









# The LINK



June, 1948  
15 cents

# Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

By MAYO CORNELL



*“KINGS and queens are facile accidents of time and chance;  
Chance set them on the heights; they climbed not there.  
But he who from the darkling mass of men  
Is on the wings of heavenly thought unborne  
To higher ether, and becomes the voice of the voiceless,  
God appointed him. His grave shall be a shrine; his name a star!”*

THE writer has tried unavailingly, for years, to discover the author of these lines, lines that always come to mind when a truly great man or woman dies. They haunted him when, months ago, the magnificent Mahatma Gandhi died, that ugly little man weighing less than 100 pounds who was in truth “the voice of the voiceless,” whose name shall always be “a star.”

THE little man who died in faraway India, as Lincoln died—by an assassin’s bullet—had “neither purse nor sword,” but only a white sheet as raiment, a towering, invincible faith, and such selflessness as the Christ knew.

AFTER years of subconscious evaluation, this writer has come to the conclusion that perhaps the highest attribute of the truly great man or woman is his willingness to become ridiculous in the eyes of his contemporaries, for the sake of a cause he believes in. Certainly every hour of his adult life, Gandhi proved this to hundreds of millions of lesser men who live by force (rather than the Sermon on the Mount), and now that his earthly ashes are no more, his flaming spirit will mount deathlessly, to the very throne of God!

*“HIS grave shall be a shrine; his name a star!”*



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Vol. 6 No. 6

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Peter Wallace (*Premonition*, page 3) is now a "regular" contributor to these pages.

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Pearl P. Puckett (*Hell Buggies*, page 11), the red-head from Omaha, is back again and this time with an article which should appeal to both the old and new "tank gang" as well as the rest of you readers who have wondered about those huge pieces of armored equipment which were once the particular charge of General Patton.

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Gertrude Doro (*The Least of These*, page 8) is a Florida lady who just loves to write. Her pride and joy is an 18-year-old son who is a freshman at the University of Florida. Bill seems inclined to follow in his mother's footsteps as witnessed by his poem, *Thanks*, which appeared in the May LINK.

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Joseph C. Salak (*Combat Cartoonist*, page 14), who will be remembered for his series on the hobby of stamp collecting, brings to us the story of another hobby which has become a full-time paying job.

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Henry P. Chapman (*Life Is What You Make It*, page 19) stopped drawing

long enough to write this worth-while article for LINK readers. Mr. Chapman has recently been appointed New York Editor of *The American Cartoonist*. In producing the illustration for Lulu Bradley Cram's *The Plains of Caen* (page 24) he employed an unusual process, the technique of which was taught to him by a Chinaman. The process is used when a wood-engraving effect is desired without going through the tedious process of carving out a wooden "plate."

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C. Skrep (*No End to It?* page 27) does not believe in the principal of Bolshevism and therefore came to the United States 24 years ago to make it his new country.

In Russia Mr. Skrep experienced all the terror of revolution and the bloodiest of civil wars. Many times it seemed a miracle that his life was spared.

Of himself he says, "This matter of circumstance turned me, a professional man (in the past I was a successful mining engineer) who was mostly busy making a fortune, into a deeply religious man. It seems that only the greatly superior power of God granted me the greatest gift for every man—life."

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J. P. Armstrong (*Like Father*, page 29) was born and reared in western New York State. He taught at several village schools in New York for a number of years and then served for four years as superintendent of the consolidated schools at Hotchkiss, Colorado. After losing his health, he moved to California where he now pursues the business of writing.

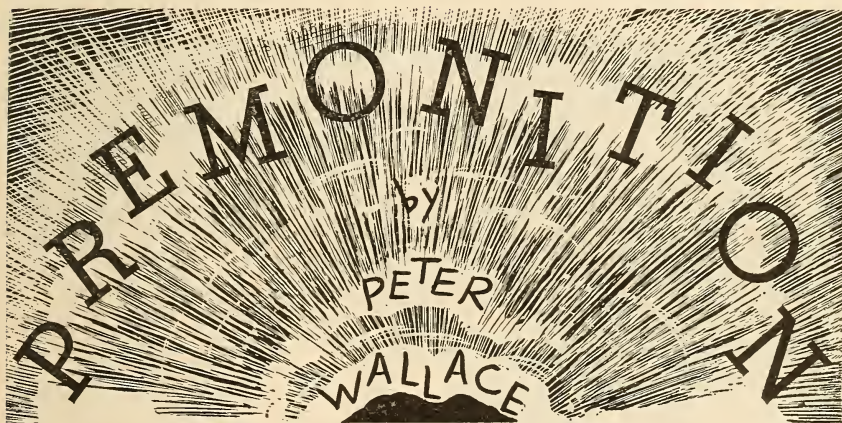


CAPTAIN HERMAN SETTLER awoke with a start and was surprised that it was still night. He snapped open the protective leather covering of his wrist watch and saw that the luminous hands were pointing at 0355. He blinked and wondered what, if anything, had awakened him. He held his breath a moment, listening, trying hard to catch even the slightest foot sounds from out there in the blackness. The Japs were somewhere below this plateau, at least fifty of them, with rifles and mortars and machine guns. Frightened Japs, too,

guards on duty. If anything at all seemed unusual they would give the signal soon enough.

He sighed as he realized how wide-awake he was. Why? He couldn't recall dreaming about anything. He rarely dreamed anyhow. What, then? He stretched and yawned. But yawning only pushed whatever sleep there might have been in him, outside of his body.

Strange, he thought, and suddenly, for no apparent reason, he recalled with unusual clarity the time they wanted to award him the DSC in Australia and he



because they knew the rest of their island garrison had surrendered and, no doubt, they were filled up with all the propaganda from their government about the cruel treatment Americans inflicted on Japanese prisoners of war. That made them doubly dangerous and, much as he disliked this ferreting-out business, it just had to be done.

Captain Settler blinked his eyes again. There wasn't a suspicious sound anywhere, only the usual night sounds coming from the jungle below and the soft sleep-breathing of a few of his men around him. Twenty-four against fifty, he thought. No, twenty-six with the two

had refused to accept it, or even to appear for the ceremony. That was after the Buna campaign, when the whole outfit had been sent back to Australia to recuperate. Division Headquarters had given him a direct commission from staff sergeant to captain for the work he did on Buna, and had also recommended him for the DSC. The papers caught up with him in Australia.

He smiled contentedly as he now recalled it. He remembered how Lieutenant Ken Atchison had been confronted by an officious colonel who wanted to know where in — Captain Settler was, and, didn't he realize that

a major general and five hundred men were waiting out in the hot sun to pin a medal on his chest?

So poor Atchison had gone hunting and finally found him on the jungle-training course near camp. How excited and flushed Atchison had been.

"Herman! For crying out loud, Herman!" Atchison cried. "What's the matter with you?"

"Why?" he had answered, playing dumb. "Is something wrong with me?"

Atchison threw his arms into the air. "Is something wrong," he said, wiping his sweaty face. "Listen, Herman. The CO's blowing his top. You know you got to get a DSC today."

