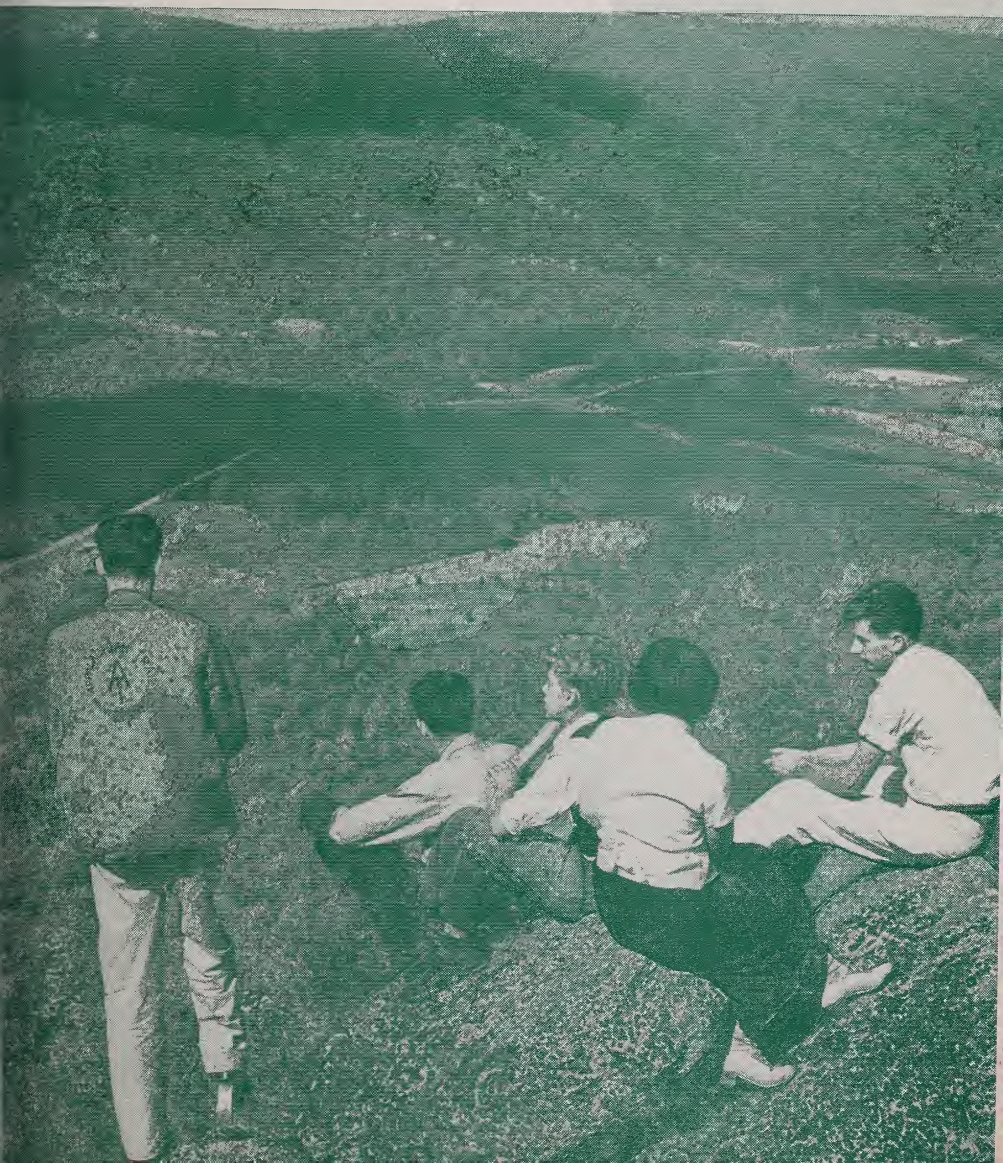


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STAFF

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Marion J. Creeger

EDITOR: J. A. Lacy

CIRCULATION MGR.: Isabel R. Senar

EDITORIAL ASST.: Robert I. Pratt

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World's Longest Man-Made Footpath

By NATHANIEL KRUM

IF I had only known earlier how much satisfaction an acquaintance with the Appalachian Trail would bring me, I would never have waited until the spring of 1946 to take my first hike on this longest continuous man-made footpath in the world.

In May of that year some friends of mine invited me to spend the week end with them at Hawksbill Lean-to. This lean-to is an open shelter situated in the shadow of Hawks-

bill Mountain, just off the Appalachian Trail and Skyline Drive in Shenandoah National Park, Virginia.

That first night in a lean-to I scarcely slept a wink. The wooden bunks were entirely too hard. And I was too "soft" a camper to take it! During the night a pack rat discovered our butter and hard-boiled eggs, and obligingly left us a greasy wrapper and a litter of shells for our breakfast. At three o'clock a skunk had a violent encounter with some

enemy under the bushes below the shelter, and soon the air was suffocating.

Despite these initial perplexities I soon discovered that I was deeply in love with the place. The rustic stone lean-to, the verdant woods, the rugged mountains, the fresh, crisp air, thrilled me. Was it the saffron glow of the setting sun over Massanutten Mountain that charmed me most? Or the hush of twilight and the twitter of birds settling for the night that awakened within me feelings too deep for words? Or could it have been the sharp tinkle of the spring-fed stream, whose waters rippled over the stones and splashed in numerous miniature falls down into the valley? Or the soothing, nocturnal call of the whippoorwill on the nearby mountainside that endeared Hawksbill to me? Yes, it was these—and more.

Above all else was the consciousness that the One who had made these things for man to enjoy was present by His Spirit to unlock nature's secrets and teach me the wonder and wisdom of His ways. However it came, the love for the Trail born in my heart during that first week end eleven years ago has deepened and broadened into an affection.

What is the Appalachian Trail? Where does it start? Where does it lead? These are important questions, because, whether you realize it or not, over eighty million Americans live within half a day's drive of this supertrail, which begins at Mount Katahdin, in Maine, and winds for 2,028 miles down the natural back-

bone of the eastern States along the Appalachians to Mount Oglethorpe, in Georgia. The Appalachian Trail is thus the longest marked and maintained footpath in the world. In contrast, the John Muir Trail, which traverses some of the most sublime scenery in the Sierra, is only two hundred miles long.

The A.T. is the brain child of Benton MacKay, of Shirley, Massachusetts. Back in 1921 MacKay—forester, philosopher, dreamer by nature—inspired by his wanderings in New England forests, first proposed a supertrail. A small beginning was made but, unfortunately, enthusiasm for the project soon died down.

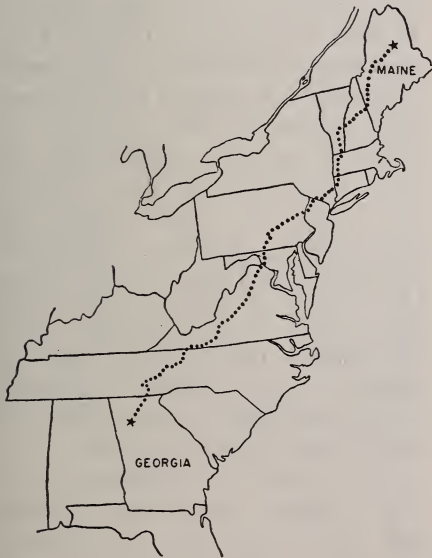
MacKay's dream, however, remained alive. But it required the practicality and stick-to-itiveness of Arthur Perkins, a retired lawyer of Hartford, Connecticut, to translate this dream into a reality.

In 1926 Perkins began to promote the Appalachian Trail idea vigorously. He interested individuals and groups in the plan. His unbounded enthusiasm and promotional ability inspired people to leave behind the discussion stage and hike into the forest with an ax and saw and pruning shears to clear a footpath through the Appalachian wilderness. In the years that followed, numerous nature clubs were organized and they worked tirelessly to complete the 2,028-mile trail.

STARTING atop Mount Katahdin, 5,268 feet above sea level, the highest point in Maine and the spot in the United States first touched

by the rising sun, let us take a quick hike down the Trail to its Georgia terminus.

We go southward, of course, and believe me the first hundred miles is no place for a novice hiker. It is indeed rough going in this section made famous by Henry David Thoreau. As we leave Maine and cross the New Hampshire line the Trail leads us through one of its most spectacular stretches. Here the Presidential Range keeps us high above timber line for two days. Dense fogs hang over these mountains, and storms are frequent and severe, storms that have claimed at least twenty-five lives in as many years.



■ This map shows a bird's-eye view of the Appalachian Trail which runs for over 2,000 miles along the backbone of the Appalachian Chain from Mt. Katahdin, Maine to Mt. Oglethorpe, Georgia.

We climb hazardous Mount Washington to the top—6,288 feet—and discover that we are standing on the spot where the highest wind velocities ever attained have been recorded. So far we have traveled three days without seeing a sign of human habitation.

Now, four hundred miles south of Katahdin, we cross the Connecticut River at Hanover, New Hampshire, then climb into the beautiful Green Mountains of Vermont, pausing briefly at Sherburne Pass, near Rutland, a longtime mecca of mountain climbers and nature lovers.

After crossing the Massachusetts state line, we scale Mount Greylock, a 3,491-foot pinnacle, stop for a moment to study its 105-foot tower dedicated to the soldiers and sailors of that state, then continue down the Berkshires, pausing briefly at the fire tower on Mount Everett before entering Connecticut. We pass Cathedral Pines mid-state and, once in New York, make a hundred-mile curve around New York City, scarcely touching civilization. Having crossed the Hudson River at the lowest point on the Trail (slightly above sea level), we labor up Bear Mountain. From its height we can see the towers of Manhattan more than thirty miles away! You would hardly believe that an area so near the most populous city in the world could be so wild. But we stalk a deer and flush a grouse as we head southward.

Arriving at the Delaware Water Gap, we pause to marvel at the spectacular beauty of this summer-resort gorge. Farther south is Hawk Moun-

tain Sanctuary along the Kittatinny Range. Here we meet Dr. Maurice Broun, curator of the sanctuary, and he takes us to the Lookout to see the flights of migrating hawks and other birds. After crossing the broad, shallow Susquehanna River we hike through the delightful Cumberland Valley, then cross the Potomac River in the rugged country around Harpers Ferry, and enter Shenandoah National Park at Front Royal, Virginia. From this picturesque town we climb abruptly from the Potomac valley along the Skyline trail to Hawksbill Mountain, 4,049 feet above sea level, the highest peak in the park. Farther south we pass through the country of the southern highlanders, where many people live today much as they did 150 years ago.

The highest point of the Trail is in the Great Smokies of North Carolina and Tennessee. Clingman's Dome is 6,642 feet above sea level. The Smokies and its vistas are magnificent. From the top of Mount Le Conte, only a few feet lower than Clingman's Dome, we look out over range after range of towering summits and evergreen-studded mountainsides and catch the feeling of unlimited space, supposedly felt only in the Rockies or the High Sierra. Surrounded by this ocean of purple peaks, with its prodigal vegetation of rhododendron, flame azaleas, laurel, hemlock, red spruce, twenty-six kinds of orchids, and many other wildflowers, we get a tiny glimpse of the verdant beauties that once covered the whole face of the earth in its Edenic perfection.

But we must leave the Smokies and proceed southward. As we enter Georgia the Trail invades a mountainous wilderness similar to the first hundred miles of trailway in Maine. Often we are sixty miles from the nearest human habitation. Finally, the Trail leads us to the top of Mount Oglethorpe, the last outpost of the Appalachians. From this vantage point 3,290 feet above sea level, we strain our eyes at evening to see the distant lights of Atlanta. Our quickie hike is over. We have reached the southern terminus, the end of the Trail. Below Oglethorpe the mountains quickly sink away to the uplands of piedmont Georgia.

IT IS DIFFICULT to realize that our hike has taken us through fourteen States and eight national parks. Virginia alone covers a five-hundred-mile section of the A.T., or one fourth of its entire length! But we did only ten miles in West Virginia. We crossed six major rivers—the Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac, and James. On one-half of the trail we hiked over public lands—national parks and forests. On the other half we tramped over private property, where well-wishing landowners permitted the Trail to be built.

By now you have surmised that it takes a large organization to maintain such a long trail. And remember that of the hundreds who participate in its upkeep, there are no paid employees, except in the national park sections. The A.T. was developed by people who dearly love the wilderness, and want other

people to enjoy it with them. It was not planned as a money-making project.

The Appalachian Trail Conference is composed of about thirty-eight clubs in towns from Maine to Georgia, with headquarters at 1916 Sunderland Place NW., Washington, D.C. Membership of the conference consists of clubs that maintain the Trail or contribute to the Trail project, persons who maintain or who are responsible for small sections through which the Trail passes, and individual dues-paying members.

The A.T. was first opened from end to end in 1937. To perpetuate and protect it, an "Appalachian Trailway" came into being in October, 1938, as the result of an agreement between the National Park Service and the United States Forest Service. This agreement created a recreational area extending through the national parks and forests for a distance of one mile on each side of the Trail.

