the following thoughts to see if they made sense in this problem of putting a Christian conscience to work in the kind of a world we have. Three things seemed pretty certain:

1. *Christianity has its biggest job to do today in showing how science, industrial production and democratic government, working as partners, can fulfill the dreams of mankind about equality, justice and freedom.* The Church knows these ideals now can be given feet to walk with by the engineer, the workers in factory and farm, and the trained statesman, if we really get to work.

2. *Christianity believes that you and I and our neighbor are all children of God.* Therefore no problem of building a co-operative world is insoluble. The people can find answers. A world of friendly people can be built now; it is no harder than building a United States of America in the days of the pony express.

3. *Christianity is no purely private affair.* It does reach down inside a man's soul like nothing else, but it never stops there. Like Nehemiah, we all want to shout, "Let us rise up and build!"—build a world with no masters and no slaves, with no superior race theories and no black poverty and deadly ignorance to stop our march to freedom.

All this is no easy task—but neither is winning the war, and we are doing that. Subduing the American wilderness was no easy job. The Empire State Building, Boulder Dam, and *The Hornet* were not easy jobs. And building a world free of hunger, race prejudice and illiteracy will top all those for sheer hard work. But nothing in the prophets, the Gospels or the Epistles promises an easy road to the Kingdom. My friend in the Marines turned a lot of furrows in my mind. I'm still thinking it over.

I'LL SAY WE GOT

Religion!

By **S/SGT. "YANK" CHAPMAN**
(Cartoon by the author)



NICKY, that sorta good-looking kid who just got his sergeant's stripes the other day, received a letter from his folks a couple of days ago. It was a nice letter, the usual "Mom and Dad" kind of writing, you know. They asked about his health, wanted to know if he had enough to eat and if he had warm clothes. Then they asked him if he ever got the chance to go to church "over there."

It never occurred to me before—not until Nicky read his letter to me—that every mother who has a son in the service, especially overseas, must wonder if *her* Nicky has the opportunity to keep up his worship habits "over there." I reckon that a fellow out here just takes it for granted that the people back home know about things like that.

Mothers the country over, "ya ain't got nothin' to worry 'bout"—be your son in the land "down under" or away on top in Alaska, in England, Africa or Italy, or even if he's aboard some ship bouncing the waves on the high seas. He still has the opportunity to attend "church."

The men of the group I'm in, which is typical of any U. S. Army and Air Corps outfit, have had services on a barracks' doorstep in Missouri, on a bandstand in New Jersey, in the bleachers of the Plant Field baseball stadium in Florida, in the beautiful main ballroom of the *Queen Elizabeth*, in the messhall of a crowded troopship on the Atlantic, in a gymnasium



"Come on, fella, we gotta take the next town by noon so the chaplain can have services in a REAL church for a change!"

in England, in the open desert in Africa and in the rain and mud near Oran. Some of our services were interrupted by air-raids and bombings, but as soon as the all-clear was sounded the services were resumed.

It is true that the place of worship does not always compare with the ecclesiastic splendor of the churches back home, but the same hopes, prayers and beliefs are ever present. Our "church" at the present is a tent, and when it rains we move into a barn that is used to brief our flyers.

A chaplain is available to all organizations, whether they're at the front or behind the lines. Some organizations have their own chaplain, and these chaplains move with the men. They can set up a new place of prayer with greater speed than the sidewalk hawker on Times Square can set up his suit-case counter.

An Army chaplain has to be a combination soldier, chaplain, father, mother and friend to the boys of his and other outfits. He never fails to remind the boys to bring all their troubles to him, be it homesick-

ness or rheumatism. And you can wager your last gas coupon that the chaplain has "beaucoup" callers.

Enlisted men and officers alike go to see the chaplain, some come to get a few words of encouragement about their folks back home, some come because of illness in the family back in the States. Others come because the gal back home may have decided that a 4-F'er in the States is a lot better than an A-1 hero in Italy or the Solomons. And then there are those that take advantage of the "friend" sector of the chaplain's big heart and ask for a couple hundred francs or lira—"Pay ya back pay day, Padre."

The chaplain's good-nature and willingness to lend a listening and sympathetic ear to all caliber of troubles has resulted in an Army-wide chaplain rib. Whenever any G.I. makes an innocent (or otherwise) remark that sounds a bit like a complaint, be it about a hole in his sock or because he didn't receive any mail, he is immediately and laughingly told, "Go see the chaplain and get your tough-luck ticket punched!" The "tough-luck ticket" is purely an imaginary ducat, but one of the chaplains had some printed up and passed them around to all the lads. The gesture went over big with the G.I.'s.

In England all of our services were held in the gymnasium; the gym was our "church," a mess-hall table was our altar, and the roar of the Fortresses com-

prised all the music we had for a choir.

Our Christmas services were held outdoors, at the brink of the Sahara Desert. Here the desert was our "church," four wooden boxes that once contained bombs made up the altar, but our choir hadn't changed—the buzz of the Forts was still overhead; like guiding angels they watched over us.

When the American forces pushed toward Gafsa, the chaplain pushed on with them, trying to get into Gafsa before noon so that he could set up for the morning services in a church there. (Unfortunately, Gafsa fell one hour past noon.)

In the foxholes out here, in Italy or the Pacific, it is definitely true that "there are no atheists." Prayer is realistic and profound, and there isn't a soldier on any battlefield in the world that can truthfully say that, at one time or another, he hasn't lifted his heart in prayer.

When a soldier is huddled in a foxhole, with the whine and blastings of Jerry bombs trembling the ground around him, he automatically turns to prayer—and he prays more reverently and more sincerely than ever before.

War, with its bombings and terrors, has reached deep into the hearts and minds of all peoples, many of whom have never prayed before, and has proved to them that we all have religion, though in many of us it has been buried too long beneath disbelief and neglect.



How Tobacco Kills

LET me tell you how tobacco kills. Smokers do not all drop dead around the cigar lighters in tobacco stores. They go away and, years later, die of something else. From the tobacco trust's point of view, that is one of the finest things about tobacco. The victims do not die on the premises, even when sold the worst cigars. They go away, and when they die, the doctors certify that they died of something else—pneumonia, heart disease, or what not.

In other words, tobacco kills indirectly and escapes the blame. What killed General Grant? Cancer. But what caused the cancer in his throat? Smoking! General Lee could not get Grant, but tobacco got him.—*Luther Burbank.*



(Left) Reading the scrolls of the ancient Jewish law

For ISRAEL'S Sons

The Jewish chaplains join with "padres"
of other faiths in teaching by precept
and example the brotherhood of all men

By **CHAPLAIN CHAS. E. SHULMAN**

(Photo of author in inset above)

THERE was one Jewish chaplain in the Navy in the last war; his insignia was the shepherd's crook. Today there are twenty-five on active duty in this branch of our armed service; their insignia is represented by the two tablets of Israel's ancient covenant with God bearing the Ten Commandments. They are scattered over wide areas, including the Alaskan and South Pacific waters and the important shore stations of the country. They add an important link in the chain of morale which binds Navy men close to the ideals of their religion and their land.

Their contacts with men who have never before met Jewish religious leaders produce many humorous incidents which contribute to the rich lore of the Navy. The Jewish chaplains in blue, like their counterparts in khaki, serve to uphold Judaism before their men and to advance the common cause

which has brought so many of our citizens into uniform in recent months. They join hands with the chaplains of other faiths in making effective the common purpose of the men of God in uniform—to teach by precept and example the inspiration of religion in days of crisis. That inspiration comes from shared associations and experiences, and demonstrates in the service, as nowhere else in life, the truth of the great utterance of the prophet Malachi: "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God made us all?"

A ship or shore station constitutes a cross-section of America. On it are young men from every walk of life, from every community in the nation. They represent Catholics, Protestants and Jews, schoolboys and farmers, mechanics and clerks, rich and poor, learned and unskilled. When they come to a chaplain for help or advice

he never begins by asking them what denomination they belong to. It is only when the church pennant flies aloft that each man attends the service of his own religious group.

It is not unusual for the Jewish chaplain to find himself ministering largely to the needs of Christian boys. Chaplain H. Cerf Straus reported, after serving two years at Pearl Harbor, that 80 per cent of the men coming to his office for advice and guidance were non-Jewish, and that he knew this same service had been extended by Protestant and Catholic chaplains to men of the Jewish faith when a rabbi was not available.

"Regardless of Race or Creed"

Such unselfish devotion to the common need is typical of the Navy. The chaplain's concern is for every boy in uniform, regardless of race or creed. His blessing hovers over them all as defenders of the nation. His prayer embraces them all in his vision of a commonwealth where differences are respected and freedom of conscience is an assured fact.

Last Spring one of our great battle-wagons was about to sail from its port of call and return to the scenes where she had experienced so much action in earlier months of the war. There was only a small Jewish personnel aboard, and the members of this group were concerned about their annual festival of Passover which they had wished to observe in commemoration of the ancient exodus from the land of Egypt. The Christian chaplain took care of the matter. He asked for and received in his care several large packages of unleavened bread and some sacramental wine for these men. He also planned to aid them in observing their holy hours by arranging suitable quarters and settings for their Passover feast.

In similar spirit the Jewish chaplains

stand ready to serve Protestant and Catholic needs wherever and whenever called upon to do so.

The larger spirit of common sharing and common destiny under one flag which protects the rights of Catholic, Protestant and Jew alike is one of the bright notes in the present dark age. It relieves our suffering a lot to know that out of the pains of this world conflict America's sons and daughters are learning, through the chaplain's ministry, the greater meaning of religion in daily life. When thousands of our young people are thrown together from all walks of life it is inevitable that some will bring their narrow prejudices and fears with them. It is not very long before they run into the chaplain and observe how the man of God in uniform can be friend, helper and guide to people without proselyting and without demanding anything in return except reverence for God's laws, respect for another's conscience and loyalty to the great American principle of co-operative living which is democracy in action.

Sometimes it takes them a little longer



At Jewish New Year service, Chaplain Shulman speaks while a Jewish seaman "blows the ram's horn" calling Hebrew men of faith to service

He Was a Jew

*If Jesus lived in Germany and plied His craft today,
Doing His honest carpentry in His own perfect way;
Oh, would He find His workshop wrecked by some mad Nordic crew?
His windows labelled: "Men, beware, within there works a Jew!"*

*And if He took those labels down and gathered up His tools,
Set the wrecked workshop straight again that had been spoiled by fools.
And went on working as before, what would the Nazis do?
Would they again insult the Lord because He was a Jew?*

*Or would they take Him from the shop and drag Him down the street,
To a Brown House or secret place where Nazi Brownshirts meet?
And would they strip His body bare and beat Him black and blue
With rubber truncheons—just because He had been born a Jew?*

*And when they had insulted Him and bruised Him at their will,
Would they then send His body back, when hate had had its fill,
To some big concentration camp, and say it was His due
To keep Him from His fellow men—because He was a Jew?*

*He sees the Jewish boys and girls condemned to sit apart
On a back bench in Nazi schools, to feel the stinging smart
Of the taunts of their companions, their blows and bullying too.
He who blessed children feels their pain; their Friend was born a Jew!*

*Behind the veil which hides the Lord from our poor human sight
He stands and views with pitying eyes the Jew in sorry plight,
Hated, despised, insulted, scorned, beaten and murdered too,
They were His brothers when on earth—for Jesus was a Jew.*

BY DOROTHY M. CARTER SNOW

to understand the higher vision and the larger purpose of those who direct the chaplain's activities. There is, for example, the experience of one of our Jewish chaplains who was conducting a general service in one of the large naval areas. It so happened that the chaplain was the only Jewish person present. One of the ship's company stared at the insignia on the chaplain's sleeve—the two tablets bearing the Ten Commandments.

"Tell me, Chaplain," he asked, "Why do you wear that insignia? Why aren't you wearing the cross like the other chaplains?" "Because I am a Jewish chaplain," was the answer. "Oh," said the seaman slowly, "so you've been converted, Chaplain!"

On the foundations of good will and good humor the consecrated efforts of our Chaplains Corps engender a morale in our service entirely free of that inhumanity and intolerance so characteristic of our enemies. When men can joke with each other, as well as labor in harmony with each other, it is possible for those whom they serve to cultivate also a friendly spirit in the performance of their common task.

At my first duty at the Bainbridge Naval Training Station, where the chapel is shared by the chaplains of all three faiths, I had the privilege of performing the first wedding ceremony held in that beautiful building. But my religious paraphernalia had not arrived. The Catholic chaplain loaned me the candlesticks and the Prot-

estant chaplain provided me with gown and altar cloth.

"Rabbi," said one of the chaplains, "this is one for the book. From the Catholics you take the candlesticks. From the Protestants you take the clothing for this ceremony. What in this rite is yours?"

"The Hebrew ethics," I answered, "which we've contributed to both Catholic and Protestant ways of life!" The various faiths come closer to each other in the Navy.

Sometimes the chaplain can serve unconsciously as an instrument for enlarging the vision of those whom he serves. Chaplain Samuel Sandmel of San Diego was riding on a bus some time ago. Sitting next to him was a veteran chief petty officer whose "hash marks" denoted long years of service in the Navy. The chief had traveled far and wide, but he had never before seen the insignia of the officer beside him. Unable to restrain his curiosity, he turned to Chaplain Sandmel and said: "Excuse me, sir, but what in the blankety-blank is this mark on your sleeve?"

"That, Chief, is the insignia of a Jewish chaplain," was the reply.

