

the **LINK**

June 1966

A STAMPEDE FOR A TEXAS GOED
LIVING IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD
WEST POINT SUNDAY SCHOOL

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL





CAN you identify this building? Did you know that among the many things West Point is noted for is her Sunday school? That there are over 700 pupils in that Sunday school? That among the teachers are outstanding football players? That there are so many applicants to be Sunday school teachers among the cadets that a new student might write home and say: "Well, Mom, I didn't make the Sunday school squad!" That a couple of years ago, three of the four men at the top of the class to be graduated were Sunday school teachers?

Read the story by West Point Chaplain James D. Ford on page 20.



THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 24 • JUNE 1966 • NO. 6

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- Inside Front: Cadet Chapel, U.S. Military Academy. Seen from across
the Plain. U.S. Army Photo.
- Inside Back: "And what is so rare as a day in June?"—James Russell
Lowell. Photo by Paul Duckworth.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by J. O. James

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SOUND OFF

Helpful to My Men

THE LINK is a valuable devotional booklet. It is helpful to many men within the battalion.

—Galvin M. Carmichael, Jr., Capt., USA, 196th Ord. Bn. (Ammo) (DS),
Office of the Chaplain. APO San Francisco 96331.

Wants a Pen Pal in the USA

I'm wonder whether you can remember my name or not. Introducing myself to you, I've been one of the readers of THE LINK for many years once. But nowadays I don't read it.

I'm a boy of Baptist in Korea, age of 26. I teach at a little elementary school in Pusan city. Then, I hope to have a pen pal among the Baptists in America. I think you can help me to do it. I'm so sorry to have you the trouble. But I thank you for this trouble.

May God bless you and on your work.

—Kim Choon Geon, 1 Ka 167, Dong dae sin dong, Pusan, Korea.

A Donation

We are sending this small check \$(10.00) in appreciation of your sending us your fine publication.

—Chaplain E. P. Thorne, VA Hospital, 4158 Peachtree Rd., N.E., Atlanta 19,
Ga.

(Thanks. And again we say thanks. Ed.)

(Continued on page 65)

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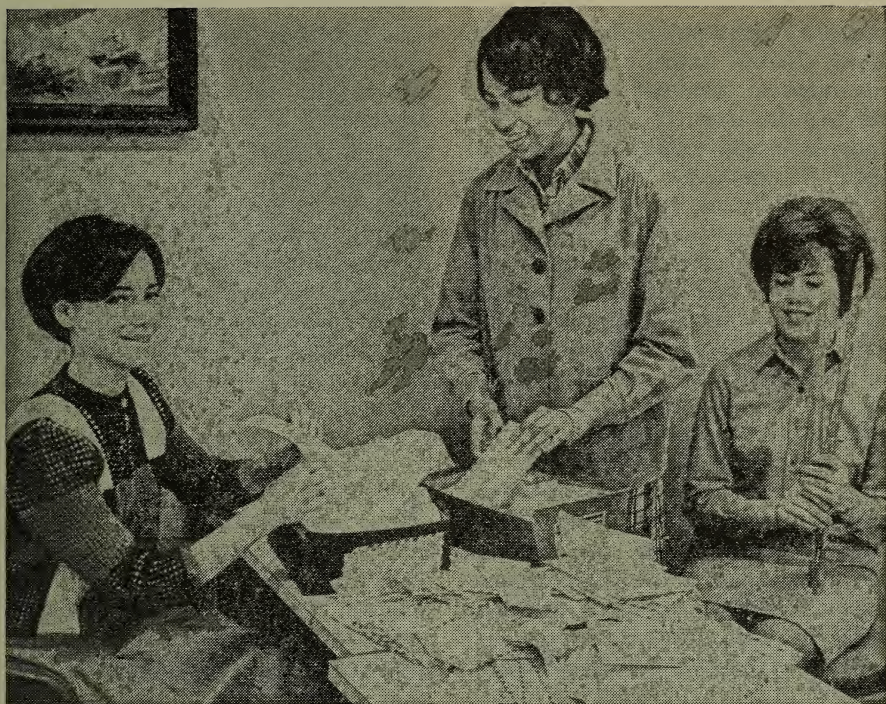
Subscription prices to civilians: \$2.50 a year; \$2.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 201 Eighth Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.



Texas coeds begin "matching" another batch of letters from Vietnam. L-R: Jill Hodge reads a letter from a soldier in Germany who had heard about the campaign; Barinetta Scott (standing) started the campaign; Pam Byfield holds "panji" stakes airmailed by a Navy commander.

A Stampede for a Texas Coed

By Carolyn Barkley

FOR a United States soldier, Vietnam is a lonely place.

It is working "198 days without one day of freedom," constantly patrolling the dreaded line so close

to North Vietnam; it is forcing down cold "dog food" C rations, without butter, without fresh milk; it is doing guard duty in dirty, wet foxholes, and tramping through thick, green

jungles, with paths spiked with brown "panji" stakes. It is fighting one moment, hunting another, and praying the next; it is hearing that some American college students condemn the American war effort.

Thousands of miles from their motherland, in a war-torn country minus American tuxedos, American hamburgers, and American women, mail call is more important than chow call. "The chow leaves quite a bit to be desired," one Marine remarked. "Mail doesn't."

Battalions of men momentarily forgot about patrolling one day in August when company commanders read an invitation-to-write letter from a University of Texas coed. Thankful that someone in the United States cared about their war effort, the men sent a barrage of letters.

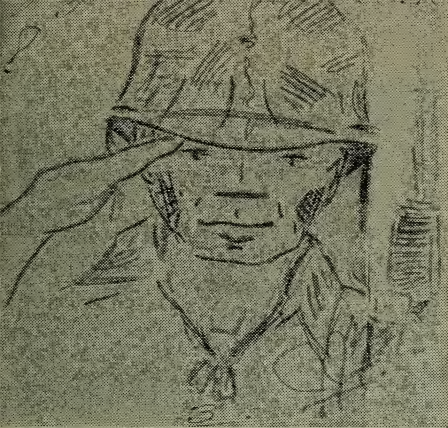
When nineteen-year-old Barinetta Scott returned September 19, 1965, to register for fall classes at The University of Texas, she found 141 letters—the results of her "Letters To Vietnam" campaign. Each letter contained from one to 150 names of United States soldiers who wanted letters. The coeds intended that only the company commanders reply, sending a list of names. Instead, the commanders and the men themselves sent scores of letters containing more than 2,800 names.

The letter writing idea began August 15, 1965, when Miss Scott read an article about a Marine in Vietnam. "You know what I'd like to do?" she told two dormitory friends. "I'd like to send every United States soldier in Vietnam a box of fudge and a letter."

Aware that they could not supply every soldier with cookies, candy, or letters, the three coeds, Barinetta Scott, Mary Watson, and Grace Cleaver, vowed to adopt at least one Marine Company. To enlist coeds, the women stayed up all that night making posters, signs, and notices to place in every bathroom, laundry, bedroom, and hall of their dormitory. Other coeds became so interested in the idea, they stayed up late the following night printing letters for the Vietnam campaign.

The campaign was initiated, but a company had not been adopted. Colonel Max LaGrone, commanding officer of The University of Texas Navy ROTC, and Lieutenant Colonel Karl Benson, professor of Air Science, provided the names of sixty company commanders stationed in the southeast Asian country. Ten large packs, each containing a letter of invitation-to-write, and five personal letters written by coeds, were airmailed to ten companies. Because of the depleted personal letter supply, the other companies received only a letter of invitation.

Enlisting coeds to write was difficult at first because summer school at The University of Texas was ending, and coeds were returning to their hometowns. During fall registration for courses at the University, however, three hundred coeds volunteered in three days. Dormitory advisers and group leaders encouraged five hundred more coeds to correspond with the soldiers. Now, wherever Miss Scott goes, she carries a list of soldiers who want letters. Coeds approach her between and



PFC Johnny J. Freeman, 19-year-old Marine from Houston, Texas, drew this picture and sent to the Texas coeds while stationed at the DaNang sector of the Republic of Vietnam.

during classes desiring a soldier's name.

News of the campaign is crossing company lines in Vietnam, and the campaign exceeded predictions. "We had anticipated that more and more letters might be received 'because my buddies are receiving them,'" Miss Scott of Marshall, Texas, explained. "But, we did not think the idea would blossom in one month." For financial help, the coeds appealed to The University of Texas Students' Association. Scores of stamps, envelopes, and sheets of paper are provided by the Association. Originally, the "office" of the campaign comprised one table in the Student Assembly Room of the Association. Now, four long tables are used for records of soldiers' and coeds' names.

AFTER three months, The University of Texas became "headquarters" for the letter-writing campaign in Texas. By word and by letters, Texas college students learn of The University of Texas initiated campaign. "Some want to start a campaign like ours, and they want us to help them," Miss Scott said. By sending his name, address, and age to "Letters to Vietnam" campaign, The Students' Association, Union Building 323, The University of Texas, Austin, Texas 78712, a person can write to a United States soldier in Vietnam. Many coeds write to more than one soldier.

Since the commanders send only the names, service numbers, and classification of the soldiers in their company, "matching" the couples is challenging. Some soldiers, however, write individual letters asking for coed correspondents. The matchmaking is more complicated because coeds submit only their name and address. The name of a seventeen-year-old soldier is not given to a twenty-three-year-old woman, or a thirty-year-old soldier is not given to an eighteen-year-old woman, if it can be helped. "Selecting a soldier's name for a coed is the hardest because I think of the other soldiers whose names were not chosen," Miss Scott explained. "Some soldiers have written that everyone in their company has received a letter 'except me.'"

After the coed and soldier are "blindly" mated, the campaign leaders, Barinetta Scott, Patsy McQuay, and Jill Hodge, send the coed a letter containing the selected soldier's

name. When the coed receives the letter, she corresponds privately with the soldier, and is independent of the campaign headquarters.

In their first letter to her soldier, a coed relies on University of Texas happenings, experiences, physical features, descriptions, and family background. "Dear Soldier," "Hi, Marine," the coeds began their letters. "Dear Archie, I don't know your name, but this is your new nickname," one coed wrote. Some Marines began their first letter, "Dear Sir, Ma'am, whichever is appropriate," "Dear Sweethearts," or "Dear Coeds." One Marine wrote, "Dear Miss Wonderful, Right now, this is the best I can call you."

WHEN the soldiers write to an unknown coed, some forget to give their full name and return address; others do not know why they write. "I can't figure out why I'm writing this letter," one soldier wrote. "All I get from home is complaints because I don't write." Another soldier thought he would write a letter "to someone who I haven't ever seen before, but to someone who is very close to something I love, home."

Besides mentioning that he has blond hair and blue eyes, one Marine was more helpful. He listed his hobbies: "girls, horses, girls, cars, girls, swimming, girls, good jazz, girls, golfing, girls, hunting, girls, and peanut butter sandwiches." The shortage of hot water was criticized by one soldier because he could not take a hot bath. "That's one of the first things I want to do when I get back

to the States—sit in a nice hot bath for about two hours."

In their letters, the soldiers tell how their companies received the news of the "Letters to Vietnam" campaign. A Marine Corps captain read the coed's letter to his seventy-member unit, which was standing at attention. "I told them to line up on the right for those interested," he wrote. "It was like a stampede to see who would be first in line. Fifty-six signed up." Another captain wrote, "You should have seen the faces of these men when we mentioned 'Texas Coeds.'"

No one ever reads the company bulletin board, except to find out what places are off limits in town, one soldier wrote. But one day, the board contained a message from The University of Texas and "our morale raised 100 per cent in this God-forsaken part of the world."

One group was cleaning a machine gun when the commander brought word of the coed's letterwriting campaign. "Some of us, including me, couldn't believe it," a Marine wrote. "If there is some way I can help you, just let me know, and I'll try my best to get it done for you." A Marine stationed at Chu-Lia received the news of the letter-pack later than the others. "By the time we heard of the news and went to get an address, they were all gone," he wrote. "I hope it is not too late to receive a name."

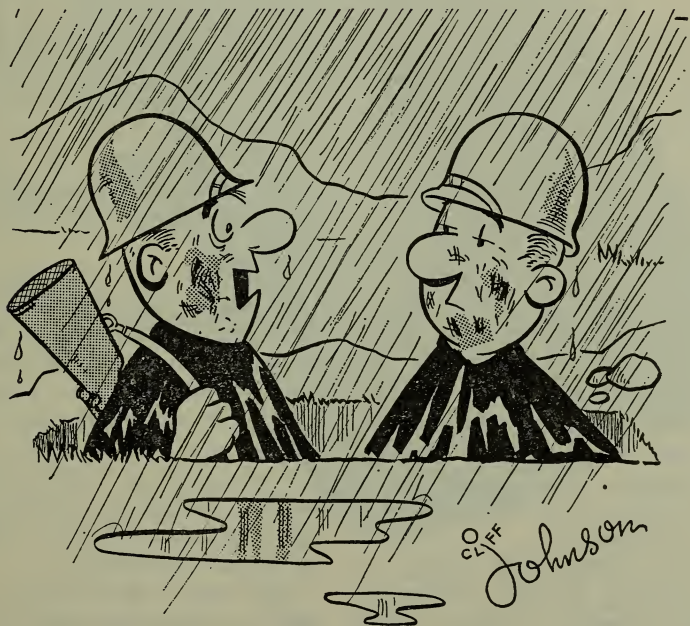
"So far, I think we're doing a tremendous job in maintaining this mission," a Marine of Wisconsin wrote his coed. "The only way to win this type of war or any other type of war

is to keep a cool head, have faith in the heads of our government, and to pray to the Man Upstairs. Please don't forget to send me some cookies."

Besides letters, the coeds are receiving gifts from the men in the southeast Asian country. One Navy commander airmailed three "panji" stakes used by the Viet Cong to demoralize the opposition, and to cause infection. Made of brown bamboo wood and three inches in circumference, the two-foot-long, hand-carved stakes are planted in trails pitted with "panji" traps. The razor-sharp objects, camouflaged with brown

buffalo dung, penetrate thick boot leather if stepped on. Pictures of Vietnamese villages, barracks, and Vietnamese money, base newspapers, and pencil drawings of Marines in action—all received from men wishing to lock horns with a University of Texas Longhorn.

Because of the efforts and sympathy of one coed, the United States soldiers know some college students support them in the "God-forsaken part of the world." One Marine wrote the coeds, "Remember, strange things happen to strange people, but never in strange places. Now, I'm not a stranger anymore." ■ ■



“. . . And to think how I laughed at my wife when she wore a mud pack.”

She Caused a Green Hurry

By Edmund Manchester

Millie hoped to catch Tom Jordan with a can of green paint and a bench

DAWAR Dry Cleaners' reception room glittered like a shimmering emerald. Mildred Mingay stepped back to admire her handiwork as she rubbed a patch of green paint from her elbow. Only yesterday, her boss had made the remark that had given Millie the idea.

"There's something about a green bench," Mr. O'Daniel had said slyly, "an indefinable something that incites romance. Why, I went to California three weeks ago for a badly needed rest, sat on a green bench in Santa Monica, met a peach of a woman. At the end of my vacation I was a married man."