Perhaps you have wondered just what kind of people join the A.T. club. When I first became a member about ten years ago, I was happily surprised to find that doctors, botanists, geologists, ornithologists, scientists, teachers, and other professional men and women constituted a large proportion of the membership. People who love the out-of-doors, and travel many miles to hike on its wilderness trails for a few precious hours, are people of character and good repute, and not the shiftless kind who hang around beer parlors and poolrooms!

MANY PEOPLE ASK, Has anyone ever hiked the entire 2,028-mile length of the Appalachian Trail in one continuous journey? Although at least seven hikers have covered the entire distance, doing portions in successive seasons, it was not until 1948 that one man, Earl V. Shaffer, of York, Pennsylvania, hiked the footpath in one continuous journey. It took him from April 4 to August 5, averaging about seventeen miles a day. In his pack he carried dehydrated foods, extra clothing, and a poncho. For 123 nights he slept in lean-tos, fire towers, or wherever he could find a place. He ate mostly cornbread cooked in a pan. He says that he met many friends on the trip, but only three enemies—one rattler and two copperheads. At the end of the hike his shoes were in tatters, but healthwise and spiritwise he was in perfect condition.

Keeping the A.T. open and properly marked is no small task. It is a continual struggle against the encroachments of nature—wind, water, ice, and the normal seasonal growth of branches and weeds.

Some day you may want to travel down the Appalachian Trail. It is free to all. All one needs is a sleeping bag, rucksack, a few cooking utensils, food, and enough money to transport one to the trailside. The thrills of the wilderness life—the trees, the ferns, the hills, the birds, the flowers, the animals, the butterflies, the streams—will at long last come to life in your experience, and bring you immeasurable blessings as you companion intimately with them.

Joe felt heartsick—his wife didn't love him and didn't wish to be bothered with his son. What could he do now?

The Laughter of My Son

By BEATRICE LEVIN



TO the ears of Joe Nelson, the most delightful music in the world was the laughter of his baby son.

"Listen at him!" Joe pressed Dora, "Listen at him! Didja ever hear anythin' so beautiful?"

"Joe," his wife said in a slow bored way, "you been sayin' that every night since ya got home from the army. All kids laugh that way. I been tellin' ya."

"Dora," Joe shook his head, "not like *this*."

"Now, Joe," Dora replied with exaggerated patience, "I had eight brothers and sisters, and I can remember clear as a cattle stream six of 'em as babies. And they all done laughed thataway when we'd tickle 'em."

She came and took the baby from him. Joe followed her into the kitchen, and she handed the baby back while she cleaned the sink, moving the soiled dishes and dishrack to the

table. Joe played with his son as he undressed the baby.

"Looka his feet," Joe urged Dora, "like pink roses."

"You say that every single night," said Dora, not unpleasantly.

"Well, looka them dimples on his fat hands. Look at that fat tummy! Look at that barrel chest!"

"Aw, Joe," Dora observed flatly, nudging her husband with her elbow, "I done seen 'em." She lifted the baby into the sink.

Tommy loved his bath, kicking furiously in it. He giggled good-naturedly all the time his mother bathed him.

"Could I do that sometime?" Joe asked.

"Give him his bath? Sure, right now."

Joe backed off. "Some other time."

"Come on, he won't break. He's eleven months old. Just hold on to him."

Joe shook his head. "Maybe tomorrow."

Joe cautioned as Dora pinned the diaper, "Now don' stick him!"

"For the love Pete, Joe," she sighed, "I bet I've done this three thousand times. I ain't never stuck him yet."

"Well, I just reckoned to warn you," he said placatively, "I didn't mean nothin'."

In his bed, sucking hungrily, Tommy went fast asleep as he emptied the bottle. Tenderly Joe drew the depressed nipple from the child's relaxed mouth and then went back to the living room.

He unbuttoned the elevator operator's shirt he wore and draped it neatly over the back of a chair. "Get rid of one uniform and right into another," he said without rancor. "Dora, you fixed this place up right pretty, but it don't feel like home to me." He could never tell her how much he hated the small Third-Avenue apartment.

Joe had been in Korea when Tommy was born and didn't get home until the boy was eight months old. On the hospital ship that brought Joe home, all Joe could think of was taking his son in his arms. His first night home, as he bounced a very sleepy Tommy on his knees, he had told Dora, "I bet I coulda swum it faster than the ship made it."

Dora hadn't smiled. She had gazed at him out of serious eyes, faintly discontented, and had said, "You never gonna put that kid down again?"

He had heard her ask that same question a dozen times since, and he guessed he *was* an eager-beaver kind of father.

The light fell softly on Dora's hair and her skin seemed lustrous and fair. Joe put his cheek against her forehead and spoke, "You're right pretty." She moved a little, her forehead brushing his cheek. "Joe, you need a shave."

She rose and went to the old-fashioned phonograph and put on a record. As she wound the record player, a singer's voice, nasal and sonorous, circled into the room.

"Dora," Joe said above the scratchy music, "we gotta start thinkin' about movin' back to the Ozarks."

There was no answer until the record came to an end and hummed blankly around and around. At last Dora released the needle from the protesting groove. "No," she said, "we're not."

"Now looka here, Dora, we got those acres and a little ol' house my uncle left me out in the Ozarks. What you wanta live like this here for? Can't you remember the fun you had on a farm when you was a kid?"

"I remember the fun my Ma didn't have, aworkin' like a mule."

"Then what about me, Dora? You think I like drivin' a elevator up and down all day and gettin' nowhere?"

"Where do ya get plowin' up and down furrows all day long?"

"Why, that ain't the same at all, Dora! Green things growin'! That's the miracle of nature."

She hooted. "And kids asproutin'. That's nature tool!"

He ignored her sarcasm. "Sure it is," he said gently.

"Well, I was fed up with nature in Missouri and that's why I come to New York. It's excitin' here."

"Excitin'!" he exclaimed. "All that pushin' in the subways and the meanness in the stores!"

He turned his back on her, knowing that everything was all wrong. Not at all the way he had dreamed of it.

HE REMEMBERED the night they had met. He'd come up to Rolla in the prettiest part of the Ozarks, come up with the bus load of soldiers—all the men heading somewhere on a week-end pass. All except Joe: he had no place to head. The other soldiers were going to see girl friends, wives, sweethearts or families. But Joe had not a soul to go to. Trouble was, he'd been brought up in a boys' home (highly touted all over the nation, but no one loved you there for yourself alone, Joe could tell you that. It wasn't so all-fired wonderful there, Joe could tell you that, too. Naturally you didn't go visiting back there, leastways not until you were a big success and returned bragging about your humble beginnings). Joe was eighteen when he'd enlisted in the army, straight from life in the institution.

It was on his first pass he'd gone to Rolla. At a restaurant, the waitress came and slapped a menu down in front of Joe. After a while she returned.

"You made up your mind?"

Joe looked at her, aware that she wore no make-up. A natural washed-out blonde, her almost white hair brushed so that it was straight except for the curled ends, she had faint blonde eyelashes and eyebrows. Her lips were thin and stern. Joe got the feeling she disapproved of her job, the dining room and of him—maybe she disapproved of the whole world.

"What's good to eat?" Joe had asked.

"Everythin'."

"Here," Joe handed her the menu. "You order for me."

She came back with a cup of coffee, a thick steak, French-fried onion rings and potato popovers and a big tossed salad. She put it all down before him without a smile. He tried to catch her eye while he ate to let her know he was enjoying his meal, but she avoided him. When she came out again her mouth wore a defiantly bright purple smear of lipstick.

Outside darkness enveloped the blue Ozark hills.

"You eatin' dessert?" the waitress asked as she cleared his table.

"See them trees off there?"

"Yeah," she answered, "I see 'em."

"They're none of them as lonesome as me."

"You eatin' dessert?" she repeated dryly.

He grinned. "Cherry pie."

By the time she had brought his pie there was no one else in the dining room. "More coffee?"

"It's too lonesome eatin' alone," he said.

"I wouldn't mind settin' down and havin' someone wait on me," she offered.

"Take the pie back to the kitchen," he suggested. "We'll go somewhere else when you get off duty. Together."

She shook her head, but her eyes flickered with interest. "Some other time," she answered.

"My name's Joe Nelson. I'm stationed at Fort Leonard Wood."

"I guessed about the Fort," she said. "I'm Dora."

"Dora what?"

"Smith," she said. "There are eleven in my family and we're all Smiths."

He laughed good-naturedly and promised to be back. He was still chuckling as he walked down the road to the bus station. Dora Smith. She was right pretty, that Dora Smith.

The next Saturday night when she asked for his order, Joe said, "You done okay last week. Bring me the same." He lingered until she was off duty and they walked down the road to a park where they sat for hours talking. But Dora didn't have much to say really. Joe believed she liked him, and he, with all his eighteen-year-old heart, adored her.

The following Saturday, he asked her to marry him. "You gone clean outa your mind." Then quickly she added, "Joe whyja pick me?"

"I love ya, Honey."

THEY HAD an August wedding on the Smith farm. Dora's mother hugged Joe again and again: "Like

gettin' a fine new son," she kept repeating, until Dora snapped, "Now, Ma, ya've done said that ten times, so Joe knows you're right glad to be rid a me."

"It ain't that way at all, Dora. My first child to be married . . ." Her eyes dimmed with tears. She led Joe to the mantel and held out her hand to the pictures of two young men in uniform. "My sons Tom and Roger. They was killed in the war in Europe."

Dora pushed between her husband and her mother: "They ain't to be talked about, hear?"

"Sure, honey," Joe agreed quietly, disturbed by the unnatural grief in the eyes of his bride.

Dora rented a tourist cottage—one room with a black tile bathroom but no cooking facilities—and she went on waiting on tables. They'd been married only two months when Joe's unit was alerted. He knew he'd be on his way to Korea soon. "Dora," he begged, "I want a baby. Before I go, let's try. Let's just try."

"Try!" she hooted. "My God! My Ma had nine kids and my Pa's Ma had eleven. Try! All you gotta do is spit at me and I'll be pregnant."

He was shocked. "You don't want children?"

"Want a kid? You think I'm crazy? Washin' diapers and up all night with a squallin' brat, my figure all shot, fat in front and fat behind, tied down so I can't go no place or do nothin'. No, I don't want no kid."

The horrified disbelief in Joe's eyes made her clamp her mouth

shut. He turned from her and poured himself a cup of black coffee, his hand trembling so that the coffee slopped on his shirt. After a while she came and put her arms around him and her soft cheek brushed his stubbly one. "Joe . . ."

He put down the half-empty cup and turned to her. "Sure,— " Dora said soothingly, "sure every woman wants kids . . . we'll have a baby for ya."

After he had been overseas a month, he had a letter from her. "Joe," she wrote, "I done decided I can be just as good a hash slinger in New York as in Rolla. This here is my Big City address. Boy, am I workin' in a fancy place. You could put in the whole of Rolla in our powder room. You should see Radio City. Boy. It looks like you get your wish. The doc says the kid'll be born in May. I gotta get my good times while the gettin' is good, right? Dora."

Joe's son was born in May, and in January Joe got a bullet in his knee that sent him home.

The bum knee didn't give Joe much trouble, except in rainy weather. With his first pay check he bought toys, clothes and a stroller for Tommy. After dinner, he and Dora took Tommy for a stroll in the nearby park. Joe pushed Tommy in a little chair swing while the boy giggled with joy.

Joe complained to Dora, "The kid ain't got enough toys."

"It ain't your fault," Dora responded sourly. "Kids like to play with pots and pans. They don't need a lot of stuff."



"Dad-da!" cried Tommy.

Joe nearly blew his top. "Didja hear him? Didja? He said *Daddy*."

One Saturday a few months after Joe returned from Korea, Dora asked him to take her to a movie at Radio City. "I ain't been to a picture show since you got home, Joe," she complained. "I can't be cooped up here all the time."

"That's true," Joe agreed amiably, "but what'll we do with Tommy?"

"Why can't we just carry him along?"

Joe questioned the wisdom of this and offered to stay with Tommy while Dora went alone. She flared up. "Whatcha got a wife for?"

His doubts were confirmed when he saw the long line of people waiting outside the theater. But Dora was not to be denied and they waited interminably in the brisk

wind as the line crept toward the box office. Joe felt happier, though, when he saw how her face lit up with joy and wonder in the towering magnificence of the lobby. Her eyes, as wide as a child's on Christmas morning as she sat next to him in the darkness, made him think he knew suddenly—and intuitively—the appeal that New York had for Dora: she wanted to escape from reality. This was the New York Dora loved; not the crowds nor the bleak apartment nor the discomforts of everyday life, but this: the mechanical precision of the Rockettes, the enormous screen, the vast mass of humanity walking on deep carpeting and sharing the million-dollar luxury of a glamorous theater.