The chief gulped hard. For a brief moment he was silent. Then he said: "I beg your pardon, sir, if I had known the

answer I would have phrased the question differently." The chief had added living testimony to the slogan "Join the Navy and see the world!"

The chaplains of the Navy are writing a great chapter in the story of America's decisive influence in the defeat of barbarism.

These "men of God" have accepted the great challenge of the hour to minister to the spiritual needs of our boys who bear arms in defense of their country. They are not only upholding the morale of that great cross-section of America in the service, but are also laying the foundations of a better social order. They are demonstrating that it is possible for men to keep inviolate what is precious in their own religious and racial traditions, and still live together in harmonious relationships.

The Chaplains Corps of the Navy is the visible symbol of brotherhood and good will in the armed forces. Out of its influence will grow a community of Americans more appreciative of the democratic patterns with affectionate memories of how their "padres" lived and acted under the stress of national emergency and war. The Jewish members of the corps take pride in the fact that they are sharing this undertaking and adding their bit to such a worthy record.

Racial Superiority

THE moment a man gets the idea that he belongs to a superior race, he starts looking about for excuses to suppress and persecute the people whom God, in His wisdom, made to belong to another race. The exponents of the superior race theory can't prove their superiority except by using force to keep their victims, as they put it, "in their place." And eventually, in order to make good the theory of racial superiority, force passes over into tyranny. And so, if we follow the race-haters, where do we come out? Exactly where the Nazis did—with a theory of unbridled force employed to keep the idea of racial superiority in circulation.

—William C. Kernan

YOU Asked FOR IT!

A COLUMN OF COUNSEL

A girl who ceases to write

I have not heard from my girl friend for several weeks. I do not think that I have written anything to give her offence; I could probably fix things up if I could get home, but I have no liberty coming up for three or four months yet. Her letters have always meant a lot to me and I miss them. Can you help?—B. G.

» I am sorry, sailor, that you failed to send me the name and address of the young lady. I would like to write to her direct; there are some things which need to be said to our friends at home who forget. There are just enough of them who write less and less, and finally stop altogether, to make yours a typical and recurring problem.

Surely you know some other girl who would be only too happy to write regularly to you. A chaplain friend of mine tells me that one of his problems is "protecting" his men from girls who want to write! I realize how much your mail means to you and hope you will find someone to correspond with you.

On "toughness" in a soldier

Just how tough does a fellow have to be to be a soldier?

» This question can best be answered by asking some others. How tough was General Washington? How tough was Gen-

eral Lee? How tough was Sergeant York? How tough is General MacArthur? How tough is General Montgomery?

Get it? They're tough enough to be the best type of soldier and at the same time Christian gentlemen. The toughening processes of the military routines need not extend to the soul. Sometimes what we call "toughness" is a substitute for courage. Particularly, the marks of a "tough guy" become scars on the soul; the marks of a brave man build life-long character.

Wants war aims clarified

I am still not satisfied with the lectures and articles on what we are fighting for. Can you help clarify my thinking? "Democracy" and "The American Way of Life" are pretty vague answers. What is the real dope? This war has already cost me my girl, my chances at Annapolis, a chunk of my nerves and possibly some of my sanity, as well as 25 per cent of my eyesight.—(Initials withheld on Request.)

» I wish I had room for your entire letter, for it sharpens the whole broad question of why we are in this war. And it also brings into focus the fact that, in a democracy, each of us has to answer that question for himself. I have read every expression I have seen from service men on this point. While I am in general agreement with all and in particular agreement with most, I find that none fits me exactly. I suggest that you do some more hard thinking on this subject. All of us ought to know what the answer to this

NOTE: Please do not send to this column questions involving the prospects of your transfer to another unit or branch or arm of the service; such questions and those dealing with military procedures should be taken up "on the spot" and "through Channels."

When submitting questions, please include full name and address. You will receive an answer either herein or by private mail. In all cases, only initials of writers will be used here. Complete anonymity will be preserved for those who request it.

question is for him. We want our ideas to carry over in the peace to come.

Ask your chaplain for the back numbers of THE LINK which carried the answers of other service men (August, September, October, November, 1943, issues). Read them over and then form your own answer. You have lost already more than most of us, and yet less than many. But I am sure that you are capable of winning through to the best solution for you. It may not suit me exactly but my answer would not suit you either, so we are even. But in answering this question I affirm my belief in the God-given and American privilege to think and speak for myself.

When facing temptation

Can you give me an easily remembered phrase to help me check up on myself especially when faced with the temptation to do something which I am not sure is right or wrong, and which in itself may be neither?
—R. A. S.

» There are many of these phrases which have helped men in times such as you describe. "What would Jesus have me do?" "What would my mother say?" "Would my girl-friend approve of that?" "What would I have wanted my father to do in this spot?" Some men use a brief Bible verse or a sentence prayer such as, "Lord, what shall I do?"

There is another way to put the question, "Where does this action lead?" Most of the errors which seem so minute would never be committed if the question had been asked, "Where will this lead?" Try it next time!

When in doubt—don't!

Advice on Marriage:

WHAT about these war marriages? Many men cannot make up their minds on the question of whether to leap into the matrimonial sea or not. It so happens that no matter what the conclusion may be which is eventually reached on this question, there is another old saying which is right to the point: "Look before you leap." Recently, the Rev. Randolph Ray of the "Little Church Around the Corner" in New York, who has conducted more than 2,000 wartime marriages, revealed his list of four "look before you leap signs" to insure the best chance of success for the man and the girl who are planning a marriage in the face of wartime odds:


1. *Do you really know each other?* The qualities which make for popularity at a USO dance may be the very ones which will break a marriage.

2. *Have you similar backgrounds or interests?* This may not seem important now, but it will be important when the man returns to civilian life.

3. *Are you both really in love?* Is it just sexual attraction, perhaps, on the man's part? He may be just as easily attracted by another girl, in fact more easily, when he is 3,000 miles away, and has that "tomorrow-we-die, today-we-live" feeling so natural to soldiers. Is the girl really in love, or is it just sympathy for a gallant boy who may never come back?

4. *Does the girl realize that when her husband returns, he may be a stranger to her?* Almost no one can go through the experience of war without being profoundly changed in habits and points of view. Can she meet these changes with love, and adaptability, and understanding?

—NEWPORT RECRUIT



Freedom OF WORSHIP

Text by WILL DURANT

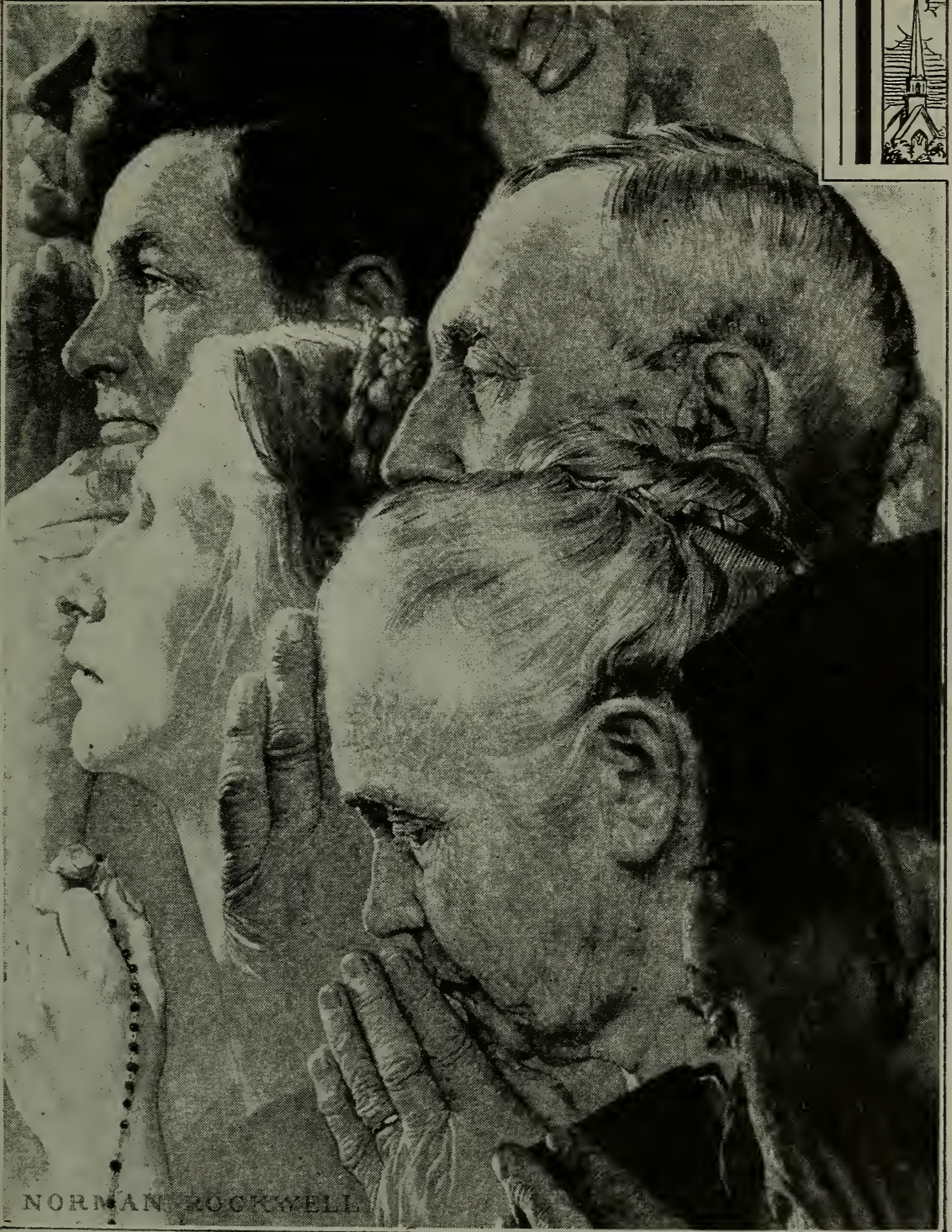
Painting by NORMAN ROCKWELL

DOWN in the valley below the hill where I spend my summers is a little white church whose steeple has been my guiding goal in many a pleasant walk. Often, as I passed the door on weekdays when all was silent there, I wished that I might enter, sit quietly in one of the empty pews, and feel more deeply the wonder and the longing that had built such chapels everywhere on the earth. This little church is the first and final symbol of America. For men came across the sea not merely to find new soil for their plows but to win freedom for their souls, to think and speak and worship as they would. This is the freedom men value most of all; for this they have borne countless persecutions and fought more bravely than for food or gold.

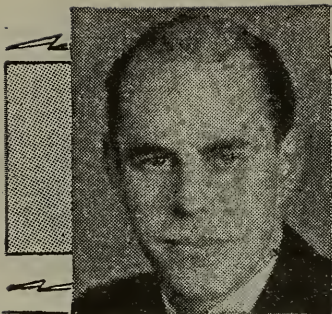
But now suddenly, through some paranoiac mania of racial superiority, or some obscene sadism of political strategy, persecution is renewed, and men are commanded to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto Caesar the things that are God's. The Japanese, who once made all things beautiful, begin to exclude from their realm every faith but the childish belief in the divinity of their emperor. The Italians, who twice littered their peninsula with genius, are compelled to oppress a handful of hunted men. The French, once honored in every land for civilization and courtesy, hand over desolate refugees to the coldest murderers that history has ever known. The Germans, who once made the world their debtors in science, scholarship, philosophy and music, are prodded into one of the bitterest persecutions in all the annals of savagery by men who seem to delight in human misery, who openly pledge themselves to destroy Christianity.

IT is incredible that such reactionary madness can express the mind and heart of an adult nation. A man's dealings with his God should be a sacred thing, inviolable by any potentate. No ruler has yet existed who was wise enough to instruct a saint; and a good man who is not great is a hundred times more precious than a great man who is not good. Therefore, when we denounce the imprisonment of the heroic Niemöller, the silencing of the brave Faulhaber, we are defending the freedom of the German people as well as of the human spirit everywhere. When we yield our sons to war, it is in the trust that their sacrifice will bring to us and our allies no inch of alien soil, no selfish monopoly of the world's resources or trade, but only the privilege of winning for all peoples the most precious gifts in the orbit of life—freedom of body and soul, of movement and enterprise, of thought and utterance, of faith and worship.

If our sons and brothers accomplish this, if by their toil and suffering they can carry to all mankind the boon and stimulus of an ordered liberty, it will be an achievement beside which all the triumphs of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon will be a little thing. To that purpose they are offering their youth and their blood. To that purpose and to them we others, regretting that we cannot stand beside them, dedicate our lives.



NORMAN ROCKWELL



Communique

NEWS OF THE LEAGUE OVER THE WORLD

By Ivan M. Gould

GENERAL SECRETARY,
SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

HAPPY NEW YEAR! On behalf of the National Council of the Service Men's Christian League, I wish you a Happy New Year wherever you may be. It is our prayer that this year may bring us quickly toward a just and lasting peace and that it may hasten the day when you can return to your loved ones.

On January 1, 1944, some of you will be in a desperate battle in which your life is at stake; others will be at lonely outposts waiting for the zero hour or on solitary patrol duty; others will be in hospitals praying for strength and renewed courage; and still others will be in the United States griping at nothing in particular but everything in general.

To you all, wherever you may be, may God bless you and be with you and may His presence sustain you when you are in danger.