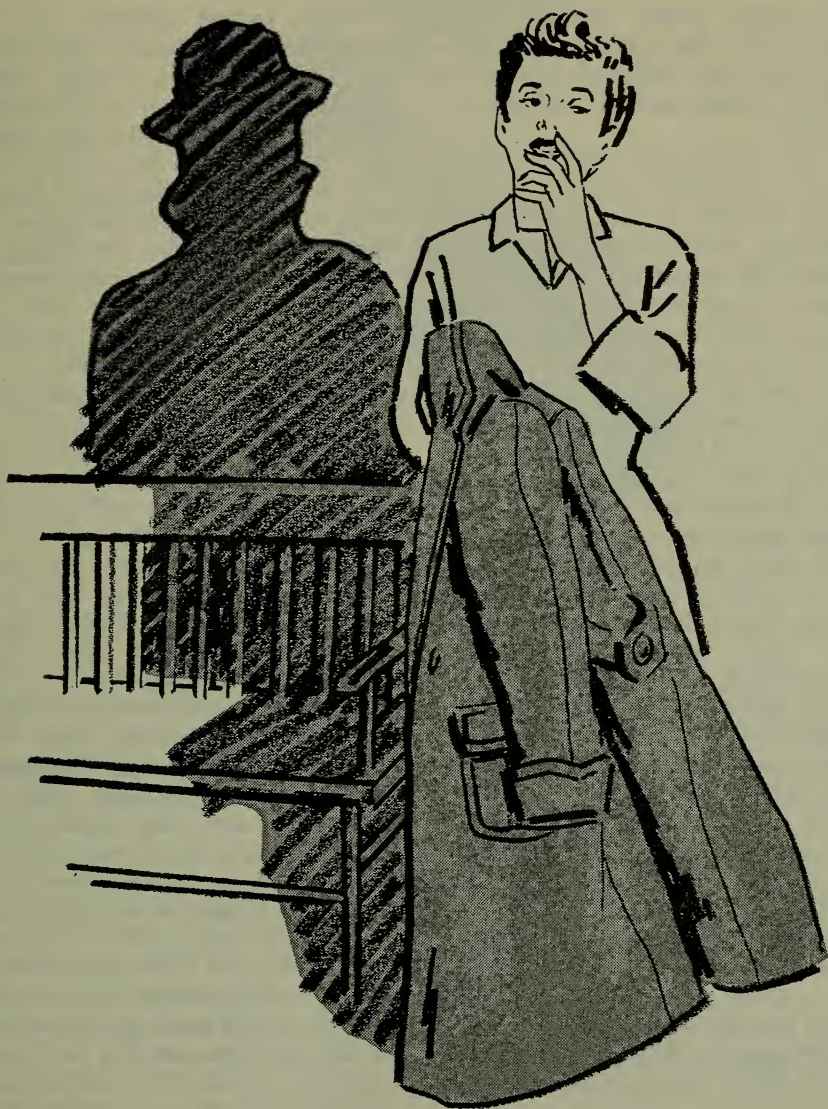
Nodding quietly and smiling in the background was Mr. O'Daniel's new bride, Emily, a dainty, sweet looking and sweet acting, middle-aged widow.

Suddenly Millie had been struck with a brilliant idea. During lunch hour, she had bought a can of emerald green paint and a soft, pliable brush. Quickly after the office had closed, she busied herself sanding down the bench and applied the paint.

Now between several pots of sweet peas, the once almost dilapidated bench glistened in the small reception room. Millie closed her eyes prayerfully. She wished that some of the reputed "green bench" magic might rub off on her.

A street lamp outside the front window flashed on, startling Millie. She could almost feel its warm glow on her flaming red hair.

She went to the closet for her lavender tweed coat and natty new spring hat that was bursting with lavender and white violets. After



carefully putting them on, she snapped off the store light.

As abruptly as the snap of the

switch, a man's shadow appeared as if dancing on the wall. Suddenly it stopped dancing and hovered over

the green bench. Millie's fingers fumbled for the switch again, and as the neon haze flickered weakly, her stifled scream melted into gales of laughter.

On a clothes tree near the window hung a man's hat and coat. They had been brought in late for cleaning, blocking, and pressing. Millie had asked the customer to hang them there. It was the shadow they cast along with the noise made by Ella Mae, the spaded cat, that lived in the store as she rubbed against the tree that had frightened her. How ridiculous, she thought; then after hesitating for a moment, she shrugged her shoulders and decided to leave them there until next morning.

A sharp rat-a-tat-tat on the large front window unnerved her. What gives, again! She turned quickly and her heart began beating even faster. This time, though, it wasn't from fright. She saw Thomas Jordan's handsome face pressed against the pane. It seemed as if the whole map of Ireland was smiling at her. Millie waved and smiled coyly.

Millie's warm glance followed his six-foot husky frame in his snappy policeman's uniform as he sauntered casually down the shadowed street. Everything about him was polished to a silver glint. The shiny badge 1331 that he wore so proudly almost sent sparks a-flying as the street lamp light bounded playfully on it. The buttons on his blue coat flashed gaily, and even the leather of his shoes reflected bright colored lights as he walked along, swinging his club into the air with the rhythm and talent of a trained juggler.

Millie looked wistfully at the green seat. She wished she could see Thomas Jordan waiting there. She had had a crush on Tom since he arrived on his beat four weeks ago. It was Tom's first civilian job, after having been discharged from a hitch in the Navy. Millie knew the size of his shoulders; the length of his always perfectly creased trousers. She also knew that he was unmarried; lived alone, and was quite house-broken and dependable.

With a deep sigh, once again, Millie flicked off the light switch. As she closed the outer door, and dropped the key in her purse, she turned and saw Tom talking on the police phone box at the corner.

Even in the twilight, the saucy wink from his dancing blue eyes was perceptible, and Millie's heart, like a freshly wound clock began to flutter rapidly again.

"I see that you're late tonight," Tom said, as she came closer.

"I'll be late every night this week," she told him. "The boss is on his honeymoon. Isn't that wonderful, at his age? But it leaves me in charge and I feel so responsible—" She gazed up almost beseechingly into Tom's ruddy smiling face.

He looked as if he was about to say something, when Millie added, "Would you be kind enough and sort of keep an eye on the store this week, Mr. Jordan? I wouldn't want anything to happen while Mr. O'Daniel and his new bride are away."

"I'll be glad to keep an eye out on the place for you. By the way, do call me Tom instead of Mr. Jordan;



it wouldn't sound so formal," he told her. Then someone spoke to him on the police phone. "Officer Jordan, badge 1331 reporting—" he began.

Millie walked on. It was a cool, bright night, with the moon lending a frothy trim to the trees and bushes. Her heels clicked along the silvery sidewalk in a bouncy gait, like the swing of Officer Jordan's club.

Millie entered her three-room apartment. The immediate effect particularly tonight was especially pleasing. Only a short month ago she had turned the place into a blend of beiges, browns, and white. Like Millie the flat was attractive, homey, and neat and clean as a houndstooth.

She paused in front of a nest of tables inside the door and looked at her reflection in the gold leaf

trimmed mirror above it. Millie noticed that the pink flush still warming her face had a most thrilling effect. Even the light freckles on her pert nose seemed lost in its glow.

PRESENTLY the phone rang and Millie ran to answer it.

"Hello," she said.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Miss Mingay, but—" the familiar voice boomed almost excitedly.

"Why, it's Mr. Jordan. I mean Tom!" she said. Her tone was flustered. "Do call me Millie," she ended.

"Yes, Miss Mingay. I mean Millie. You see, I thought I saw a man in your store reception room and I used my pass key to investigate," Tom apologized.

"Well," he went on, "I didn't find anyone here, after all!" Tom's voice was filled with disgust.

"Do you mean that the man got away?" Millie questioned anxiously.

"No, there wasn't anybody here. It was just a shadow."

"Oh!" Millie caught her breath knowingly.

"But, well, Millie, I'm calling from your office phone. You see, I—I—I'm the one who's caught. I can't go out of this place and back on my beat," Tom groaned.

"You've locked yourself in!" Millie guessed.

"No, it isn't that, but—well, it's that crazy bench. Somebody painted it and—"

"—And you sat on it!" Millie gasped incredulously. She had a sudden vision of polished Officer Jordan and his paint-smudged, sticky uniform.

"That's right. When I saw that I was only playing cops and robbers, and with of all things—a shadow. I was so flabbergasted, I just slumped down. Good grief! I'm striped with green paint. My hands, my suit—and my pride," Tom ended dejectedly. Then he remembered something important, and added, "My other uniform is in your stacks. I hope it's ready."

"The Luck of the Irish is still holding up. It's ready. So, don't worry, Tom, I'll be down as quickly as I can get there and get it for you.

And I'll let you use the cleaning fluid on your hands, too. We'll soak the uniform you're now wearing right away."

"Ah, you're an angel," he said. "Gee, but I hate to get you out again after your long day."

"Oh, I don't mind a bit," Millie's tone was consoling.

Thomas Jordan had a sudden brainstorm. "I'll tell you what! I'll be off duty in half an hour's time. After I get cleaned up, how about us going to the Cozy Corner for some Chicken Crisp? I've been trying for a long time to get up enough spunk to invite you, and I guess this is as good a time as any."

He reflected an instant, then added, "And Millie, may I call you 'Red'? You may call me 'Irish'—just between us?"

"Why, Mr. Jordan!—I mean 'Irish'—I'd love to. And yes to your other suggestion." Millie's emerald green enthusiasm spilled all over the little apartment.

Millie placed back the receiver lovingly. Her smile deepened the dimples in her flushed cheeks. Her eyes twinkled. *There was magic in a green bench after all.* And even though she would have to buy another can of emerald green paint. This time she would enlist the assistance of Tom in repainting the seat. Come to think of it, it had turned out to be a perfectly wonderful idea. ■ ■

A gossip is one who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself; and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.—F. G. Kernan. . . . Too many girls at the marriageable age are waiting for the wrong man to come along.—Anna Herbert.

Living in the Presence of God

By Richard R. King

A MAN, totally blind, tapped his cane along the sidewalk as people passed him. Out of the bright sunshine, he unerringly turned into a dark doorway and walked up the dimly lighted stairs to his room. Within twenty minutes he emerged from the gloomy tenement house completely unaware of the bright sunshine in the street or the darkness out of which he had come. Over the years he had developed the ability to live in a world which for him was all darkness. How foolish it would be for him to say, "I cannot see any sun. It does not exist."

There is a paradox here, for very often it is the person who is physically blind who has found a great inner light. For instance, there's Helen Keller. Having been blind all her life, she developed a high sensitivity to all things—to the fragrance of a flower, the friendliness of a puppy, or any new experience. But

most important, she became sensitive to the presence of God.

In contrast to Helen Keller, there are countless persons with full sight, about whom Scripture states: "You shall indeed hear but never understand, and you shall indeed see but never perceive" (Mt. 13:14).

Know God Through Experience

America is a nation where almost everyone believes in God, even the millions of people who never go to church or even those persons behind prison walls. If you asked them if they were atheists, they would certainly deny it. Yet, how pitifully small is their belief in God. They may have only a 2 percent, 5 percent, or 10 percent belief in God—so small as to be useless in touching and transforming their lives. For all practical purposes they have a vacuum theology.

Even if a person has a 40, 50 or

Mr. King is editor of Junior High Publications, Division of Christian Publications, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481

higher percent belief in God, it is not really meaningful until it becomes experiential. Faith, to be real must be experiential. One can say, I believe in prayer or the Bible, but it is vastly different to *experience* the power of prayer, or the power of the Bible in one's own life. One can talk *about* the Queen of England, but it would be vastly different to *know* her as a personal friend with whom one has shared numerous experiences. Likewise, it is true of God. To talk *about* God is one thing. To *know* God intimately in day-by-day experiences—to be sensitive to his living presence—is to share in a holy and living relationship that literally transforms all of life.

God is everywhere, even as unseen radio waves are everywhere. But we must grow and develop in our sensitivity to God's presence. We must become "in tune" with God, "on the same wave length."

How to Get in Tune with God

But how do we get in tune with God and become aware of his living presence?

First, accept the fact that he is there—nearer than hands, feet, breath, or life itself.

Second, literally seek him out. For he has promised, "When you seek me with all your heart, I will be found by you" (Jer. 29:13-14).

Third, get rid of sin—face up to it. As barnacles encrust a precious object on the ocean's floor, as cataracts cover the eyes and diminish the vision, as grime covers the electrical contacts in a sensitive instrument and impedes the flow of power,

so we must get rid of anything in our lives that would make us insensitive to God's presence.

Fourth, pray about it, that God will forgive you. Pray often; pray fervently; pray sincerely. Pray for a cleansing; pray for his indwelling.

Fifth, nourish a growing sensitivity to God's presence by the means he has made available—study of God's Word, fellowship with other Christians, worship in his church, and Christian witness and service.

What Happens When We Live in God's Presence?

When we live in the presence of God, several things happen in our lives. We have a sharper awareness of life itself. A divine dimension scatters our darkness and brings the light of his knowledge to bear on our complex and confused lives. We see things in the light of God. We see things in sharper focus. We get in tune with the universe—with nature—with the laws of life. God's light shines on our every pathway.

Living in the presence of God gives us a greater awareness and sensitivity to persons, situations, and relationships. For instance, when it comes to witnessing about our faith to others, God's presence in us gives us the confidence and assurance to witness in a way that will be relevant to each person.

Living in his presence helps us to understand the seeming contradictions of life. For instance, why the righteous suffer. We find that the "peace that passes understanding" is like the calm in the eye of the hurricane—that we only have that peace

when we are in the center of God's will. That may mean sacrifice, service, struggle, or a cross. We learn that God gives strange blessings to his children. He "disciplines him whom he loves, and chastises every son whom he receives" (Heb. 12:6). He polishes up his diamonds with some pretty rough abrasives.

Instead of living superficially or a monotonous, humdrum existence, living in God's presence is to live life to the full. As the psalmist said, "my cup overflows." And this is the way God meant for it to be. We recall that Jesus said, "I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly" (Jn. 10:10).

This change in life is so dramatically different that the indwelling presence of God is described as a "new birth" (Jn. 3:3). We are born of God. We become "children of God."

To live in the presence of God is to live on a new and higher plane, on a more adventurous plateau. In fact, we live according to laws that are higher and beyond the laws of men. This does not mean we break man's laws, but we live by the deep spirit out of which these human laws were created. We live by the spirit of God—the law of love—the laws of God's kingdom. These are laws that "go the second mile," that can "turn the other cheek," that help one to love his enemies, and do good even to those who persecute us. These laws become the daily bread, the very life of such a Christian.

Sad to say, the vast majority of Christians do not live in the dynamic of this God-man relationship. Too

many are hungry Christians, lost, empty, searching, floundering, and only going through the motions of being Christian. There is no power of God's presence in their lives. They have succumbed to the disease of being a nominal Christian with an empty theology. There is no joy, sparkle, luster, or enthusiasm to their witness of life.