Joe's eyes turned from the blown-up faces on the screen to the silhouette of his wife's absorbed profile and he tried to unravel the strange, impersonal, mysterious needs of the girl to escape from something. What? Marriage? Marriage to him: He held his sleeping child in his lap, aware of the silky smoothness of the boy's head against the back of his hand.

Dora turned her face to Joe. "Ain't it grand?"

Her obvious pleasure moved him. He reached his free hand to cover hers. He loved her with an aching need. After a moment she withdrew her hand to applaud the trained dog act, a strange giggling coming out of her throat.

"Those poor mutts," Joe thought to himself, "when Tommy grows up, I hope he'll be able to enjoy dogs

without them havin' to act like people."

After the show, carrying the now awake Tommy who was hugging Joe around the neck, they walked up the crowded street looking for a hamburger place. When they had ordered, Joe's eye wandered for a moment and then fell on a booth. *Record your voice. 25¢.*

"Let's have Tommy make a record."

"A what!" Dora stared hostilely at him. "What you aimin' to make a record of?"

"Tommy sayin' 'Daddy!'" He stood up with the child in his arms and walked toward the booth. Dora was behind him, staying him with her hand on his shoulder. "No," she protested, "you ain't. You ain't gonna do it."

Her face had lost its childish glow. Joe turned his back to her and went into the booth. He fished a handful of coins from his pocket and deposited a quarter in the slot. The blank record began to turn. "Now you say 'Daddy,' Tommy. Say it."

Soundlessly the baby grinned at his father, clutching Joe's nose and hitting his father exuberantly with little fists.

"Come on, say 'Daddy' . . ." Joe urged. Round and round went the record, recording the sounds of the hamburger place and of Tommy squeezing his little rubber horse and the snatches of conversation in the background. Then Joe tickled his son playfully with a big gentle hand, and the baby giggled with joy, the laughter rising out of him like

a crystal fountain, cascading sweetly as a bird's song, to Joe the loveliest sound in all the world. The record dropped down into Joe's waiting hand.

Walking home, carrying Tommy and the record, Joe said, "Dora, I ain't tryin' to make you unhappy, but I wish we could go home to Missouri."

"This here is home now," she snapped. "You ain't makin' me unhappy."

THE NEXT MORNING Tommy awoke with a bad cold. When Joe left for work Monday morning Tommy was wheezing. "Shouldna stood in that cold wind Satidday," Joe said kissing the child good-by. Joe was worried and miserable all day and didn't feel like eating any lunch.

A sense of foreboding enveloped him as he climbed the clattery steps to the apartment where Dora met him at the threshold with Tommy in her arms, her eyes stark and wide.

"Tommy's awful sick. Maybe it's pneumonia." Joe's heart sank as he took the child from her. Tommy's brow was shining with perspiration and his breath came rasping. Joe gathered up the big blanket from the couch and wrapped his son in it. "We gotta get him to the hospital," he cried. He ran out the door and down the four flights of stairs and up the street, hearing Dora's high heels behind him, never quite catching up with him. He turned into the gates of the great hospital, the sweat pouring out of him, his lungs pounding. The starched nurse at the desk glanced at the baby and plugged in

a number of signals on her switchboard. In a moment an intern stepped from the elevator and took Tommy from Joe. "We'd better get him into an oxygen tent," he said.

There were papers to be filled out then, the age of the child, parents' names, address, place of employment.

"We ain't got a phone," Joe said.

They had to go back to the apartment for the night and when they'd climbed the four flights, Joe sank down on the couch. After a long time he got up and put the record on the phonograph and crouched beside the speaker, listening. He glanced at the carved, immobile features of his wife. "My kid's dying and my wife don't care." He began to pray. "God, I've never had nobody. Don't take my kid."

For a long moment faint sounds came from the phonograph, sounds of distant traffic, restaurant noises, the squeak of a rubber toy. Then after an interminable wait, the baby's laughter rose like a musical fountain. Joe cried out in anguish, "It's all I got of my son. All I got in the whole world is one record of my son laughin'."

The record went round and round, making a scratchy, pleading, empty noise. Dora ran over, snatched it from the phonograph and flung it to the floor. It shattered.

Joe fell on his hands and knees, piecing the record together. "Dora, Dora," he cried, "why did you marry me?"

Her face was like stone.

"Dora, did you think I'd be killed like your brothers so you'd get my

insurance? Did you think that?"

Her face went all to putty, the horrified eyes filling with burning tears. She fell on her knees beside him and put her hands on his shoulders. "Joe! You know I ain't like that!"

"How do I know? Whyja break my record?"

"Joe, it's so the kid'll live. It's a jinx to keep things like that. We kept things like that for Tom and Roger, my brothers, and they was both killed."

"But, Dora, not because you pet their things!" Joe stared at her tortured, twisted face.

"Joe, when my brother Tom got killed in France, it liked to break up the whole family the way Ma carried on, her hair just turnin' white all over. Joe, I made myself a promise I'd never love anyone the way Ma loved Tom. I wouldn't let myself."

Joe stood up. He suddenly knew what Dora had been trying to escape. "You done kept that promise?" he asked, not daring to look at her. "You married me without ever lovin' me and never gonna let yourself love me—or anyone?"

She averted her head.

Joe went on, "Dora, I could forgive ya not lovin' me when we got married—ya hardly knowed me. But not wantin' to let yourself love me—or the kid either—I can't forgive that."

She shook her head. For the first time, he saw her cry. "I ain't kept my promise, Joe, I'd sworn not to let myself," her voice was husky, "but ya can't keep love back. Walkin' back from the hospital, I begun to see that. I begun to realize ya hafta forget the hard things of life. Ya hafta love and be glad for the good things. I love ya, Joe. Tommy's so sweet, I'm like a mare with her colt. Joe, he ain't gonna die."

She was crying hysterically. Joe gathered her trembling body into his arms. Morning crept in at the windows, first gray, then rosy, and they slept on the floor, exhausted in each other's arms.

A loud banging at the door jarred the stretched, deep sleep. Dora sat up groggily. Joe went to the door. It was the intern from the hospital.

"I was on my way home, and I thought I'd stop and tell you your kid's gonna be okay."

Joe's grin spread like sunshine and Dora laughed happily. Joe realized with a start he had never heard her happy laughter before. She had been holding it back. Love and laughter she had been restraining, for the two go hand in hand.

Dora's face was aglow with joy. "He's a good boy, our Tommy," she said.

"And don't he laugh beautiful?" Joe pressed her.

"Beautiful," she agreed.



The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had the means, time, influence, and educational advantages; but what will he do with the things he has.

—*Missionary Tidings*

The Guest Outside



By WOUTER VAN GARRETT

IT happened when Edward VII was king of England. He and his queen were walking on the moors one afternoon some distance from their summer palace. Suddenly the queen fell and severely injured her ankle. In great pain, and leaning on her husband, she managed to get to the humble cottage of a farmer. It was just about dusk but the cottager had already gone to bed for the night.

The king pounded on the door, and kept on pounding, until there was some response from within. The voice inside cried out, "Who's there?" The king replied, "It is Edward. I am your king. Let me in." The man behind the door had had many pranks played upon him by the village youths through the years.

"Enough of your pranks! Be off with you. And let a poor man get his sleep."

Then he went back, grumbling impatiently as he went. The king stood outside the door, hesitant, nonplused. But he needed help because the queen's ankle had swollen badly and she was in great pain. So he turned to the door again and pounded. Again the cottager replied: "What do you want?"

"I tell you it is the king," he answered impatiently. "I am Edward, your king, and I need your help."

In anger the man prepared to open the door. "I'll teach you to torment an honest man trying to get his sleep." And he threw open the door ready to pitch the intruder from the porch, and then he recognized his king. He bowed in deep respect and apology and invited his visitors inside. He sent for help so that the queen's injury might be attended to. He could not do enough for his king and queen.

Years later when the cottager had grown old and inactive, and company would come, he would tell of his rich experience. He would recount the story of the wonderful night when the king and queen came to his humble home. And as he closed the tale he would lower his voice and almost whisper,

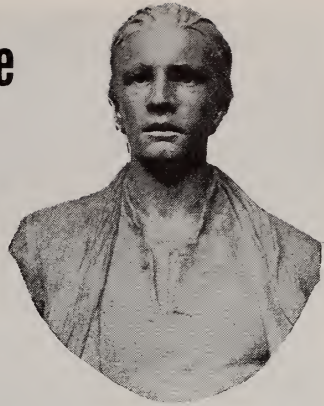
"And to think, I almost didn't let him in. To think I almost kept the door closed against him."

There is another who said, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if anyone hears my voice and opens the door I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

How tragic if the King of Heaven stands at your door and you fail to let him in.

Everybody Liked Nathan Hale

By JOAN M. DAWSON



This poetic and deeply impressive statue of Nathan Hale is on the Yale Campus. It is the work of extraordinary merit.

ON SEPTEMBER 22, 1776, twenty-one-year-old Captain Nathan Hale, of Coventry, Connecticut, gave his country the one life he had. From that day on, he belonged to history. But before that day came, he belonged to his friends.

Nathan Hale died alone, but he lived his short, busy, cheerful life in plenty of company. Everyone who knew him liked him. He was a pleasant, intelligent, kindly young man, typical of his era and country. He was by nature the sort of person who always makes friends.

In the America he knew, though, a boy had to be gregarious. There was no privacy for introverts. He, for example, had eight brothers and three sisters. Aside from the usual quarrels over who did the most disagreeable chores the last time, he got along well with all of them.

Since there were no machine-made distractions, a boy in his day had to be just as agreeable outside the home. His classmates were fond of him, in spite of his rather awe-

some all-around excellence in studies and sports. He honestly enjoyed Latin grammar, and he was a champion at wrestling, football, and track. The girls were fond of him, too, because he was handsome and because he was polite to them. His teachers and minister liked his seriousness. His older relatives were proud of him and expected him to become a very good man. And everyone appreciated his sense of humor.

When he went to Yale, he was eventually elected president of the older of two competing debating societies. Debating being the most popular college sport in his day, this election made him officially a BMOC (big man on campus). Success does

Young Nathan Hale was a popular fellow with young and old alike . . . this was one BMOC who made good in a big way.



■ This farm house at South Coventry, Connecticut, was the birth place of Nathan Hale.

not have to cause a swelling of the head, and it didn't with him.

He taught school in two Connecticut towns, East Haddam and New London, and could have had all his pupils for slaves, if he had wanted any slaves. Unlike many schoolmasters, he loved his work, and he liked children. His friendliness earned their gratitude and his unstuffy good character won him the respect of their parents.

He was exactly the kind of man his family had always produced. His ancestors had preached and taught and judged and farmed all over Connecticut since the 1630's. The brothers who survived him carried on the tradition. He would have made himself useful and admired, if there had been no American Revolution.

But there was a Revolution, and Nathan Hale had to decide where he stood.

When news came to New London

of the Battle of Lexington, he made a speech in favor of it and ended with a trained debater's stirring appeal.

"Let us march immediately," he cried in his sharp, ringing voice, "and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence."

ON JULY 6, 1775, he was commissioned First Lieutenant of the Third Company of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment. His commanding officer was the father of one of his pupils. One of his fellow lieutenants was an old friend from college days.

He even won the co-operation of the stubbornly independent Yankee enlisted men who served under him. In the early days of the War, military discipline was hard to achieve, because no one was used to "channels" and obedience. Nathan Hale, young and inexperienced though he

was, never had any trouble with his men.

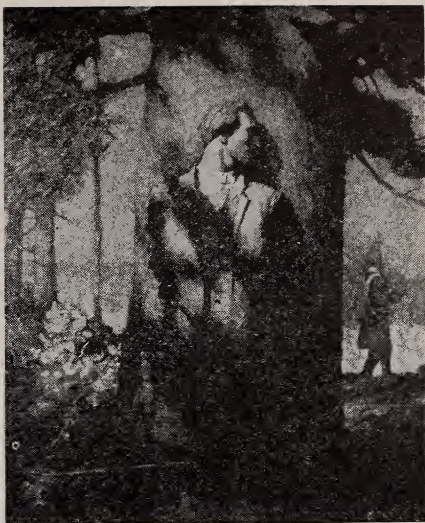
He was sent to the siege of British-held Boston. Because neither the British nor the Americans had enough ammunition for a real fight.

On March 17, 1776, the British evacuated Boston and planned to shift the bulk of their troops to New York, which was still in American hands. Nathan Hale, now a Captain in the Nineteenth Foot, was transferred to New York. The route led through New London, giving him a chance for a very brief visit with some old friends. He reached his destination on the thirtieth of March.

New York was to be held at all costs, and there might not be a long wait for the expected British attack.

While they were drilling to keep up the morale of the civilian population and digging fortifications to slow up the British, word came that the United Colonies were declared "FREE, SOVEREIGN, AND INDEPENDENT STATES." He joined his new friends in loud huzzas and exchanged delighted letters with his old friends.