Sampson Rates 4.0

This communique is being written on my return from a visit to the Naval Training Station at Sampson, New York. I had the privilege of speaking before an inter-unit meeting of the S.M.C.L. There were six units represented with an attendance of over 600. In the processional each unit carried an American flag in addition to

its own unit flag. These massed colors were an inspiring sight.

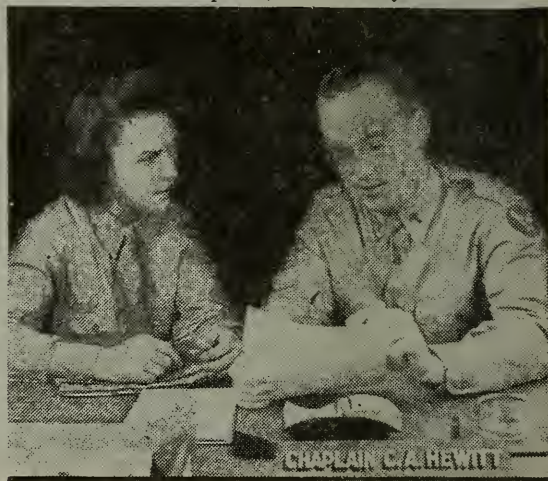
The newly formed WAVES choir sang and five seamen, representing the five group training units of the Station (Robert C. Peterson, R. S. Hatch, Pressly McPhail, George H. Kendall, John A. Hawkins) gave the Call to Worship, the Invocation, the Scripture Lesson, the Evening Prayer, and a talk on the work of the S.M.C.L.

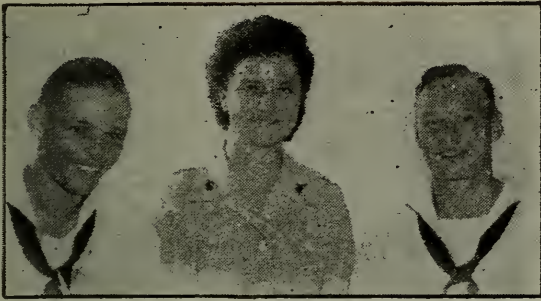
Seaman Hawkins emphasized the fact that the League must be "for and by service men." "The League is yours," he said, pointing to the service men and women in front of him.

It was an impressive and thrilling meeting. **Chaplain W. W. Edel** (Captain, Ch.C,

Chaplain C. A. Hewitt, chaplain at Kellogg Air Field, discusses with his assistant a prospective set-up for an S.M.C.L. unit.

—Official photo, U. S. Army Air Forces





—Official Photo, U. S. Navy

This trio, officers of the Service Christian League of the Naval Air Technical Training Center near Memphis, Tenn., recruited 225 active members in six weeks: J. Ralph McIntyre, S2c, president; Pvt. Laura Allen, vice-president, and S2c Irad Lackey, secretary-treasurer.

USN) senior post chaplain, has done a remarkable job with the S.M.C.L. and, aided by the efficient group of chaplains around him, is conducting one of the top religious programs in the armed services. Dr. Frederick L. Fagley, Chairman of the National Council of the General Council for Army and Navy Chaplains of the Congregational Christian Churches, who was visiting Sampson with me, remarked that the religious program here was superior to most programs held on college campuses before the war.

From our observation Sampson rates 4.0!

We Won't Forget the Seabees

From Chaplain Amos B. Horlacher, USNR, comes one of the most interesting letters we have received in quite a while. He writes from a South Pacific island:

"The realities for us are heat, sweat, rain, mud, insects, tropical disease, blood, and death. We spend our days working and fighting under a blazing sun and our nights in slimy wet foxholes, with the Japs overhead searching out in gorgeous moonlight the precise place upon which to let go a stick of bombs. We are well in advance of the main body of our forces, and every pound of food, ammunition or medi-

cal supplies must run the risk of every attack from sub-surface, surface and air attack. That is the nature of amphibious war.

"But here is a gripe. Why in the name of all that is holy doesn't someone find out who the Seabees are and how these mechanics, drillers, blasters, bull-dozer operators and ordinary laborers—many of whom are over forty years old, are fathers, have sons in the service and never had to get into the fight—are doing more than any other group to win this war in the Pacific. Ask any marine, soldier, or sailor who has been out here. I am not a Seabee chaplain, but I often conduct services for them. And it's a rare privilege!"

So hats off to the Seabees and thanks to Chaplain Horlacher!

In the Maritime Service

We do not want to overlook the work done by the men in the Maritime Service. I suppose every branch of our armed forces and Merchant Marine could tell you why its service is the most hazardous and dangerous. Certainly the S.M.C.L. does not want to neglect any group. This month we are making special mention not only of the Seabees, but also of the Maritime Service. You are doing a great work, and we salute you.

Chaplain Harold W. Arthur (Lt., USMS) writes to us about the League and THE LINK at the United States Maritime Service Radio Training Station on Gallops Island, Mass. He says:

"We do appreciate THE LINK and each copy is passed out to the men and officers, who eagerly read every article. We not only use the magazine to good advantage on our station, but also in Boston. In that city the Maritime Service has a Graduate Station in the Seamen's Club where the chaplains hold meetings four times a week. These men are waiting a call to ship out

and they are very eager to have some chaplain speak to them and give them copies of THE LINK."

Through you, Chaplain Arthur, we send our greetings to all those in the Maritime Service!

Program Suggestions

Every month "Communique" reports S.M.C.L. programs that have been successful. Leading the list this month is the St. Martins Service Men's Christian League under the direction of **Chaplain T. C. Adams** (Capt., Ch.C.). The Secretary and Treasurer, **Sgt. Ira A. Schmidt**, reports the program as follows:

"We have been fully organized for two months under the capable guidance of Chaplain Adams. Our membership includes twenty-one enlisted men and three officers.

"Our program is as follows: A devotional meeting is held each Sunday evening, which is led by one of our members; another member teaches the lesson, after which we have an open discussion on

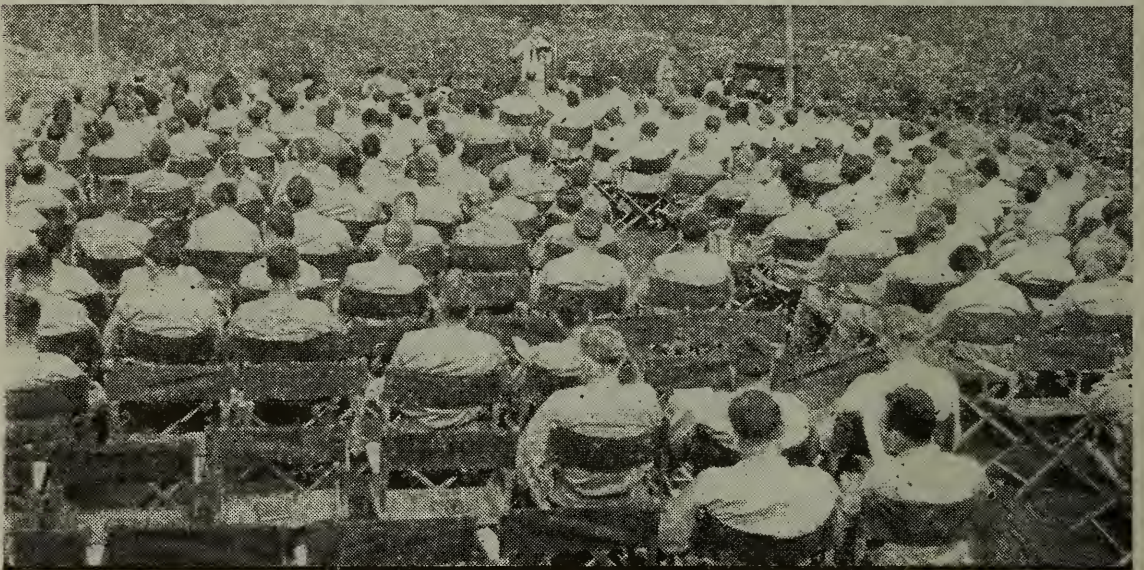
the topic. In addition we sing hymns, join in a word of prayer, and have a period of Scripture reading. On Wednesday evening we have a get-together meeting in which we have an open discussion; this is followed by a Glee Club rehearsal. Twice a month we hold a business meeting. The Glee Club leads the congregation in singing, and also presents special choir numbers.

"For the privilege of gathering together, and for the work of the League and the various sponsors, we are indeed grateful. In times like these and under the conditions in which we find ourselves, this true Christian fellowship will forever be a long lasting memory to each and every one of us. May we always be mindful of the true purpose of the organization, and, with you, may we serve with Christ as our leader."

Preaching Mission

Here is an idea which cannot be carried out everywhere but which might help some enterprising S.M.C.L. units in this coun-

One of the most up-and-coming League organizations we know anything about is that of the 39th Naval Construction Battalion, sponsored by Chaplain Clyde H. DuBose. In the photo below are some of the 350 League members, from both Army and Navy units, who participated in a recent one-day conference for Service Men's Christian League members. The conference was held high in the mountains of an island in the Pacific, and did a great deal to promote additional interests in the S.M.C.L.



try. We are grateful to **Chaplain Robert K. Bamberg** of the Headquarters of the 5th Armored Division Trains for the suggestion:

"I have thought for some time that I would tell you of a few little incidents which have come under my observation in connection with the interest which is growing in the S.M.C.L. and the Christian movement.

"During the early part of this year out at Camp Cooke, Calif., where we were stationed, a small group of the S.M.C.L. met to prepare a discussion on the topic, 'What does God want us to do?' After considering various practical ways in which God could use them right there in the chapel activities, they brought back to the meeting a suggestion for a preaching mission which they would like to sponsor. The idea grew in interest until the division chaplain decided it would be a fine thing for the entire division to sponsor such a program. The program was planned and an outstanding speaker was invited, Dr. Louis B. Evans of Hollywood, Calif. The services were a splendid success.

"Since coming away from Camp Cooke to another station, I received a letter from one of the men stationed there, saying that another such mission had been held with even wider interest and greater success. This all goes to show that our men in the service of the country are still interested in the Christian movement, and the most serious-minded group of men are those in the S.M.C.L.

"Men being transferred from one organization to another still carry their interest in the S.M.C.L. Just recently two fine young men have come to us. These men came by the chaplain's office to inquire if we had a S.M.C.L. They both had been members elsewhere and expressed their delight in this organization for fellowship in Christian service."

Units Expanding Rapidly

Chaplain Theodore R. Smith of the 849th Engineer Aviation Battalion, somewhere overseas, should receive a special citation for his enthusiastic promotion of the S.M.C.L. He makes the following report:

"I am happy to report that we have organized in our battalion three units of the Service Men's Christian League, with a total membership of sixty-seven. We are hoping to organize a fourth and fifth unit at our other company and at an adjacent company in the near future. As the basis for our weekly discussions, we have been using material found in some back numbers of *THE LINK*."

Sorry, Chaplain Smith, that you have had to use some back numbers. Here's hoping you receive this issue on time.

If You Can Do This . . .

Several weeks ago **Corporal Kenneth W. Hardy** of the 315th Infantry wrote to us about the S.M.C.L. unit of which he was a member. We intended to include quotes from his letter in an earlier "Communique," but unfortunately it never appeared. So, "better late than never," we give you these informative paragraphs from Corporal Hardy:

"Just a few words about our recently organized S.M.C.L. group. We organized our group on August 22, 1943, with a membership of 18. The membership has grown to twice that number in the past few weeks, and more are coming in each week.

"Each Sunday afternoon we plan trips to places of interest, after which we go into town to conduct a service in some church where we have previously made arrangements. These services are in the form of a Bible group discussion in which we use the topics printed in *THE LINK*. Our group and the young people's group of

the church collaborate on this program, and it has so far been very successful. Each week a new church is contacted which has a young people's group and arrangements are made for transportation, eats, etc.

"We are located on the desert where we have some extremely adverse conditions to overcome in order to make our group a success. First, we must combat the heat, sandstorms and general weather conditions; next, we must go through channels to conduct these sightseeing tours, getting transportation, passes and eats. Despite these adverse conditions, we have a growing organization, and feel that God is helping us in a great way.

"THE LINK is our most valuable asset, and the men really enjoy reading and studying from it. The magazine is a great asset to any Christian organization, and I feel that it shall be as popular after the war as it is now. Though small in size it is large in value!"

Membership Increases

Chaplain A. L. Thomas of the 277th Quartermaster Battalion writes that the League at the Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation increases in membership with every meeting. We hope other units are as successful.

The men are well organized and are carrying out all the programs and meetings in a most efficient manner. THE LINK plays a great part in the lives of the soldiers of this camp.

"It will be interesting for you to know," says Chaplain Thomas, "that since the League has been organized the number attending has increased every meeting hour, and the programs are so rich and full of spirit that no one is told to bring another person to add to the roll, but their conversations center around the League most of the time, thus causing a steady flow of new members."

To you in New Guinea, some of the faces below will be familiar. For these are the American Army chaplains in that sector, gathered in a tropical setting to confer on religious matters, among them the S.M.C.L.

—U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo



7

LITTLE
WORDS

*And how they are helping to provide
a united spiritual front in America*

PERHAPS you've heard of "the Cape Cod Plan." If not, it's high time you knew about—and joined—this simply conceived but potentially powerful movement. To become a member, you're asked to sign no membership roster, wear no uniform, contribute no money, pay no dues.

You're required merely to do two very simple things. One is to pray three times a day: "Father, Thy will be done through me." The other is to secure the promise of seven other persons to do likewise.