Viktor Frankl, a noted psychologist, who spent several years in the Auschwitz concentration camps of the Nazis, facing death in almost every moment, has suggested after his miraculous release that one should live life as though he were living it the second time. Occasionally, we hear someone exclaim, "Oh, if I could only live life a second time, how different I would be!" Well, the "Good News" in Christ is the gospel of the second chance. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself . . ." (2 Cor. 5:19), giving man a second chance to come to God. We hear this even in the Old Testament, "Then the word of the Lord came to Jonah the second time," (Jonah 3:1). This is God's goodness and mercy—seeking us out that we might find him.

If we were actually to live on this earth a second time, what would we do that would be so different? This is our opportunity *now* to live in every moment, experience, and relationship, as though we were to live life over again. The heartbeat of such a life would be one living always in the presence of God.

This is what David Livingstone did as a missionary, bringing the light of God's truth to dark Africa. His

favorite Scripture verse was, "Lo, I am with you always . . ." (Mt. 28: 20). He lived, witnessed, and served relying on the power of God's presence to sustain him. Afflicted with malaria fever, and with his quinine stolen by an unthinking native, he rose from his sick bed to kneel in prayer. And this is how his faithful native servant found Livingstone—at prayer and even in death. The white-bearded doctor who gained his own inner power from the living, ever-present Lord had moved in prayer from God's earthly presence into his eternal presence.

That power in his life is available to everyone. God's power and his presence can be a living reality for you. Step by step, you can walk through life with God. ■ ■

Daily Bible Readings

JUNE

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Genesis	1
2	Genesis	2
3	Job	38:1-18
4	Job	38:19-41
5 Sunday	Job	39:1-18
6	Job	39:19-30
7	Job	40
8	Job	41
9	Job	42
10	Psalms	1
11	Psalms	8
12 Sunday	Psalms	19
13	Psalms	23
14	Psalms	29
15	Psalms	33
16	Psalms	34
17	Psalms	46
18	Psalms	65
19 Sunday	Psalms	66
20	Psalms	67
21	Psalms	91
22	Psalms	97 & 98
23	Psalms	104:1-15
24	Psalms	104:16-35
25	Psalms	121
26 Sunday	Isaiah	40:1-17
27	Isaiah	40:18-31
28	Isaiah	43:14-28
29	Isaiah	44:21-28
30	Mark	4:1-20

DECISIONS

These times hold, somehow, trying days,

When persons try to change our ways:
To suit what they would have us be.
But still this land of ours is free;
And I have managed to stay "me."

—Maybelle Walton Babb



"Doc, how soon can he get back to the mess hall? He's pulling KP."

King of Clubs

WITH so many excellent golf players around today, you probably have asked yourself, who is the greatest golfer? If you aren't too young the answer would be Robert T. Jones, better known as "Bobby" to the millions of golf fans who are fortunate enough to see him play.

Bobby might have been a baseball player, had not the Jones family lived near the East Lake golf course. His dad was a star ball player at the University of Georgia. Both he and his wife took up golf and members of the Club would often see the small, frail Bobby tagging after his parents with a lone, discarded golf club.

When he was 6, he was hitting the ball at a pretty good distance. When he was only 9, he won the tournament staged by the Atlanta Athletic Club. At 14, he won four titles in a single year! In 1916 he won the Georgia State Amateur Championship, becoming Southern Amateur Champion the next year. At 19, he was disappointed with his failure to reach the golf top; he almost quit the game. His worst enemy at this time was his uncontrollable temper. Often, after missing a shot, he would angrily pitch away his golf club in disgust. It took him almost four years to overcome the habit.

He graduated from Georgia Tech, Harvard, and Emory, and was admitted to the bar in 1923. That same year he won his first major title, the U.S. Open, a feat he was to accomplish three more times. In 1926 he won the British Open. The year 1930 proved to be his crowning point; he won four major championships that year, golf's famous "Grand Slam": the British Amateur, British Open, U.S. National Amateur, and U.S. National Open. He became the only player in golf history to accomplish this feat and to this day it has not been duplicated.

His record shows wins in the U.S. Amateur (1924, 1925, 1927, 1928, 1930); U.S. Open (1923, 1926, 1929, 1930); British Open (1926, 1927, 1930); and the British Amateur in 1930. He was also a member of the Walker Cup Team which was victorious five times.

At the time of winning the Grand Slam, he was only 28 years old. With no more golf crowns to capture, he retired from the game.

The man who had to learn to conquer himself first went on to capture the glories of the sports world.

—Mario DeMarco



Cadet Roger Sherrard (left), Class of '66, Gen. Supt. of West Point Sunday School, and Cadet Theodore Borek, Class of '66, Supt. of Senior Dept., teach high school students (left to right) James Cook, Linda Mastin, Robin Hughes and Robert Burton.

West Point Sunday School

By James D. Ford

THE West Point Sunday School is truly one of the most unique religious educational programs to be found anywhere. It is composed of 700 pupils, children of Post personnel, and is taught by 150 teachers, all members of the Corps of Cadets. An important activity of the chaplains each September is the interviewing of seventy-five or more cadets from all four classes that are

interested in teaching in the program. In fact, there are so many applicants to be teachers that West Point is probably the only school in the nation where the new student might write home and say, "Well, Mom, I didn't make the Sunday school squad!"

The Sunday school is one of the main ingredients of the West Point religious program. Along with the

choirs, morning devotions at 0630 hours (100 cadets in attendance) evening Bible and discussion groups, acolyte groups, and denominational and interdenominational chapel services, it attempts to give the cadet an opportunity to practice his faith and also a place to learn more in depth about the implications of religious conviction.

When General of the Army Douglas MacArthur received the Sylvanus Thayer Award, he spoke of the importance of religion in the life of the soldier: "The code which these words (Duty-Honor-Country) perpetuate symbolizes the highest moral law and will stand the test of any ethics or philosophy ever promulgated for the uplifting of mankind. Its requirements are for the things that are right, and its restraints are from the things that are wrong. The soldier, above all other men, is required to practice the greatest act of religious training—sacrifice. In battle and in the face of danger and death, he discloses those divine attributes which his Maker gave when he created man in his image. No physical courage and no brute instinct can take the place of the divine help."

Since the founding of the Military Academy in 1802 to the present time, the importance of religion has always been articulated, and its practice has been an integral part of the life of the cadet. Whether the cadet is formally expressing his praise to God at worship or playing football, studying for an examination, or on a summer trip, he realizes that his religion is something that touches every aspect of his life.



Mrs. Paul Dietzel, president of the Altar and Hospital Guild, presents framed water color of West Point Cadet Prayer to Cadet James Golden, Gen. Supt. of West Point Sunday School during 1964-65. Cadet Golden supervised the activities of the Sunday School of 700 pupils and 140 teachers. Design by Mrs. George Bixby.

This can be illustrated by the very true story of the young son of Lt. Colonel Ashbey Foote. Colonel Foote was the Officer Representative of the Sunday school. After Sunday school he asked his son what the name of his cadet teacher was. The boy thought for a long time and then said, "He's number 63, Dad!" The son had forgotten his cadet teacher's name, but he remembered that he played on the Army football team on Saturday in Michie Stadium.



Alumni parade at West Point Academy.

The boy respected his cadet teacher, not only on the "fields of friendly strife," but as the teacher who told him the stories of the Bible each Sunday. "No. 63," now Lt. Gwenn Vaughn, expressed his faith as a Sunday school teacher, a football player, a wrestler, and in numerous other ways. His religion touched all of life and he was typical of the West Point Sunday school teacher.

Cadet Fred Barofsky of La Grange, Illinois, has been a regular on the Army football team for two years, and has played every position in the backfield at one time or another. Fred takes his faith seriously and has been a regular on the Sunday school staff in addition to the many other responsibilities he has, including being president of his class.

Lt. Lee Grasfeder taught Sunday school as a cadet and it was a sight to see him with his six-year-old class.

Lee was about 220 pounds and over six feet tall, played center on the football team, and was never too busy to take time for his work with the children.

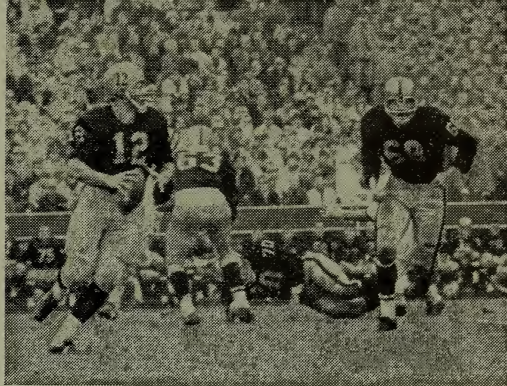
This is the amazing fact of this unusual school. Many times when people are asked about teaching in a Sunday school they reply that they are too busy with this or that and although they would like to help, they just don't have the time. These cadets are as busy as anybody with pressures on their time from every side. They are active in academic studies and extra curricular activities, and yet seldom do they say, "I just don't have the time to teach Sunday school."

The Sunday school teachers could have fielded quite a backfield this recent football season with Fred Barofsky, Curt Cook, Sam Bartholomew, and Ed Noble. A couple of years

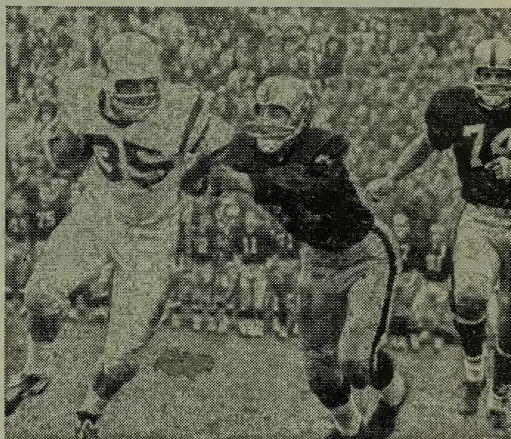
ago, three of the first four men at the top of the class to be graduated were Sunday school teachers.

The schedule of the Sunday school is as follows: At 0815 hours each Sunday morning the cadets meet for a worship service conducted by the chaplain or by the cadets themselves. This half-hour service includes a sermon in which the speaker seeks to help the teachers more relevantly understand the Christian gospel. It's not easy to speak in words and phrases that even the little three-and four-year-olds will understand. Before this last Christmas season, Cadet Al Lindseth of North Dakota was telling his class of little children that Jesus was born in a stable. The four-year-olds didn't know what a stable was, so Al said it was a manger, a place that you wouldn't expect a baby to be born. They still didn't understand. Finally, he said that it was like being born in the Motor Pool! Ah, now they understood! That was meaningful to them!

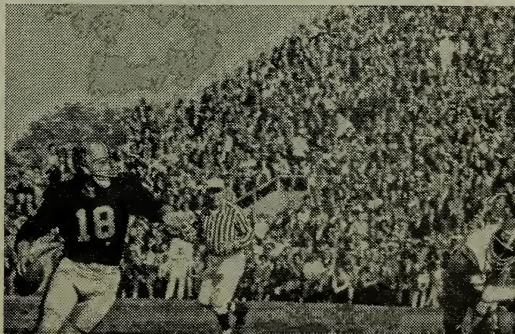
The pupils either ride buses or walk to classes which begin at 0915 hours. The classes last nearly an hour and the instructional program is typical of most Sunday schools, except that all teachers are cadets. The children read the lessons, see dramatizations and sing songs. On one occasion 125 four-and five-year-olds sat transfixed while the cadet teachers demonstrated the story of Jonah, complete with a cardboard whale in the front of the class, or during another class, the escape of the Children of Israel from Egypt was presented, complete with both cadets and pupils taking part.



Cadet Cook (12) West Point vs Wyoming.



Bartholomew (21) in Wyoming game, and Barofsky (18) (below) in Rutgers game.





Interior of Post Chapel at West Point Military Academy, West Point, N.Y.

Every Protestant denomination is counted in the roster of teachers. The General Superintendent is Cadet Roger Sherrard, a Presbyterian from the state of Washington and a four-year veteran in the teaching program. His responsibility is for the overall administration of the school, and he is assisted by six other cadet superintendents. All are First Classmen, or seniors, elected by the other teachers, and will be commissioned as Second Lieutenants in June. Other cadets serve as specialists in the bus transportation or audio-visual aspect of the program.

Several officers also participate in

the program, some having been teachers when they were cadets. The officers plan the one week-end trip to a nearby church that the teachers take each year. Arriving on Saturday the cadets stay with members of the church and then observe the religious program on Sunday, often taking part in the worship service. Their prime responsibility is to observe the educational program and gain ideas which will help them in their own teaching. Obviously, at least one cadet teacher, on a recent trip, observed more than the educational program and it was the privilege of

(Continued on page 51)

What Is the Church?

By Frederick W. Brink

WHEN a man repeats the Apostles' Creed and declares his belief in the Holy Catholic church, he may or may not understand just what he is saying. Is he declaring belief in a local congregation with a building called a "church"? Is he declaring belief in a particular denomination, such as Methodist or Baptist? Or is he declaring that he believes in a church that is holy because it springs from and is supported by God, and that is Catholic because it is universal in time and place?

Actually, he is saying all three of these things: a church in the community, a grouping of congregations, and a church that covers the world. But mostly he is saying the latter.

When Jesus spoke about the church he used the word "ecclesia," meaning literally the called-out or called-together people. His followers always considered themselves called out of the general populace into a special spiritual fellowship, out of the worship of other deities into a

worship of God in Jesus Christ. Their "membership" in the church came as a result of their faith in Christ as God's Savior to mankind, and their dedication of their lives to him. As in the early days, membership in the church today is based on the same faith and dedication.

Christ did not establish any special church organization or form of government. These were the products of his followers. But he envisioned a congregation of people who accepted him as their God, their Savior, and their Master, and who would carry on his work in the world. He envisioned in every community a group of his followers who would be the leaven of society, the yeast that would make society rise and grow, the incentive that would remake society in accord with his teachings. He envisioned a living agency spreading throughout the world to lead men to God through their knowledge of himself. This is the church of Christ. And it has certain continuing characteristics.

I. The Church is God's present agency for continuing the work of Christ on earth.

God could work by cataclysms and thunderbolts. He could make men mere automatons who acted at his bidding like puppets on a string. But instead he has chosen to work in the world through the individual and group efforts of men and women within the church. What one man can do fairly well by himself can be done better by an organization of men who are attempting the same thing. God uses the church as the dynamo behind the Christian program. Into it he pours his spirit and his strength so that out of it may spring his program.

This does not make of the church an authoritative body that legislates for all men. Rather it makes the church a combination of school and hospital. It is a school that teaches the differences between right and wrong as they are revealed by God. It is a hospital that binds up the wounds of society and sends rejuvenated people back into the world to live new and remodeled lives.

II. The Church is the best existing agency for directing men into the presence of God and for helping men understand both God and themselves.

Fundamental to any church activity is the experience of worship, where the heart and mind are lifted into God's presence for his scrutiny, and where man talks with God as with a father and friend. The experience of worship, with its prayer and meditation, with its soaring of

the spirit, with its lifting of crushing loads of guilt, shame, worry, sadness, sorrow, with its expression of need and its reception of assistance, is the avenue men follow to God.