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, which he saw but did not fight in, came on August 27th and was a horrible defeat. In a desperate attempt to save New York, if indeed it could be saved, American troops were diverted from other sectors of the fighting front. Several of his relatives and friends were sent into his territory, but he saw none of them.



■ Young Nathan Hale eluding a British sentry—striking portrait by N. C. Wyeth.

He was transferred to a new Ranger regiment whose principal duty was scouting the enemy; he knew how ill-prepared his own people were when he saw what General Howe had to work with.

Washington was desperate to know where this efficient fighting force would strike next. He knew that spying was generally regarded as a degrading business, but he had to know. He asked for volunteers.

Only when a second call was issued did Hale volunteer, and then only because he considered it his duty to make himself useful wherever he was needed.

He exchanged his uniform for a schoolmaster's suit and left his friends, old and new, behind him.

Captain Nathan Hale walked alone into history.

THE PROPER *Ingredients*

By ANNE E. HARMON

*She had been stood up
on her first BIG DATE . . .
and by a senator,
no less.*

A BRIGHT fluff of a girl, Lucie tugged inconspicuously at the green chiffon strapless. The stays dug into her ribs like spurs into a filly and her feet, unaccustomed to high heels, hurt.

Okay, she thought grimly, so I'm ungrateful. But I'd rather be on a horse than attending this stupid party.

Uncle Bill had vacationed on their Kentucky farm a month ago and insisted Lucie come up to Washington for a reciprocal visit. Lucie resisted the idea but Uncle Bill told Papa that she was growing wild and needed social taming. Uncle Bill had a theory about Lucie's self-induced loveless life:

"Like a good mint julep, take the proper ingredients . . . the right young man . . . add a dash of correct timing . . . and you can't miss."

Uncle Bill thrived on mint juleps and all his similes took on the same flavor. But as far as Lucie was con-

cerned, he'd missed by eight furlongs. She was standing in the corner of his living room surrounded by dim lights . . . light chatter . . . and chattering dimwits. He's mistaken, she thought. It isn't that I don't like men, I happen to like . . . *a newcomer appeared at the intimate circle . . . horses . . . The stranger had a brown crew-cut . . . terribly good-looking . . . better . . . Interesting twinkle in his hazel eyes.*



Gone were thoughts of hurt feet, ribs and her favorite foal as someone introduced Lucie to Jeff Stanley. Somebody else murmured something about a senator. Their eyes held and Lucie felt the color rise in her cheeks. Until this moment even the Secretary of State wouldn't have impressed her but now, suddenly, her heart was doing two laps around the track.

The senator edged closer saying, "How about a refill?"

She swished the ice in her half-empty glass and was compelled to confess, "It's a decoration. I don't drink."

"Me either."

That seemed to make them two of a kind and they drifted off together. They found an unoccupied space in the garden for the house was terribly crowded and it was nice under the stars.

"First timer?" Jeff asked. "I don't get to many of these doings but I've never seen you around before."

"I'm visiting from Kentucky," Lucie told him in her soft ice-cream voice. "Mr. Bell is my uncle."

"I'm afraid I don't know him," Jeff admitted. "Hodgekiss, a fellow I know at the State Department, brought me."

"Uncle Bill's connected with publicity for some Congressman," said Lucie. "I think it was that little bald man that passed us a minute ago." And then Lucie laughed apologetically, "Oh, no . . . I've confused him with someone else. I just remembered the little man is a diplomat. But then Uncle Bill says I'm forever getting things mixed up." She

dimpled, "I've never seen so many diplomats and generals and . . . senators . . ."

He grinned at her. "Think they're really something?"

"Especially senators . . ." she murmured.

Music floated out to them. "Dance?" Jeff held out his arms.

Lucie thought if it was possible to melt in someone's arms, she was doing it perfectly.

It was 1 A.M. when Jeff looked at his watch. "My goodness!" he said, "I didn't realize it was so late. I should have . . . turned in . . . hours . . . ago."

She wasn't sure if she wanted it to happen just yet but they both would have had to be made of stone like the statue she was leaning against if it hadn't. He kissed her and the fourth of July came two months early that year.

"Uncle Bill likes direct, sincere men," she breathed.

"And you?" softly.

"Tell me about your work," hastily.

"Like to come see me in action tomorrow?"

She backed away. "That'd be real George."

"Good," moving forward. "Meet me at the front entrance after it's all over."

It took ten more minutes to say good night and when he'd gone, Lucie turned into the house. Poor lamb, she twirled dreamily. He needs all the rest he can get for that important speech tomorrow.

The following morning found Lucie seated in the visitor's gallery in the Senate. She'd slipped out be-

fore Uncle Bill had risen, not wanting to share Jeff with anyone so soon. While roll-call was going on, she perched on the edge of her seat, excitedly. Where was Jeff? He was so big you couldn't miss him. As roll-call was completed, she realized his name hadn't been called. She couldn't have missed it . . . or could she?

Excusing herself along the row of seats, Lucie went downstairs and touched a guard's arm. "Pardon," she whispered, "I'm looking for a senator."

"You've come to the right place, Miss," he replied, eyes teasing.

She blushed. "You don't understand. A particular senator by the name of Jeff Stanley."

"Never heard of him, Miss. And I know them all."

"You . . . you're . . . su-sure?" she asked, stricken.

"Positive."

Lucie marched into the library to where Uncle Bill was working at his desk. She plopped onto the leather couch, wailing, "Oh, Uncle Biilll

. . .
"Lucie!" her uncle looked up startled and came over to sit beside her. "What's wrong?"

Eyes brimming with tears, she gulped. "He . . . lied to me . . ." and proceeded to give him details. But no matter what he said to console her, Lucie crumpled and had herself a real Southern bawl.

She was lying across her bed when the telephone rang at six. "For you Lucie," Uncle Bill called from the hall.

"If it's that . . . person," she sat up straight. "I'm not available!"

"She's not available." And then she heard him add on his own, "And I must say your behavior is extremely regrettable. If my niece should prefer horses to men after this, I certainly won't blame her." He was not angry, merely firm. After a pause, Lucie heard the click of the receiver.

"Imagine," Uncle Bill said, entering Lucie's bedroom. "Trying to push the blame off on you. Said you'd stood him up."

Lucie rose, went to the closet and pulled out her suitcase. "I'm through . . ." she announced forlornly.

"I hate to see you leave Washington with a bad taste," Uncle Bill said. "If you'd asked me, I could have told you there's no such senator. However, it's done. Wait until I get my hands on that Hodgekiss."

"It isn't your fault . . ." Tears threatened again but she brushed them away. "I'm just a . . . a dumb ninny from the sticks."

The doorbell rang and he left to answer it. Lucie began pulling things out of the dresser. After a few minutes had gone by she realized Uncle Bill was talking to Jeff!

Jeff was saying sternly, "I'm not at all satisfied with our phone conversation. Now I'm not here to argue, I'm tired. Worked hard today. Why did your niece break our date? Why is she sore at *me*?"

I break the date? Lucie glared at him from behind the bedroom door. Claiming innocence again? Why . . .

Uncle Bill was saying in a brittle voice, "What *is* your business?"

Before she knew what she was doing, Lucie emerged from behind her protective fort and was echoing, "Yes! What is your business, *senator*?"

"Lucie!" Jeff ran over to her. "What's with the 'senator' digs and what's with my business?"

"You know very well," Lucie yelled and to her horror, burst into tears. "I'm . . . go-going home where h-horses are horses and n-not big l-liars."

"Will someone please tell me what this is all about?" Jeff demanded.

Over Lucie's sobs, Uncle Bill told Jeff about the trek to the Senate.

"But my dear!" Jeff roared. "I'm

not *that* kind of a senator. I'm a ball-player!"

Lucie looked up stunned. "Ball-player?" she whispered.

"Yeah . . . I'm a pitcher for the Washington Senators!" And then he grabbed her and suddenly grinned, "You crazy little mixed-up kid!"

"Not anymore," Lucie smiled back; proudly aware that for once she was getting things straight.

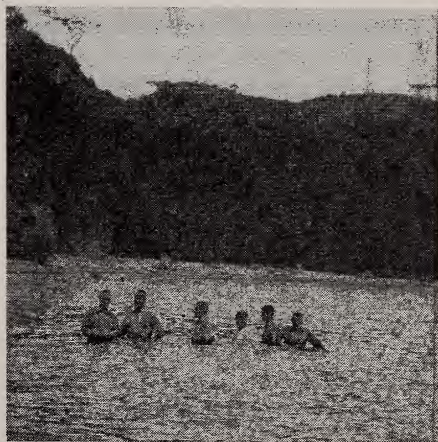
As though from a great distance, she vaguely heard Uncle Bill say, "Hmmm . . . just the right amount of sugar and just enough mint."

"The proper ingredients," she nuzzled a very puzzled Jeff.

Steak Fry and Baptism on Okinawa

ONCE the scene of mighty battles, Okinawa was transformed last May into an island of peace when eighty-five Protestants and their chaplains from various Marine camps met for a day of fun and worship. In the early part of the afternoon, teams were formed and the men played softball. After the games, a charcoal fried steak dinner with all the trimmings was served. Following the steak dinner, a beautiful baptismal service was held (see picture on right). It was a high and holy hour, one the men will long remember.

Chaplain E. Linzey, USN, writes about the occasion and says: "Our Protestant Fellowship has been a real blessing to us out here." Other chaplains present were: W. T. Dierks; P. P. Romantum, J. V. Nickelson, C. O. Jensen, A. L. Dominy, S. E. Linzey, W. A. Layne, R. W. Moser, K. W. Carlson, and T. C. Herrmann.



■ Chaplain Stanford E. Linzey, of Camp Hauge, is shown conducting the baptism of five military personnel in the waters of the Philippine Sea, off Okinawa. Following the ceremony, a devotional period was also held by Chaplain Linzey. Baptized were: Roger L. Day, Howard A. Lutz, Lester J. Gee, Tony M. Slater and William J. Leffler.

The Prisoner Who Converted His Captors

The Shipwreck of *the Apostle Paul*



By GLENN D. EVERETT

THE island of Malta, a self-governing British possession in the Mediterranean Sea, has issued a new ten-shilling postage stamp which commemorates one of the most exciting stories of the New Testament, the shipwreck of St. Paul.

The stamp shows a famous statue of the Apostle who is revered by the people of Malta as the founder of Christianity on their island. Malta has long been a stronghold of the Christian faith. Its people are of North African descent and speak a dialect of Arabic. They are proud of the fact that they are the only Arabic-speaking people who were never converted to Mohammedanism and who have consistently been devout Christians since the First Century A.D.

It was not an auspicious day in the winter of A.D. 59 when St. Paul

arrived in Malta. In fact, no more bedraggled and harassed individual can be imagined than this former sail-maker of the city of Tarsus who struggled ashore through the waves, wearing the chains of a Roman prisoner. Malta was not on his itinerary of evangelism. In fact, he was being taken to Rome to stand trial before the Emperor Nero and came to Malta quite by accident when his ship piled up on the rocks after a dreadful storm.

Perhaps nothing speaks so eloquently of the tremendous character of Paul and his personal magnetism than the account of what happened after the Apostle unexpectedly and in most distressed circumstances was cast up on the shore of this island where no one had ever heard of Jesus Christ. In three short months he converted his captors and his

hosts and established a Christian church that won the entire island for the new Christian faith.

St. Paul had been arrested in Jerusalem at the instigation of his enemies who resented his widespread conversion of his fellow Jews to the new faith. As related in Acts 24 to 28, they were unable to convince the Roman governor Felix that Paul deserved execution. Felix, however, "desiring to do the Jews a favor," left Paul in prison for two years (Acts 24:27).

Then Festus became governor and summoned the Apostle before him. Paul was a Roman citizen and insisted on his right to a personal appeal to the Emperor. Said Festus: "You have appealed to Caesar and to Caesar you shall go." This seemed at the time an almost fatal mistake by Paul, for a few days later (Acts 26) he had a memorable hearing before King Agrippa in which he so moved the King that Agrippa remarked, "This man is doing nothing to deserve death or imprisonment. This man could have been set free if he had not appealed to Caesar."

God was moving in ways not seen by Paul and so the unhappy Apostle was hustled aboard a ship bound for Rome with other prisoners—having been found innocent but still facing trial for his life. The ship had to stop at Myra (southern Turkey) and the centurion put his prisoners aboard another ship from Alexandria, Egypt, sailing for Italy. They encountered adverse winds and had to go far out of their way to the lee of the island of Crete. Paul, weather-wise from his many trips at

sea, cautioned them saying, "Sirs, I perceive that the voyage will be with injury and loss, not only to the cargo and ship, but to our lives" (Acts 27:10).

But the centurion paid more attention to the captain and, since the harbor of Lasea was not thought suitable to winter in, the majority decided to make a run to the city of Phoenix, another harbor on Crete.