This plan of organization, if it may be called that, may seem so scant that you will dismiss it as unworthy of your attention. So many "movements" have attempted to enlist your attention and membership that you likely have become suspicious of anything that does not present an involved procedure for joining up. But if you will dwell for a while on the possibilities inherent in millions of people, all over the world, praying, "Father, Thy will be done through me," you'll see that there's spiritual dynamite in the idea.

As Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, noted Methodist leader, has pointed out:

"If three times a day we will let surge through our minds the petition, 'Father, Thy will be done through me,' it will cleanse our hearts from secret sin. It will lift us out of our littleness, because it is a prayer for service rather than for self-interest. It will bind us together across sectarian lines, because it is a prayer in which Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jew can join. It will enlist the energy of all, old and young, strong and weak, because it is a petition which can go up

from the sick room and from the shut-in as well as from the pulpit and the business office."

And, Dr. Sockman might have added, it can go up from the foxhole and the jungle as well as from the seminary and the cathedral.

The Cape Cod Plan was not thought up by preachers—though it has had the hearty endorsement of clergymen of all faiths. It was a lay-conceived effort, propelled without funds or organization, and it remains so today.

The idea originated in the heart of Walter Dwyer, an active layman of the First Congregational Church, Harwich, Mass. For many years Mr. Dwyer had been thinking that what this old world needs is not more denominations, not more emphasis upon the things that separate the people of God, but rather some unifying principle that would serve to draw all together in common devotion to our one God. And three years before Pearl Harbor it came to him that if there were only some common prayer that could be uttered by all alike, simple enough and short enough to be easily remembered and repeated, yet profound enough to subtly change the heart of the one doing the praying, that might do the trick.

In a flash of inspiration one day it came to him—seven little words: "*Father, Thy will be done through me.*"

He talked over his idea with some friends, laymen like himself. And soon the idea caught fire in their hearts too. They decided to promote it first in the small town of Dennis, Mass. Then they got the six adjoining towns lined up, and by the time a united meeting was arranged leading business men and the 45 selectmen (or mayors) of Barnstable County, plus the governor of Massachusetts, were plugging for the idea.

The first public meeting of the "Cape Codders" was held in West Dennis on

January 19, 1942. And so thoroughly did each of these charter members live up to their pledge to enlist seven others, that within a few weeks the whole country was talking about it. The National Radio Pulpit featured it, and leading officials of the various Protestant denominations endorsed and help spread the Plan.

Only seven little words—but don't they grip you, fellow? And can't you see how the beautiful simplicity of this brief prayer will not only bless your own soul but help to weld all the Christian forces together

into one mighty offensive on the spiritual front?

Write the folks at home that you and your buddies are joining up; tell your pals about it; do your bit to get the Cape Cod Plan a-rolling in the service. And see how quickly your own religious experience is brightened!

Mr. Walter Dwyer, originator of the Plan, states that he will be glad to reply to letters from service men and women. Just address him in care of the Cape Cod Plan, West Dennis, Mass.



The Answer

By PVT. BARBARA WEBSTER

*They asked me why I joined the WAC,
Why I should leave my home
To live in Army barracks
And be always on the roam.
They pointed out the unseen woes
That cause our storm and strife.*

*I stopped to think and wondered why,
Then like a death toll clear
There came the sound of human cries
And voices raised in fear,
Of bombers winging low o'er towns
That once were proud and free,
Where chaos reigns and quiet mounds
Mark death of liberty.*

*Of famous churches' graceful spires
Now broken in the dust,
Of busy cities razed by fires
And left to rot and rust.
Of peaceful races, now extinct
But for a fighting few
Of bands of people linked in chains,
The purging of the Jew.*

*Of fertile lands and forests green
Where simple people farmed,
Where children played and little dreamed
That they would soon be harmed.*

*I thought of nurses in Bataan
And in New Guinea too,
A boy, too soon become a man,
A uniform of blue.*

*And then I knew the reason why,
A hundred thousand strong,
The WACs will keep on marching by
And always sing a song.
They'll sing a song of victory,
Of peace for tortured lands.
The WACs will keep their nation free—
Help rescue conquered lands.*

*We're proud to wear our uniforms
And prouder still to be
A fighting, loyal and vital part
Of our democracy.*

We Pray

By LIEUT. EDITH M. MCDANIEL

*When all we do seems so in vain,
When fear and hate would dim our eyes,
In spite of want, despair and pain
Lift our vision toward the skies.*

*Grant us the will to still press on,
Gird us with courage and Thy power,
From midnight dark to hazy dawn
Stay Thou beside us every hour.*

*Then, if Thou wilt, grant us the grace
To valiantly face Life's setting sun,
And say, "E'en though I've quit this race,
Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done."*

My Dear Boy ...

Passages from a letter written by Judge E. Rockwood Hoar to his son, Samuel Hoar, who had just started for service in the Civil War. It might have been written in 1944.



Concord, Mass.
December 15, 1862

MY DEAR BOY:

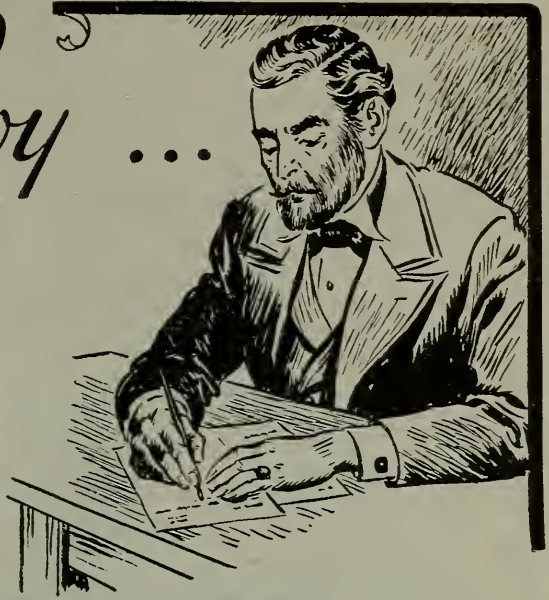
I did not have the opportunity I had hoped to talk with you last evening—and therefore take this opportunity, when we are sending you your mittens and the envelopes which you forgot, to give you a few last words of affectionate counsel from home.

One of your first duties as a soldier will be to take all the care you can of your health. The firmer that is, the better you will be able to do any service, or undergo any fatigue, required of you.

I hope you will never disgrace yourself by any profaneness or obscenity, and will avoid all conversation and companions where they are practiced or allowed.

Try to preserve a cheerful and contented spirit, and encourage it in others. Bear hardships without grumbling, and always try to do more, rather than less, than your duty. You will have occasion to be patient, much oftener than to be brave.

I hope you are going with a love for your country and your cause, and with a determination to be faithful to every duty you have undertaken. My boy, you bear the name of one who to the end of his honored life never shrunk from a duty, however painful, nor from a danger to which duty called him. Be sure that you do no discredit to it!



Remember always your home and your friends—those who will welcome your return with pride and joy if you shall come back in virtue and honor; who will cherish your memory if, faithful and true, you have given up your life; but to whom your disgrace would cause a pang sharper than death. Remember your obligations to duty and to God. And may these thoughts keep you from temptation, and encourage and strengthen you in danger or sickness.

And now, my dear boy, I commend you to God—and to the power of His grace. May God bless and keep you. Think of your Heavenly Father in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow. Go to Him for strength and guidance.

You are very dear to our hearts—and your absence leaves a great place vacant in our home. If it be according to His will, may you come back to us in safety and honor. But whatever is before us, may His mercy and love be ever with you and His grace be sufficient for you.

With deep affection, your father,

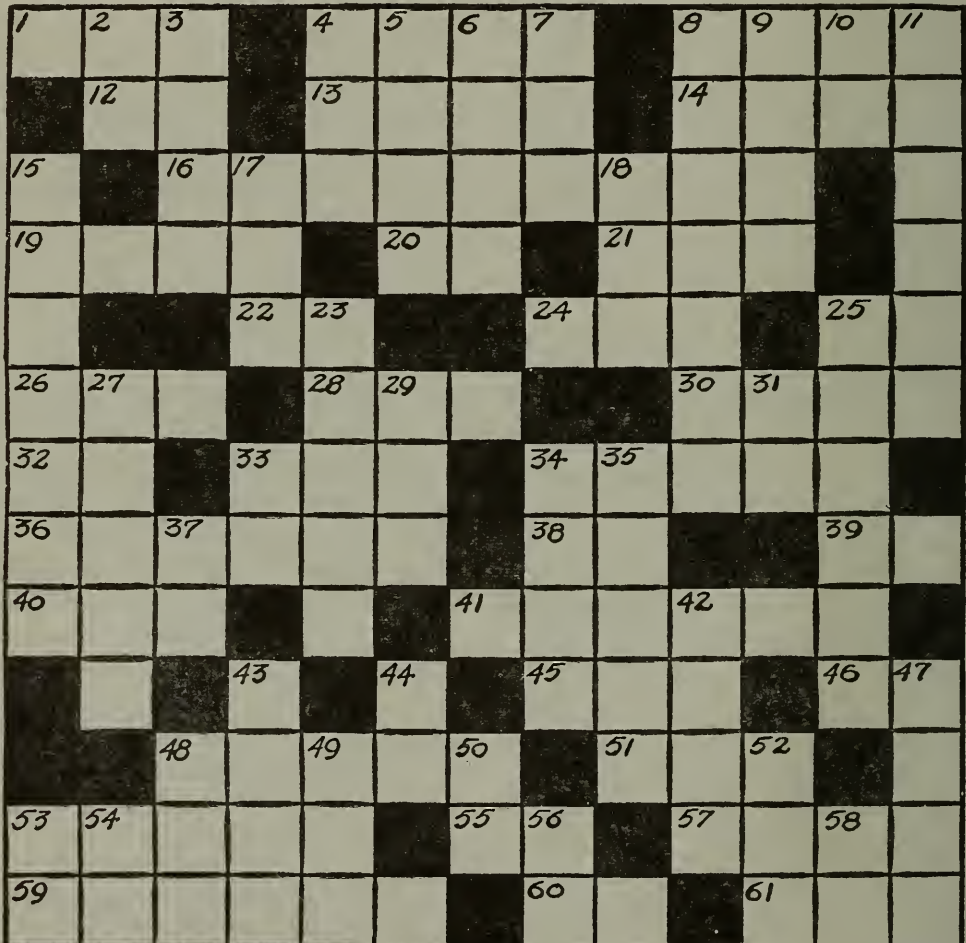
E. R. HOAR.

Our Bible Crossword Puzzle

(Solution on page 64)

ACROSS

1. "Labour of . . . foolish wearie" (*Ecclesiastes 10:15*).
4. "Every . . . will be meddling" (*Proverbs 20:3*).
8. Combining form denoting severe pain (med.).
12. "Ye fools, be ye of . . . understanding heart" (*Proverbs 8:5*).
13. "He . . . no pleasure in fools" (*Ecclesiastes 5:4*).
14. "I . . . unto the fools, Deal not foolishly" (*Psalms 75:4*).
16. "Folly is joy to him that is . . . of wisdom" (*Proverbs 15:21*).
19. "His soul shall dwell at . . ." (*Psalms 25:13*).
20. House of Commons.
21. Relative.
22. Pound.
24. "Said, I go, . . . : and went not" (*Matthew 21:30*).
25. Forest Reserve.
26. Chum.
28. ". . . not vain repetitions" (*Matthew 21:30*).
30. Greek hero.
32. "A man wise . . . his own conceit" (*Proverbs 26:12*).



© WAW Co.

33. "Foolish son is the heaviness of . . . mother" (*Proverbs 10:1*).
34. "O fools, and slow of . . . to" (*Luke 24:25*).
36. "How long, ye . . . ones, will ye love simplicity" (*Proverbs 1:22*).
38. Capital of Moab (*Numbers 21:15*).
39. ". . ., every one that thirsteth" (*Isaiah 55:1*).
40. Nineteenth letter of the alphabet.
41. "Honour for a man to cease from . . ." (*Proverbs 20:3*).
45. Ever (cont.).
46. Right guard (football).
48. Father-in-law of Jacob (*Genesis 27:43*).
51. Pat.
53. ". . . is more hope of a fool" (*Proverbs 26:12*).
55. "Fear of the Lord . . . the beginning of knowledge" (*Proverbs 1:7*).
57. Table-land.
59. ". . . is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king" (*Ecclesiastes 4:13*).
60. "In great fear, where . . . fear was" (*Psalms 53:5*).
61. "To us there is but one . . ." (*I Corinthians 8:6*).
9. Celt.
10. Japanese measure.
11. ". . . poison is under their lips" (*Psalms 140:3*).
15. "But fools . . . wisdom" (*Proverbs 1:7*).
17. Snakelike fish.
18. Son of Hur (*Exodus 31:2*).
23. "Which . . . his house upon the sand" (*Matthew 7:26*).
25. "Foolish son is the calamity of his . . ." (*Proverbs 19:13*).
27. Common herb (*Matthew 23:23*).
29. Compass point.
31. Doctor.
33. High Priest.
34. "And fools . . . knowledge" (*Proverbs 1:22*).
35. "And have . . . exceedingly" (*I Samuel 26:21*).
37. Manuscript.
42. Duke of Edom (*Genesis 36:43*).
43. "Hast no . . . with me" (*John 13:8*).
44. North America.
47. "Wise son maketh a . . . father" (*Proverbs 15:20*).
48. ". . . me not wander" (*Psalms 119:10*).
49. Honey-making insect.
50. Nickel.
52. "Be continually vagabonds, and . . ." (*Psalms 109:10*).
53. Terbium.
54. "Rebuke a wise man, and . . . will love" (*Proverbs 9:8*).
56. Tin.
58. "Heart of the foolish doeth not . . ." (*Proverbs 15:7*).