"Did they send you for me?"

"Yeah. And you'd better come right away."

"Why?"

"Why?" Atchison stared at him incredulously. "Now look, Herman. . . ."

"Be a good friend, Ken," he said, growing serious. "Tell them you can't find me."

"What?"

"Please, Ken. You know how I feel about this award."

"All right, Herman. Okay, but . . ."

"I told them, Ken, that if they wanted to award me the DSC they'd have to award it also to every man who was with me on Buna."

"Yes, yes, Herman. I know how you feel, but . . ."

"Please, Ken. I ask this as a friend. Tell them you can't find me."

For a long time Atchison said nothing. Then, finally, he agreed to go back and tell them.

The Captain laughed to himself, remembering it. He interlocked his fingers behind his head and stared up into the murky sky. He could feel the moisture in the hot air and thought what a wonderful thing a mosquito netting could

be in this climate. Then he thought again about awakening so suddenly, and strangely; and from there his mind hopped to the time he and Atchison and Elwood and Jenks caught a Jap colonel, a captain and a lieutenant taking a bath in a pool. They had to kill the colonel and the captain before the lieutenant gave in. The other three were all for killing the lieutenant, but he wouldn't allow it. He gave the Jap cigarettes and fatigues and, later, when G-2 questioned him, the Jap wanted them to know what a real gentleman Captain Settler was. Sometimes he wondered about the wisdom of letting the Jap live.

Settler yawned again, then grimaced. Not a sleep yawn at all. What kind of nonsense was this? Waking up all of a sudden, out of a deep sleep, to remember things that had happened in his life. It was almost like the old saying that before a man dies his life passes before him. He smiled and his mind shot back to 1938. There was no Army then. And no war. At least not in America. He was going to school—State College—learning to be an architect, working his way through—one year, two years, three—and then lacking just a few credits for a degree when the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. There had also been a girl, but all that seemed so far in the past that it was a little difficult to bring it to this place now. Besides, the face of the girl had long since evaporated. That happened to everyone *out here* after a while. He had difficulty even remembering what his mother looked like, and friends he had known almost all his life.

Swiftly now, another memory tumbled through his mind—of the time when they were going to Australia. He had his captain bars then, and slept on the deck with the men the whole trip over, and ate the same rations they did. And then there was the time in Australia when

the officers had ice cream and he had refused to eat it because the enlisted men didn't have any that day. Because that was the way he felt about it. An officer was a man and an enlisted man was a man, and the only difference the uniform made, as far as he was concerned, was in the administrative branch. Unfortunately, that was something too many officers forgot, or didn't understand, while many good officers suffered because of it.

Captain Settler listened for a moment to the breathing of his men around him. They were a great bunch, he thought.

And they would do anything for him because he would do anything for them. And they knew how he felt because he knew how they felt.

He wet his lips, and now his eyelids trembled. Smiling, he said to himself, "Is it possible I'm getting sleepy?" He glanced at his wrist watch again. 0415. Exactly. And, slowly, he began to shut his eyes. And, slowly, he began to count. One . . . slowly . . . two . . . three . . . slowly . . . four . . . five . . . silly waking up like . . . six . . . sev-en . . . eight . . . ni—*two rifle shots!*

Settler flung aside the netting and



*He heard the explosions coming closer and closer upon him; then one hit somewhere near by, and he was flung off his feet.*



was up on his feet. He fell down on his knees as high-pitched rifle sounds swept across the plateau. And then, in another moment, the plateau was being raked by a heavy cross fire of machine guns.

"Off your feet! Off your feet!" Settler yelled to his men. But the attack was too much of a surprise, and everybody seemed to be running somewhere. Jenks passed him, going for his radio. Settler got up and ran after Jenks, to tell him to call back to Headquarters, to get them to send more men up here. He had gone only a few feet when the mortar fire started to pour in. He heard the explosions, coming closer and closer upon him; then one hit somewhere near by, and he was flung off his feet. He felt something rip through his legs and when he looked down he saw that his right leg from the knee down was gone.

He fell back on the ground, the blood pounding all over his body. But he was completely cold inside. He thought: "So this is how it happens." Jenks appeared in his vision. He was shouting, "Captain! Captain! Hey, somebody! Quick! The Captain's hurt!"

Someone else fell down beside him. Ken Atchison.

"Where'd it hit, Herman? Where?"

"My leg, Ken," Settler said calmly. "They blew my leg off."

"Jenks," Atchison said. "Get Phil! Hurry!"

Jenks disappeared, shouting, "Phil! Phil! Phil!"

"This is how it happens," Settler said.

The plateau was all lit up by the firing. Something was burning near by. A bright light hung over the entire bivouac area. Atchison was examining Settler's wound. Atchison pulled his own belt out of his pants.

"Try not to move, Herman. I'll get this around your thigh. You need a tourniquet."

It was senseless, Settler thought. It wouldn't do any good. This was the way it happened. Quiet, sleep, and then everything gone crazy.

"What's a matter? What's a matter, Lieutenant?" It was Phil, rushing up with a first-aid kit in his hands. Then he looked down and saw Captain Settler, and he fell on his knees, taking things out of the kit.

"Give him some morphine, Phil," Atchison said. "I'll work this tourniquet."

"Okay," Phil said. "Gee, I'm sorry, Captain. Don't move. I'll give you a shot. Hey, Jenks! Run for the shack! Get plasma, needles, more bandages! See if you can find Hollis and Blake! They should be around there! Lemme have your arm, Captain. Does it hurt much?"

"Not too much, Phil," Settler said. "Are they doing much damage?"

"Nawwww. Don't worry about it. We'll take care of 'em. How's the tourniquet, Lieutenant?"

"He's still bleeding, Phil."

"More pressure, Lieutenant. Your arm, Captain. . . . There."

No use, no use, Captain Settler thought. He felt himself flowing away and then coming back, and now somebody—Jenks—was shouting in a crying voice, "Phil! Phil! They hit the shack! Hollis and Blake are dead! Everything's busted!"

Captain Settler smiled a little bit. And he heard Phil saying excitedly, "We gotta get the Captain outa here, Lieutenant. He needs blood. Badly. Listen, Jenks. Get back on that radio and tell 'em back at Headquarters we need blood. Tell 'em to send it in a 'cub.' We gotta make the air strip, Lieutenant!"

Yes, Settler thought, and flowed away again and dreamed of himself waking up in the darkness and thinking about

things that had happened before in his life—before the Army, during the Army—and it was funny he hadn't recognized his waking up for what it really was. He opened his eyes.

"Ken," he said.

"Yes, Herman."

"You can't move back with me. Let me stay here. You and Elwood take command. Elwood's a good man."

"Okay, Herman. We'll move back, but you're going with us."

Now it was an effort to speak, and he did not answer. Not even when they placed him on a stretcher and began walking away from the plateau, through an open gap, through the swamp and jungle, away from the falling mortars and high-sounding rifle fire and ugly machine gun fire. And then a rather silly thought occurred to him—whether

they brought his leg along or left it out there on the plateau. He felt himself growing very light inside. Sounds were all mixed up in his head. He was floating now, or flowing—maybe floating—and this is the way it happens, this is the way it happens.