PAUL, being in irons, had no option but to go along on a voyage that he sensed was certain to end in disaster. They sailed along the shore of Crete a day or two with favorable winds and then a terrible "north-easter" blew up. Soon the little ship was wallowing in distress and the crew was desperately throwing cargo overboard in order to keep the bark afloat. Then they threw over the sails and tackle.

"And when neither sun nor stars appeared for many a day and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope of our being saved was at last abandoned," says the chronicler of Acts. "As they had been long without food, Paul came forward among them and said, 'Men, you should have listened to me and not set sail from Crete . . . but I now bid you to take heart for there will be no loss of life among you, but only of the ship . . .'"

After fourteen days of helpless drifting in the open sea, they found the water becoming shallow. They put out anchors to no avail. The crew, thinking they were about to run onto rocks, started to lower a lifeboat, under the pretense that they were putting out more anchor lines.

But Paul saw them and warned them that unless they stayed with the ship, they would all drown.

At dawn, Paul urged the men to eat up the last food on the ship for strength, saying they were about to be saved but would need strength to swim to shore. By this time the crew was more disposed to take the advice of their extraordinary prisoner and did as Paul suggested. In a little while, as the ship sailed into the bay it struck a shoal and began to break apart. The Roman soldiers wanted to kill the prisoners immediately "lest any swim away and make escape." But the centurion, desiring to save Paul, kept them from carrying out their murderous plan. He ordered those who could swim to jump in the water and tied those who couldn't swim to planks and in this way, as Paul had predicted, every single one made his way to shore safely.

When they crawled up onto the beach, sputtering, drenched by the cold water, and exhausted by their long ordeal, they found they were on Malta. The natives treated them with unusual kindness and lighted a fire for them to warm themselves. Paul lent a hand, gathering faggots for the fire. Suddenly, as he put a bunch of sticks on the blaze, a hibernating snake which was among the twigs came to life and bit the Apostle on the hand.

The natives gasped when Paul withdrew his hand in pain, the snake clinging to it, and they said, "No doubt this man is a murderer. Though he has escaped from the sea, justice has not allowed him to live."

"They waited, expecting him to swell up suddenly and fall down dead, but when they had waited a long time and saw no misfortune come to him, they changed their minds and said that he was a god" (Acts 28:6).

In the vicinity was the estate of Publius, chief man of the island, who gave the shipwreck survivors hospitality for three days. His father was sick with fever and dysentery. Paul visited him, prayed for him and "putting his hands on him, healed him." Other sick persons of the island came and were helped by Paul.

For the rest of the story, we must rely on tradition for the narrator of Acts merely declares that after three months, the party set sail for Rome in another ship. When they arrived at Rome, Paul was told that no charges against him had been sent forward from Judea and he was permitted to live there and preach in freedom.

Tradition, filling in the gap, holds that Publius was converted by Paul and that he became leader of a strong Christian community which ultimately converted everyone on the island. A cathedral dedicated to St. Publius dominates today the skyline of Valetta, Malta's capital city.

The traditions which have been handed down on Malta and confirmed by modern scholars suggest that St. Paul's visit was regarded at the time as a most extraordinary event and that he made a deep and lasting impression which grew with the years. We can vividly see in this story what a great missionary he really was.

Ted Williams is considered a colorful ballplayer . . . but did he ever bite a fish, catch a fly ball on his head, or throw raw meat to his tormentors in the bleachers?

WHAT'S BECOME OF BASEBALL'S CLOWNS?

By EDGAR WILLIAMS

DON'T get me wrong. I like baseball. In fact, I adore it. The trouble is, I'm one of those fans who dotes on the antics of the clowns of baseball. And I regret to report that the belly-laugh has gone out of the game.

Look at the four hundred players in the major leagues right now. There isn't a single, out-and-out clown among them.

This is not to sneer at the mechanical efficiency of the likes of Mickey Mantle, Stan Musial, Ted Williams, Robin Roberts and Al Kaline. They are fine performers. But they possess about as much color as a three-toed sloth.

They play baseball, period. Off the field they write books, endorse breakfast cereals, pose for clothing ads and count their money with the detachment of a bank president.

But has Mantle ever stolen a base already occupied by a teammate? Has Musial ever caught a fly ball on the top of his head? Has Roberts ever called time at a crucial stage of a game to watch an airplane winging overhead? Has Kaline ever plunged into a fountain in a hotel courtyard

and bitten a fish to which he has taken a dislike? Has Williams ever stifled the wolves in the bleachers by throwing them raw meat?

The answer to each query is no. Yet the ballplayers of earlier eras did all these things, and more. In the dear, dead days a ball game was tintured with comic relief—and some of the comedians continued to perform long after working hours.

Only one contemporary player remotely resembles the lovable clowns of yesteryear. He is Yogi Berra, the New York Yankee catcher, a delightful fellow. For example, he once complained to a teammate who was giving him tips on batting:

"You keep tellin' me to think when I'm up at the plate. But how can a guy think and hit at the same time?"

One afternoon several years ago in St. Louis, his home city, Yogi told the fans who had turned out to honor him on Yogi Berra Day: "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you very much for making this day necessary." On another occasion, a representative of a cap manufacturer asked Yogi to endorse an Ivy League cap. Berra shook his head. "I



couldn't have nothin' to do with that Ivy League," he said. "I'm in the American League."

There was the day when Berra made a rare, unassisted double play at the plate. With one out and an enemy runner on third base, the situation called for a bunt. But the batter bunted poorly. Yogi rushed from behind the plate, grabbed the ball and tagged the batter before he had taken two steps toward first base.

Then Berra whirled and slapped the ball on the runner coming in from third. That ended the inning, but not for Yogi. He whirled again and tagged both the astonished umpire and the bat boy. "I wasn't takin' no chances," he explained later. "I just tagged everybody I could see."

For all of that, Berra doesn't come close to being a clown of the stature of Rube Waddell, Ossie Schreckengost, Babe Herman, Lefty Gomez, Dave Harris and a few other comical characters whose antics tickled fans' funnybones in seasons past.

VIRTUALLY the only survivor of those days now in the big leagues is Casey Stengel, the Yankees' manager. Though he reportedly was one of the models for Ring Lardner's famed "Alibi Ike" characters during his playing days in the Twenties, Ol' Case now wears the mantle of administrative dignity.

"I was young then, and did not understand life," Stengel says, discussing his youthful shenanigans. "If any of my players pull that stuff on me, I will fine their ears off."

Et tu, Casey?

Stengel's reputation as a cut-up first was established on a big-time scale one afternoon in 1918 when, as a member of the Pittsburgh Pirates, he played against Brooklyn at Ebbets Field. Casey, who had been with the Dodgers for five seasons, was making his first appearance in Brooklyn as an enemy. So when he walked up to the plate for the first time that day, he was given the well-known bird by the spectators.

Casey gave it back to them—but literally. He politely tipped his cap to the crowd, and out flew a sparrow.

Rube Waddell, of course, was baseball's prize buffoon of all time. Tales of his deserting his club to go to work as a fireman or a milkwagon driver are legion. The great Connie Mack, who managed him as well as any normal mortal could be expected to handle a four-star clown, once remarked that the Rube had "the brains—and the charm—of a little boy."

In 1903, when Mack's Philadelphia Athletics were training at Jacksonville, Fla., Waddell disappeared. Three days later, Mack found the big lefthander. The Rube was giving wrestling exhibitions at a nearby lake; his opponent, matinees and evenings, was a large alligator.

Ossie Schreckengost, the Rube's batters mate on the A's, was another zany character. Mack once described Ossie as the fizz powder in the pinwheel that was Waddell. Schreckengost and Waddell roomed together. One spring Ossie insisted that a clause be inserted in his pal's contract, prohibiting the Rube from eating animal crackers in bed. "The crumbs keep me awake," Schreckengost complained.

There was a fabulous figure named Babe Herman who played for Brooklyn during the era of the "Daffy Dodgers" in the late Twenties. A great natural hitter, the Babe took his life in his hands when he played the outfield. One afternoon in Philadelphia, Herman laughed uproariously as Buzz Arlett, a lumbering outfielder for the Phillies, nar-

rowly escaped being conked on the bean by a fly ball. Two innings later, the Babe circled confidently under a high loft to right field, grabbed at thin air and—kabong!—took the ball smack on the noggin.

"I'd have had it," he moaned later, "But that Arlett had messed up the sky somethin' awful."

In later years, such players as Dizzy Dean tried to manufacture the color that oozed out of fellows like Herman naturally. Dean was a comical chap, but he was intentionally funny. Herman, on the other hand, had no idea his antics were laugh-provoking.

Once, chatting with a group of newspapermen, the Babe reached into his pocket, fished out a cigar butt and asked for a match to light it. But after a few puffs, while his companions were searching for a match, Herman said: "Never mind the match. It's lit." It was, too.

Another time, a salesman tried to sell Herman an encyclopedia, pointing out that the Herman children could use it in school. "Listen," said the indignant Babe, "my kids is all healthy and they can walk to school. They don't need none of them things."

DURING THE EARLY THIRTIES, the Washington Senators had a Ring Lardnerish type of outfielder named Dave Harris. One day, Dave stole second base with the bases filled. He went in with a nifty slide, while some ill-humored Washington runner stood on the base and glared down at him. The boner snuffed out a rally and Washington lost.

"Why did you do it?" the manager screamed at Harris. "Give me one reason! Just one!"

"Skipper," Dave said, "I just couldn't help it. I had such a heckuva lead."

Rabbit Maranville, a will-o'-the-wisp infielder, who spent nearly a quarter-century in the majors—fourteen years with the Boston Braves constituted his longest stop—was possessed of an antic humor. One sultry summer's evening in St. Louis he plunged, fully clothed, into a fountain in a hotel courtyard; the story goes that he bit a fish, although the Rabbit in later years would not affirm it.

Best of the recent clowns was Vernon "Lefty" Gomez, the former Yankee southpaw, who was tagged "Goofy" by the New York sports writers.

Lefty was pitching in a 1937 World Series game against the Giants, who were threatening the Yankee lead in the seventh inning. The pressure was on Gomez. Suddenly Lefty heard the drone of an airplane motor. Calling time, he stepped off the mound and squinted into the sun to watch the plane pass overhead.

Then he resumed pitching and retired the side without damage.

PROBABLY THE MOST COLORFUL character of them all was a big outfielder who never got so much as a trial in the majors. That would be John King, who played minor league ball in Texas about forty years ago. A powerful hitter, a fleet baserunner and an accomplished fielder, King

looked like a natural. But he had one weakness—his powerful hitting was only against right-handed pitchers. He couldn't hit southpaws.

As the seasons rolled by, King developed a mortal hatred of all left-handers. They became an obsession with him.

It was King's custom, the relatively few times he managed to get as far as third base against southpaw pitchers, to call for time, walk to the dugout and fill his mouth with water. Then, while the pitcher was winding up, King would dash to the mound, squirt the water into his face, and then run back to third base while the pitcher, powerless to halt his windup without committing a balk, delivered the ball and suffered in silence.

In Dallas, King was the prime target of the bleacher wolves, who set up a howl whenever he made a move. But one day John found a way to retaliate.

He went to a meat market and purchased a passel of scrap meat and bones, which he stuffed beneath the shirt of his uniform. As he took the field at the start of the game, he was given the usual reception by the fans in the outfield seats.

Gleefully, John King pulled out the meat and bones, and hurled every last shred into the crowd, crying: "Here, you wolves, eat this!"

Come to think of it, maybe it's all for the better that there are no clowns like John King playing ball now. With the price of meat what it is today, it would cost a fellow practically a year's salary to pull what John pulled.

LOOK WHAT

"Paddy's Party"

STARTED!

By GRACE ANN GOODMAN

PADDY'S PARTY was going strong. The men, having eaten their fill, were settled around the fireplace singing the popular songs of that year, 1820.

"I don't know any more songs. You start some," laughed Sean.

"We've sung all I know, too," responded Michael. "Tell you what—let's make up a new one. I'll start, and each one add a verse." He thought a moment, then led off with a verse beginning, "There was an old fellow of Limerick . . ."

When he finished, Terry was all set to go on with his verse, starting, "There was an old fellow of Dublin . . ."

He was quickly followed by others with verses about various old men of Kildare, Tipperary, or Cork. After each verse the men all joined in the

chorus, "Will you come up to Limerick?"

And so the limerick was born.

A limerick is a verse form of five lines. The first two and the last line rhyme with each other, and the third and fourth lines, which are shorter, rhyme with each other.

Actually, nobody knows for sure when or where the limerick form was invented. Most experts now agree that it was at some such affair as Paddy's party that it was first used.

Some verses in limerick form have been found in English folklore dating back to the 14th century, however. A few nursery rhymes such as "Hickory Dickory Dock" are a modified limerick form.

The man who did the most to make the limerick popular was Edward Lear. *His Book of Nonsense*, published in 1846, contained 212 limericks, which he illustrated.