That worship may take place in the great sketchbook of God we call nature. It may take place in the silence of one's own spirit, apart from all other men. It may take place in the lifting melodies of great music or the soaring beauty of great art and literature. In all or any of these ways God is worshiped. But the church offers the most intelligible, most helpful way to God.

Men need God in their daily living; but they also need him as they hope for the future. To believe that life ends when one stops breathing is to be convinced of futility. Men need the assurance that at the end of their life on earth there is God, waiting to introduce them to something better. It is the church that has preserved the confidence that the death and resurrection of Christ are a foretaste of man's own life after death.

III. The church is God's agency in the world today for guiding the activities of men into advancing paths.

In a world of confusion, dismay and despair, in a world of shattered hopes and ideals, in a world of confused and tarnished values, the church holds before men the distinction between right and wrong.

Through all the centuries there have been forces at work that sought to destroy the highest values of life. Men have sought to be tyrants and dictators so that they might control

the destinies of nations. The church has dared to say to them: all men are brothers, no man is master. There have been men and forces at work to destroy the security of the family, to disrupt the justice of society, to place a premium on hatred and prejudice, to make of some men the slaves of other men, to discriminate because of race or creed or tradition.

The church is the agency which in the past has preserved the truths men prize most highly. The church continues to be the champion of those truths.

IV. The Church is God's provision for Christians to be in fellowship with each other.

It is hard for one man to be good in the midst of a society that is bad. That man is lonesome who stands for decency and morality when all about him are those who ignore such virtues and scoff at the one who accepts them. Men want and need company in their good efforts. The church provides companionship for men joined in the search for the best that they can conceive.

V. The Church (especially the local church) is the place where men make their strongest testimony as to their faith.

No one would claim that a man has to be a church attendant or a member of some particular local congregation to be a Christian. As someone has put it: "A duck would be a

duck even though there were not a drop of water within a hundred miles. But if there were any water, and the duck could locate it, you could go there and find him right in the middle of it." A man *can be* a Christian in his faith and social conduct and never set foot within a church. But other men will find in church attendance a proof of what they profess when away from the church. A man can worship God anywhere, but it is usually easier to worship him within the church.

So we declare that we believe in the church locally active in a chapel or a congregation, spread throughout the world and in every period of time. We declare that we believe in a church that stems from Christ and is supported by God. It is made up of men and therefore subject at times to the faults and failures of men. But since it does stem from Christ and is supported by God, the weakness of men can be made strength, the failures of men can be overcome, and the efforts of men to build a better world and better individual lives carried on through and in the church.

Let that man who would be identified with God and the program of God's Son, Jesus Christ, become a part of the church so that he and God may come together. Let that man remember that a part of the work of the church awaits its completion until his efforts and his support are given. ■ ■

You can sit where you fell and cry for your bruises; or you can scramble up and try again. The choice you make may determine your future. . . . One who fishes for compliments advertises his own insecurity.—Nina Willis Walter.

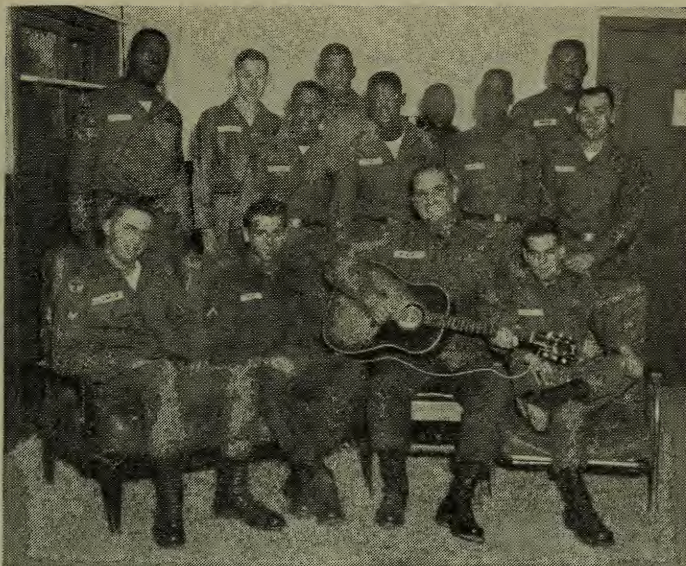
Folksinging for God

A GUITAR, an Army chaplain, spiritual and folk songs, and a group of men stationed in isolated areas in the vicinity of Chun Chon, Korea. These combine to bring times of moral lifting song-feasts that have become part of a popular informal program in that section of Korea.

Chaplain (Major) Talmadge F. McNabb, command chaplain of the Fourth Missile Command, sat thinking last fall of ways in which he might better serve the men in the outlying isolated sites of the Command and the Seventh Missile Battalion. The chaplain hit on an idea: men usually love to sing informally, so why not take his guitar or accordion and visit the men during their off-duty times and have informal songfests? The chaplain contacted various isolated units and set up a scheduled program of visitation. Taking his guitar and a religious film, he visited the men, leading them in informal singing or spiritual and folk songs.

The chaplain usually begins the songfests by teasing the men in

saying, "All right, anyone caught not singing, has to stand up and sing a solo." Everybody laughs—for nobody wants to sing by himself. The chaplain picks up his guitar, strikes a chord, and begins singing, "Michael Rowed the Boat Ashore, Hallelujah!" The men join in enthusiastically and lustily until soon the whole dayroom or mess hall or barracks is resounding with the lively chorus. Next may be such songs as, "I've Got a Hammer," or "On My Way to Canaan's Land." Or it might be, "Gimme That Old Time Religion," or "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands." Whatever the chorus, the men seem to have a good time, and join in with an enthusiasm that is contagious. After about twenty minutes of the first choral session, the chaplain shows the film he has brought. During the changing of the reel, there is more singing, with the same response and enthusiasm. And then at the end of the film, the singing continues, usually ending with a more serious type hymn such as "The Old Rugged



Chaplain McNabb accompanies singing service personnel during songfest above 38th parallel in Korea.

Cross," or "What a Friend We Have in Jesus!" or "Rock of Ages." After the session is formally ended, the men often continue to crowd around the chaplain, requesting more numbers be sung.

For an hour or so the men have forgotten the loneliness of their isolated situation, and their being so far away from home. In a sense the songfests are a touch of home, for they are the same type folk and spiritual songs the men have heard back home most of their lives. It is a touch of Americanism high on a mis-

sile site or far back at some isolated area.

As Chaplain McNabb packs up his guitar, and gets in his jeep to drive back to Camp Page, his home base, the men say good-bye. "Looking for you next week, Chaplain." There will be more songs, more choruses, more good times.

During the Christmas season the chaplain took groups of servicemen, with accordion and guitar, and serenaded with Christmas carols the various small villages near the isolated sites. ■ ■

Modern education is wonderful. The kids have a \$10,000 bus pick them up at their door so they won't have to walk to the \$100,000 gymnasium—put up to give them some exercise.—Anna Herbert. . . The normal reaction to a new idea is to think of reasons it can't be done.—*Tidbits*.

The Victory Smile

By Dennis Littrell



I READ my reassignment orders directing me to report to the U.S. Army School for Cooks at Fort Ord, California, and I was left in a state of profound shock. The indignity of being sent to Cook's School! Of all the military occupations possible, being a cook I considered clearly the most insipid. It was a personal affront and I was determined to get the assignment changed. I told the First Sergeant of the Cook's School in no uncertain terms that I was not going to be a cook and they would do well to send me to the stockade instead. (This rash statement should convince him of my acute distaste for the culinary arts!)

The First Sergeant looked up from his desk at me in the manner of a man forced to deal with some annoying, inferior form of life, and with great restraint and patience informed me that *that* was exactly the choice I had: cook's school or the stockade. His broad, beatific smile indicated that he would be only too

happy to arrange for my immediate departure.

The battle was not all lost, however. Passive resistance, I decided, was the strategy. They could make me go to cook's school, but they couldn't make me a cook. Cutting classes was, of course, impossible (it comes under the heading of AWOL), but I could show my lack of interest by sleeping.

Sleeping in class was hardly original; in fact, it was one of the most frequent problems the instructors faced. Sergeant Hood, through long years of experience, had developed probably the most effective method of dealing with this problem. At the first detectable sign of slumber, he would quietly step back to the blackboard, without the slightest pause or audible change in his lecture, pick up an eraser and let fly at the culprit. He was equally effective with either hand. Clearly, sleeping was inadvisable. Only once did I have to shake the chalk dust out of my hair to

understand perfectly.

Next I took to reading in class. Carefully concealed behind *Fundamentals of Garrison Mess Operations*, I had Max Hyman's *No Time for Sergeants*. Sergeant Hood was hardly fooled. He decided that I was a special case and did not toss his infamous eraser this time. Instead, after class, in a most paternal manner, he took me to the mess hall and introduced me to the mess sergeant, indicating that I had "volunteered" to "take care" of the grease trap.

A grease trap, as all who have ever cleaned one know, is a most unsightly and unsavory beast. A steel box attached to the kitchen's drain pipes, it is designed to trap grease and garbage. Its stench is unbelievably nauseating. Scrubbing garbage cans, by comparison, is a refreshing task. Needless to say, reading in class had consequences inconsistent with the principles of passive resistance.

As we progressed toward becoming cooks, we moved out of the classroom and into the kitchen. Now a glorious opportunity presented itself: a heavy measure of incompetence on my part would certainly drive home my point, and Sergeant Hood would be forced to conclude that I could never become a cook. Fried eggs, I skillfully scrambled; steaks, I artistically burned; cakes, I produced without baking powder, and pancakes without shortening. Sergeant Hood was exasperated. "How can you be so stupid?" he demanded, when I put sugar instead of salt in the gravy. Victory was mine; passive resistance had won at last.

As an immediate consequence, Sergeant Hood called me into his office. I felt sure I would be dismissed from the school and perhaps go on to better things. However, Sergeant Hood informed me that if I failed the course, which he indicated was a good possibility, he would look forward to seeing me take it again. He had faith in my ability to learn—eventually.

With this unthinkable consequence in mind, passive resistance was thrown to the winds. I began to cook and actually learned to enjoy it. In fact, the only thing that bothered me during those last four weeks was Sergeant Hood's sarcastic beaming smile. As I took my pie from the oven, and he came by to inspect it, he would say: "Very fine job, son," and flash that victory smile. ■ ■

LET LAUGHTER REIGN

Consent to laughter,
The pleasant king
Whose rule outlaws
Time's bitterest sting.

Let laughter be
The saving grace
That helps us love
The human race;

For laughter can
Be mild and kind,
The crowning of
The feeling mind.

—Ruby Zagoren

Jesus' Ministry Outside Galilee

By Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

MOST of Jesus' ministry was in Galilee and Judea; but it is significant that he did spend a brief period in Gentile territory, outside Galilee. Why was this? Not just to escape from Herod Antipas, as some have suggested. Not to put on an extensive campaign to win Gentile converts. But probably to spend some time alone with his disciples, to train them in depth for their future mission, and to provide for them a period of rest (Mk. 6:31).

He traveled slowly and quietly with his disciples into several Gentile (or pagan) areas and what happened proved to be a forecast of his world mission (Read Mark 7:24—9:1.)

In the Region of Tyre and Sidon

Tyre and Sidon were the largest cities in Phoenicia and they were forty to sixty miles from Lake Galilee. They were harbor cities and independent. Mark does not say that Jesus went to the two cities but "he went away to the *region* of Tyre and Sidon" (Mk. 7:24). "He entered a house, and would not have anyone know it; yet he could not be hid" (Mk. 7:25). He wanted privacy, but his fame as a healer became known and a Greek-speaking woman who had been born in Phoenicia found him and asked him to cure her little daughter who "was possessed by an unclean spirit."

Jesus' reply to her sounds strange at first, almost as if our Lord had adopted the exclusive attitude of the proud Pharisee: "Let the children first be fed, for it is not right to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs" (Mk. 8:27). The children were the Jews and in the divine election the priority of the Jews was acknowledged (Isa. 2:2-4). Jews did call the Gentiles dogs; but the term used here refers to house dogs or pets. Jesus meant no disrespect but simply compared the claims of children to the claims of

Sixth chapter in the study of the Gospel of Mark

pets. Moreover, he did not blow out the woman's candle of faith. "Let the children *first* be fed . . ." implying that after that others may eat.

And the woman recognized the divinely ordained division between Jews and Gentiles; but appealed to Jesus' kindness to satisfy the basic needs of Gentiles. Jesus responded to the woman's faith and healed her daughter. Her bright faith was in contrast to the dull unbelief of many Jews.

In the Region of Decapolis

Mark 7:31 records a long journey of Jesus from the region of Tyre and Sidon down to the Sea of Galilee and on across it to Decapolis. Decapolis was a federation of ten Gentile cities on the East side of the Jordan. One scholar estimates that it would have taken Jesus eight months to make this journey. Probably not. But travel in those days was usually on foot and it would have taken several weeks.

Specifically where Jesus was we are not told but he was in "the region of the Decapolis." There was brought to him a man who was deaf and dumb. He could speak but not so as to be understood; there was an impediment in his speech. So the disciples urged Jesus to cure him.

Jesus took him aside from the multitude. Note his thoughtfulness in arranging privacy. Perhaps, as often before, Jesus hesitated to publicize his work as a healer; the time had not yet come. (See also Mark 7:36.) Note also that Jesus used some natural means of healing—physical manipulations and spittle. Were these for the purpose of awakening faith in the man? Then the Lord said: "Ephphatha," that is, "Be opened." "And his ears were opened, his tongue was released, and he spoke plainly."

Now he could hear voices and music; he could hear the birds sing; he could listen to the Word of God; he could speak and carry on conversation and come out of his lonely world of silence. A Korean boy writes of his deafness. "From a child I have not been able to hear the birds sing." Christians are still in the business of healing the deaf—prevention as well as cure. God wishes every man to be whole. Many advances have taken place in getting "the ears of the deaf unstopped." But what about those who remain in that great world of silence? Through kindness and training and love

their world can be brightened immensely.

Mark also records (8:1-10) another miracle of feeding—the feeding of 4,000. This, too, took place in the Decapolis. There are six accounts of feedings in the Gospels (two in Mark, two parallels in Matthew, one in Luke, and one in John). Because this feeding and the feeding of the 5,000 in Mark 6:34-44 are so much alike, some New Testament interpreters say that this is a different account of the same event. However, since the feeding of the 5,000 took place on Jewish soil, it is very possible that Jesus repeated the feeding—this time on Gentile soil.

To be sure, one wonders why the disciples asked the question, “How can one feed these men with bread here in the desert?” (Mk. 8:4). If so recently they had seen Jesus feed 5,000, why would they doubt his ability now? Well, we know how weak they were—and we know how weak we are. One moment we have faith; another we do not.

William Barclay has an interesting suggestion about how 4,000 people from the Decapolis came out to hear Jesus. You remember that Jesus healed the Gerasene demoniac (Mk. 5:1-20); and the healed man wanted to go with Jesus. But Jesus said: “Go home to your friends, and tell them how much the Lord has done for you. . . .” He did just that, says Barclay, and that’s why there were so many on this occasion who had come out to hear the Lord.