Far off in the jungle were the sounds of war as other men were taking up the fight. But it didn't seem real. Atchison was crying in huge, body-shaking sobs. Phil sat on the ground beside Captain Settler, his chin on his chest. The sounds of war in the jungle didn't seem real. All that seemed real was Atchison's crying and the silence of the men as they stood around, looking down at Captain Settler, now remembering things about him which they knew, deep in their hearts, they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

### *This Month's Cover*

Sometime soon now if you happen to be at the movies and see a short color feature entitled "Bronco Buster" flashed on the screen, wait awhile. The man and horse you will see performing on the screen will be Milton Swift and his horse, Rusty, who appear on our cover this month.

No ordinary animal is 7½ year old Rusty, no sir! He was once the leader of a band of wild mustangs. Driven out of this band by the use of a light airplane, he was captured by his owner in Skull Valley, Utah, about 45 miles west of Salt Lake.

Milt has trained Rusty to perform a number of amusing tricks upon verbal instructions. Not only has he never used a whip while training the horse, he doesn't even own one. When teaching Rusty a new trick, Milt claims he shows the horse the routine once and that is enough. In fact, Rusty seems to come very close to understanding the English language.

Milton Swift served with the Army during World War II and saw 18 months overseas duty. He was with the 10th Mountain Troops in Italy and later with the Signal Corps.

After being discharged from the Army, Milt returned home after not having seen Rusty for two years and the horse went through every single trick the first time.

"Bronco Buster" is the first of a series of color features in which these two will appear so be on the lookout for them.

*(Cover photo by Pictorial House)*





THE young doctor finished his examination of the groaning woman on the couch, rose to his feet and strode quickly out the door of the little shack, motioning to the scared colored man to follow him. He wiped the sweat from his face with a trembling hand. "My goodness, man, why didn't you call me hours ago! I—I don't know what to do! Your wife has a tumor that must be removed before the baby can be born! It's too late to move her . . . but something has got to be done now! But I can't operate and deliver a baby by myself . . . I refuse to try to do such an impossible thing!"

"Doc, please try it . . . you can't let her die . . . you can't!" The colored man grasped the doctor's arm in terror and pleaded. "You can save her . . . you can try, anyway! You jes got to—you're a doctor!"

Pale and trembling, the young physician turned back into the shack, where the dim, flickering light from a kerosene lamp cast an eerie glow over the figure that writhed in torment on the couch.

"She doesn't have a chance in the world. I—I can't—no one can save her. Yet I can't let her die without trying to save her," the doctor was thinking desperately. "God help me, I'll have to try to save her!"

Quickly he started to work. "Here, help me, fellow! We haven't a minute to lose . . . put the light here! Now dip your hands in this solution and hand me the things from my bag that I point to . . . !"

Thus did Dr. John Mathew, young physician of Jacksonville, Florida, begin his first fight with the Grim Reaper when hanging out his shingle over twenty years ago. Competition was keen, and the young doctor found the going tough—and the roads to his few and

varied patients strange and lonely ones. On this night, he followed the colored man through dark woods and almost unpassable roads to the shack on the edge of the swamp—and to the woman on the couch so near death's door.

Now with the mumbling, broken prayers of the man in his ears and the gasping breath of the woman growing fainter, he fought desperately against time. "Hurry . . . I must hurry! But it's impossible to do more! There's no use trying . . . no use . . . no use!"

He wiped the sweat from his face with his sleeve and groaned aloud. Once during the apparently losing fight, overcome by weariness and a sense of futility, he was tempted to stop fighting. Who would know? Who could blame him? The odds were all against him. Why should he care if these poor, ignorant lives were snuffed out . . . the world would lose nothing by their passing from it.

The woman groaned. The ether was wearing off, and he knew his time was running out. She looked up at him with pain-dimmed eyes. But the doctor saw more than pain in those suffering eyes—there was faith in him and his power to save her. His heart gave a wild lurch. Maybe there was a chance after all! Suddenly the most important thing in all the world was to keep life in this humble woman's body and save the baby.

Forgotten was his momentary weakness, his weary body, and his pitiful lack of aid and necessary equipment. Pioneer doctors had operated with butcher knives on kitchen tables! He was a doctor . . . he could not fail the faith in those dimming eyes. "God . . . help me! Help me!"

Light was breaking through the tall pines when the doctor and the weary colored man walked unsteadily to the

door of the shack. On the couch behind them the woman and baby were quietly sleeping. Silent sobs shook the man's frail shoulders. "Doc—how can I tell you how I feel! I'll never forget you!" He put his hand out and in it was a crumpled five-dollar bill. "It's—it's all I got, Doc. But I won't forget the other twenty!"

It was a weary young man who staggered into his home that morning, almost dropping with fatigue and sick with pity and disgust for ignorance and a way of life that made such a night possible. As he sank into a drugged sleep, he remembered the five dollars—and the many debtors he must face. He wondered if it was all worth while.

Twenty years later, in the year 1945, Dr. John Mathew's secretary hesitantly pushed the button connecting her office with the doctor's private one. "Doctor, I'm sorry to bother you. But there are two colored men here who insist on seeing you. This is the fourth time they've been in. They just won't give up."

Wearily the doctor thought of the outer offices filled to capacity with patients, but his answer was typical of the man.

"Show them in, Miss Hays. I'll see them now."

A few minutes later he was looking at the two men who entered the room with questioning eyes. One was old and bent, the other erect and proud in the uniform of a sergeant. The doctor's eyes stopped at sight of the medals on the

left breast of the young man's uniform, that showed his record in the service of his country to be outstanding and praiseworthy.

The old man spoke. "You remember me, Doc? Mose Brown out near Jessup Swamp. Remember the baby you saved twenty years ago? This is him."

For a moment the doctor's mind was blank. Then suddenly that awful night in the shack on the edge of the swamp came back to him. He turned to the young man . . . who was holding in his hand two crisp ten-dollar bills!

"I owe you this for saving my mother's life—and mine," he said. "I thought about you when the going was tough over there. It helped me keep going . . . to win these." He touched the medals on his breast. "I kept remembering that you thought our lives worth saving, worth fighting for. For people and a country like that I was willing to fight . . . and to die."

The old man reached up and put an arm about the broader shoulders of the young man and with a misty smile at the doctor, he turned and they quietly left the room.

A moment later the secretary entered, and at the look on the doctor's face she started to speak—then stopped suddenly. The doctor's eyes were far away and he seemed to be whispering to himself. Puzzled, the girl leaned closer and caught the words—something about "as you have done it unto the least of these—"



FAME is what you have taken, character is what you give.  
When to this truth you awaken, then you begin to live.

—Bayard Taylor in *Sunshine Magazine*

# HELL BUGGIES

By Pearl P. Puckett



U. S. Signal Corp Photo

A FEW months ago Uncle Sam made a special drive for armored troops. Maybe some of you guys who signed up will have a chance to experience the real excitement—maybe you'll better understand why the old "tank gang" walk with a cocky briskness, wear a big four-dimensional grin, and feel pretty important.