These limericks (which he did not

call by that name) were written to amuse the grandchildren of the Earl of Derby, for whom he was illustrating a scientific book. He never guessed that it would be these nonsense verses, rather than his extremely accurate scientific drawings, that would make him famous!

Some of Lear's most popular limericks, which illustrate his style, are:

There was an Old Person of Annerly,
Whose habits were strange and unmannerly;
He would rush down the Strand,
With a pig in each hand,
And return in the evening to Annerly!

There was an Old Person of Woking,
Whose mind was perverse and provoking;
He sat on a rail
With his head in a pail,
That illusive Old Person of Woking!

There was an Old Man with a Beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared:
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nest in my Beard!"

Lear was the first of a large number of famous people who wrote limericks as a hobby.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the artist and poet, wrote this one poking fun at another artist, J. A. Whistler:

There is a young artist named Whistler,

Who in every respect is a bristler;
A tube of white lead
Or a punch on the head
Come equally handy to Whistler!

SOME FAMOUS WRITERS who have had at least one limerick published include John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, and George Bernard Shaw. William S. Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan, wrote a number of songs for light operas in limerick form. For example, from the "Sorcerer" comes one beginning:

"My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells;
In blessings and curses
And ever-filled purses,
And prophecies, witches, and knells."

All of the professional humorists, of course, have used the limerick form at one time or another.

By far the majority of limericks, however, are written by "Mr. Anonymous." Probably the most famous of these is the one that goes:

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger!

That one has been translated into French, Latin, and Greek, and probably several other languages.

Ever since Lear's time, the limerick makers have ransacked the globe for strange but rhymable place

names. A few popular limericks based on place names include:

There was an old man of Kartoum,
Who kept two tame sheep in his
room;

"They remind me," he said,
"Of two friends who are dead."
But he never would tell us of
whom!

There was a young girl of Asturias,
Whose temper was frantic and
furious.

She used to throw eggs
At her grandmother's legs;
A habit unpleasant, but curious!

There was an old man of Nan-
tucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
Then his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man;
And as for the bucket—Nantucket!

There was an old man of Peru
Who dreamt he was eating his
shoe;
He awoke in the night
In a terrible fright,
And found it was perfectly true!

LIMERICKS often get their "punch"
from some quirk of spelling,
pronunciation, or punctuation. For
example:

She was peeved and called him
"Mr."

Just because in sport he kr.
So for spite
That very night
That naughty mr. kr. sr.!

There is an old cook in N.Y.
Who insists you should always
st. p.

Full vainly he's tried
To eat some that was fried,
And he says he would rather ch. c!

Some limericks are satires on
famous people, such as the one on
Whistler. Oliver Wendell Holmes
wrote this one, punning the name
of his friend, the Rev. Henry Ward
Beecher:

A great Congregational preacher
Called a hen a most elegant crea-
ture.
The hen, pleased with that,
Laid an egg in his hat;
And thus did the hen reward
Beecher!

The author of another famous
limerick, A. H. R. Buller, said he
wrote it to illustrate the theory of
relativity:

There was a young woman named
Bright,
Whose speed was much faster
than light,
She set out one day,
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous
night!

A commercial use for limericks
was found in 1907-1908, when
several London papers ran contests
each week to see who could write
the best last line for an incomplete
limerick printed in the newspaper.

Each contestant was required to
enclose a postal order for sixpence

with his entry; from this money the paper made a huge prize for the winner. The money also paid the cost of the contest. Two years later, the Post Office found that the sale of sixpenny postal orders had increased fourteen times!

After that, various manufacturing companies began to use limericks and limerick contests to publicize their products, and political candidates wrote limericks to be sung at their rallies.

In World War II the United States Government used limericks to promote the sale of War Bonds. The Treasury Department's Defense Savings staff wrote them, got nationally known cartoonists to illustrate them, and sent them out to all the daily papers. One of the favorites was:

A cheerful old mammy named
 Hannah
 Who'd lived eighty years in
 Savannah,
 Said: "Sho 'nuff, I'll buy
 Defense Bonds, 'cause I

Am in love with the Star-Spangled
 Bannah!"

AN ESTIMATED four million limericks have been written. Probably nearly everyone will write at least one at some time. Why don't you try it now? A good way to get started would be to write last lines for a couple of these old favorites, then compare your lines with those the authors originally used.

There was a young man of Devises
 Whose ears were of different sizes.
 The one that was small
 Was of no use at all,

. !¹
 There was a young man of Bengal,
 Who went to a fancy-dress ball;
 He went, just for fun,
 Dressed up as a bun,

. !²
 * * *

Here are the original lines the authors used

¹ But the other won several prizes!
² And a dog ate him up in the hall!



Perhaps the time has come for a Platinum Rule: Think about others as you would have them think about you.

—*Whatsoever Things*

Young men sometimes believe in dreams—until they have married one.
 —*Weltwoche*

One sign of maturity is the ability to be comfortable with people who are not like us.

—Virgil A. Kraft, *Christian Advocate*

OLD WISDOM FOR NEW TIMES

Program Topics for September

BY LARRY FITZGERALD

Introduction

MODERN CONVERSATION is sprinkled with proverbs. Take your military "slanguage," for example. How often have you heard or used such sayings as: "Hurry up and wait"; "Things are certainly 'snafu'"; "See the chaplain and get a TS slip."

Moreover, we continue to use old proverbs that go back to the days of Ben Franklin and *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

"A penny saved is a penny earned."

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy,
and wise."

"God helps them that help
themselves."

"Never leave that till tomorrow
which you can do today."

Sometimes we mix a humorous proverb in our speech such as "He that sitteth on a hot stove shall surely rise."

But did you know that many of the finest proverbs which appear in modern conversation come right out of the Book of Proverbs in the Old Testament. Here, for example, are some of the best known:

"The fear of the Lord is the
beginning of wisdom" (Prov.
9:10).

"Go to the ant, O Sluggard;

Consider her ways, and be wise"
(Prov. 6:6).

"A good name is to be chosen
rather than great riches" (Prov.
22:1).

"A word fitly spoken
is like apples of gold in a setting
of silver" (Prov. 25:11).

If you turn to Proverbs and look at the book, you will see immediately that it is a collection of short, pithy sayings. That is, for the most part. The first nine chapters are devoted to a long sequence of proverbs on "The Excellence of Wisdom." Chapter 31 speaks at length of "The Good Wife." But by and large, Proverbs is a collection of short sayings. As in Hebrew poetry, sometimes the second line repeats the idea of the first (*synonymous parallelism*); sometimes the second line is in direct contrast with the first (*antithetic parallelism*); while at other times the second line is a further progression of thought from the first (*synthetic parallelism*).

Let us note some examples of these three ways of expressing poetical proverbs:

"The father of the righteous will
greatly rejoice;

he who begets a wise son will be
glad in him" (Prov. 23:24).

(*synonymous*)

“A wise son makes a glad father, but a foolish son is a sorrow to his mother” (Prov. 10:1).

(*antithetic*)

“Leave the presence of a fool, for there you do not meet words of knowledge” (Prov. 14:7).

(*synthetic*)

The Book of Proverbs is a part of Hebrew literature known as “wisdom literature.” In Israel, there were the prophets, the priests, and the wise men. The wise men would often go out and sit down near the city gate and there from time to time counsel the people with words of wisdom. Later, of course, there grew up definite schools of instruction like the synagogue.

Because traditionally Solomon was known far and wide for his wisdom, many of the proverbs were attributed to him. Of course, it is rather easy to see that the countless proverbs in the Book of Proverbs are not from a single hand, but form a collection of many proverbs current at the time of the compiler, several centuries before Christ.

The main body of the collection is from Proverbs 10:1 to 22:16, where we have what may be called “Proverbs of Solomon.” The second collection of Solomon extends from Proverbs 25:1 to 29:27. Proverbs 22:

17 to 24:34 give us the “Sayings of the Wise.” Proverbs 30 are the “Words of Augur” and the first nine verses of Proverbs 31 give us the “Words of Lemuel.” We have already noted that chapters 1-9 form a long proverb on the excellence of wisdom; while Proverbs 31:10-31 picture the good wife.

As you read Proverbs, you will see that the sayings include ideas which pertain to science, philosophy, ethics, and of course, religion. Much emphasis is placed upon wisdom, and wisdom is conceived as native intelligence or shrewdness which comes not merely from man but from God. Knowledge of the moral law and the ability to keep it were a part of wisdom, and any man was a fool who did not walk in the ways of wisdom.

The teachings of the Proverbs are many-sided. We might say the theme of the book is “reverence for God,” that is the way wisdom begins and ends. Young men are to obey their parents, abstain from illicit sexual relations, maintain chastity and marital fidelity. The glutton, drunkard, sluggard, robber, and oppressor of the poor are all condemned.

Indeed we will find in Proverbs “old wisdom for new times.”

TWO MODERN PROVERBS

The man who is afraid to begin is worse than a quitter.

—*Michigan Christian Advocate*

When a man begins to realize the truth about himself, it reduces his desire to reform his associates.

—*Joys of Life*

Wise Men or Wise Guys?

THE late Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison was speaking in Woolsley Hall, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, before a large audience. "I have," said he, "enough Bachelor of Arts graduates in Sing Sing to start a college myself!"

There they were—young men with plenty of knowledge but not plenty of wisdom. They were wise guys but not wise men.

Not that anyone should disparage education. The great God who created us in his image—God has a mind, we have a mind—expects us to grow in knowledge, expects us to develop our minds!

But we may gorge the mind with facts and not know how to live. We may have an A.B., an M.A., a Ph.D. and still not have found true wisdom. As someone has said:

"A man may know all about the rocks and his heart remain as hard as they. He may know all about the winds and be the sport of passions as fierce as they. He may know all about the seas and yet his soul resemble its troubled waters which cannot rest. He may know all about the stars and be as a meteor whose brief but brilliant career is quenched in eternal night."

What Is Wisdom?

Ben, a young man in high school, was deeply in love with Carolyn, an attractive young high school girl. The young couple had gone steady for two years. But then something happened to pull them apart, and Carolyn sincerely felt that she could no longer be Ben's girl; she could never make him happy. Ben was grieved, depressed, he lost all hope. One day at home he went up to his room, locked the door, took a .22 pistol and shot himself.

Jack attended a party where cocktails were served and Jack drank several. Then came time for him to drive his girl, Sue, and another couple home. Sue said, "But Jack, you've been drinking and your reflexes are unsteady and I'm afraid to ride with you." The other couple refused also to ride with Jack. Jack got mad and said, "Okay, you squares, I'll ride with myself," and he jumped in the car and drove furiously toward home. He got three blocks, tried to beat a red light, and ended up by smashing into another car. Jack is now in the hospital blinded permanently in one eye and lucky to be alive.

Now let's analyze these two cases. Would you say that either Ben or Jack was wise? Or would you use the other term "foolish" to apply to them?

At Ben's funeral, the minister said: "Ben's was an error in judgment." If he had waited, if he had been able to take defeat as well as victory, he would have outgrown his disappointment. His broken heart would have mended. He would have concluded that such experiences are sometimes a part of life and he would have made the experience serve him—instead of being defeated by it.

Jack was unwise to drink, in the first place. In the second place, he was unwise to drive while under the influence of alcohol. So he paid the consequences. Fortunately, Sue and the other couple were wise enough not to ride with Jack.

Consider this definition of wisdom given by Webster: "Ability to judge soundly and deal sagaciously with facts, especially as they relate to life and conduct."

Dean Wm. R. Inge, an English clergyman, says wisdom is "the right judgment of the relative value of things."

The wise person is one who knows which way to travel in life. He is able to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential.

Francis Hutcheson gives this wonderful definition of wisdom: "Wisdom denotes the pursuing of the best ends by the best means."

Emerson's definition of wisdom is also appropriate: "To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom."

Taking God Into Account

No definition of wisdom is complete without reference to God, for the person who does not take God into account is not wise. That's what we learn from Proverbs and that's what we learn from life. Proverbs puts it like this: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Prov. 9:10).

Does this mean that we are to cringe before God? No. The word "fear" might be more accurately translated "reverence." We are to be reverent before God. Reverence is the quiet, submissive response of the soul to God. Wisdom, then, starts with a recognition of God as our creator, our redeemer from sin, the one who keeps us alive. It starts with the surrender of our lives to him. We seek to do with our lives what he wants us to do.

One of the psalmists expresses this idea forcefully in a negative way: "The fool says in his heart, 'There is no God'" (Ps. 14:1). There are many fools in the world—drunkards, dissipators, playboys—but the biggest fool of all is the person who denies God.

Jesus tells the story of such a fool in one of his parables. There was a rich farmer, he says, whose ground brought forth so plentifully that he decided to tear down his old barns and build new and bigger ones to care for all his crops. When he'd done this, he would say to his soul, "You have ample goods laid up for many years; take your ease, eat, drink, be merry." But God said to him, "Fool! This night your soul is required of you."