DOWN

2. "Saith among the trumpets, . . ., . . ." (*Job 39:25*).
3. "Eyes of a fool are in the . . . of the earth" (*Proverbs 17:24*).
4. Fellow of the Horticultural Society.
5. "Hath taken an . . . of him" (*Ezekiel 17:13*).
6. Pertaining to the ear.
7. Lord High Treasurer.
8. Asteriated stone.

(Our text is 1, 4, 13, 14, 32, 33, 34, 53, 55, 60 and 61 combined)

"Put It in the Gripe Box!"

GETTING rid of the ancient custom of griping brought some traditional American ingenuity into play at the Victor Division plant of Radio Corporation of America. Walter Markowski, packing engineer, improved on an idea used in some Army camps and installed a "gripe box." The box has a slot into which workers are urged to deposit unsigned statements of what's wrong. Over the invitation is the sign: "Stop Belly-Aching."

Not a single genuine complaint has been made since the "gripe box" was built, although one girl suggested that electric fans be used to blow out the hot air caused by powder-room sessions, and another used the "gripe box" to get a date. Otherwise, beefing is at a minimum, for when anybody starts it, a fellow-worker says: "Go put it in the gripe box!" The argument stops—and work starts.

—The Nation's Business

Topic TALKS



Subject for group discussion:

LASTING VALUES

(Scripture: Matthew 13:44-52)

• *Questions for thought and discussion:*

- 1. What is it that determines values? Substance? Scarcity? Quality? Usefulness?*
- 2. What makes for changing values? Why are some values only temporary?*
- 3. In the material world a standard of value is placed on silver and gold, for instance. How many "standard" spiritual values can you name?*
- 4. How can you acquire these spiritual values?*
- 5. Does possession really give value? How, then, must we really use these values?*

• *Resource Material*

A FRIEND of mine is a successful merchant. Since he is so successful, he is often asked for the "secret" of his success. His answer is invariably the same: "To be a successful merchant, you must have a keen insight into true values."

If questioned further, he will tell you that these values are determined largely by a careful and complete inventory. To him an inventory is not a mere time of "counting stock," but it is a time of reasoning as well. A careful analysis is made of this annual inventory. Why is some of the stock now on the shelves that was there a year ago? Why is there no demand for it? Does it fill a need? Is it of inferior quality? Does it cost more than it is really worth? Or perhaps it really has value, but there is no demand for it because the buying public does not realize its worth. In such a case an advertising campaign may help. The value of his merchandise lies solely in the price which

he can receive for his goods. Some of this stock may be sold at even less than cost at a "January Sale." Each year some of his clothing that is no longer "in style" is given away to charitable institutions.

And just as careful attention is given to those items that sell quickly. What is the reason behind the demand for them? Is it a current fad? Is it an item unique in its value? Does it appear that a year from now the value will be the same, or more, or less?

The inventory does not include only the articles to be found on the shelves. It also includes a careful survey of new articles on the market. Do they fill a need? Are they better than a similar article I may offer now? How great will be the demand?

Through a careful and thorough study of these things a successful business has been built upon offering to the public merchandise at a price which guarantees "value received." Through the years his custom-

ers have learned they can depend upon his judgment and his word that his merchandise is marked at its proper value.

The Realm of Spiritual Values

The realm of spiritual values is no less real. The history of mankind is the story of man's search after God. The Old Testament is a thrilling and inspiring story of the upward climb to a realization of God's will. The progress is not always upward, the path is not always straight. Each bit of truth was accepted only after long trial. The path of God's prophets was never smooth. The New Testament is the revelation of God to us through the life of His Son, Jesus Christ, and the history of the early Christian church.

It is no wonder that such a Book should be a "best seller." This insistent urge within us to search for the will of our Creator is as old as mankind itself. Every one of us is searching for spiritual truth. The Bible gives to us that truth. It gives us a great deal more than that truth. It gives us the experience of those who have found that truth, and the experience of those who have denied that truth. It gives us the experience of men and women who have been intimate with God. And it further points the way by which each of us can achieve an intimate relationship with the Heavenly Father. In constant touch with His Word, and in constant communion with God himself, we are given the expression of His will by which we can attain a life perfect in relation to our innermost conflicts and desires, perfect in relation to our fellow men, and perfect in our relationship with God the Father.

We Need a Spiritual Inventory

It is not necessary for me to recount the spiritual values that mark a true Christian. Brotherly love, faith, obedience, charity, hope, sacrifice, a life of service to

TOPIC TALKS are designed primarily to furnish groups such as Service Men's Christian League units with lively materials for discussion. A Topic Talk is provided for each week of the month. It is suggested that you adapt the Topic suggested in any manner most useful to the needs of your group. In addition to the questions provided at the beginning of each Topic Talk, any number of interesting queries will suggest themselves to you.

This month's Topic Talks were written for us by Chaplain Ora J. Cohee, chief of the chaplains' branch, Eighth Service Command, Dallas, Texas.

others—all are well-known characteristics of a true follower of Christ. The trouble is that, though we all know them, many of us fail to accept them as the complete and sufficient guide for our lives, living closer and closer to God through His Word and through communion with Him in prayer.

Get in Line With God!

This is a time for spiritual inventory. The utter devastation caused by nine-tenths of the world tearing at each others' throats has caused all of us to give long and serious thought to every phase of man's conduct. Every one is agreed that there is no place in God's plan for one nation to war against another. The trouble lies with man, not with God. Selfishness has caused us to be self-willed instead of God-willed.

We need to take time from our daily lives for a "check-up" with God. All too often we are prone to expect God to line up with us. What we need is to line up with God! True enough, we are willing to line up with God at many points through our lives, but we reserve for ourselves a host of un-Christian attitudes, we persist in a self-centered existence, measuring every action

Bible Rations

The following Scripture passages are from the portions selected for the International Sunday School Lessons. Printed in bold type is the Memory Text. Memorize it!

The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God;

As it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.

And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey;

And preached, saying, There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

I indeed have baptized you with water; but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.

And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him:

And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

And immediately the spirit driveth him into the wilderness.

And he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him.

Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God.

And saying, the time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; **repent ye, and believe the gospel.**

Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.

And when he had gone a little farther thence, he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets.

And straightway he called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.

And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

in terms of *me*. We even try to justify our actions with the excuse that "no one can be perfect." And yet we must realize that none of us dare use such an excuse for failure to bend every effort toward perfection.

In this modern time we do not do enough "searching the soul." We must establish a true sense of values for our daily living. Called upon to live a life more complex than the world has ever known, it is evident that we must put first things first. We dare not clutter our lives with the bright-appearing, falsely colored, self-centered

"values" which under the acid test of crucial living will tarnish and crumble, leaving us with poverty of soul.

A Personal Clearance Sale

How about a "clearance sale" of your false values? In your personal inventory how many false ideas do you have? What do you consider necessary to happiness? Money? Fame? Personal achievement? Can you really be "poor but happy"? Is happiness itself your chief aim in life?

We are taught to "love thy neighbor as thyself." Do you have any exceptions to

this teaching? Are you living a life bound by prejudice? Can you afford to bind your life and restrict your usefulness by harboring a load of unfounded, bitter, and unfair prejudices? Do you think you are a little bit better than someone else? Do you think the white race is superior to the black race? (Remember that the Nazi ideology which we consider the very antithesis of Christianity is founded upon the idea of a superior race.) Or do you think that knowledge is character, and because a person may not be learned he cannot command your respect? Or do you have "reservations" about those who approach God in a different manner from yourself?

These are searching questions. Our fathers used to talk a great deal about "besetting sins." Now a besetting sin wasn't a sin that was particularly vicious or terrible, but it was a sin that held a particular attraction for a particular person. It is indeed fortunate that *all* of us are not subject to *all* the sins there are! Each of us has a problem all his own. Temptation comes to us in different ways, all of them subtle and attractive. Do you reserve for yourself some secret sin? God asks for complete surrender to His will.

The value of money lies in what it will buy. Until money is exchanged for the things we need, it is useless. I am reminded of the advertisement picturing a jeep driver in the middle of the African desert waving a handful of money and saying: "A month's pay for a Pepsi-Cola." His money was useless. No matter how much of it he may have had, it was impossible for him to exchange it for what he wanted. Because he couldn't spend it, his money was valueless.

Our spiritual values too are useless unless they are spent. They do not achieve value until they are used. "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it" (Matthew 10:39). The essence of Christian living is a spent life. The battle is between self and others.

Your spiritual inventory is based on God's values. The "pearl of great price" for which we are willing to sell all we possess is a life of service to man and to God. All that we possess that centers on self is the price God asks of us. But the reward we shall gain is a closer kinship to God, and the bringing of this world closer to His Kingdom.

*9*F. as Queen Victoria once said, the Bible was the secret of England's greatness, it is in a fair way to becoming the secret of China's greatness in the years ahead. The present Chinese Government is developing the postwar China by what they call the "New Life Movement," which is as frankly and openly based upon the Bible as was the Puritan movement in England. This glowing fact is a triumph of Christian missions. For the New Life Movement is not a beautiful dream of China's two famous leaders. It is shared widely in the high official circles of the government. In "Who's Who in China," one name in every six is the name of a Christian. And, more than that, every other name in this list of China's leaders is the name of one who has attended a Christian school. Add still another fact, that the thousands of students in the state universities of China are eagerly reading the New Testament; and still another, that, in China's incredible expansion of the movement, no price is too high for a Bible among the intelligent leadership of China. It all points in one direction—the enthronement of the teachings of the Bible in the policies of China's leaders of tomorrow.—Francis C. Stifler.

Subject for group discussion:

CAN A GOOD SOLDIER BE A GOOD CHRISTIAN?

(Scripture: Luke 7:1-10)

• *Questions for thought and discussion:*

1. *Is war ever justifiable? If so, under what circumstances?*
2. *What is the first requirement of a good soldier?*
3. *Can you think of a number of good consequences that come to nations and individuals from fighting a just war?*
4. *Can you find in your Testament the soldier's equipment prescribed for a Christian?*
5. *Will you cease to be a soldier when the war is won? Will you wear a different uniform, use different weapons, and choose a different leader and enter the battle on a new front?*

• *Resource Material*

The following timely reflection, written in 1941, is from the pen of an English clergyman:

"We have been a pleasure-loving people, dishonoring God's day, picnicking and bathing—now the seashores are barred, no picnics, no bathing. We have preferred motor travel to church-going—now there is a shortage of motor fuel. We have ignored the ringing of church bells calling us to worship—now the bells cannot ring except to warn us of invasion. We have left the churches half empty when they should have been filled with worshipers—now they are in ruins. We would not listen to the ways of peace—now we are forced to listen to the way of war.

"The money we would not give to the Lord's work now is taken in taxes and higher prices. The food for which we forgot to say thanks now is unobtainable. The service we refused to give God now is

conscripted for the country. Lives we refused to live under God's control now are under the nation's control. Nights we would not spend in watching unto prayer now are spent in anxious air-raid precautions. The evils of Modernism we would not fight—now we see what Germany, the seat of this teaching, has produced."

The Christian Attitude Toward War

The above statement is an eloquent commentary on those of us who call ourselves Christian. You will find that it is worth re-reading, and then reading again. It is an indictment, not against Christianity, but against a great multitude of people who are nominal Christians. When we accept Christ as the Son of God and the Redeemer of the World we enlist ourselves in that tremendous struggle of the forces of right against wrong, first within our own lives, and then in the cause of righteousness.

Our Christianity must be an all-consuming desire to surrender our lives under Christ's leadership to win the world to God. Jesus said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." The sword which Jesus sends us is the Sword of the Spirit. Armed with this sword, and under the leadership of the Son of God himself, we go forth in the cause of righteousness and brotherhood.

Fighting No Easy Business

To fight any kind of battle is no easy business. Most of us will wait a long time, circumvent the issue, enter into a compromise, or quit the fight and surrender to a friend, a neighbor, or another country. We love peace so much that we refuse to fight. We build for ourselves an illusory defense that other peoples and other nations desire the same peace and the same ends as we do ourselves. France put her faith in the Maginot line, the most formidable defense ever built; having built it, she lulled herself into a sense of security which invited her tragic downfall. How terrible it is when that upon which we have rested every confidence and every faith crumbles into dust! God grant we do not lose hope as well.

The fight against the forces of evil is not won behind a wall of self-righteousness. To win this fight we must engage the enemy. Jesus did not send us a shield, but a sword. Because we have lulled ourselves into a sense of security while the forces of evil have gathered their strength, we have had to exchange the Sword of the Spirit for tanks and planes and guns and ships. Because of our indifference it has become necessary to move our theater of operations from the field of the spirit of mankind to the bloody battlefields of the Pacific, of Africa, and of Europe. Because we would not sacrifice a little, we must

now sacrifice thousands of men's lives.

Who can measure the cost of war? The cost of this raging tumult will be beyond all comprehension. The resources of the world are being thrown into the cavernous jaws of the god of war. Millions of men will pay the supreme sacrifice, and many millions more will sacrifice a portion of their usefulness, while many will return only to be a care of the grateful government which sent them.

But the consequences of war are not all bad. The terrible results of war need no elaboration or discussion. There are consequences and lessons, however, which have untold value for us as Christians, and opportunities which only come for us in such a tragic time.