The lessons of the miracle of feeding which stand out are:

1. The great hunger of the world. Hunger for food, especially; but also hunger for knowledge and hunger for God.
2. The compassion of Jesus. He was able to project himself out into the crowd to see the needs of the people. And then he set about to meet those needs.
3. Jesus insisted that the disciples feed the hungry people. He has set us in the world to minister to the people’s needs—all over the world. “And gave them to his disciples to set before the people” (Mk. 8:6).

In the Region of Dalmanutha

Nobody knows where Dalmanutha was and so we may let it stand for Anyplace. Since Pharisees are involved in this section (Mk. 8:11-21), the region may have been in Galilee. But of course the Jerusalem spies were keeping tab on Jesus and they might very well have followed him out into Gentile territory.

The one thing they were now demanding of Jesus was a sign. They wanted him to produce some spectacular deed that would prove beyond doubt that he was the Messiah. This might be a clap of thunder, a bolt of lightning; he might make the city walls fall down. But Jesus absolutely refused to give them a sign. He would not compel belief by performing marvels.

There were signs all around them—the corn in the field, the scarlet anemones on the hillside—“every common bush afire with God.” Let them pay attention to these. Jesus sighed deeply in the spirit. How disappointed he was in these spiritually blind people. Even if he performed a sign, they would find some other excuse for disbelieving (Lk. 16:31).

Then they took another boat ride—Jesus and his disciples—and in the boat they got into a conversation about bread. In spite of all the bread left over after the feeding of the 4,000, the disciples forgot to bring enough bread—only one loaf. And yet they were terribly concerned about this physical bread. But Jesus said: “Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and the leaven of Herod” (Mk. 8:15). The leaven of the Pharisees was hypocrisy. The leaven of Herod was worldly power, compromise.

Jesus said in essence, “Why are you talking about the fact that you have no bread? Have you forgotten the feeding of the 5,000; the feeding of the 4,000? You are too anxious and too concerned about bread and eating. Have you forgotten that I am with you and able to supply your every need?”

In the Region of Bethsaida

Once again we read of another healing—this time the healing of a blind man (Mk. 8:22-26). This miracle differs from others in that Jesus healed the blind man gradually. He led him out of the village, used natural means to awaken faith, and then asked: “Do you see anything?” “I see men,” he said, “but they look like trees, walking.” A sign that he was not seeing well enough. Later when made whole, he saw everything clearly (Mk. 8:25).

In the Region of Caesarea-Philippi

This section (Mk. 8:27—9:1) is one of the most important in the entire Gospel. Jesus went with his disciples to this mountain terrace—Caesarea-Philippi—at the north end of the Jordan Valley. It was a beautiful spot and there was an ancient shrine to the nature-god,

Pan. It was appropriate that our Lord should conduct an examination of his disciples to find out what they thought of him. First, he asked, "Who do the people say I am?" They answered: "Some say John the Baptist; others, Elijah; others, just one of the prophets." But these concepts were inadequate. He was something more.

"But who do you say that I am?" Then Simon Peter, spokesman for the group, replied: "You are the Christ." How happy Jesus must have been that they had reached this decision. It had been divinely revealed to them! But still the time for public disclosure of his Messiahship had not come—so he charged they should tell no one.

But he went on teaching his disciples. He told them that he must suffer many things and be rejected by his people and put to death; but after three days he would arise again.

Peter didn't like this idea of his suffering. Messiah, yes; but not a suffering one. So he called Jesus aside and censured him for this. But Jesus came right back. "Get behind me, Satan! For you are not on the side of God, but men" (Mk. 8:33). You are taking the side of men, said Jesus.

The greatest moment in any life is that moment when he comes to acknowledge Jesus Christ the Messiah, the Son of God, the Savior of the world—and trusts him as Savior, not just believes it mentally!

Then said Jesus, discipleship calls for suffering. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me" (Mk. 8:34). This is not giving up little knick-knacks. It is giving up *yourself*! It is taking your own life to a cross. It is turning away from the idolatry of self-centeredness.

If you live a self-centered life, you will lose it, said Jesus. But if you lose your life for my sake and the gospel's you will save it (Mk. 8:35). Some of them would be called on to give up their lives as martyrs. But all were called to sacrificial living! Then he spoke of the incomparable value of a man's soul. Put the whole world with all its wealth in one side of the scale; and a single soul on the other side and that soul will outweigh the valuables of the world!

If you are ashamed of me before the men of your generation, Christ said, then I will be ashamed of you when I come in the glory of the Father! (Mk. 8:38). This is a call for absolute loyalty to the Son of God.

The time is short! Some of you that now hear me speak will die before you awake to the fact of the kingdom of God. So let this kingdom come with power in your heart now! (Mk. 9:1). ■ ■

Lift Up Your Heart

A gossip is one who talks too much about others. A bore is one who talks too much about himself. A wise man is one who talks little but says much.—*Sunshine Magazine*.

Marriage is more than moonlight and roses . . . marriage will ever remain in the sight of God an eternal union, made possible only by the gift of love which God alone can bestow.—Peter Marshall.

Jesus called you to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to help the poor, to visit the prisoners; he called you to a life of sacrificial service. He called you to feed the world, both spiritually and physically. And he gave you the cross for a symbol of that service.—*Roundtable*.

Worriers usually suffer from a breakdown of self-confidence. He who has confidence in himself does the best he can, trusts God and lets the chips fall where they may.—Gaston Foote.

We argue too much about Christianity. We should spend more time looking at the proof.—Frank S. Mead.

Our penitence falls short until we pin-point our own short-comings.—William A. Ward.

We should take a tip from nature. Our ears aren't made to shut, but our mouths are.—*The Christian*.

Worry is wasting today's time to clutter up tomorrow's opportunities with yesterday's troubles.—William A. Ward in *All-Church Press*.

One should go to church to meet God. Meeting him may prove to be humbling, uncomfortable, or sometimes thoroughly unpleasant. . . . Long ago, in the year that King Uzziah died, a young prince named Isaiah went up to the Temple and there a great experience came to him. He saw God, high and lifted up and his train filled the Temple.

Going to church on that occasion resulted in a change of life for Isaiah. He went there a prince and returned a prophet.—Harold Trinier.



End of the Rope

By Wayne C. Lee

TIM PALMER wheeled his horse and rode toward town as if there were Indians on his trail. At last he had the proof he needed to show to Betty—money. She couldn't argue with success.

He reined up in front of the Drake home and dismounted. Betty met him at the door.

"What have you done? Struck it rich?"

Tim grinned. "Good guess. Look at this!" He held up a handful of bills. "Pay day. And you said Judd Archer wouldn't pay my wages."

Betty nodded but Tim could see that she still wasn't completely con-

vinced. "I'm glad. Maybe I've misjudged him."

"It looks that way," Tim said. "I've got just the kind of job I like now—working with horses. The only thing I'd like better would be a job as foreman of a big spread or own a horse ranch of my own. But this job is a good one, Betty. My wages are plenty good enough for us to get married on."

Betty nodded slowly. "Maybe you're right."

"Of course I am. It's a year-around job, too. A year or two at this and we should be able to start our own spread. Let's get married now."

Tim Palmer wanted a steady job so he could marry his gal, but just how dishonest can a guy be to hold a job?

"My parents' wedding anniversary is two months from today," Betty said. "Let's get married on their anniversary."

Tim nodded agreement. Just setting the day was enough for him. "By then I'll have two more months' pay," he said. "We'll be all set."

"Keep an eye on Judd Archer," Betty warned as Tim started back toward his horse. "He's been in some shady deals. Don't you get involved in one of them."

"Don't worry about me," Tim said easily. "I'll keep my hands clean. Anyway, Judd is strictly aboveboard now. I'll see you Saturday night."

Tim rode back to the ranch in high spirits. For nearly a year he and Betty had been engaged but they had postponed naming the wedding day until Tim could get a good steady job. Now he had a steady job. But he knew that Betty still wasn't convinced that it was a good job. Tim admitted to himself that he'd had misgivings when Judd Archer first offered him this job. But he was working with horses, the thing he loved to do best of all. And so far as Tim could see, Judd had been strictly honest since Tim had been working for him. He hadn't misrepresented a single horse in this herd he'd just sold to the Army.

Judd had a small cabin on his ranch and he had already told Tim that he and Betty could live in it after they were married.

A WEEK later Judd sent Tim out to bring in the herd of scrub horses that was kept in the small west pasture. Judd had cut out these horses to be disposed of. There wasn't a good riding horse in the bunch. Some were spavined or slightly crippled while others just had a mean disposition.

"What are you going to do with these?" Tim asked when he got them in the corral.

"Got a buyer coming to look at them," Judd said with satisfaction. "I sure didn't figure I'd ever be able to sell these crowbaits."

"You're not selling them for good horses, are you?" Tim asked in surprise.

Judd waved a hand at the horses. "Would you call them good horses if you were judging?"

"I should say not," Tim said.

"Well, the buyer looking at them today probably won't, either. But I'll take whatever he'll give me for them."

"Aren't you going to tell this fellow what he's buying?"

"Are you crazy?" Judd asked. "This isn't the Army I'm selling to. This is Horace Stanly. There won't be any repeat orders from him whether he likes what he gets or not. Stanly wants some horses for his new ranch and he likes to buy cheap. He'll be buying these at the end of the rope."

Tim knew what that meant. The

buyer would have to use his own judgment about each horse. He'd get no guarantee with any animal. And he was to have no complaints later. Tim didn't like that kind of dealing.

"Does Stanly know he's buying at the end of the rope?"

"I reckon he does if he's got any horse trading blood in him," Judd said. "He's got lots of money so if he gets stuck with a few jugheads, it won't hurt him. He's going to want to talk to you because you've been working these horses. If you convince him they're good sound horses and we get a good price out of them, there'll be a juicy bonus in it for you. Make a nice wedding present for you and Betty."

Tim knew as Judd walked away that Horace Stanly hadn't been told he was being shown a corral full of misfits. If he had, Judd would have said so.

Before Tim could make any decision on what he was going to do when Stanly came, he saw a cloud of dust a mile down the road and he realized that Stanly must be coming now.

One thought kept drumming through his mind. Betty had been right; Judd Archer couldn't be trusted. He'd been fair and square in his deal with the Army because an honest deal there might mean more business later. But this was the only time he'd get a chance to deal with Horace Stanly so he was going to swindle him good.

If Tim went along with Judd's trickery, it would mean a fat bonus for him and a better financial start on married life. A few deals like this

and Tim could quit his job with Judd and start his own ranch much sooner than he had planned. Betty wouldn't know and, as soon as he quit working for Judd, he'd never have any part in such dealings again. In fact, this deal was really none of his doing. If he helped it along, he would just be following orders. That was what any hired hand was supposed to do.

On the other hand, if he didn't go along with Judd's orders, he probably wouldn't get the horses sold at any price. And if he didn't, he wouldn't need a fortune teller to point out his immediate future. Out of a job again. And that would mean another postponement of the wedding. That was just too much to face. He'd worked hard to get to the place where he could feel justified in asking Betty to share his life with him. He just couldn't give it up for the sake of a standard of principles that so few others shared with him.

TIM'S mind was made up to go along with Judd's deception when Horace Stanly and two companions rode into the yard. Tim watched while they talked to Judd. Maybe Judd would come over and do the dealing himself. He should. It would probably mean no bonus for Tim. But he'd be glad to forfeit the bonus if he could avoid having any part in the deception.

But Judd had said that Stanly would want to talk to the wrangler who had worked these horses and Tim saw that he was right. Horace Stanly and his two companions left Judd and rode over to the corral



where Tim was waiting.

"I understand you're the man who has been working these horses," Stanly said. "How do they shape up?"

Tim looked over the corral then pointed to two horses along the far side that were staying out of the milling herd. Both had spavins but they were gentle.

"Those two over there are especially easy to handle," Tim said.

"Could kids ride them?"

"I reckon so."

"How about the others?" Stanly asked. "They seem a bit wild."

"They don't like to be shut up in a small corral," Tim said.

He wished Stanly would stop ask-

ing questions. Tim was getting a bad taste in his mouth. It would be a lot easier if he could just come right out and lie about these horses. But he couldn't. The most he could force himself to do was sidestep the questions and give answers that evaded the real truth.

"Have you ridden all of them?" Stanly asked.

Tim nodded. "Every one."

That was the truth. But he wouldn't advise just anybody to try riding some of those horses. They belonged in a rodeo, not in a cowboy's working string.

"Would they make good mounts for the crew on my new ranch?"

Tim shot a look at Stanly and he

wished he hadn't. He could see that Stanly was putting a lot of trust in him. If Tim told him the horses were sound and gentle, he'd probably buy them.

But Tim had never betrayed such a trust before. He tried to think of Betty and how much that bonus he'd get from this deal would help them. But another nagging thought ruined that logic. Betty wouldn't approve of this any more than his own conscience was doing. He just couldn't do it.

"I'll be honest with you, Mr. Stanly," Tim said. He shot a glance at Judd up by the house as if he half expected him to come raging down to the corral any second. "These are the culls of the horses on the ranch. Some are gentle, all right, but they have spavins or something else is wrong. Half of them are outlaws. Only a real bronc buster can stay on top of them."

"Well!" Horace Stanly exclaimed. He stared at the horses for a moment then back at Tim. "Well! That isn't what Mr. Archer told me."

"It isn't what he told me to tell you, either," Tim said. "I reckon this will cost me my job but I can't cheat a man like this. These horses are good only for the rodeo or light work, nothing else."

"I admire your honesty, young man," Stanly said after another pause. "Thank you."

TIM watched Horace Stanly and his two men turn and ride back to the house where they talked to Judd for a few minutes then rode on toward town. Tim knew his time was

up here on Judd Archer's ranch when he saw Judd striding toward the corral. But all he could think of was Betty's disappointment. She wanted that wedding in two months as much as Tim did. But there'd be no wedding now until he could find another job. And being fired from one job was a poor recommendation for getting another one.

Tim wasn't surprised when Judd fired him, but he was astonished at the violence in Judd's words as he practically kicked him off the ranch.

Tim headed straight for the Drake place to break the bad news to Betty but before he got there, he was intercepted by Horace Stanly and his two men.

"Sort of figured Archer would lose no time in kicking you off his place," Stanly said. "So we decided to wait here for you."

"Going to help me cry over losing my job?" Tim asked.

"I'm going to offer you a better job," Stanly said. "I just bought a big spread where I intend to raise horses. I've been looking for a trustworthy man who knows horses to be my foreman. You obviously know horses and you demonstrated back there at Archer's today that you're honest. You're just the man I want. How about it?"

Tim felt like shouting. This was a hundred times better than the bonus Judd Archer had offered him.

"You've just hired a foreman!" he said. ■ ■

DAF-FUNITION: Car sickness—what you get when the monthly payment falls due.—Anna Herbert.

IDA SCUDDER

By W. J. Smart

THE great medical work of Vellore—its hospitals, dispensaries, clinics, School for Nurses, College for Doctors—all began in 1900 in one small room, eight feet by twelve, where a young woman doctor, Ida Scudder, put up a bed for her first inpatient. She had just completed her medical training in America, and had come back to India at a clear call from God, primarily to help Indian women, but also to relieve human suffering wherever she found it. And she found it everywhere in and around Vellore, eighty-five miles west of Madras.