You see, our lives are closely bound up with God, and if we cut that tie, if we say no God, then we have cut ourselves off from the supreme ruler of the universe. And that is the supreme act of foolishness. It is almost as if a man turned to his heart and said, "I have no need of you." Yet his heart is the very foundation organ of his body and life itself.

Proving That You Are Wise

Now, how does this come about? How do we prove that we are on God's side, and that we are truly wise? Some of these ancient proverbs help us at that point.

One way to prove this is to "keep your heart with all vigilance; for from it flow the springs of life" (Prov. 4:23). The heart, to the ancient, was not only the center of the physical life, but it was the seat of the mind and the spirit. Thus, we are told to think right thoughts, cherish the proper emotions, maintain worthy motives.

The heart, deceitful as it naturally is, needs to be cleansed by God's forgiving power; then directed into positive channels of godly living.

Test yourself out. What do you think about? Are your thoughts only upon self? Do you show interest merely in meeting physical needs—food, sex, a good time? If your thoughts are forever down on life's low levels that's where you'll be. But if you think of God, of goodness, of pure and lovely things, then your life will be lifted to the higher levels.

Take a visit sometime down to

Skid Row in almost any of our big cities in any part of the world. What do you see? Here are men—and women—who've "let go" of themselves, who have not exercised self-control, who've played the fool. Talk with any one of them and he'll say: "I wish I had been wiser. That I'd given first place to the things of the spirit."

A beautiful proverb describes the righteous man.

"But the path of the righteous is like the light of dawn, which shines brighter and brighter until full day" (Prov. 4:18).

The path of the godly man gets brighter and brighter until the perfect noon-day comes. He sees life in all its beauty. He loves life. He is virtuous and has the joy that comes from a life well-lived. He trusts God, and therefore needs not fear.

No wonder the wise men of old urged that men make their ear attentive to wisdom, seek it like silver, search for it as a hidden treasure, for it is life's supreme attainment.

"She is more precious than jewels, and nothing you desire can compare with her.

Long life is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to those who lay hold of her; those who hold her fast are called happy"

(Prov. 3:14-18).

Wisdom in What We Say

WHAT is a tough soldier? Major General John M. Devine points out that the term "tough soldier" has done the army tremendous harm. Too often it has been thought to refer to the man who guzzles beer, who uses obscene words, who is decidedly vulgar, and who shows disrespect for himself and everybody else. On the other hand, says the General, "a tough soldier is one whose body is hard and well coordinated. His mind is alert to the dangers around him; he is thoroughly grounded in the principles of his arm and service. He is a man who knows what he is fighting for and believes it worth the effort. Physically, mentally, morally, spiritually—he is prepared to make the supreme sacrifice for the things he believes in."

Sergeant Jones stands before the raw recruits, eats them out for not marching better, and uses every obscene curse word he can think of. Is he wise? Even according to the standards of decency he is not; and certainly he is not according to Christian standards.

The tongue is a little but very important member of the human body. James in the New Testament points this out: "So the tongue is a little member and boasts of great things. How great a fire is set ablaze by a

small fire! And the tongue is a fire . . . no human being can tame the tongue" (James 3:5-8).

The makers of proverbs also have much to say about the tongue, about speech, about words that hurt and words that heal. The tongue is non-moral, really. It can curse or it can say kind things. It depends upon the speaker—upon what is in the heart of the speaker.

Words That Hurt

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue" (Prov. 18:21). There are words that hurt and words that heal. From the same mouth come forth foolish words and words of wisdom. According to the wise men of old some of the specific words that hurt are:

Lying words. The liar is roundly condemned.

"A worthless person, a wicked man, goes about with crooked speech, Winks with his eyes, scrapes with his feet, points with his finger, with perverted heart devises evil, continually sowing discord" (Prov. 24:28).

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord" (Prov. 12:22).

"Do not deceive with your lips" (Prov. 24:28).

It may be a little white lie or a big black lie, but when falsehood comes from your mouth it is wrong. Lying reveals a basic nature that is false. Honest men don't lie. God's nature is truth and to lie is to go contrary to what God expects of men. Moreover, the liar gets to the point where he trusts nobody, for he suspects that everyone else lies as he does.

Young Isaiah in the Temple learned that he was a man of unclean lips (Isa. 6:5). Likewise, the liar is a man of unclean lips. Isaiah was healed when God sent one of the seraphim with a burning coal taken from the altar. The seraphim touched Isaiah's mouth and said: "Behold, this has touched your lips; your guilt is taken away, and your sin forgiven" (Isa. 6:7).

It is this same miraculous cleansing we need from God. We with our lying words and dishonest hearts need God's cleansing power.

Careless Words. Careless people often throw words around with complete abandon. They don't seem to care how many feelings they hurt, whose toes they step on, or how cruel they are. Do you remember the poem which tells of the man who had shouted cruel words to his wife and sent her out into a snowstorm for the cows. Later, he found her frozen body and wished he could recall the cruel words. But he couldn't. And the words of the poem go something like this: "Men flying kites haul in their white-winged birds, but you can't do that when you're flying words." What you have said, you have said. A modern proverb goes

something like this: "Think twice before you speak and then speak to yourself."

Rash words.

"Wise men lay up knowledge, but the babbling of a fool brings ruin near" (Prov. 10:14).

There are some who talk and never run down. They go on endlessly about nothing and nothing. Abraham Lincoln well said, "It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak out and remove all doubt." The babbling fool is the guy who makes suggestive remarks. The babbling fool is one who rambles on in conversation but never offers anything constructive.

Slanderous words.

"The north wind brings forth rain; and a backbiting tongue, angry looks" (Prov. 25:23).

The gossips are the people who add two and two together and get five. They read ulterior motives into everything a person does. They see a fellow coming out of a restaurant and they're sure he's been in there drinking beer. They see a boy and girl together and they just know they're going to get married. When somebody comes up to you and begins, "Say, had you heard about Marvin Pitkin . . ." and then proceeds to tell all the dirt he can about Marvin, that's the fellow to shun. After you're gone, he'll see how many evil things he can say about you. How many reputations have been ruined because some persons have spoken slanderous words.

There is an interesting old painting which shows four women around

a table gossiping. Stand back several feet from it and the whole picture portrays the typical conception of a devil, horns and all. The artist means to depict that gossips are like the devil. No wonder churches and communities are divided when a few vicious tongues begin to peddle gossip and slander from one person to another.

Curse Words. The Third Commandment which God gave to Moses solemnly says: "You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain" (Ex. 20:7).

Just as lying shows a false heart, cursing shows an unclean heart. You wallow in the dirt and soon you're at home there.

Words That Heal

Had you ever thought, What if there were no communication between man and man! How wonderful it is to be able to speak, to communicate, to carry on conversation with our fellows. Conversation with our fellows brings some of life's greatest moments.

The writers of the proverbs in ancient times speak highly of the many words we use to establish these lines of communication. Evil words create strife and division, but good words heal. Note some of the terms used to describe these words that heal:

They are restrained words. "He who restrains his lips is prudent" (Prov. 10:19). He is not guilty of a continuous chatter-chatter but knows how to keep quiet.

Healing words call for many moments of silence.

"Even a fool who keeps silent is considered wise; when he closes his lips, he is deemed intelligent" (Prov. 17:28).

We are urged thus: "Put your hand on your mouth" (Prov. 30:32).

Gentle words are wise words.

"A gentle tongue is a tree of life . . ." (Prov. 15:4).

"A soft answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger" (Prov. 15:1).

Words that heal are pleasant words.

"Pleasant words are like a honeycomb, sweetness to the soul and health to the body" (Prov. 16:24).

The apt word, the word spoken in season, is especially commended:

"To make an apt answer is a joy to a man, and a word in season, how good it is!" (Prov. 15:23).

Every day we speak hundreds of words. Do we ever stop to analyze the words we are using? Are we using words that hurt or words that heal? Do we lie, gossip, speak hastily and rashly and thus create strife? Or do we speak kindly, courteously, truthfully? Are we healing the wounds of the world by gracious, tender words? Let us pray with the psalmist:

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock and my redeemer" (Ps. 19:14).

Outwitting the Deceiver

THERE'S pathos and a lesson in this excellent bit of writing taken from the *Citadel Square News*, Charleston, South Carolina:

Ira Hayes, the hero of Iwo Jima, is dead. His body rests near a memorial in stone in Arlington Cemetery. It is the image of Hayes and five other Marines who raised the Stars and Stripes atop Mt. Suribachi—the memorial he helped dedicate last November. He is dead now, but he wasn't killed by a Japanese bullet. He was killed by liquor—frozen to death while drunk. How sad that is. Our sympathy goes out to him as we think of it.

It is a sad ending for the thirty-two year old hero. He could fight the Japanese, but he couldn't fight liquor. Nobody can. Given a chance, liquor always wins.

Positive Christian living is the answer. Your pastor doesn't offer you a negative life. He offers a positive one—and a positive Christian life, filled with good things, busy with constructive things, happy with clean things, growing with pure things is the answer to liquor or any other habit which enslaves us.

Ira Hayes, the hero of Iwo Jima, is dead. The bullets of the Japanese didn't kill him. Liquor caused him to freeze to death. He could fight the Japanese, but he couldn't fight liquor.

YOU may disagree on one point; perhaps you say that Ira Hayes could have fought liquor. He could have if he had started his fight before he ever imbibed a drop! However, once you've started taking liquor into your system, then it is a different matter. Why? Because "the man takes a drink, the drink takes a drink and the drink takes the man."

The writers of Proverbs knew what a demon strong drink really is. Hear them:

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler;
and whosoever is led astray by it is not wise" (Prov. 20:1).

"Who has woe? Who has sorrow?
Who has strife? Who has complaining?"

Who has wounds without cause?
Who has redness of eyes?

Those who tarry long over wine,
those who go to try mixed wine.
Do not look at wine when it is red,
when it sparkles in the cup
and goes down smoothly.

At the last it bites like a serpent,
and stings like an adder.

Your eyes will see strange things,
and your mind utter perverse things.

You will be like one who lies down
in the midst of the sea,

like one who lies on the top of
a mast.

'They struck me,' you will say, 'but
I was not hurt;
they beat me, but I did not feel
it.

When shall I awake?

I will seek another drink' " (Prov.
23:29-35).

This is an excellent picture of what happens when one drinks. It is mighty like the report of a modern medical clinic. And, if the evils were great back in those ancient times, how much greater are they today in our jet age with its increased hazards.

Alcohol the Killer

Public Enemy Number One is Demon Rum. Know what he does? All you have to do is read the daily papers. Here are the headlines of a daily paper:

"Crash Kills 2 After College Beer Contest."

The account tells how two fraternity teams met in a wooded area to see how much beer they could consume. "A college spokesman said investigators learned that sixty quarts of beer were purchased and that forty quarts were consumed." On the way back one team of four in one car plunged over a fifteen-foot embankment and burned. The crash killed two of the occupants!

Here's another headline: "Drunk GI Rapes and Kills Girl"

This account tells of how an eighteen-year-old soldier, who had had ten or twelve bottles of beer, raped and murdered a seventeen-year-old Chicago girl, At the trial,

this young soldier was sentenced to 199 years in the penitentiary.

When you stop to think about it, it is easy to see why these crimes take place, for alcohol breaks down self-control, removes inhibitions, and puts one at the mercy of the demon he has invited inside the house of his life.

In the novel *From Here to Eternity* the statement is made: "Soldiers and drinking have always been blood brothers." It is true that there is much drinking among soldiers, but a man does not have to live down to the level of his environment. The ship that sails the ocean is *in* the water but not *of* the water. It is not "soldiers and drinking" that are blood brothers but crime and drinking.

Why Do Men Drink?

It would be interesting to sit down with several people individually and ask: "Now, why do you drink? What do you get out of it?" The answers would probably be varied.

Some would say they drink to be sociable. A college professor of mine said: "After a hard day in the classroom, it is good to get home, relax, take a couple of cocktails and feel the release that comes. I am much more amiable as a husband. I like to drink among friends, too, for it makes me a more sociable person."

Another might say, "Well, everybody does it and so I drink to fit in with the mores, the customs, of our modern civilization. I don't want to be an old stick."

Another might say: "I drink to escape the burdening frustrations of life, the worry, the hard times, the

heartaches—all these. Drinking gives me release.” An English laborer once remarked: “Getting drunk is the quickest way out of Manchester.”

But there are real questions we ought to ask ourselves. Is it right to have *to depend on a crutch* to make us sociable? Shouldn't we cultivate the kind of personality that is naturally interested in other people? The fact that everybody does a thing is no argument for it. There was a time when everybody practiced slavery. The Christian does not ask “what is popular” but “what is right.”

As for escape, it is all right to escape, but not let ourselves be anesthetized. Rather, let us find the releases that do not leave a bad taste in our mouth—that do not regret the morning after!