War calls into being virtues which so often lie dormant in time of peace. We achieve a new sense of patriotism, of bravery, courage, self-sacrifice. We see an indelible picture of our duty toward others. We admire the patriotism which calls forth the sacrifice of life for our country. We unite in homage to our heroes. Under the stress of war we look beyond ourselves, realizing that there are more important values which must be defended or lost. Religion itself has a new meaning.

Better Soldiers and Better Christians

During the first World War we learned lessons of supply and economical use of food and materials which are being repeated today. There are other lessons of immediate value to us as Christians. War causes us to unite in a common cause. We have learned anew that in unity there is strength. Co-operative effort advances to achieve a common purpose. Those who worship God, in whatever manner—Catholic, Protestant, Jew—realize their common purpose in achieving the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God. The physical war against intolerance and hatred is paral-

Bible Rations

The following Scripture passages are from the portions selected for the International Sunday School Lessons. Printed in bold type is the Memory Text. Memorize it!

And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils.

And all the city was gathered together at the door.

And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him.

And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.

And Simon and they that were with him followed after him.

And when they had found him, they said unto him, All men seek for thee.

And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth.

And he preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils.

And there came a leper to him, beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, and say-

ing unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean.

And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him and he was cleansed.

And he straitly charged him, and forthwith sent him away;

And saith unto him, See thou say nothing to any man; but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.

But he went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places: and they came to him from every quarter.

I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.

leled by a spiritual warfare. In the Army we learn to live together, no matter where we come from, no matter what our manner of thinking may be. In the face of danger we learn to depend on each other, and to appreciate more than ever the dignity of man.

Incidentally, to be sure, war brings benefits in the field of invention, production and medical science, which under the compelling force of necessity advance far beyond any normal rate of progress. These are secondary benefits, it is true, but we ought to recognize them.

We often hear the statement that war brings hate. There is indeed a tendency toward hate that must be reckoned with. Hate is a weapon of war, and lying propaganda is used to foster the spirit of hate. But I think the truth of the statement is that hate brings war. As Christians we have the right to hate only one thing—sin

—not the people who sin, but sin itself. Christ died upon the cross to show us just how much God hated sin. The doctrine of Christianity is the doctrine of love. While we may hate the things our enemies stand for, we must love our enemies themselves.

War takes us outside ourselves. One of its chief values lies in the way it forces us to regard anew our relations with other peoples around the world. As never before, all of us are thinking seriously and deeply about human relations with peoples of every color, every race, every creed. The story is an old one. Many have been the plans devised in an effort to secure peaceful relations. History has shown us the results of enforced peace. Likewise we have known the consequences of following those groups who would have us withdraw into a self-righteous shell without regard to the lives and problems of others.

For nearly two thousand years the world has been in possession of a plan. Furthermore, the plan of Christ has been given conclusive proof. This plan has been proven enough to convince us it will work on a large scale. All plans have enemies, and the plan of Christ is no exception. What is the greatest enemy of this plan? Is it any or all of the pagan religions? Is it some other system of philosophy? Is it the liquor question? Is it our political system? These are minor enemies to this plan of redemption. The chief enemy of this plan is a *secular* way of life on the part of so many Christians. We have failed in the past because we have failed to surrender ourselves to God's plan.

We Need Soldiers for Christ

The successful prosecution of this war will require millions of soldiers. It will require also a tremendous quantity of weapons for these soldiers to use—guns, ships, planes, and tanks—weapons to combat every menace to victory. Even more, it will require the faith of these soldiers in the cause for which they have been enlisted, a faith that the victory is worth the cost, and that it will be complete and final.

The battle for righteousness needs soldiers, too. It needs soldiers willing to dare and willing to risk. It needs soldiers well

equipped to battle against wrong. It needs soldiers willing to sacrifice—not only their lives given up in death, but willing to offer themselves a living sacrifice, to give up their selfish desires to the will of God.

The Christian's Uniform

The apostle Paul has outlined for us the spiritual weapons we need. Using the uniform of a Roman soldier as a simile, he has told us of the uniform each soldier of Christ must wear. All of us are hoping for a speedy end to the devastation that has come upon the world. All of our resources are directed toward a victory over the enemy. We are confident that in a while we shall have peace. But unless we enlist again as *Christ's soldiers*, and unless we are willing to wear the *Christian* uniform, we cannot assure ourselves that the time may not come again when the forces of evil will gather strength enough to again bring upon us the soul-trying times of blood and sweat and tears upon other battlefields in other times.

Our Scripture reading for this week's topic tells us of a Roman captain who possessed abounding faith. We too have faith in the Master. Obedience to His commands will achieve the victory over all the forces of evil. Under His leadership we commit our lives to fight for the Kingdom of God.

Difference in Definitions

Man calls sin an accident; God calls it an abomination.

Man calls sin a blunder; God calls it blindness.

Man calls sin a chance; God calls it a choice.

Man calls sin a defect; God calls it a disease.

Man calls sin an error; God calls it enmity.

Man calls sin fascination; God calls it fatality.

Man calls sin an infirmity; God calls it iniquity.

Man calls sin a luxury; God calls it leprosy.

Man calls sin a liberty; God calls it lawlessness.

Man calls sin a trifle; God calls it a tragedy.

Man calls sin a mistake; God calls it madness.

Man calls sin a weakness; God calls it wilfulness.

Subject for group discussion:

A MODERN PARABLE

(Scripture: Matthew 13:1-43)

• **Questions for thought and discussion:**

1. Why do you think Jesus used so many parables in His teaching?
2. What are the requirements of a good parable?
3. Are Jesus' parables forceful today? Why?
4. Are there any parables in the Old Testament? Can you give an example? How many of Jesus' parables can you name?
5. How many "modern" parables can you give?

• **Resource Material**

A short while ago I was privileged to visit a factory which manufactures beautiful art tile. At one end of this factory the trucks bring in the clay which forms the basis for this industry. The clay is mixed with water in a machine not unlike a dough mixer. When the mixture has reached the right consistency, it is taken from the machine and placed into molds according to the size of the tile planned.

Before it is completely dried, the design of the picture to be used is drawn on the tile from a pattern conceived by the chief designer. After the pattern has been marked, the surface of the tile is painted with a series of chemicals which will later give to the tile the colors desired. This process completed, the tile, still drab and colorless, is left to dry.

A day or two later, when all the water has evaporated, about a hundred tiles are placed in the kiln and fired under intense heat for many hours. The kiln is cooled down, and from it the formerly dull and uninteresting tile emerges a hardened, viv-

idly colored picture—a picture which has been glazed into the tile itself, reflecting brilliant hues and colorings of a master workman.

Modern Parables

All around us in our everyday lives we can find modern parables of life. Indeed, some of the experiences we have teach us a lesson so forceful that their meaning is inescapable. Other experiences are so common and so much a part of our being that we oftentimes fail to recognize the spiritual truths that the most commonplace happenings may teach us. The dawn follows the night. The seasons follow their course. The flower which has died will live and bloom again in the spring.

If we but look about us, God has lessons for us which we can translate from the material to the spiritual. Because these lessons are so close to our intimate daily life, they serve as constant material reminders of the truth and the promises which God gives us.

The factory which I visited obtains its clay from the immediate countryside, just outside the door. We too have a common beginning. Our Declaration of Independence states: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." No matter how distinguished our lineage or how humble may have been our ancestors, in God's sight we are equal. A distinguished family with a great record of achievement is indeed something of which we may well be proud. But the record is not ours. We begin with nothing. Our names shall bear the record of our accomplishments. From the very humblest of beginnings it is possible to achieve greatness in God's sight. Read again the story of a life which began in a one-room log cabin in Kentucky and ended as the President of the United States. And this against a series of defeats such as come to few indeed without crushing the spirit.

We Are Molded and Marked

From the time we are born, we are molded and marked throughout our lives. Indeed, some few are so unfortunate as to be born so misshapen as to restrict their usefulness, and some others in the journey of life must accept the loss of some part of their being which most of us consider to be vital. But the mark is physical, after all. Many are the names of those whose spiritual being has triumphed against seemingly overwhelming physical odds. Their lives serve as an inspiration to those who likewise must fight a battle lacking some of their equipment; and to us who are "fully armed" their lives tell of a courage that lends us a new spirit in our own battle of life. Think of Helen Keller. Remember Charles Steinmetz, the little hunchback who was a giant in the field of mathematics and electricity.

Though most of us are not physically handicapped, we too are molded and

marked. We start to develop our character from the moment we are born. It is surprising how quickly even a small baby learns to express its will and gain its own ends. The influence of parents must begin early to shape its life. The chief molding of our character remains in the home. During our formative years we learn from our parents our first and most lasting lessons in living. With other children we begin to learn the lessons of sharing and fair play. At school we learn to use our minds to acquire knowledge, and we learn to think for ourselves. At Sunday school and at church we learn of God and the spiritual experience of mankind in its search after God.

"When First We Practice to Deceive"

Nor must we forget the bad influences that mark our lives. Life has to be lived, whether we will or not, and none of us can escape temptation. Usually we are very young indeed when we attempt a lie to avoid punishment. The more we succeed the more we attempt. "O what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive." A father has illustrated this to his son in an unforgettable way. He presented to his son a carefully finished, hand-rubbed, mahogany panel. For every lie, a nail was driven into the board. For every fault acknowledged, a nail was removed. At first there were a number of nails in the board each week. Gradually they were fewer and fewer until at last there was not a single nail remaining. But the panel still carried the holes where each nail had marred its beauty. That son never forgot that he could not remove the mark which a lie had made on his character.

The influences which shape our lives are acknowledged by us all. To recount or classify them as good or bad is not the issue. It is seldom that the choice between right and wrong is difficult. The impor-

Bible Rations

The following Scripture passages are from the portions selected for the International Sunday School Lessons. Printed in bold type is the Memory Text. Memorize it!

And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.

And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the sabbath day that which is not lawful?

And he said unto them, Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungred, he, and they that were with him?

How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?

And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath:

Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a

withered hand.

And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the sabbath day; that they might accuse him.

And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth.

And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath day, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace.

And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out: and his hand was restored whole as the other.

And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

tant thing is that we make the proper choice. As adults, at least, we make this choice ourselves. It is within our power to choose those things that will broaden and benefit our lives for good.

A Design for Living

Can you imagine a picture without form or plan? There are people who seem never to have thought of a form or plan for their life. They have never questioned the purpose of their living, but are content to drift with the tide of circumstance. A plan of selfish gain may be the motive of some. These are the ones who say they did not ask to be born; the world owes them a living, and they are going to collect it. Quite often they do, if material things constitute a living. We are now at war with a nation whose leaders believe the rest of the world is destined to be the slaves of a master race.

The very word religion provides a design

for living. In Greek it means "to bind again." Bind again to what? To bind ourselves again to the God who made us. Alone we are insignificant. Who has not thought with the Psalmist: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him" And again: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God."

The design God gives us is clear and beautiful. Its lines are the lines of truth. In fulfilling His design, we attain oneness with God, and bind ourselves to Him. The beauty of God's design will be reflected by beauty in our lives. As Christians we accept the plan of His Word. As we seek, we shall find God's way. His spirit shall be with us, and if we wait upon the Lord, He will guide us in the path of His love.

A Time of Testing

Under the intense heat of the kiln, some of these tile break and crumble. Others have imperfect coloring, and must be discarded. A few achieve such lustrous beauty they astonish even their designer. If they are molded and traced aright, the fire serves to bring out their hidden beauty. This is a time of testing. As individuals, we are tested by sacrifices we did not dream of a few short years ago. As a nation, we are being fired in the terrible crucible of war.

Will the design of your life withstand the test? Some will crumble, some will emerge with false colors and distorted lines, but some will shine forth in the dazzling glory of a life surrendered to the Master Designer, a tribute to His workmanship.

In our Scripture reading, we dealt with the parable of the sower, the wheat and

the tares, the mustard seed, and the leaven. The secret of Jesus' parables lies in the fact that He used the simplest illustrations. What could be more familiar than the tasks of their daily lives?

But must we confine ourselves to the parables we read in the Bible? Why not a parable "according to you"? Write a parable of your own. A heart open to God's will can indeed find "sermons in trees." Because you have written it, and because it springs from your own everyday experience, it will continue to be a spiritual blessing to you.

Why not have an original parable contest in your S.M.C.L. unit? Your experience is worth sharing with others. List as many Christian attributes as you can. See how many of them you can illustrate. Let them serve you as a constant reminder as you strive to live closer to God.

Religion Is No Killjoy!

RELIGION is never a killjoy. All God means to kill is the ugly, the mean, and the sinful.

Yet many think the sadder they are, the safer. They go around with faces as long as wet week. But sanctimoniousness is not sanctity.

There is more religion in a hearty laugh than in a grouch. Let there be more joy and less jaw.

I remember seeing in a religious weekly in England a few years ago an advertisement by a lady and a gentleman who were going to take a trip around the world. She wanted to engage a companion, "Christian woman preferred, but she must be joyful."

Can you imagine anything more ironical than this—and the sadness of it. One chief characteristic of a true Christian is happiness, smiles, laughter. "The joy of

the Lord is your strength," and "Then was our mouth filled with laughter."

There are far too many briars and thorns in this life. People do not draw close enough together for fear of getting scratched. What religion is meant to do is to take the scratch out of us. Less briars, more roses, more violets, lilies of the valley, and perfume of the beauty of the Lord.