Briefly, the life of an "old tanker" begins somewhat like this: You climb down the hatch, slither and squeeze through to the driver's seat. Your first thoughts are of your helmet—"crash helmet" to those in the know. You adjust it carefully. Tug at the chin strap. Slap casually at the ear phones; then you tinker with the delicate microphone, sort of adjust it to your Adam's apple by a narrow band. You're finally all set, including your typical cocky smile. Maybe you don't know it, but it's a regular "he-man's" job; you get the feel of the levers between your knees, and it's wonderful. Maybe you're from a farm and used to hugging milking stools,

or maybe you're a white-collar guy, a football hero, or a taxi driver. Maybe you're a guy rolling in big blue chips. It doesn't make a lot of difference. It doesn't matter who you are or where you're from. You're in America's famous *Hell Buggy* lookin' for trouble—strictly big league stuff.

You push the starter button. Not a heck of a lot of difference between that and any other starter button that you've been pushing for years back home. Something clicks in your mind when you contemplate for a fleeting second the power you are about to release. You listen to the sweet purr of the big motor in back as you give 'er a quick warming up. The sound reassures you. For a moment you feel sorry for the enemy who is about to get a taste of American guts and a champion American robot. You know that they can't take what you are about to dish 'em out. Why, with that outfit you can drive straight through hell and return without so much as getting up a good sweat.



You glance at the instrument board, the gauges check. You get a good grip on the two drive levers set in the floor between your knees and wait it out. You wish you were back on the ol' man's tractor down on the farm, or maybe you wish you were taking Jane to the regular Saturday night dance back home.

"Why in heck," you wonder, "didn't they put a steering wheel in the thing in the first place?" The finger on the illuminated board makes a "home run" for the H-Hour. You grow a little tense. You're about to move out with your 30 tons of sleek-looking steel. Your earphones begin to buzz. Yep, it's the orders to "move out" and acknowledge that you've been hoping for. You carefully follow orders, slide 'er into gear, move out and cruise along at a neat little clip of 25 per. Your head is outside. You sorta' breathe a little easier, suck in a chest full of air. You can already see the "handwriting on the wall" for the so 'n so's. You're outnumbered! Outnumbered ten to one, fifteen to one. And look at 'em. Pill boxes and trees full of the rats (apologies to the four-legged kind).

"Fifteen to one," you keep thinkin', but you feel that you can take anything with that sleek *Hell Buggy*. There are five speeds to this newfangled outfit. Five speeds forward. You give 'er all she's got. The big motor raises her voice. It mingles with your pulse beat and comes back hammering in your ears. The big threads bite in. You're going forward at a heluva good clip. You decide definitely that the old washboard is rougher than rough. You're glad the hatch is sorta' padded. Maybe some of those old "Mae West" curves would come in pretty handy now—that is, of course, if you could get the dehydrated kind. You have one consolation though—the tank commander up in the turret and

the rest of the gang are taking a little punishment too.

Well, trouble is what you've found. What you've been looking for. You go into ACTION all buttoned up. You do all that fancy "washboarding" stuff by driving by periscope now. The scenery just ain't what she used to be. You're seeing everything upside down. It's a dizzy-looking affair; makes you think of the last party back home when the bed wouldn't stand still. You're mighty glad, though, that they thought to paint the inside of the *Hell Buggy* white. Not a heck of a lot of light at best.

You know without looking that the machine gunner to the right is giving 'em bloody hell. You can hear the big gun belching out lead. Another gunner behind in the basket under the turret and his loader are feeding the big 75 mm. full of fighting words. The big 75 mm. swings lightly and speaks loudly. It's only a few short inches from your ear, but it's the sweetest music in all the world—sweeter and more soothing than a mother's lullaby. With every shot the old *Hell Buggy* shudders, then plunges on ahead.

You're right now in the very maw of a first-class man-made hell. "Fifteen to one," you keep thinking as you grip the levers and draw your lips into a thin, hard, determined line. Why, only Hollywood adjectives can describe the job that the all-American robot is doing up there. She's banging away, to use a little funny guy's famous or infamous words, "according to plan." You close in fast, shells spatter like a hard, drenching rain—armor-piercing shells that quickly reduce the skunks from heroes to heels. "Fifteen to one." Well, by gosh, what's left of the little devils are scampering away or blowing their own guts out—can't take it, eh? The pill boxes are silent—strangely silent; your gang has

jumped another island. You want to shout, to pull off your old "crash helmet" and wave it above your head, but you're cramped for space. Then you just remember that you're so dog-tired you can hardly wiggle. It's been a bad skirmish, but in the mingled cadence of macabre sounds, you fancy that you hear all the guys on the island yell, "Victory!"

The English were so impressed with our robot and our *General Grants* that story after story has appeared in English publications depicting their heroism and the way they outmaneuvered the Krauts in battle after battle.

The all-American robot, technically known as a gyrostabilizer, was sired by a freedom-loving people, and came to life about six years ago, shouting fighting words that have since been heard around the whole globe. It is in effect an aiming device developed by an engineer of Westinghouse Electric, in answer to a request made to American industry by the Army Ordnance Department. In combat zones the robot has not only increased by several hundred per cent the shooting accuracy of our M-3 medium tanks, but has also enabled gunners to fire accurately even while racing at full speed over the shattered and bomb-scarred terrain of a battlefield.

General L. H. Campbell, Jr., Ordnance Chief, explained the fighting ability of the robot more fully when he said:

"Not only do the high-velocity 75 mm. guns in our M-3 medium tanks (called *General Grants* by the British) far and away outrange the best the enemy have, but we can fire this high-velocity 75 mm. gun when the M-3 tank is in motion, which is more than any enemy tank, whatever its size, can do. We fire our main armament when the

tanks are in motion, regardless of speed, and we hit the target. Despite the pitch of the tank, the robot keeps the gun barrel at a fixed elevation and the target within focus of the gunner's telescopic sight. The gunner can fire quickly and effectively, making only slight adjustments when necessary."

General Campbell continued "The advantage in striking force gained by America's tanks is clear. The Germans won their smashing blitzkrieg by a skillful combination of fire and movement. Progressing in groups in a zigzag advance, they covered each other's advance by alternating at firing from standing positions. This in effect immobilizes one-half the tanks participating in an offensive while the other half is advancing. American tanks equipped with the robot are able to advance simultaneously and fire with greatly improved accuracy. The new control gives American tanks still another great advantage. A tank that must come to a dead stop to fire accurately itself becomes an excellent target for enemy airplanes and artillery."

The robot simply places the tank gun on a "floating" mount so that the gun barrel remains at a fixed elevation regardless of the bumps and jerks, dipping and bucking of the tanks. Even more sensitive than a carpenter's level, it overcomes violent upward bucks and downward pitches as the tank races over hazardous passes, deep gullies and shell-torn terrain.