Dr. Ida Scudder, born December 9, 1870, was no stranger in India. Her father worked there as a medical missionary and what she saw of the hardships endured by her parents made her resolve in youth never to be a doctor and never to be a missionary.

Ida spent the first eight years of her life in India, and her most vivid childhood memories are of the famine of 1878, when three million

Indians died of starvation within the year. Millions of cattle perished. The Lord Mayor of London raised a Mansion House Fund and the missionaries of India were asked to supervise its distribution. Ida's father accepted responsibility for the North Arcot District, a stupendous and heartbreaking task. Famine conditions prevailed for two or three years after which the whole family returned to the United States and spent four wonderful years together in Nebraska. The privations and overwork of the famine years had resulted in a complete breakdown in her father's health and he had been invalidated home. It was an unforgettable experience for Ida and her five brothers, if not for their parents, to move from the hunger and poverty of India to the prosperous State of Nebraska, abounding in cattle and corn.

Although Ida's father never fully recovered from his breakdown, he went back to India as soon as he was well enough to resume work. When

Ida's mother followed him, Ida remained in America, and at first, pining for her mother, she cried herself to sleep every night. In her early teens she was sent to the Moody Boarding School for Girls at Northfield, Massachusetts, and, adjusting herself to school life, soon became happy.

Spiritually she owed a great debt to Northfield, but it awakened no desire in her for a missionary career. Her dream was to be an American lady, with all the creature comforts that go with American living standards.

One day, however, she received a cable from India saying that her mother was very ill, whereupon she at once dropped everything and went out to her. While in India helping her mother to regain health, she gave her father a hand in his missionary work, doing to the best of her ability such things her mother usually did. But she had no intention of staying in India, and as soon as her mother was better, planned to return to America.

Then came the encounter which completely changed all her plans. One night she was sitting in her room in her father's bungalow when she heard footsteps on the veranda. They were those of a Brahmin gentleman who had come to ask her to go at once to his wife who was in labor and was suffering great difficulty and pain. Ida had to tell him that she had no knowledge whatever of midwifery, but she said her father was a doctor and he would be able to help. The man drew himself up haughtily and said that it would be

better for his wife to die than for another man to enter her room. Ida took him to her father, but the Brahmin was unrelenting and left. Shortly afterwards Ida heard more footsteps on her veranda and thought it was the Brahmin returning after changing his mind. But no, it was a Mohammedan gentleman on a similar errand, and Ida was horrified to hear him reply in almost the same words as the Brahmin when she suggested that her father should be allowed to help. The very same evening, a third man came for a like purpose, and again the help of Ida's father was disdained.

"I could not sleep that night, it was too terrible," says Ida, "three girls dying because there was no woman to help them. I spent much of the night in anguish and prayer . . . I think that was the first time I ever met God face to face, and all that time it seemed he was calling me into this work."

Early next morning Ida inquired about the three women and learned that they had all died during the night. The beating of the tom-toms announced their deaths to the community. One of the funerals passed the door of her father's bungalow during the morning. Ida saw it and for very sadness shut herself into her room. She thought about those Indian women. Then she made her decision, the dedication which was to benefit hundreds of thousands of people in South India.

"After much thought and prayer," she says, "I went to my father and mother and told them that I must go home and study medicine, and come

In the series of biographical studies of persons of achievement—Ida Scudder, American doctor who served in India for sixty years

back to India to help such women.”

After studying medicine in the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and in Cornell, New York, she went back to India as a doctor, being now thirty years of age. She landed on the first day of the twentieth century, and when she started practicing she was the only woman doctor in a region of half a million Indian women. Ida slowly won the confidence of some women in Vellore, and once people began to accept her treatment and medicines, and were eased of pain and cured of their disease, they went out and told others. By the fruit of her work she became known and trusted.

The one-bed hospital soon moved into a room large enough for two beds. Then a room was rented for six beds. In 1902, Ida built a redbrick hospital with forty beds. Soon that had to be enlarged to sixty beds, and even then the pressure was so great that at one time this sixty-bed hospital gave shelter to ninety patients.

Meanwhile, Ida had started a travelling roadside clinic. She secured a horse and cart in which she rode and carried medical supplies, and went through about a dozen villages once a week, making her small hospital in Vellore her headquarters.

Sometimes as many as three hundred patients a day were examined at her roadside clinics. While many required slight treatment only to make them well, others were incur-

able, and some had to be taken into her hospital at Vellore.

During her second year in India she successfully performed 21 major and 435 minor operations. Her total number of patients that year in hospital and dispensary were over 12,000.

The Black Death of 1903 was her first experience as a doctor of plague, and she fought it single-handed in Vellore. How she longed for the help of her father! But he, whose experience of Indian plagues and famine conditions would have been so invaluable to her as she grappled with this terrible visitation, had died of cancer two years before. In India as a whole the plague of 1903 was responsible for one million one hundred thousand deaths, and Vellore had its full share of suffering. Ida went into the homes of the people giving inoculations, teaching sanitation, inspiring faith and hope as her father had done in the great famine when she was a child; but although she saved countless lives the death toll in Vellore was none the less appalling. She still had to overcome the fear of inoculations and prejudice against the foreign doctor's medicine. Infected families often hid from her to avoid the needle, and to evade being moved to the isolation camp.

Ever mounting demands upon her time and energy in hospital, dispensary, and roadside clinics, and then the plague—all within her first three

years in Vellore as a doctor. And very soon another problem was forced upon her: she had to do something about the many motherless and unwanted children.

It was this involvement in the lives and sufferings of others which impressed an American guest who visited Dr. Scudder in Vellore. The guest said that Ida made the sorrows of her patients her own, and completely lost herself in trying to help them. She saw Ida in one home sit upon the mud floor beside a woman with dropsy while doing all she could to relieve a distention resulting from a bad attack of cholera which had complicated pregnancy and permanently injured the heart and kidneys. When she was with her patients, said this guest, Ida was cheerful and full of compassion, but after leaving the patient the joy vanished and a great heaviness settled on her spirit. She seemed to be bearing, not only the pains of those immediately around her in Vellore, but the sorrows of all India. "It is very hard to have to tell a family," she said one day, "that nothing further can be done to save their loved one."

The more the work in Vellore grew, the more Ida's compassion deepened. The more people she healed, the more the sick and ailing clamored for her attention. Grateful patients spread the stories of her cures, and prejudice against the foreign woman doctor vanished; the number of her patients increased daily. Popularity brought new problems of supplies and staff. The demands being made on her were such that alone she could not hope to

meet them all. She was therefore driven to consider the opening of a Nurses' School where she might give systematic courses of study and training to young Indian women who were willing to help her in Vellore.

In 1907—the year which saw the opening of her Children's Home—she opened her School for Nurses. She knew that India needed fully qualified Indian women doctors, and she would have liked to open a Medical College along with the School for Nurses. But the more urgent need was for nurses, so she began in a modest way to give Indian girls the technical knowledge and insight to grapple with the demands of Vellore's ever-expanding ministry of healing.

Eleven years later, however, she talked with the Surgeon General about her desire to open a Medical College for women. He admitted the value of such a training center, but he very much doubted, he said, if she would be able to find six Indian women willing to devote the necessary four years to training, and for less than six it was not worth while. "However," he said, "if you can get six, go ahead."

The response to her appeal was overwhelming. She found not six but one hundred and fifty-one who were eager to enter a medical college for women. She could not take them all but she started with eighteen and to these she gave all she had to give. She was a born teacher, lucid, exacting, but able to inspire her class with her own enthusiasm. Apart from Ida's knowledge and experience, the college had little by way of equip-

ment—a few books, a few bones, one microscope—but fourteen of the first students completed the four-year course and every one of the fourteen successfully passed the Presidency Medical Examinations in Madras; four of them secured first class honors, one headed the Presidency in Obstetrics, and one carried off a medal for Anatomy.

In her graduation address to this her first class, Dr. Scudder urged them to be cool, collected and quiet in all circumstances; to retain their presence of mind, and cultivate an ability to think and act rapidly.

“Have gentleness, forbearance, and courtesy when dealing with the sick. May the blessing of quietness, of assurance and of a wisdom which is pure, peaceable, gentle, full of mercy and good fruits be yours always.

“And last, and greatest of all, may you follow always and closely in the steps of the Great Physician.”

From the time of that first graduation ceremony in 1922 to 1937, there was an enormous expansion and development and new building going on in all the work of Vellore. In 1923, the Cole dispensary and the first ward at Thotapalayan, in the town of Vellore, were opened. In 1928 more wards and operating rooms were added to Thotapalayan, and a branch hospital was opened at Gudiyatham, twenty-four miles west of Vellore. Until 1933, the Medical College had been housed in temporary premises, but in that year the Medical College was erected on College Hill with administrative buildings, chapel, laboratories, lecture

halls, assembly rooms, hostel, and bungalows. In 1937 radium and X-ray therapy buildings were added.

It is easy to catalogue the buildings erected during those fifteen creative years, but to appreciate the magnitude of the achievement one must keep in mind the single bed hospital of 1900 and the combined operations of medical science and Christian compassion which made all this growth possible.

Dr. Ida Scudder's Jubilee was celebrated in 1950 with memorable rejoicings. It was an appropriate moment for surveying the great miracle of Vellore and recalling with praise and wonder what God had wrought. The following statistics for the year before the Jubilee were quoted in a survey of the work. Schell Eye Hospital, 1,978 inpatients, 12,660 outpatients; Cole Dispensary, 120,000 outpatients; X-ray plant, 7,588 diagnostic examinations; at the two delivery rooms there had been 1,417 patients; while 484 beds at the Thotapalayan Hospital had been in full use throughout the year.¹ Vellore's Medical courses enabled 70 students to graduate as fully qualified doctors. The nurses had also won great honor for Vellore. The first nurses in all India to win the B.Sc. of Madras University in 1950 were graduates of Vellore.

Dr. Ida died in India on May 26, 1960, in her ninetieth year. She had been in India sixty years. Her moth-

¹ These figures are quoted from the Indian Edition of *Ida S. Scudder of Vellore* by Mary Pauline Jeffery (Jubilee Edition).

er, who died in India in 1925 at the age of eighty-six, had been in India sixty-three years. Forty-two members of the Scudder family through four generations gave a total of over a thousand years of missionary service. Every one of them lived courageously, served unselfishly and tirelessly and met death, when it came as if setting out upon a new adventure. "I have just heard a piece of good

news," said Dr. Ida to a Russian doctor from Kashmir who had come to Vellore to have his fears of cancer confirmed, "that you're likely to get to heaven before I do. Not long before, but maybe a little. Isn't it wonderful that you'll be there to welcome me!" *

* Dr. Ida, by Dorothy Clarke Wilson, page 315 (Hodder & Stoughton).

They Are Our Own--Happily

By E. T. H. Hunter

SINCE I am deeply interested in the developmental aspects of children, I am not only satisfied to be an academic schoolteacher, but I find pleasure in teaching church school as well here in our Protestant Sunday school (United States Army in Germany).

Each Sunday morning as I face an eager group of boys and girls in the age range of ten to twelve years, who fill the Junior Department of our church school, I smile happily; for I know that we have our future fortune before us in these boys and girls. Yes, they are our leaders of tomorrow. As the questions flow freely as to the how's and the why's of the various happenings in our modern world and how God fits into these acts of man and his wisdom, I

am gratified that so many boys and girls feel that there are even paths and acts that man must chart. God and Jesus blend into the life of each act and even into their youthful paths of life as well.

I am motivated. These boys and girls in the military see the world in many parts and many times. We have grasped lives that are inspired spiritually, mentally, and morally. The work that goes on and the vim that these youngsters put forth each Sunday is a thrill to watch. This enthusiasm alone is enough for us adults to realize that children are truly the world's and our greatest blessing!

Raising children, educating them, helping them to develop into wholesome solid citizens is my job as a

parent-teacher, as well as a church school teacher. It has been estimated that a family making about \$3,000 annually will spend about \$5,000 on each child by the time he reaches age 18. These are the bare necessities of life. Moreover, a family whose income is about \$10,000 per year will spend about \$18,000 to \$24,000 on that child by the time he reaches age eighteen. This sum is spent in most cases without any regrets.

There are three areas of importance, I feel, that must take place in the life of the child. Each of these areas must be linked strongly together if, we the parent, teacher, spiritual leader, and civic leader are to realize any gain from our efforts in helping children face the challenges of life that lie before them:

1. The parent is very important to our youth today, especially in the area of helping the youth find himself and become aware of his environment.

2. The teacher helps the child to become aware of his environment, his civic duties, helps in the development of his leadership potentials, his achievements in his world around him.

3. The spiritual-civic leader helps the child to grow in his awareness that there is a force that leads one and encourages him to be strong and to trust and thank God for the many blessings that he and his family have been able to acquire. When these forces and individual hands have given guidance to youth, they have been able to chart a better life for themselves as individuals created in the image of God.

The Home

The strong scars left on the child in future years because of failures by parents are many. But it is equally true that parents pass on spiritual values which ennoble the remainder of life. This home atmosphere shapes the child's emotional outlook on life; it creates a definite pattern of circumstances in his adjustment to his socio-economic environment, social-mental adjustment as well as his physical adjustments.

The Church

The church has many avenues and streets to fulfillment. The church must touch the home closely enough that the bonds can reach out to others as if they were the radical bonds in a chemical formula. Youth can find social outlets in the church, development of special talents, such as singing, speaking, reading, and the bringing out of leadership potentials as well. The church school, the choir, youth-fellowship groups, drama groups, music groups, nature study groups, are all paths and avenues through which the church reaches out to help all of its youth to adjust to life.

The Army has done wonders and still does wonders with our children. It is true that our children of the military frequently move, but these moves, I feel, are more beneficial to the children rather than a greater handicap. The very fact that they often live history or see the many facets of life that others may or may not ever see enables our Army dependent children to make a wonderful adjustment to life.

The School

The academic institutions are sometimes hampered, with having to work under certain limitations, but even the children receive some good and excellent academic and professional motivation and training. The training that our boys and girls receive in the military enables them to enter colleges and universities with a background equal to their counterparts in other walks of life.

When these forces are linked closely together, our children are able to become cornerstones in the better world. We are building for tomorrow.

The average child in the military (I am a dependent wife-teacher) has a rich background emotionally. The military child must adjust to new environments, new schools, and countries. These contacts and moves serve to stimulate and increase the child's

awareness of the challenges that lie ahead of him and the world.

We proud parents of military dependents face a challenge, too, as Christians-citizens-parents to rear our children to be civic minded, well trained intellectually, and at the same time devoted to God.

Furthermore, we should help them become good Americans and ambassadors for God and country wherever they are. When we look at our American youth, we are gratified to say, "They are our own." These children are learning to discharge duties and accept the responsibilities that await them.

Our own must grasp and hold on to love of God, and country, and adjust economically, socially, spiritually and mentally to an ever widening challenge that is theirs to conquer with the help of man and God. ■ ■



"Let's go and play at *your* house today, if *your* mother's chocolate cake is still there!"