It is generally recognized now that just to say “Don't drink” is not enough. People drink, for the most part, because they have emotional problems, and so we need to develop individuals who are well emotionally as well as physically. An exceptionally good list of rules or pointers on growing a Christian personality is this one—which won first prize in a contest conducted by the Cleveland Academy of Medicine:

1. *Have a hobby.* Acquire pursuits, especially sports which absorb your interest.

2. *Develop a philosophy.* Adapt yourself to social and spiritual surroundings.

3. *Share your thoughts.* Cultivate companionship in thought and feeling.

4. *Face your fears.* Analyze them. Daylight dismisses ghosts.

5. *Balance fantasy with fact.* Dream, but do; wish, but build.

6. *Beware of alluring escapes.* Alcohol, opiates, etc., prove faithless friends.

7. *Exercise.* Walk, swim, golf; muscles need activity.

8. *Love, but love wisely.* Sex, properly guided, will light the torch of eternity.

9. *Do not become engulfed in a whirlpool of worries.* Call early for help.

10. *Trust in time.* Be patient and hopeful; time is a great therapist.

The Cure for the Drinker

Of course, the best cure for the drinker is never to start.

Dr. Herman A. Heise of Milwaukee, speaking at the American Medical Association, points out that one ounce of alcohol in an automobile driver's body increases his chances of being involved in an accident by “more than 1,000 per cent.” “If the alcohol could be divorced from driving,” Dr. Heise says, “possibly half of our 40,000 people doomed to die each year on the highways could live.”

In one of Billy Graham's evangelistic campaigns—that in Columbia, South Carolina—a man operating seven restaurants where liquor was sold, was converted. This man placed an ad in the daily newspapers serving notice on the public of his conversion, and the immediate discontinuance of the sale of intoxicating liquors at his restaurants.

This is the answer—Christ in the human heart, Christ the Savior, Christ the Strengtheners.

Purity Without Prudery

NOT long ago a young serviceman by the name of Johnny from Camp Overthere came to me with a problem. He'd heard a minister speak on the text "Blessed are the pure in heart" and he'd become worried that maybe he wasn't living right and he wanted some advice. Mind you, he was a nice-looking young man, blue eyes, weighed about 160, sharp in every respect, and I believe he said he taught a Sunday school class in the chapel.

But I could see something weighed heavily on his mind as he began to open up: "You see, sir, I've been going now with Joyce for two years. We feel that we love each other; but the more we've been together, the more intimate we have become so that now we love each other as husband and wife, without, of course, being married. Do you think there's anything wrong with this?"

I admired the young man for one thing—his downright honesty. He didn't hold back a thing. I've told you only part of what he said. He'd been honest with me and I wanted to be honest with him. So I told him how I felt. I don't mind telling you that I put myself right off on the side of chastity. And I'm not following in detail what I said to Johnny in the course of two or three interviews. But here are some of the

thoughts I presented to him—not exactly in this form, for the spoken word is a little easier than the written word. But here goes.

1. *You are losing respect for each other.* There's nothing wrong with sex, for God gave us this intimate relation between male and female for the purpose of reproduction and happiness. But to engage in it before marriage causes all sorts of complications. Would you, Johnny, want your sister, Mary, to indulge in this same practice? If it is right for you, it is right for Mary, and it is right for everybody. Thus you are saying that extra-marital relations are right for everybody; and you are destroying the very foundation of the home.

Suppose you go ahead and get married, as you plan to do, you will always have the memory that you did not restrain yourselves before marriage. You will know that neither Joyce nor you had sufficient Christian strength to keep yourselves in check. If Joyce indulges in illicit relations with you, how can you be sure that she will be true after marriage? How can she be certain of you?

You see, Johnny, you are creating doubt, suspicion, fear; you are being less than your best; you have yielded to temptation, indulged in wrong, and the scars are there. Of course, God will forgive you if you repent

and get right; but you are on the wrong track, Johnny, mentally, morally, and spiritually. You have rationalized your action to satisfy physical desires and the fact that you've come to me shows a sense of guilt.

2. *You are going contrary to the best experience of the human race.* As I said, if this practice of yours is right, it is right for everybody. Yet if there is one thing history teaches us it is this—that the monogamic family is the highest peak of human relations. The home is a divine institution. God made them male and female in the beginning. One man for one woman. You say, you haven't violated that, but you have. You have said by practice that sexual relations are all right outside of marriage. Thus, as I've said, you've been digging up the very foundations of the Christian home.

Proverbs 5:18 says,

“Let your fountain be blessed,
and rejoice in the wife of your
youth.”

Wife—you see!

3. *You are not establishing your relations with Joyce on the highest plane.* Love cannot be built on the purely physical plane alone. Chances are this experience will not last—if it goes on. She has promised to marry you, you say, but either you or Joyce will very likely break this vow when you really see yourselves as you are. You must weld your lives together in fellowship, in mental and spiritual interests. That means doing enriching things together—to name a few, reading, enjoying cultural pursuits, playing, participating in church

activities, helping other people, enjoying each other's families, and the like. Someone has said “Life is rich as we fill it with beautiful things to remember.” But I'm afraid you're going to look back on your times together with regret because there will loom up before you these experiences when you've been less than your best.

4. *There is always the danger of a child born out of wedlock.* Oh, I know, you don't plan it that way. Nor did hundreds of others. But today in America there are thousands of babies born out of wedlock because young couples took a chance. They didn't plan it that way, but thousands of children have entered life unwanted, nameless, and without the proper chance they should have had. Are you being fair to your child of the future?

5. *Moreover, there is always the danger of venereal disease.* Again, I know you didn't plan it that way. But this is true. If either you or Joyce feels that illicit relations are right out of wedlock, can you be sure that you are the only two involved? I wish you'd read some of the verses in the Book of Proverbs about the harlot who stalks her prey. Listen:

“And lo, a woman meets him,
dressed as a harlot, wily of heart.
She is loud and wayward,
her feet do not stay at home;
now in the street, now in the
market,
and at every corner she lies in
wait.

She seizes him and kisses him,
and with impudent face she says
to him:

‘I had to offer sacrifices,

and today I have paid my vows;
so now I have come out to meet
you,
to seek you eagerly, and I have
found you.

I have decked my couch with
coverings,
colored spreads of Egyptian
linen;

I have perfumed my bed with
myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon.

Come, let us take our fill of love
till
morning;

let us delight ourselves with love.

For my husband is not at home;
he has gone on a long journey
. . ." (Prov. 7:10-19).

In spite of the best drugs, venereal
disease is still a strong possibility.
You are endangering your own life
as well as the lives of your children
yet unborn if you play fast and loose
with God's moral demands.

6. *You are violating the laws of
God.* Let's come to that now,
Johnny. It is most important. What
does the Bible say? You've read now
this statement from Proverbs. There
are other significant statements. For
example,

"My son, if sinners entice you,
do not consent" (Prov. 1:10).

"Do not enter the path of the wicked,
and do not walk in the way of evil
men" (Prov. 4:14).

But greater than Proverbs is the
challenge Jesus gives to a pure life:
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for
they shall see God" (Matt. 5:8).
Jesus not only taught purity, but he
lived it. His entire life is an example
for us to follow.

Remember, too, Johnny, that one
of God's commandments is: "You
shall not commit adultery" (Ex. 20:
14). To act like husband and wife
without benefit of wedlock, what is
this but adultery? It is condemned in
the Bible, and you are violating
God's laws.

7. *You need to be a man, Johnny*
—*God's man.* It is not necessary for
you to live down on the plane of
satisfaction of physical desires. God
has given us all the power to rise
above temptation. We can exercise
self-control, perhaps I should say
God-control, for it is God who gives
us the strength to think pure thoughts
and to live pure lives. This is not
something we do in ourselves alone.
Let me quote again from Proverbs:
"Do not swerve to the right or to the
left;

turn your foot away from evil"
(Prov. 4:27).

Remember, also, Paul's statement:
"I can do all things in him who
strengthens me" (Phil. 4:13).



Don't borrow trouble. Be patient and you'll have some of your own.
—George Gobel

Life doesn't begin at 40 for those who went like 60 when they were 20.
—Mack McGinnis

Daily Rations

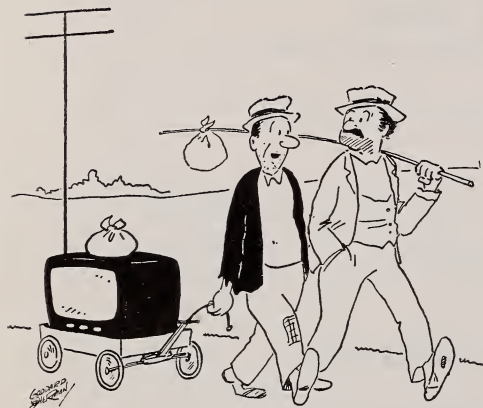


BY DR. JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
Minister, Trinity Methodist Church, New Bedford, Mass.

THEME: "Wisdom of the Ages"

1. Be Not Enticed by Sinners Proverbs 1:1-19
2. Pursue Wisdom Proverbs 2:1-9
3. Win Security and Virtue Proverbs 3:1-18
4. The Life-Giving Ways of Wisdom Proverbs 4:4-23
5. The Peril of Unchaste Love Proverbs 5:1-23
6. Warnings Against Idleness Proverbs 6:1-19
7. The Folly of Yielding to the Wiles of the Harlot Proverbs 1:1-27
8. Wisdom's Call Commends Itself Proverbs 8:1-11
9. Invitations from Wisdom and a Foolish Woman Proverbs 9:1-18
10. The Upright and the Wicked Contrasted Proverbs 10:1-32
11. The Upright and the Wicked Contrasted Proverbs 11:1-31
12. The Upright and the Wicked Contrasted Proverbs 12:1-28
13. The Upright and the Wicked Contrasted Proverbs 15:1-33
14. Some Observations Concerning Life Proverbs 16:1-33
15. Some Observations Concerning Life Proverbs 17:1-28
16. Some Observations Concerning Life Proverbs 18:1-24
17. Some Observations Concerning Life Proverbs 19:1-29
18. Some Comments About Conduct Proverbs 20:1-30
19. Some Comments About Conduct Proverbs 21:1-31
20. Some Comments About Conduct Proverbs 22:1-29
21. Some Comments About Conduct Proverbs 23:1-35
22. Advice and Warning Proverbs 24:1-34
23. Several Lessons in Morals Proverbs 25:1-28
24. Similar Lessons in Morals Proverbs 26:1-28
25. Self-Love and True Love Proverbs 27:1-27
26. Generalities about Religious Integrity Proverbs 28:1-28
27. Contrasts in Public Morality Proverbs 29:1-27
28. As to Men and Things Proverbs 30:1-33
29. A Mother's Counsel Proverbs 31:1-9
30. Praise of a Good Wife Proverbs 31:10-31

AT EASE!



"I like to travel with only the barest necessities"

A man is getting along in years when he pays more attention to the food than he does to the waitress.

A woman churchgoer stopped outside to chat with a friend after services. Suddenly she remembered she had left her purse on the seat. When she returned it was gone. She sought out the minister and found that he had picked it up. "I felt that I had better hold it," he said, "you know, there are some in the congregation with such simple faith they might believe your purse was an answer to prayer."

A family had returned from church and was seated around the dinner

table, discussing the morning service. The father commented, "Frankly I don't believe the sermon this morning was as good as usual." Then the mother added, "The choir didn't sing as well as they have been." Sister put in, "The church needs new hymnals. I wish they would buy some." The young man thought this all over, then remarked, "Well, I thought it was pretty good for only fifteen cents each."

Note from teacher on little Helen's report card: "Good worker but talks too much."

Note from father over his signature on the back of the card: "Come up some time and meet Helen's mother."

A fresh diner to waitress: "What's wrong with these eggs, sister?"

Waitress: "Don't ask me, sir, I only laid them on the table."

A minister advertised for a handyman. The next morning a young man rang the bell. The minister asked, "Can you start a fire and have breakfast by 6:00 A.M.?"

Young man: "I think so."

Minister: "Can you mow the lawn, do the laundry and see that everything is done right?"

Young man: "I'm sure I can."

Minister: "Can you polish the floors, wash and dry dishes and cook?"

Young man: "Look Reverend, I came here to see you about getting married, but if marriage is going to be like that, count me out."



Prayer

By E. STANLEY JONES

*J*F I had one gift, and only one gift, to make to the Christian Church, I would offer the gift of Prayer. Prayer tones up the total life. I find by actual experience I am better or worse as I pray more or less. If my prayer life goes up, my life as a whole goes up with it. To fail here is to fail all down the line; to succeed here is to succeed everywhere.

In the prayer time the battle of the spiritual life is lost or won. Prayer is not optional in the curriculum of living. It is a required subject; it is THE required subject. And there is no graduation into adequate human living without Prayer.

Prayer is not only the refuge of the weak; it is the reinforcement of the strong. The idea that only weak people pray is false. The strongest, noblest characters that ever earth has known—those who have done most to further the cause of humanity, have been men and women of Prayer.