And now, boys, after you've taken a squint behind the scenes, you can better understand why the old tank gang who have slipped back into civilian life, or who are going back into service, walk with a sure-footed cockiness, wear a four-dimensional grin, and have a right to feel that they "know all the answers."

# Combat Cartoonist

*By Joseph Charles Salak*

IT was not until after John J. Collins of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, had served in the 1930 Nicaraguan taffy pull, was alerted in Panama while Cuba rotated presidents like chessmen during the 1932-33 revolutions, and re-enlisted on his birthday, February 11, 1942, that he discovered that what had previously been a hobby had future possibilities as a profession.

While recuperating at an overseas rest camp as a result of the enemy's repeated accuracy, he passed his convalescence in drawing cartoons. His invalid buddies crowded around his bedside as he sketched, and burst forth into uncontrollable laughter. Four times the nurse moved him to a different room to prevent patients around him from suffering setbacks as a result of too much hilarity.

It was their enthusiastic reception that launched him into producing cartoons as a spare time morale booster. Whenever time and convenience permitted he found an isolated foxhole and made preliminary sketches until an opportunity came when he could complete them. As a tanker with the armored units of the 7th Army, the 3rd, 1st French, and 4th Moroccan, he found more than inspiration to express his hobby. Every action he witnessed was a future panel for living masterpieces.

Through England, France, Germany, Alsace, Lorraine, Bavaria, and Austria, from and to the Italian and Czechoslovakian borders, he fought his way

under shell and fire. Before long, military publications and bulletin boards were featuring his originals, entitled "Collins Creations." In these he caught with skillful mastery the current gripes of the mud-spattered soldier. He was officially dubbed "the poor man's Mauldin." The letter columns were packed with comments and complaints and demands for more of his drawings. His hobby was fast becoming a successful enterprise.

Collins, now that it's all over, modestly admits that he saw most of the hot spots in the European Theatre from the spearhead view. This actual under-fire experience brought forth another cartoon feature, "Ain't It the Truth!" Here he brazenly dealt with the complexities and red tape of military life and pictured the veteran as the patient and bewildered underdog who always wound up as a sad sack. Editorials directed attention to his satirical drawings which helped prove that though generals may win battles, privates win the wars. During his Army career he produced and had published hundreds of cartoons.

Age, fatigue, the erosive effect of time and battle can be presented sympathetically by this combat cartoonist, because he can prove visually the indestructibility of the human spirit even amid hardship, bloodshed and privation. In the light of his reaction to suffering and death he became a moralist as well as a traditionalist through his work.

Through his Army cartoons, Collins



spoke generally of the optimistic philosophy of life characteristic of so many soldiers, the more intense tempo of living, the spirit of adventure, and the energy of the average American. His comic cartoon characters tell of a democratic America, governed by the people—by ordinary people like their creator. Every drawing seemed to say: "This democracy can stand fast only by the grace of freedom, the safeguard for world peace."

Collins, though only 35, has behind him a background which for thrills and escapades rivals that of Capa, the photographer who is credited with having taken the greatest pictures of the second world war.

Like Capa, Collins is easygoing and courageous. Proof of that pioneer hunger for adventure is borne out not only by his chest (which bulges with decorations), but by the fact that only the necessity of forfeiting U. S. citizenship

prevented him from taking active part as a professional soldier during the Gran Chaco dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay in 1931.

But to get back to the hobby story.

"I never considered myself a cartoonist," Collins admitted. "All during my school days I made little sketches for my own amusement. In military service I decorated letters for the boys with scenes of Army life and was pleased that they enjoyed them. I had no art training; the drawings represented a pastime hobby and offered me relaxation.

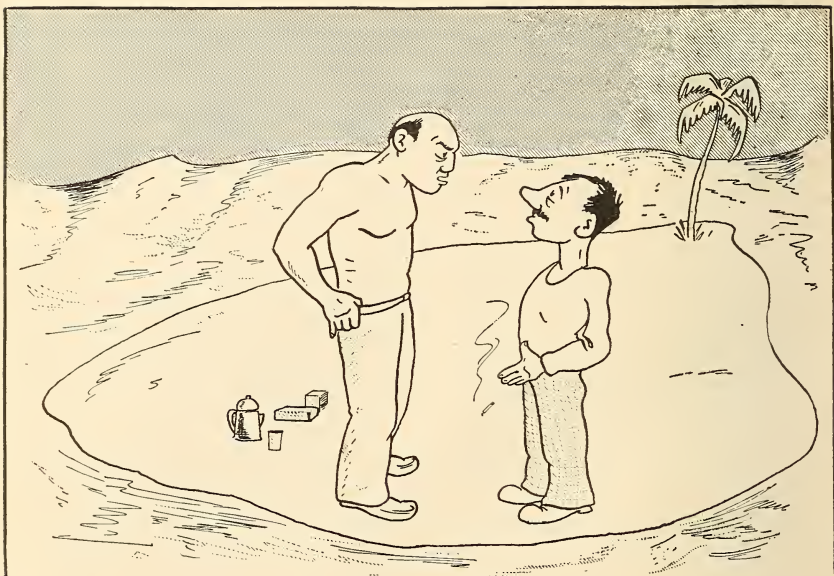
"In 1931 I enlisted in the U. S. Army and was assigned to the Chemical Warfare Service and stationed in Panama, where I had a peep at two revolutions.

"Later I re-enlisted and was stationed at Edgewood Arsenal, where I served as chief draftsman and instructor at the Chemical Warfare School. My drawings attracted some attention at



AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!

COLLINS  
REACTION



"WELL - GO GET SOME WOOD"

that time, and I illustrated War Department publications and training manuals. But nothing profitable materialized. After being discharged in 1937, I devoted my time to ringing doorbells and kicking in plywood doors as a salesman, to amateur boxing, and to being a flying student and an ambitious relief client."

Collins reflected for a moment and then grinned, "Through all this uncertainty, my undiscovered talent as a cartoonist continued to remain a hobby."

With the coming of the second world war Collins enlisted early in 1942, and the blitzkrieg released a pent-up talent in his creations which eventually brought him into the limelight of success.

On October 26, 1945, he was discharged from the Deshon General Hospital at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania. Convalescence was more than a period

of civilian rehabilitation for him. It was many months before he could guide his weakened and trembling fingers to whip out a cartoon that didn't look as though it had been done by a man of distinction with aftereffects. But the memories of those wounded men in the hospital, laughing through their pain at his drawings, haunted him. Their spontaneous laughter echoed with encouraging vibrations and gave him the necessary stimulus to try his hand at launching his hobby into the professional field.

Nervousness, the aftermath of countless enemy barrages, still had its effect, but after receiving enough rejection slips to paper Grand Central Station the combat cartoonist finally clicked.

Since then dozens of periodicals and publications have accepted, published, and paid for his work.

"Perhaps there's no business like

show business," Collins chuckled. "But I firmly believe any hobbyist can do a lot of business in his own home. I have received from \$1.50 to around \$80.00 for a drawing from the big-name sheets and syndicates. The average, I would say, is about \$25.00 to \$40.00."