I say this in spite of the fact that I know that there is no real Christian life without its sorrows and its suffering. Through my life God means to bring refreshment and inspiration to those about me. After the storm we see the rainbow of hope, and he takes the sorrow out of the heart by removing the curse of sin.

Religion was never meant to make an undertaker weep. Let there be joy!

—GIPSY SMITH

Subject for group discussion:

HOW GOD WORKS

(Scripture: Acts 1:6-12)

• Questions for thought and discussion:

1. Does God speak to people today? In what manner?
2. What are the qualifications necessary for one to work with God? Do you have to be a minister or a preacher?
3. What do you consider to be your chief talent as a Christian?
4. How much of your time do you consider you should spend in God's work? Explain your answer.
5. What do you expect as a reward for your labors?

• Resource Material

There is a legend concerning the meeting between Jesus and the angel Gabriel when Jesus had finished his work on earth.

Upon meeting Gabriel at the gates of heaven, Jesus exclaimed, "It is finished."

The angel queried, "Have you saved the world?"

"No," replied Jesus, "but I have left my plan with eleven disciples. They will tell others. These will tell still others, until the whole world shall be redeemed."

"But," said Gabriel, "one disciple has already failed you. If these others should fail, have You another plan?"

Jesus answered, "I have no other plan." Then, with an expression of utter confidence upon His face He continued, "They will not fail me."

God Works Through Those Who Love Him

The above legend is but one of many concerning Jesus. It portrays to us the inescapable fact that, as disciples of Jesus, we are responsible for the coming of the King-

dom of God. It is a responsibility we cannot and dare not shirk. The words of the legend are true. *There is no other plan.*

As Christians, we have the faith that Jesus is supposed to have expressed to Gabriel that we shall not fail. We are honestly striving to carry out the mission which Jesus has entrusted to us. Altogether too often we *do* fail. To possess the faith and the hope of the coming of the Kingdom of God is certainly a necessary thing. Our faith and our hope must imbue us with a will to serve. The Kingdom of God will be hastened in direct proportion to the surrender of our lives to Christ. If you believe in Jesus, that is what Jesus expects of you.

How easy it is for us to follow our own way, considering ourselves quite competent to run our own lives without God! Then come difficulties, hardships, sorrows, and the realization that there are times when we must look outside ourselves for strength and guidance. Perhaps we have neglected

to pray at all until now. But now we are praying. Our words may be few, but God understands them. Through His love for us, He comforts us and again sets our feet upon the right path.

Often in such a crisis God is expected to perform a miracle, and at one stroke to remove all the obstacles in the path of our selfish life. In bitterness we declare that the day of miracles is over. But the miracles of today are far more wonderful and awe-inspiring than most of the miracles Jesus performed while He was on earth. By the miracle of radio a voice is heard around the world. The miracle of penicillin and the sulfa drugs has already saved countless thousands of lives. Nonetheless, they are *God's* miracles, performed by men of faith—even to the removing of mountains. And through our faith, God can perform the greatest miracle of all—a changed life.

God's Materials

Do you consider yourself inadequate for God's purpose? So did Moses. Do you feel that someone else is better qualified and should assume the responsibility? So did Moses. What kind of talents can God use?

He can use our hands. God needs hands to work for Him. He needs hands to prepare the daily food for mankind. He needs hands to build the houses in which we live. Jesus Himself worked as a carpenter, and taught the world the dignity of labor. He needs the hands of the artisan and mechanic, able to produce the machinery to give to the world a more abundant life. He needs the skilled hands of the surgeon to carry out his mission of healing the sick, causing the blind to see and the deaf to hear and the lame to walk. He needs the hands of the artist who can portray for us in another language the voice of God in music, in sculpture and in painting.

He can use our voices. God needs our

Bible Rations

The following Scripture passages are from the portions selected for the International Sunday School Lessons. Printed in bold type is the Memory Text. Memorize it!

And he began again to teach by the sea side; and there was gathered unto him a great multitude, so that he entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land.

And he taught them many things by parables, and said unto them in his doctrine,

Hearken; Behold, there went out a sower to sow:

And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the way side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.

And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth:

But when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away.

And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred.

And he said unto them, **He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.**

And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground;

And should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.

For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.

But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.

And he said, Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it?

It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth:

But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.

voices, spoken and written, to proclaim the gospel of Jesus. He needs the voices of those who can persuade the world to follow Him. He needs voices to proclaim the right and decry the wrong. He needs voices of sympathy and compassion to a suffering world. He needs voices of hope for mankind and voices to spread His promise of salvation.

He can use our knowledge. God needs our knowledge to release the world from ignorance. He needs the knowledge which pushes back the curtain of the unknown to release to mankind new discoveries of His wonders and His truth.

He can use our possessions. God needs our possessions to relieve the hunger and want and distress in the world. He needs our possessions to care for the widow and the fatherless and the aged. He needs our possessions to carry out the commandment of Jesus to witness for Him unto the uttermost part of the earth.

How Much Does God Expect of Us?

How much of our time, how much of our possessions, how much of our talent, does God expect of us? Do you feel that as a soldier you are fulfilling the will of God? Do you long for worldly possessions? How much time do you spend seeking personal enjoyment?

Dwight L. Moody was determined to see what God could do with a life completely surrendered to him. His message for Christ, given around the world, will ring in the ears of generations to come. A willing tool in God's hand, millions have been reached through his life alone. God expects all that we have, our life and our being, in service to Him.

We need to believe. First we need to believe in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ. We need to worship Him in spirit and in truth. We need to acknowledge Him as our Maker and the Ruler of the world.

We need to confess. We need to confess our sins to God. Believing in Him as the Author of our being, we must acknowledge our shortcomings in His sight. If we truly believe, we shall present a contrite heart to our Lord and Master.

We need to accept. We need to accept Jesus Christ as our personal Saviour and the Redeemer of the World. We need to accept His plan of salvation for ourselves and for the world.

The Aids Which God Provides

As Christ's disciples, we are not alone in the task of winning the world. Accepting Jesus, we have the promise of God's help and strength. Our own strength may fail, but God's strength never fails. If we call upon Him we can win the victory.

He gives us His Word. Our Bible gives to us the Word of God Himself. In it is recorded the history of the struggle for righteousness. The voice of the prophet, the faith of the psalmist, the life and teachings of the Son of God, and the beginnings of the Gospel around the world are recorded. It contains for us God's laws and God's promises. It gives to us a glimpse of the Kingdom of Heaven under the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

He gives us His Spirit. God gives us His own Spirit within us. He sends to us the Comforter, that part of His own divinity which will keep us in accord with His will. We are promised that His Spirit shall never fail. Just as far as we will open our heart, so far will His Spirit enter into our lives and motivate our being.

He gives us His voice. God gives us His own voice, speaking to us in prayer. Prayer is communion with God. So often we speak to God, and do not wait for God to speak to us. We need to "wait before the Lord." We hasten to say our prayers are not answered, never having listened for

the voice of God. He gives us His voice, if we will but heed and listen.

The Reward for Service

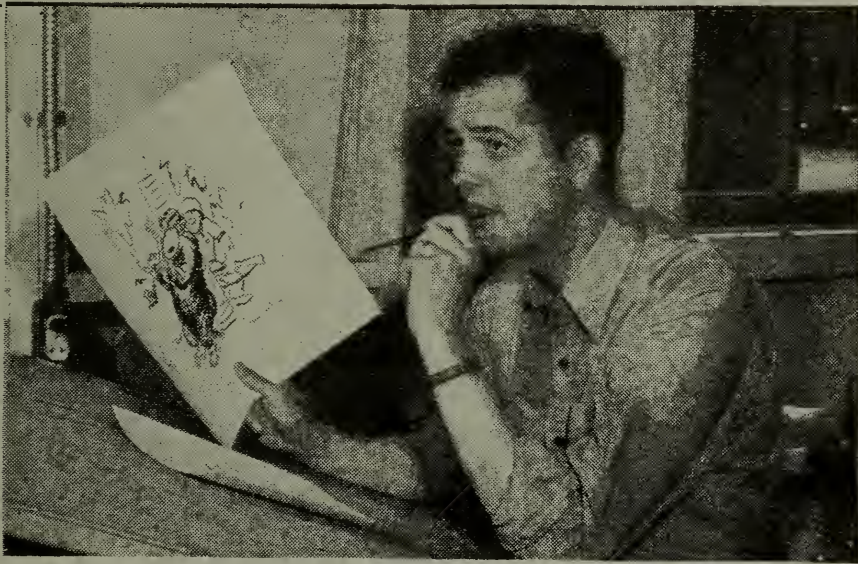
We are called to a task which will demand our lives in the service of the Master. The way is not easy, and the burden is often heavy. In the light of worldly values we are called upon to give up that which we once held to be joy and satisfaction. What shall be the reward for the sacrifice of our life?

Our first reward is peace—the peace that passeth understanding. It is a peace which God bestows on our souls that cannot be shaken. Have you been searching for true joy? It is hidden within the peace which was proclaimed at Christ's birth.

Our second reward is an inheritance of life. The life which God gives to us is life eternal. It is a life not bounded by this world, a life in God's universe. It is a life with God Himself, that knows no death, in which you are a part of the Kingdom of Heaven itself.

In our Scripture reading the disciples asked Jesus to restore the Kingdom—the miracle we ask of God. Jesus replied, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

The very miracle which the disciples asked of Jesus is being performed. Are you having a part in its accomplishments?



Possessed of a talent for cartooning, Lt. (j. g.) Thomas C. Arthur of the Chaplain Corps, USNR, employs it for the amusement of marines on the post at Jacques' Farm, Calif., where he is on duty. Although many of his cartoons have much merit, he has never attempted to sell them. His drawings are posted on the library bulletin board several times a week for the enjoyment of the marines who like to see their activities given a humorous slant by their chaplain's talented pen. Chaplain Arthur, 29, has been drawing cartoons since he was a six-year-old in a family of eleven at Brewster, Ohio. He drew sketches for school publications at the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio, before he entered Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh, Pa., to study for the ministry. He was minister at the Presbyterian Church of Bentleyville, Pa., before receiving his navy commission. (Official U. S. Navy Photograph.)

Subject for group discussion:

THE TECHNIQUE OF BEARING OUR BURDENS

(Scripture: Matthew 11:28-30)

• Questions for thought and discussion:

1. What are some of the burdens you have to carry?
2. What do you consider the heaviest burden you have to bear?
3. What are some of the burdens the world must carry? How can we help to lighten them?
4. Do you think you could ever have a burden that would be too heavy for you to carry, even with help?
5. What responsibility do you feel toward other people's burdens?

• Resource Material

On many occasions I have watched teams of oxen ploughing the fields of Texas. With a long curving yoke resting on the neck, they pull the plough. Sometimes their work seemed effortless, but sometimes they strained at the yoke, and a close examination would reveal that the yoke did not fit. If the yoke did not fit properly, it was impossible for the oxen to pull a heavy load, and even a light load was difficult. The wise farmer fits the yoke to his oxen very carefully, so that he may be able to pull heavy loads with ease.

The Paradoxes of Jesus

The paradoxes of Jesus afford an interesting study. Their true meaning is sometimes hidden. But when it is revealed we understand Jesus better, and His teachings take a new meaning for us.

In our Scripture reading for this topic, Jesus said, "I will give you rest." Yet when we accept Christ, life is not thenceforth easy. Jesus does not attempt to take

away our burdens. Human experience tells us that every life has burdens to bear. As we grow older, life becomes more serious, and our burdens grow heavier. The time comes in every life when our burdens grow too heavy for us to bear alone. Adjustment must be made within our lives to fit our souls to the increased task.

What Are Our Burdens?

A yoke implies a partner, and our Scripture offers to us the yoke of Jesus to lighten our burdens. If our yoke is easy, the burden will be light. If our yoke is irksome, even a very light burden is difficult to bear. Because the yoke Jesus offers is easy, with Him as our partner, our burdens will be light.

What are some of the burdens that all of us must carry? All of us have the responsibility of maintaining our Christian character. The world is all about us. The ways of self-gratification appear pleasant. The highways of sin are broad and well-

paved. Temptation is attractive.

Every person must carry a burden of temptation through life. If we toss the burden away we do not live a true man's life. The living of a life which is true to the best we know carries with it many burdens which would impede our progress toward truth and light.

Social duty is a burden which none of us can escape. We have built around us a society which is constantly making increasing demands upon our lives. It is a society we must live with, and in it we are expected to "play our part." Sometimes we feel our part is to "keep up with the Joneses," and we add to our problems other problems which hang about our neck and keep us from achieving the goal for which we are striving.

This does not exhaust our list of burdens. Many are the lives laden with sorrows and disappointments and grief. Nine-tenths of the world is at war. Lives already laden with burdens calculated to bear us down must add still heavier burdens of grief and sorrow of loved ones lost.

The amazing thing is how well some can carry the heaviest burdens with ease. But see how utterly incompetent others are to carry even a little! The difference lies in adjustment.

A Partner for Our Yoke

Jesus is waiting to share His yoke with us. He is waiting to teach us how to carry life's burden, no matter what may befall. Let us think first of the burden of personal character. As soon as we begin to learn right from wrong, as soon as we become conscious of our moral nature, this burden is laid upon us. But our nature is far from entirely moral. Our heredity, our environment, our animal sense give us a nature that is often far from moral. Against it we must struggle up toward the divine.

Goodness does not just come to us.

Bible Rations

The following Scripture passages are from the portions selected for the International Sunday School Lessons. Printed in bold type is the Memory Text. Memorize it!