West Point Sunday School

(Continued from page 24)

the chaplain to marry him to the girl that he met on the Sunday school trip after his graduation.

The great contribution that comes to the children of the Sunday school is to know that the cadets are trying to teach them that religion is not something apart from life, and that being dedicated to God does not mean being separated from the real problems of everyday life. Thus, the cadet Sunday school teachers are not a group apart from the Corps—not a special type of person. Instead, in addition to their commitment as teachers, they are much involved in the full life of the Academy. Although much has been said of the football players (only because we have just completed that season) Sunday school teachers have participated in baseball, basketball, hockey, sky-diving, soccer, and many other sports. Last year's superintendent, Jimmy Golden of New City, New York, was a three-year letterman on the soccer team, was graduated fifth in his class, and served with the rank of Cadet Captain. He is presently at Harvard studying for an advanced degree in international relations.

The Sunday school has many famous alumni. Among them are General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, who taught Sunday school in 1915 when there were about forty-five children and all met

in the basement of the Cadet Chapel. General Matthew Ridgeway and General Easterbrook were also superintendents of the school. The present Commander in Vietnam, General William C. Westmoreland, was General Superintendent during his First Class year. He also served as First Captain, the highest cadet rank. General Westmoreland spoke to the teachers when he was Superintendent of the Military Academy and at that time was presented with a picture of his Sunday school staff of 1936. He was amazed by the way in which the school had grown and developed since his graduation.

The West Point Sunday school continues to grow and to attempt to teach the children more effectively about the love of God. It is anticipated that during the next few years the school will grow to nearly one thousand pupils with a teaching staff of over two hundred cadets, and a full-time chaplain who is a specialist in religious education to lead them.

Everyone connected with the school is earnestly seeking to teach God's truths in a way that is stimulating and meaningful to the pupils. The West Point Sunday school is unique in the sense that it employs cadets as teachers, but its program is exactly the same as any other Sunday school—to speak the Good News that alone makes life meaningful.



synonymous with soldier. It can only hope the term's revival doesn't detract too much from the soldier image impacted on the public during the past decade.

But with the term's reappearance in newspaper headlines and its increased use in news stories and columns, the time appears ripe to take the wraps off the Army's silent anti-GI campaign.

When the word GI first reared its two-lettered "head," it stood for galvanized iron—as in GI can or boiler. From that source it grew to mean anything that was government issue, implying a lack of individuality.

As citizens by the thousands enlisted or were drafted for World War II, the expression became a catchall to describe servicemen in general.

By the fall of 1943 it had acquired a number of other meanings:

A person adhering to orders, regulations or manuals was "strictly GI."

The scrubbing and inspection cleanup of dayrooms and barracks became known as a "GI party."

The greeting of servicemen, at home or abroad, was a "Hi, GI!"

An intestinal upset was referred to as "the GIs."

THE press and radio early latched on to the term as a convenient expression to lump citizen soldiers with professional soldiers. The first group accepted this facelessness good-naturedly. The second group winced every time GI was used, the way a policeman would if called a "cop" or "flatfoot."

During the war years, 1941 to

1945, the word was used so frequently and so promiscuously that often it was impossible to determine which of the services it represented—Army, Navy, or Marines. The Air Corps then was part of the Army.

The person most responsible for adding some semblance of character to the word was Ernie Pyle, America's famous chronicler of World War II's frontline fighter. His news stories, consolidated under the title, "The Story of GI Joe," dramatized the problems faced by individual soldiers and created a sympathetic rapport for the foot soldier's job and the war he was helping to win. Pyle gave names and hometowns of most of the GIs he met, and it was this identification that made his column widely read.

In a 1946 movie called *A Foreign Affair*, featuring Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, and John Lund, the word's use got one of the show's best laughs. In one scene, an American Army colonel, welcoming a group of junketing congressmen at a German airport, is greeted by one of them with these words, "Always happy to meet a GI!"

Exactly when the Army's anti-GI campaign started is hard to pinpoint, but evidence shows it began shortly before the Korean War. Early in 1950, a top Army information liaison bulletin brought up the subject of the word, suggesting that GI as a synonym for "soldier" was unrepresentative of the new soldier concept. The bulletin compared it with such terms as "dumbjohn" and "dogface," and recommended it be replaced by the more traditional "soldier."

By June of 1950, the term had been dropped almost entirely from official Army press releases and camp publications. The general press revived GI for brief periods during the Korean War, but because it looked crude as a designation for the fighting elements of the UN members on the battlefield, it never recaptured its World War II currency.

After the truce at Panmunjom, the term gradually faded from public consciousness and passed into a temporary limbo of obsolescence. Its use by press and magazine writers was limited mainly to references to the "GI Bill" and in copy for movie ads and book blurbs.

It was not until 1957 that the Army put its "approval" stamp on the democratic image of the new soldier. Through its character guidance program instruction, Army chaplains wrote and lectured that "You call a man of science a scientist, a man of letters or music or art an artist. But a man of the Army, from general to private, is a soldier; and proudly so, if he is as skilled in his tasks as the others are in theirs."

DURING the next few years, aided by what it saw of the soldier as a neighbor and a man-of-arms, the public acquired an unprecedented awareness of the soldier's many military skills, brought on chiefly by America's entry into the missile-space age.

Late in 1959, one of the Army's public information objectives was to publicize the "soldier is tops" theme—a concept that reflected the public's acceptance of a professionally

adequate Army supported by combat-ready "reserves." Two other slogans have since been created to back up that acceptance, namely, "the ultimate weapon" and the "key to landpower."

If the majority of today's news and magazine writers are aware of the Army's aversion to the word GI—that it detracts from the soldier's new posture—they've shown no indication to abide by it. One thing can be said in their favor: a close study of the word's use in many headlines and stories around the country shows no flagrant abuse or demeaning of the soldier. A good example of this is a punch lead from a feature article in *Life Magazine* which reads: "Man,' a frightened GI said as bullets zinged around him, 'this is just like war!' 'Soldier,' his sergeant shouted, 'this is war!'"

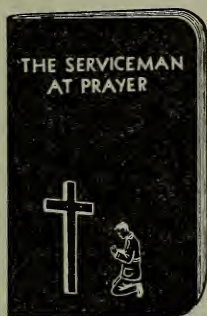
The Army's fight to bury the word GI with traditional honors appears "a losing battle," writes the editor of a top civilian military magazine. "Many officers, especially older ones, use it and that doesn't help."

Nevertheless, the official public information policy on the word's use permits scant compromise. According to the *Armed Forces News Style Guide*, "Soldiers refer to any members of the U.S. Army regardless of rank. Do not use such terms as GI, jarheads, boys, brass, flyboys, swabbies, girls when writing about service personnel." This policy is born out by letters to editors of military publications over the past ten years—letters that overwhelmingly indicate members of the "one-Army" team prefer "soldier" to "GI."

Yet, as long as servicemen make the news with any degree of regularity, as long as GI covers a multitude of meanings and fits easily into most headlines, outstanding Army public relations will be needed to

get the news folk to replace GI.

Until then no GI or soldier need ever be ashamed of wearing the uniform of an Army that has carried its banner with skill and bravery through 145 battle campaigns. ■ ■



THE SERVICEMAN AT PRAYER

By
Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

The Editor of *THE LINK* prays for and with his world-wide congregation of servicemen in this small treasury of sincere and relevant prayers. The pocket-size book by a former chaplain, containing 124 prayers for servicemen, comes as a timely help when more and more of the nation's youth are facing difficulties in times of war.

Early copies of *The Serviceman at Prayer*, were presented at a Methodist chaplain's retreat in Illinois to Air Force Chaplains Jeff E. Davis, Jr., (left) of Arkansas and to Navy Chaplain William D. Bruner of Alabama. Making the presentation is The Rev. Richard W. Ricker, retired Navy chaplain now liaison to chaplains for *THE UPPER ROOM*, which published the booklet.

For copies order from *THE UPPER ROOM*, 1908 Grand Avenue., Nashville, Tenn. 37203. \$1.00 per copy; \$10.00 per dozen.



WHEN YOU PRAY

Should you do all the speaking?
Remember, when you pray,
That part of prayer is listening
To hear what God will say.

—Mary Hamlett Goodman

The Holy Spirit

By Bernard Pekelder

I BELIEVE in the Holy Spirit. This confession is a crucial part of the Christian faith. Yet in the Christian Church the doctrine of the Holy Spirit has often been neglected. There are few books written and few sermons preached on the Holy Spirit. Many Christians would be hard pressed to give a clear explanation of the Holy Spirit and his work.

What then does the Christian Church confess when it utters these words?

The Trinity

It affirms that the Holy Spirit is God. Implicit in this affirmation is the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. For two thousand years the church has declared there is one God in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Many non-Christians have serious objections to this teaching. They say it is absurd; three can't be one. If you take it seriously, they add, Christianity is only a refined brand of polytheism.

Faced with both serious inquiries and outspoken denials, the church has sought to clarify its understanding of the Trinity. But just because God is God he can't be contained in neat definitions. Yet we may not deny everything we can't define. And surely this is true when we encounter the Triune God. So the doctrine wasn't a matter of spinning theories out of one's head; it was a matter of taking history and the Scriptures seriously.

The Old Testament Hebrew grew up under the admonition: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." Monotheism was the keynote of Israel's religion. It set them apart from their polytheistic neighbors.

But things happened in history that ought not be overlooked. There was an event called the Incarnation. God became flesh. Jesus Christ declared that he and the Father were one, and yet distinct. Jesus was not merely a godly man; he was the God-man. Unless one dismisses Jesus as a calculated liar or a deluded fool

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one has to accept his word that he is God. This person and his claims are inescapable facts of history. The facts disclose truths the church could interpret only in the light of the Trinity.

When Jesus preached he spoke not only about his Father in heaven, but also about the Holy Spirit. Before he left the earth he promised the Spirit would be sent by the Father. On Pentecost that promise was fulfilled (Acts 1). The Holy Spirit was "poured out" upon the church. This is another historical fact the church had to reckon with when it spoke about God. It also pointed to the fact that God is Triune.

The Personality of the Holy Spirit

The Holy Spirit is a person.

This confession stands next to the affirmation that the Holy Spirit is God. The church from the early days has declared that the Holy Spirit is the third *person* of the Trinity.

But the word "spirit" has associations which are impersonal. We talk about school spirit or the Christmas spirit to designate a general feeling or atmosphere. Or we may use the word to speak of the continuing influence of a person who has died. An adventuresome son may catch something of the spirit of his dead father, who was an explorer. In such cases the word spirit is an "it." It is an influence or power in the world.

But this is not what the Christian means when he speaks of the "Spirit." He declares that the Holy Spirit is a *person*. He is just as much a person as is the Father and the

Son. The fact the Holy Spirit never appeared in a clearly discernible form among men, as did the Son of God, should in no way obscure his personality.

Again his personality is not so much argued as assumed throughout the Scriptures. The Holy Spirit has intelligence (Jn. 14:26), will (Acts 16:7), and affections (Eph. 4:30). He is spoken of in Scripture as speaking, testifying, searching, striving, creating. You can grieve him (Eph. 4:30) and lie to him (Acts 5:3). Now it is quite obvious you can't say such things about an influence. These are characteristics and relationships that have meaning only when applied to a person.

God in Us

But what is the role of this Person? What work is ascribed to the Holy Spirit?

He is represented in the Scriptures as the one who gives life to all creation. He moved over the face of the waters at creation, impregnating the new world with life. (Gen. 2:1). The psalmist declared that things are created and the face of the ground is renewed when the Lord sends forth his Spirit (Ps. 104:30).

The Holy Spirit also gives spiritual life to man. Jesus declared that unless a man is born again he cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven. When a puzzled Nicodemus asked how a man could be born a second time from his mother's womb, Jesus said he had missed the whole point. The birth about which he was speaking was a spiritual birth, a birth that comes from the Spirit (Jn. 3:7).

The reason every man needs this new life is that he is dead in sin (Eph. 2:5). Now one who is spiritually dead can't make sense out of God's works. He looks at the gospel that God saves man through the death of Jesus Christ as utter nonsense. That God is "for us" in Jesus Christ leaves him cold. He cannot believe it for a moment.

It is only if the God who is "for us" in Christ becomes the God "in us" that this situation can change. The Holy Spirit is God "in us." He transforms the unspiritual man. The new life he implants within us enables us to see correctly both ourselves and God. We learn to recognize our own sickness and our need of a physician. We are brought to a conviction of sin, which is the prelude to the acceptance of God's pardon.

Thus the Spirit injects a note of despair into the human situation. Man cries, "What must I do to be saved?" Only this is not the despair of life itself, but a despair of saving one's self. Then the Holy Spirit points man to his only hope: Jesus Christ. Before Jesus left the earth he declared that he would send the Spirit to bear witness of him.

The Holy Spirit, who leads man to repentance and faith in Christ, then becomes man's Counselor and Comforter. When Jesus promised he would send the Spirit he called him "another" Counselor. This means he would take the place of Christ. The Spirit is to us what Christ was to his disciples: a constant companion and friend.

God, the Holy Spirit, ministers to

us at every point of our need. The Spirit gives strength to the weak, solace to the sorrowing, light to the benighted, courage to the fearful, peace to the troubled. In the Spirit God dwells in us and with us. He testifies with our spirits that we are sons of God (Rom. 8:16).

All of this is, of course, an unseen activity. Jesus compared the Spirit's work to the wind, "Which blows where it wills, and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know whence it comes or whither it goes" (Jn. 3:8). You don't see God the Spirit; you see only what he accomplishes. But as one is certain of the existence of the wind by its effects (see the devastation in the wake of a tornado), so one knows the reality of the Spirit by the results of his presence.

And the clearest evidence of the presence and the power of the Holy Spirit is the church. The church of Christ is gathered by the Holy Spirit. He is the one who works in the hearts of men, giving them new life, convicting them of sin, leading to repentance and faith. Every believer is an evidence of the Spirit's work; every church is living proof that God still dwells in the world. ■ ■

WHERE YOU ARE

You don't have to stop and search for
Greener pastures near and far.
You can glorify your Maker
Just by serving where you are.

You can put the joy of worship
Into everything you do.
Where you are will be an altar
If your purposes are true.

—Mary Hamlett Goodman

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Needed: Christian Workers Overseas

Needed overseas: teachers, doctors, ministers, directors of Christian education, a nurse, a housemother, and a businessman. These are the priority openings for Presbyterian U.S. missionaries abroad. So states the Board of World Missions, Presbyterian U.S. Church, 2400-21st Ave. S., Box 330, Nashville, Tenn. 37201.

Methodists in Vietnam

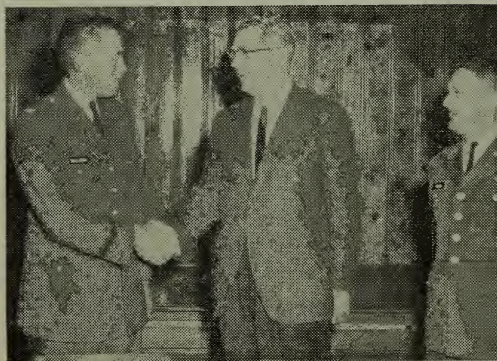
The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief has issued the following statement (in part) concerning its activities in Vietnam: "There are 600,000 refugees in Vietnam, and their number increases daily. . . . In cooperation with other Protestant churches, Methodists are doing three things in Vietnam: (1) Funds are being raised to cover basic expenses of relief workers, and the distribution of food, clothing, and medicine. . . . (2) Fabric parcels are being sent for clothing. . . . (3) Trained persons are going to Vietnam to help in medicine, nursing, child care and other fields. . . ."