Many of his drawings, size 6 x 9 inches, are done in doubletone. With this method, many and varied tones are possible. He has just completed a two-panel job for *Hellcat News* and has received an assignment for a drawing 36 x 24 inches for display in Madison Square Garden.

For the amateur hobbyist Collins offers the following helpful suggestions:

"Though I have trunks of equipment and use dozens of mediums—singletone, doubletone, washes, spatterwork, stipplework and brushing—all the materials required by the beginner can be bought for less than a dollar. It is probably the most inexpensive hobby in the books."

Collins advises quick rough sketches and notations as the best method of "morgue-ing," or retaining ideas. Later, draft these from several angles as a photographer might "sight" a camera to see which shows the "point" to the best advantage. Next, with a soft drawing pencil (Venus or Dixon B-4) sketch and re-sketch the wanted picture until you have the desired effect. After it is checked over for reasonable accuracy, comes the pen work.

At least three pens are needed for the average pen work: a No. 21 for regular lines (the most used) and a B-5 and B-6 for heavier lines (Speedball type). The only ink, of course, is black India. When all lines are inked and dry, the "guides" (in pencil) are erased with a soft gum eraser. That's all there is to it.

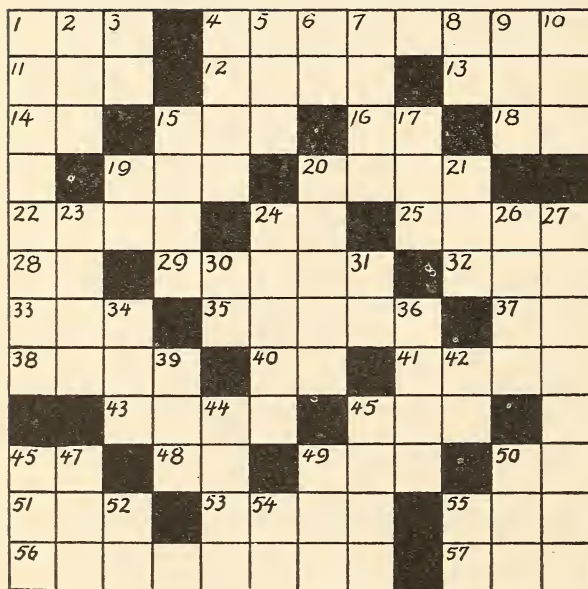
Constant practice is necessary. After that, more practice. Then more. Collins sincerely believes most people can draw if they are willing to devote the necessary practice to it.



"I STILL THINK THE OLD TUB IS MORE COMFORTABLE, JAKE"

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Harry Thomson



- 41. Sea bird
- 43. Course (aeronautics)
- 45. To blemish
- 46. Registered nurse (abbr.)
- 48. Old city (Deut. 2:9)
- 49. Domestic fowl
- 50. Point of compass
- 51. Soluble fat
- 53. Fever (undulating)
- 55. To extend; increase, supplement
- 56. Bird of happiness
- 57. Concealed

## Down

- 1. Meadows
- 2. Poem
- 3. Preposition
- 4. Hymenopterous insects
- 5. Small insect
- 6. As much as
- 7. Son of Nagge (Luke 3:25)
- 8. Adverb or conjunction
- 9. Put
- 10. Alkaline solution
- 15. Chinese wax

## Across

- 1. Cooking vessel
- 4. American sport
- 11. Bustle
- 12. Son of Seth (Gen. 4:26)
- 13. Speak
- 14. Point of the compass
- 15. Mascot
- 16. Behold!
- 18. Pronoun (old form)
- 19. Unit of Roman money
- 20. V. E. Day (of the month)—Roman num.)
- 22. Mountain range
- 24. Therefore
- 25. Forsaken
- 28. Note of scale
- 29. Calls from ships
- 32. Born (Fr.)
- 33. Recede
- 35. A Creek building
- 37. Exclamation of dismay
- 38. Stated
- 40. Fairy kingdom
- 17. Same as 51 across
- 19. Short for Aaron
- 20. See (Fr., imperative)
- 21. Electrified particle (physics)
- 23. Girl's name
- 24. A wicked city near Dead Sea
- 26. True
- 27. "Just married"
- 30. Exclamation of triumph
- 31. Same as 24 across
- 34. Chin cloth
- 36. Siamese land measure
- 39. Church officer (abbr.)
- 42. City of Chaldea (Neh. 9:7)
- 44. Native of Arabia
- 45. Reward
- 47. Nothing
- 49. Son of Caleb (1 Chron. 2:19)
- 50. To glide (winter sport)
- 52. Girl's nickname
- 54. General Issue
- 55. Exclamation of inquiry

(Answer on page 36)



# LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

By Henry P. Chapman

"I CAN'T recall who said it, I know I never read it . . ." So go the words of a popular song hit from one of New York's most favorite musicals, *Annie Get Your Gun*. And so it is also with a simple line of philosophy I have absorbed somewhere along the Path of Years: *Life Is What You Make It*.

Perhaps I first heard it on the farm where we lived when I was but a child. My mother, though simple and a foreigner, had a way of summing up her every daily task with deep, penetrating phrases which lingered in my mind for a long time.

Those sage-like sayings of my mother's moulded my ways and my thoughts, for then I was but calf-high and ready to bend whichever way the strongest breeze blew. Her word-jewels captured all of my admiration, and my love for her knew no horizons.

She didn't say the things she did just to impress someone, nor did she deliberately stop to think of something philosophical to say. The words fell from her with such natural ease I suspected that she had read them somewhere and memorized them . . . but that was impossible, for she could neither read nor write! (Yet, I discovered as I grew older that many of her sayings were almost word for word quotes from Zola, Cicero and many other famous men.)

It seemed that what she said was simply her way of thanking the Lord for what He had given her. When the

last of the many cows had been milked or when she had finished some other tedious task, my mother would wipe her brow with the end of her apron and smile. Then instead of saying, "Well, thank goodness that's done!" she would hustle off to the next task with short and swift steps as if she were trying to make up for the time lost wiping her brow. I'd try to keep up with her as I carried a bucket of milk or an armful of wood, for it was just about then that she would say something like, "Leisure is a beautiful garment, but it won't do for everyday wearin'."

When I grew up and learned the word *philosophy* and its meaning, I then realized that my mother had possessed a most beautiful philosophy, sincere and heart-spun. She didn't teach or preach her philosophy . . . she lived it.

And even though "I can't recall who said it," and "I know I never read it," I do know that those six little words, *Life Is What You Make It*, poured the foundation for my Philosophy of Life skyscraper.

As this philosophic edifice progressed, some of the bricks were chipped and irregularly laid, but under the gifted guidance of my teachers, Patience, Tolerance, Faith, and Love, I learned to lay the bricks straight and even, with propriety and understanding.

My structure of Philosophy is a skyscraper now, reaching many stories into the sky. But it is far from completed.

Every day more bricks are laid and the building continues to grow taller and taller.

On the main floor, *Love* has its suite of offices. It is the most important suite in the entire building, radiating warmth and the fragrance of kindness throughout the entire structure.