And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.

And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.

And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?

And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

And he said unto them, **Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?**

And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him.

While he yet spake, there came from the ruler of the synagogue's house certain which said, Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any further?

As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe.

And he suffered no man to follow him, save Peter, and James, and John the brother of James.

And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly.

And when he was come in, he said unto them, Why make ye this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.

And they laughed him to scorn. But when he had put them all out, he taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying.

And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi; which is, being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto thee, arise.

And straightway the damsel arose, and walked; for she was of the age of twelve years. And they were astonished with a great astonishment.

And he charged them straitly that no man should know it; and commanded that something should be given her to eat.

Goodness is cultivated. Our moral and spiritual nature must be carefully tended and nurtured. We have a will of our own, and we may choose to shirk the task of building a spiritual life. When we shirk our task we surrender our manhood. Those who fail to recognize this task constitute the lowest elements of our society, devoid of character.

He Did Not Bear It Alone!

This same burden was a burden for Jesus as well. Read again the story of the temptation in the wilderness. The more we become conscious of Jesus' true mission, and the more we realize the tremendous obstacles that were placed in His path, the more we appreciate the very reality of His temptation. But Jesus did not bear His burden of temptation alone. His yoke was His belief in His mission and in the will of God for Him. That yoke of His faith in the Heavenly Father and His own divine purpose enabled Him to resist temptation.

It is so easy to become weary in the struggle of life. To perfect character is a toilsome effort. As we grow tired we grow weak, and our moral urge is defeated. Our moral nature itself seems puzzling to us.

Learn the lesson from Jesus. The same burden of building character was His. That burden was given to Jesus and to us by God. But God has promised that we shall not have burdens greater than we can bear—with His help. With the yoke of Jesus our load is lightened. With Jesus as our Partner there is no temptation we cannot overcome. Living close to Him, no devil can take us captive.

Let us always be aware of the resources of the infinite life. There is an ever-present helping Hand reaching down toward us to lift us up. When our load is heavy, let us reach for the hand of the All Powerful. There is nothing so tragic as a life apart from God. Lay your burdens before Him

in faith that through His strength all things are possible.

Jesus had a burden of social duty. His life is the supreme example of self-sacrifice in service to mankind. There was a yoke to lighten this load too. It was His oneness with humanity. He knew the hearts of kings and fisherfolk, of queens and harlots. His all-pervading love for every being lightened the burden of a life spent for us.

His task is now our task. How many of us cannot adjust ourselves to such a burden! It means the curtailment of privilege and luxury and leisure. It means giving up all our selfish motives to the service of our brother. It is the burden we must accept if civilization is to be saved. The yoke of Jesus is the only way we can lighten the load. What Jesus did for men and the burdens He bore for men were done willingly. The load was not grievous because He loved the doing of it: It was easy because His life was identified with others.

Because we have not been willing to bear this burden, now the burden is heavier than ever before. It continues to grow greater and greater. It is imperative that we lift up men into the pathway of light that shines more and more unto a perfect day.

Other Burdens We Must Bear

There are many other burdens that fall to the lot of mankind. Disappointment, tragedy, sorrow, loss of faith in others, and, worse still, loss of faith in ourselves weigh us down with care. Most of these burdens we cannot shirk nor change. We must accept them because we cannot avoid them.

Through our burdens we come to realize our best selves, or we utterly fail. Many sink into bitter discontent and a futile rebellion against life. From that point onward, life holds no meaning for them.

They cannot live with others or with themselves.

Others, however, place their burden on Jesus, and use their very tragedies to serve the purpose of further enriching their spiritual life and character. They are new conquests in the field of character. They climb atop the bitter load to the sunshine of God's promise and God's love. The victory is supreme.

It is Jesus' behavior in disappointment that makes His life divine. Jesus' life was a series of disappointments. Those around Him did not understand even the most

simple of His teachings. But from the beginning Jesus knew that His home was not here.

We too are not living a life in this world. We are living a life in a world eternal. Bound as we are by this earth, we forget our divine mission. It is God's plan that we shall bring His Kingdom. Our home is in God. If we fill our hearts at that fountain we shall carry strength into whatever we have to do and whatever we have to suffer. Close to Him, success or failure, joy or sorrow, will be divine.

"We Must Hate Hate!"

By Harold L. Ickes, *Secretary of the Interior*

ONE cannot but sorrow over the state of the soul of the man who, proclaiming himself to be a Christian, spews hate upon the Jews. For Christ Himself was purely and exclusively Jewish. And so were all of the twelve disciples. Out of Judaism, with the finest moral system of its time—a moral system which prevails to this day—Christianity sprang and developed. Without Judaism there could be no Christianity.

The earliest Christians were all Jews—men and women who were inheritors of and who were raised in the tradition of Judaism. If Hitler had been in the seat of Pontius Pilate he would not only have condemned the Man of Galilee to death, he would have confined in a concentration camp all of the twelve apostles, excepting only Judas Iscariot, the Quisling of that time.

We Christians do hate "a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, and a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, and a false witness that uttereth lies, and he that soweth discord among his brethren." We hate these things with the righteous hate of the Christian. But more than any-

thing else we hate *hate* as the chief evil in the world today because hate makes fertile the seeds of ugly growths—envy and spite and false witnessing; of blood lust, of cruelty, of slavery not only of the body of man but of his spirit.

Here is a clear challenge not only to our fellow Protestants, but to other Christians of every sect or variety—to Jews, to Gentiles, to rich, to poor, to white, to Negroes—to array themselves in defense of our liberties and our Christian civilization. We can take care of our would-be traitors and our cowards if they are kept isolated from those to whom they would betray us. Especially should all Christians realize, before it is too late, that racial and religious hatred, particularly anti-Semitism, is *their* deadly enemy.

Let the word go forth not only that Protestantism answers hate, but that Jews and Gentiles also answer hate; and that all, in answering, declare faith in the doctrines and civilizing influences of the greatest Jew, Jesus; who is, as He always will be, the link between the two great religions that have made our Western civilization what it is. —From "The Mediator"



various wives, pointing out—in what good shape their husbands are, and how about drafting them?—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

» Two U. S. soldiers, sightseeing in London, were walking down Whitehall. They wanted to see the War Office but did not know on which side of the street to look. They hailed a passing Tommy and asked: "Which side is the War Office on?"

The Tommy thought a startled moment and replied: "Gorblimey! Ours, I think!"

» First Sailor: "Want me to dig you up a girl for tonight?"

Second Sailor: "No, thanks. I like mine alive."

» A story comes to us about some United States Marines at Guadalcanal. A Jap officer, harassed by a Marine sharpshooter on top of a hill, despatched his entire platoon to knock off the leatherneck. Shortly, the platoon returned, minus several men—and without the Marine.

"Why have you come back?" the officer demanded.

"So solly," spoke up a Jap non-com, "but there were *two* Marines."

» A Bostonian was showing a visiting R.A.F. flyer the sights. The tour included, of course, the Bunker Hill Monument. "This is where Warren fell, you know," he explained.

The British flyer shaded his eyes and looked up to the top of the monument. "Nasty drop, that. Killed him, I take it?"

» "They tell a story about a soldier on guard duty the first time. He heard a strange noise, fired at it, then called out, "Who went there?"—*Ernie Pyle.*

» While it is impossible—and very unsafe for American domestic serenity—to reveal the names involved, nevertheless we can tell you that more than 850 letters have been received by the local draft boards from

» Two Marines of Irish descent were going into battle against the Japs for the first time, and their captain had promised one dollar for every one of the enemy they killed. Pat lay down to rest while Mike watched. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mike's shouting, "They're coming!"

"Who's coming?" Pat muttered drowsily.

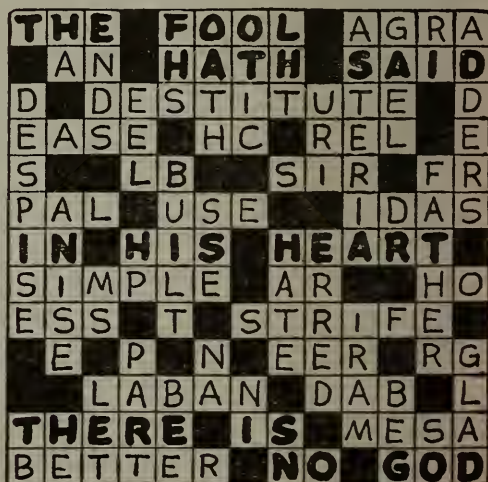
"The Japs," replied Mike.

"How many are there?" asked Pat.

"About 50,000," said Mike.

"Begorra," cried Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"

Solution to puzzle on page 42



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MY Master

LEAVES FOR War



THERE goes the boss. Gosh, I don't know why, but I feel as though I'd like to die. He found me shivering, cold and alone; he took me in—gave me a home. I know that something is amiss, look at the tears of Mom and Sis. Hey, there's his girl—she's crying, too; I wish there was something I could do. We didn't go on our morning walk; I noticed a catch when he started to talk. He used to smile when I'd wag my tail, but even these clowning gestures fail. There must be something on his mind. Look how he stopped and stared behind at Mom and Sis—his girl and me. Whatever can the trouble be? He's on the train; he's looking still. Don't worry, boss—I'll guard them till you return. I'll do my best till you come home. So long, boss!

By

Private

RICHARD
WINFIELD

1001 Field, Ill.



A Soldier's PRAYER

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, holy feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,
*(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy
cheek.)*

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

*(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thine agony of bloody sweat?)*

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
*(From Thy pierced palm red rivers
come.)*

*Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea,*

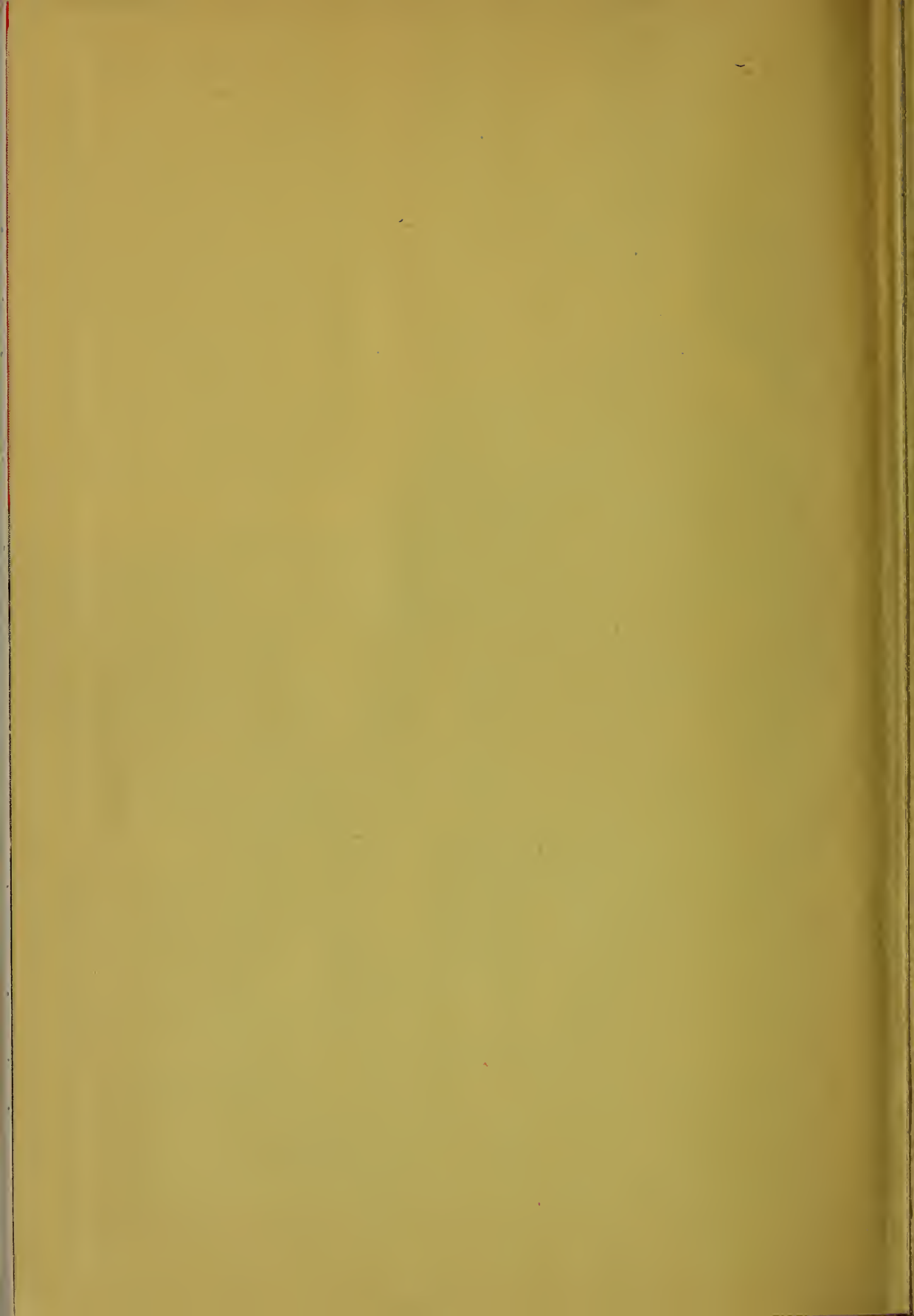
*So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.*

by

JOYCE
KILMER

(Killed in Action, Aug. 1, 1918)

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