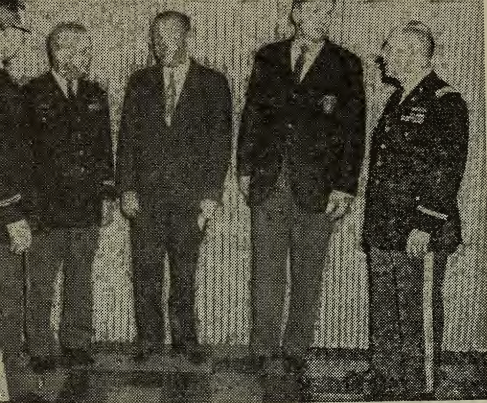
Belief in God

Information Service of the NCC reports on a survey of religion conducted by Rodney Stark and Charles Y. Glock of the University of California. To the question: "Which of the following statements comes closest to what you believe about God?" 71 percent of Protestants and 81 percent of Roman Catholics an-

swered: "I know God really exists and I have no doubts about it." 69 percent of Protestants and 86 percent of Roman Catholics answered: "Jesus is the divine Son of God and I have no doubts about it." 65 percent of Protestants and 75 percent of Roman Catholics said: "There is a life beyond death." 57 percent of Protestants and 81 percent of Roman Catholics declared "Jesus was born of a virgin." 57 percent of Protestants and 74 percent of Roman Catholics said: "Miracles actually happened just as the Bible says." However, only 44 percent of the nation's adults attended church on a typical Sunday in 1965.

Col John R. Williams, commanding officer of Fort Story, Va., with Dr. Carl J. Sanders, Norfolk Dist. Supt. for The Methodist Church, and Chaplain (Capt) John C. Bailey, Jr., during luncheon at the Officers' Club following meeting on Post for civilian ministers in the area. Topic of the meeting was "Why Vietnam?"





Paul Dietzel (center), football coach at West Point Military Academy, was guest speaker for the PMOC in the Post Chapel, Fort Dix, N.Y., to an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Dietzel is president of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

Spiritual Life Conferences

The Chief of Chaplains, USAF, Chaplain, Maj Gen, Robert P. Taylor, has announced the USAF Spiritual Life Conference dates and locations for this summer as follows:

- #1. Glorieta, New Mexico
4-8 June
- #2. Estes Park, Colorado
11-15 July
- #3. Forest Home, California
25-29 July
- #4. Silver Bay, New York
1-5 August
- #5. Warm Beach, Washington
15-19 August
- #6. Ridgecrest, North Carolina
1-5 September

Missionary Outreach

in 8th Army Depot, Korea

During the quarter Oct. to Dec.

1965, Depot Command Chaplain in Korea including Taegu, Camp Carroll, and Pusan, distributed 682 boxes (10,517 lbs) of clothing, 71 boxes (2,715 lbs) of food and 34 boxes (440 lbs) of toys. The Taegu chapel has supported needy leper families by financing one house and purchase of three knitting machines. Also installed a hot water system in an orphanage for 120 children. Chaplain (Lt Col) James R. Barnett is the staff chaplain.

Birth Control

From *Population Profile*: "Mr. John Q. Citizen believes that the Roman Catholic Church should change its policy with regard to the critical question of birth control. A majority of both Catholics and non-Catholics concurs in this opinion.

"This is perhaps the most significant fact gleaned from a poll of over 3,000 American citizens. This statistical sampling of the U.S. population was taken in the fall of 1965 by the Gallup Organization, Inc., for the Population Council of New York. . . ."

Award to Dr. Weigle

The Rev. Dr. Luther A. Weigle, noted Protestant scholar who supervised the translation of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, was vested as a Knight of St. Gregory the Great in special ceremonies on January 25. The honor, rarely accorded a Protestant, came from Pope Paul VI. Dr. Weigle, 85, is dean emeritus of Yale University Divinity School. He received the knighthood

for his work in aiding production of a published Roman Catholic version of the RSV New Testament.

Dr. Blake New Head of World Council

Meeting in Geneva, Switzerland, the Central Committee of the WCC on Feb. 11 voted unanimously to name Dr. Eugene Carson Blake as successor to Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hoff, general secretary of the WCC. The 66-year-old Dutch churchman, who last year announced his retirement, has held the office since the founding of the WCC in Amsterdam in 1948. Dr. Blake is stated clerk of the United Presbyterian Church, USA.

New Retreat Center

Plans to build an interdenominational retreat center are being announced by members of Prayer Unlimited, International, a Christian laymen's organization, headquartered in Cleveland, Ohio. The center will be built in a rural area near Cleveland, and will house up to 100 persons for two-day, three-day, and weekly retreats. Prayer Unlimited feels there is great need for such a place, which would be available to weary laymen for withdrawal from the world to meditate and pray. The cost will be around \$200,000.

The New G.I. Bill

The U.S. Senate has approved the House version of the Veterans Readjustment Act of 1966 by a vote of 99 to nothing. The President has signed the bill. In the new bill, veterans discharged after January 31,

1955, are entitled to college level or below college-level training in trade, vocational, correspondence, and technical schools. The overall purpose of the bill is to provide vocational readjustment and restore lost educational opportunities to those servicemen and women whose careers have been interrupted and impeded by reason of active duty after January 31, 1955. The effective date of the bill is June 1, 1966.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 5-7, Rick L. Smith; pages 20-24, 29, 59, 60, U.S. Army; page 52, Charles J. Milazzo; page 55, Winston Taylor; page 61, U.S. Air Force.

Clergy Day at the Air Force Electronic Systems Division, L. G. Hanscom Field, Bedford, Mass. Special speaker was Bishop John M. Burgess (second from right) of the Massachusetts Episcopal Diocese. L-R: Col Robert A. Barrere, base commander; Col Albert R. Shiely, ESD vice-commander; Chaplain (Lt Col) Willis M. Lewis, Installation Chaplain.



The Link Calendar

THE name for the sixth month of the year—June—probably comes from *Junus*, the name of a Roman *gens*, or clan. It is the month of roses and weddings.

The American Dairy Association has chosen June to create special interest in dairy foods; so they've made June Dairy Month. June is also declared to be the National Barbecue Month with emphasis on outdoor cooking, its skill and its pleasure. Finally, June is National Recreation Month. Aim: "To make all Americans aware of the opportunities for wise and satisfying use of free time in their own communities."

June 4-11 Let's Play Golf Week.

June 4 Old Maid's Day. Or Bachelor Girl's Day.

June 5-11 National Humor Week. Pursue happiness through humor.

June 10-12 International Air Mail and Aerospace Exhibition. New York.

June 10-12 North Dakota Championship Horse Show.

June 11 Kamehameha Day. Hawaii. State holiday.

June 12 Corpus Christi Fiesta. San Diego, Calif.

June 12-18 National Flag Week.

June 13-19 National Little League Baseball Week.

June 14 Flag Day. Display the flag. Honor it. Unfortunately, some persons play down patriotism these days. Let's play it up!

June 14-Sept. 11 National Shakespeare Festival, San Diego, Calif.

June 15-Sept. 5 Summer Jubilee, Washington, D.C. Many special events are taking place in the capital city during the summer.

June 19 Newport-Bermuda Ocean Yacht Race.

June 19 Father's Day.

June 19 Miss Southern California Contest. San Diego, Calif.

June 21 Summer begins at 3:33 P.M. E.S.T.

June 22 Annual Will Rogers Roundup Championship Rodeo. Claremore, Okla.

June 24 Midsummer Festival. Switzerland.

June 24 County Fair, San Diego, Calif.

June 25-26 Rhododendron Festival. Roan Mountain, Tenn.

June 25-26 State Singing Festival. Benson, N.C.

June 26 Gettysburg Battle Anniversary Services. Marks the 103rd Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Fifty Years Ago—1916. President Woodrow Wilson threatened to break off diplomatic relations with Germany unless it discontinued unrestricted submarine warfare (April). Germany agreed not to sink passenger ships and to warn all other vessels before attacking them, provided they offered no resistance.

Songs of 1916: "Twelfth Street Rag"; "Nola"; "Li'l Liza Jane"; "Roses of Picardy."

Twenty-Five Years Ago—1941. Franklin D. Roosevelt began third term as President of the U.S., only president to do so.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion. Lay leaders will also find the material helpful.

1. Living in the Presence of God (page 15)

Bible Material: Psalm 23

Do your friends generally believe in God? How deep is this belief? What does it mean to know God by experience? How does one keep in tune with God? What happens when we live in God's presence? What do we learn about God from Jesus?

2. What Is the Church? (page 25)

Bible Material: Ephesians 4

Is it essential that all church members believe alike? How far can they differ? What changes do you think the church ought to make to meet the needs of today's world? How can church members around the world link themselves together better to do the Lord's will and work? How can the program of a military congregation become a part of the total program of the church universal?

3. Jesus' Ministry Outside Galilee (page 32)

Bible Material: Mark 7:24—9:1

How was Jesus' ministry outside of Galilee a forecast of his world mission? What lessons do we learn from Jesus' feeding of the 4,000? Why did Jesus refuse to give the Pharisees a sign—a spectacular marvel—showing that he was the Christ? What did the people think of Christ? the disciples? Why did the Messiah have to suffer? What do you think of Christ?

4. The Holy Spirit (page 56)

Bible Material: John 14:15-26; 16:7-15; Acts 2:1-13

Why is the doctrine of the Trinity crucial to the Christian faith? What is the significance of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Pentecost? What do the symbols of the wind and fire in the upper room tell us of the work of the Holy Spirit? What is a Spirit-filled life? How can such a life be cultivated?

Books Are Friendly Things

For the World by Colin W. Williams. Dept. of Publication Services, the National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027. 1965. 45 cents.

This is the study book being used in preparation for the General Assembly of the National Council of Churches to meet in Miami, Florida, December 5-9, 1966. The theme of the Assembly is: "That the World May Know." The substance of the book is related to this general theme and stresses particularly evangelism in our modern world. Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, President of the NCC, points out in the book's preface: "While the contents are strictly the product of the author and are not necessarily the views of the National Council of Churches or its member communions, the Council is pleased to issue this book as a background study to the General Assembly theme. . . ."

New Ways to Learn a Foreign Language by Robert A. Hall, Jr. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. 1966. 95 cents.

"I spent three years in high school and two years in college studying French, and I still can't understand, speak, read, or write it. . . ." So says one college junior. Generally, Americans are deficient in language study. Mr. Hall says: "The person who knows only one language and one culture is condemned to wear the blinders of ethnocentrism, thinking his way of talking and living to be the only one possible." One way out of this is to learn at least one other language. This book does not teach you that language, but it shows you how to study it and really learn it; it sets forth the new linguistics way that has revolutionized language learning.

The Missile Crisis by Elie Abel. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. 1966. \$4.95.

In this book Elie Abel, NBC's correspondent in London (formerly in Washington) sets down an intimate chronicle—day by day, hour by hour—of the development, climax, and denouement of the Cuban missile crisis: those thirteen tense days in October when the young President of the U.S. played nuclear poker with Nikita Khrushchev and won. . . . More than a chronicle, Mr. Abel's reporting amounts to the anatomy of a crisis, an analysis of *how* a major decision is reached.

Sex, Family, and Society in Theological Focus. Edited by J. C. Wynn. Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007.

Clear, realistic insights into the sexual revolution and counterrevolution, marriage, divorce, parenthood, home life under pressure in the twentieth century.

A New Approach to Sex by William Fay Luder. Farnsworth Books, 44 Farnsworth St., Boston, Mass. 02210. 1966. Cloth: \$1.85. Paperback: 85 cents.

A Christian answer to the "new morality" which is called "the old immorality."

An Avid Reader

I have been an avid reader of your fine magazine THE LINK since coming out to the Far East. I am enclosing a contribution to your fund. Also, please send a subscription to my wife. Again, I'd like to get a complete set of the 1965 issues. May God bless you for your excellent work.

—Sgt Dewaine A. Robinson (139432), USMC, Marine A.B. Sq-11 Ord. FPO San Francisco 96601.

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I picked up a copy of THE LINK at summer encampment this summer and was favorably impressed with the depth and variety of your magazine. I am a chaplain in the TennARNG attached to the 3rd Bde. of the 30th Armd. Div. I wonder if it would be possible for some sort of distribution to be made of your magazine among our National Guard troops. Please inform me as to the necessary procedures.

Also, please inform if any back issues remain of George A. Buttrick's series on discipleship. I would like to obtain these if possible.

—Deryl Watson, Pastor, First Baptist Church, Box 88, Gleason, Tenn.
(You can certainly order THE LINK. Of course, we'd like all to send along 15 cents per copy to help us pay the printer. Somehow, he always insists on payment. Dr. Buttrick is planning to publish these articles in book form. At present please write to him about this: 425 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. We will announce the book as soon as we hear that it is ready. EDITOR.)

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I Head for the Rack

We've been in the Air Force for 25 years and have always enjoyed THE LINK. I always head for the rack that holds the magazine. Thank you for many hours of pleasant reading.

—Juanita Burnam, 606 Burwood Lane, San Antonio, Texas.

At Ease!



“No, no, not yet, Daddy!”

“Are you the girl who took my order?” asked the impatient diner.

“Yes, sir,” replied the waitress.

“Well, I’ll be switched,” he replied, “you don’t look a day older.”

—*Builders.*

A woman’s Bible study group was discussing a passage dealing with patience. To illustrate a point, one woman drew from her own experience. “I prayed and prayed for patience to raise my two children,” she said. “Then the Lord sent our third, James, and now I *really* need patience.”—Ruth McKelvie.

An operation is something that took a surgeon an hour to perform and the patient years to describe.—Earl Wilson in *The Christian*.

“My oldest sister had her face lifted.”

“What, had her face lifted?”

“Yes, but it didn’t take. When she received the doctor’s bill, her face fell again.”—*Watchman-Examiner.*

“Daddy,” asked a boy, “what’s a sweater girl?”

“Why-er-ah,” fumbled his father, “a sweater girl is a girl who works in a sweater factory.”

The boy (after a moment’s pause): “Dad, where in the world did you get that answer?”—*NRTA Journal.*

The draftee was awakened roughly by his platoon sergeant after the rookie’s first night in the Army barracks.

“It’s 4:30!” roared the sergeant.

“Four-thirty!” gasped the recruit.

“Man, you’d better get to bed. We’ve got a big day tomorrow.”—*RIB, Beeville, Texas.*

“With all due deference, old boy,” an Englishman told his American friend, “I really think our English custom at the phone is better than saying ‘Hello’ as you Americans do.”

“What do you say in England?” queried the American.

“In England,” replied the Britisher, “we say ‘Are you there?’ Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use going on with the conversation.”—F. G. Kernan.





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