We, as a people, are at times too coarse, too proud, too greedy, too ungrateful. Perhaps more of us should rent out our main floor to a good rent payer, *Love*. One visit to the *Love* suite is enough to learn that "the love principle is stronger than the force principle."

The other suites in my Philosophy of Life skyscraper are fully occupied by such tenants as *Good Humor*, *Faith*, *Perseverance*, *Unselfishness*, and many more. All of them pay rent in the pennies of philosophy.

*Good Humor* came down the other day and paid a month's rent with:

"Despondency is ingratitude."

And *Courage* paid up with:

"I always do what I am afraid to do."

*Knowledge* wrote this on his check:

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

"Live and let live" is a popular slogan with all of the occupants. They encourage faith in ourselves and unselfishness and courage to help those who are weak and stumbling along the Road of Life.

My teachers have given me a credo—a banner to carry. They have taught me to believe that:

1. Love is the most wonderful thing that has ever descended upon this earth. It is a must! Without it we cannot live a full and happy life.

2. An undying faith in ourselves and in the things we believe in can pull us through any difficulty. A "sticking to your guns" attitude pays dividends unobtainable any other way.

3. Understanding the other guy, his ways, beliefs and thoughts, is a good way to do away with a great deal of the intolerance and bigotry infesting our world.

4. A sense of humor is an essential—to be able to take a joke as well as give one. A sense of humor can change a complete outlook on life.

5. Rumor and gossip-mongers are Public Enemies Nos. 1 and 2.

6. Words of praise and kindness are magic wands. They'll work wonders where blame and faultfinding words fail.

7. "A man can never be a true gentleman in manner until he is a true gentleman at heart." Dickens said this, and a neat mouthful at that.

8. Work and hobbies keep a mind and a body perkin'—it is better to *wear* out than to *rust* out.

9. A sloppy and careless attitude in dress and habits moulds a man or a woman into a sloppy frame of mind.

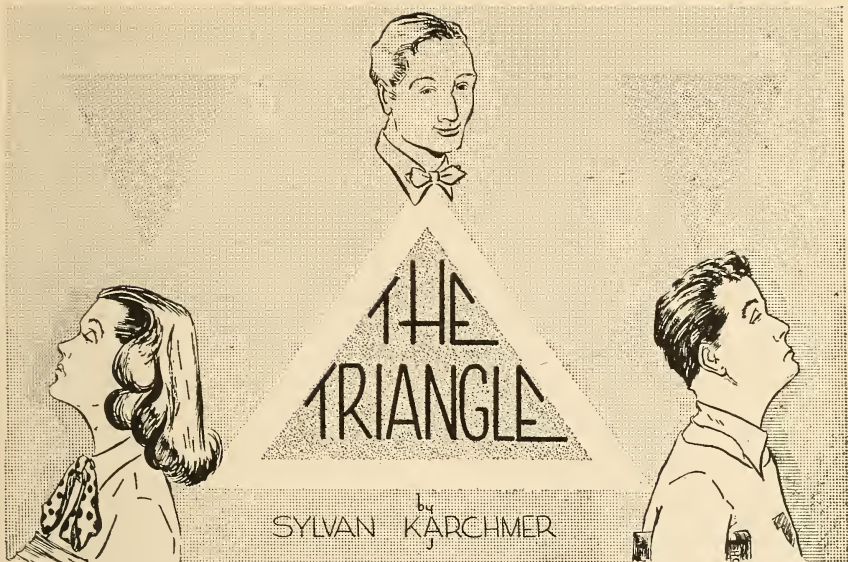
10. Somewhere there is a Someone who is responsible for each and every one of us. When the time comes, all the earthly possessions we strived for will be meaningless . . . man will be judged as man.

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*What cheering words are these!  
Their sweetness who can tell!  
In time and to eternal days—  
'Tis with believers well!"*

—KENT





THEY were waiting in the bright morning sunshine on the steps of the library for the reference room to open.

They were not together, but as I watched them I thought to myself, they should've been. Not that I ordinarily associate the reference room of the library—long, oblong hall, paneled in oak—with romance; but they looked so young . . . lonely, too, as they stood alone, conscious of each other and yet neither one venturing to speak.

Then I passed them on the steps and came into the library. In order to be on time at places like my classes I always had to be there first—a long time ahead of anyone else. My days of waiting in line, as I had done so often in the Army, were over.

Every morning at five minutes of eight the door attendant let me in, so I could find a table and chair before the crowd stormed in. It generally took that long for me to hobble down the aisle to my accustomed place by the window.

Like the music critic who always took two seats at the theatre in order to have a place for his gloves, I always made use of the seat next to mine, but not, of course, for gloves.

This particular morning I was no sooner seated than I saw them coming down the aisle. She came first—carrying an armful of books, but that's not what I noticed about her.

It was her eyes: You couldn't help seeing them. Blue—a block away—and shining, fresh as a child's. Honest, it'd do a fellow good just to look at her.

I was in luck that morning; there was a vacant chair near me. With a little smile in my direction, she sat down. Watching her, a soft sigh escaped me. Then I noticed him—he had been fast on her heels, following her directly to my table. Seeing her find a place, he stopped abruptly and stared around him until he spied the empty chair on my left.

"If you want to sit down." I invited, and swept off my belongings.

He drew back the chair and thanked me, but his eyes were fixed on the girl, at whom he continued to stare until he caught me glancing in his direction. Then, casually, he picked up a book; however, he made no attempt to read.

Outside, the cineraria were in blossom and the honeysuckle climbed the window. I couldn't blame him.

She had taken out her small mirror and was carefully examining her lips, but the mirror was propped against her books at an angle so she could watch his face.

There was no reason why they shouldn't know each other.

I thought of the cineraria outside and leaned over.

"Excuse me," I said to her, "this is my friend—." Then I turned to him, hesitating for his name.

"Jack," he replied—and soon he was helping me switch chairs with him. It was as simple as that.

They were inseparable after that moment—at least in the library, which was the only place I saw them. At eight they came in, her arm linked in his . . . always they managed to get chairs together. Sometimes they were near me—and I could hear their chatter. Other times from a distance I could only see their lips move, as I watched the light dancing in their eyes. To me they seemed to be talking some kind of sign language, full of meaning and love.

On one occasion they sat at the table across from me, the long lamp that ran the length of the table hiding their faces, but I could hear their whispers.

*"Fit to kill this morning"—his voice.*

*"Do you like it?" she whispered—coy, and a little expectant.*

*"Like it? I love it."*

*"You don't think the color's too dark for my skin?"*

"Darling," he exclaimed, in an injured

voice, as if the mere suggestion that she was unlovely gave him physical pain.

She smiled—an inaudible little smile, and there was a pause. "What did you do last night?" he wanted to know.

Her giggle. "Silly, I was with you till twelve—don't you remember?"

"After I left, I mean."

"Why, I went to sleep," she said.

"No late dates?" he asked. Behind the banter was apprehension.

Then after another pause his words were mournful: "I'm not going to see you for a whole hour this morning. But at ten—." Now his voice brightened. "I'll be waiting in front of the Co-Op."

This was the language of love in a room filled with the literature of the great classical lovers. Maybe they should have talked differently—I mean, since it was a place of great literary traditions. Dante—and Beatrice—Francesca and Paola. . . . But for me they made a pattern.

Together—strolling down the long aisle, his arm securely around her shoulder, and she with a blissful little smile on her face—both of them oblivious of the rest of the mad, crazy old world—that was my daily picture of them.

This was the second year of my return to the university after the war. I hadn't really wanted to come back. Nothing was the same—least of all myself, and at school when I hobbled along the campus I felt old and tired, and a little out of place in a world which no longer seemed to be mine.

But they . . . made it different. It's hard to explain, when you're no poet. Maybe it doesn't even sound convincing. But they were young—and they moved with grace and assurance in an atmosphere heady with honeysuckle and roses. They wiped out older, uglier memories of war. They made the world all right again.

And then one morning I saw him coming down the aisle alone. He must have missed her, I told myself, but I should have known better from the look on his face. It was a kind of lost, stricken look. He didn't notice where he sat down, and once seated, he did not open his book, but merely sat whirling his key chain.

About eight-thirty she came in. All the shine seemed to have left her eyes. I noticed that at once. Her gaze was straight in front of her—too determined to seem casual. She sat down less than half a dozen seats from him. They must have sensed each other's presence, but they were too proud to make any gesture of recognition.

What had parted them? A silly quarrel. That was all—but now the centuries might have separated them.

Next day, I saw his eyes glance around, furtively seeking her out in that vast, impersonal room. I held my breath when his eyes met hers, and I felt my knees shaking with anxiety.

Silly, isn't it? For a man who'd fought in a war.

Then his eyes passed from hers, and I felt it like a blow.

The long hour passed. I was glad when the bell called them both to classes. If I had had any other place to study in the following days I would have avoided the library, but perhaps what drew me here also drew them. For though they came separately, they could not shun it completely. The library was a magnet that pulled both of them, and that was the wonderful part about it.

Their quarrel didn't matter. It was of no importance . . . whatever it was between them. Every moment they spent

away from each other was time wasted.

I had made up my mind what I must do. What choice did I have—in this room that held the tradition of a dozen classical lovers! I motioned Jack to my table. "Listen," he said, "let me tell you my side."

But I refused to hear his protest. His side, or her side, didn't matter. The main thing was to make up. If only they knew! To all the wounded and the crippled, to those who were forever hindered from finding romance again—didn't he see—he owed it to them.

"But it's not my fault."

"And it's not her fault either," I said. "It's just silly, all this between you."

If he wondered at my concern, he kept his curiosity to himself. "Go on," I urged, "ask her out for a cup of coffee. Beg her pardon; it won't hurt you."

I watched her eyes as he approached. I could not hear what passed between them, but suddenly she was laughing, and he was helping her down the aisle. They could not have walked more lightly in the very air!

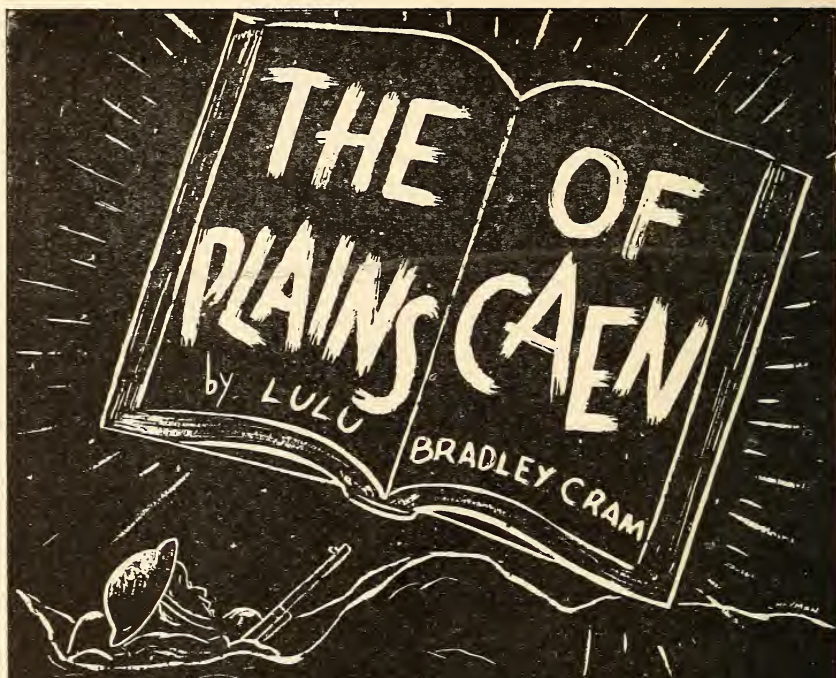
I watched them as far as the door, and when they passed through, I seemed to hear their laughter floating up through the window from the cineraria and the smilax.

From the tower the clock chimed the hour. Remembering that I had to be on my way, I leaned over and from the vacant chair on my left, picked up my crutches.

Generally they hurt my arm, for since my return from the Army, I had never grown used to them. But this time as I hobbled down the aisle, the hurt seemed finally to have disappeared.







EARLY in June, 1944, Lance Corporal Jon Fielding of the 4th Battalion, Lancastershire Guards, lay shivering under the stars of France. Nights can be chilly at this time of year on the plains of Caen, and foxholes aren't made for warmth and comfort. To his left, he could hear the distant rumble of big guns of the Rodney and the Warspite, as they shelled the German positions on the low, rolling hills beyond the river Orne. To his right, the occasional chatter of machine guns challenged any slight movement of the Germans in the town of Caen. Overhead, through the low, broken clouds, the fingers of searchlights reached for the lone German raider as he returned from bombing the supply fleet on the beach heads. A great weariness finally enveloped him, and in spite of himself his eyes closed. Then a strange

thing happened. A huge book flung its open pages against the midnight sky. Jon peered into the darkness. It was the *Book of Time*, that colossal tome which has no beginning and no end, on whose pages the past and the present merge and a thousand years are as a day. Back, back to the days of Caesar the pages turned, to the five hundred years of Roman occupation which began a few short miles away. He saw the luxurious villas and smelled the sweet scent of a thousand gardens that outlined these plains and low hills, the rich Norman soil that was later to yield treasured relics for the museums of Caen and Rouen and Bayeux. He saw those mighty Romans crushed beneath the savage fury of the men of the north in the middle of the fourth century. He heard their war cry, "Thor Aide," thun-

dering down through the ages to lose itself in the present conflict on the plains of Caen.

The pages rustled in the cool night air and paused at the threshold of the ninth century. There the charming story of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, unfolded. It was probably through the port of Rouen that he entered Normandy, but it was in the city now called Bayeux that Rollo met and fell in love with Popa, daughter of the Count of the Bessin. They were married "in the Danish manner." Later, for political reasons, he was obliged to repudiate her and take to wife the daughter of the King of France. However, he did not forget his Popa, and when his French bride died rather early, he hastened to send for his former sweetheart, whom he remarried—this time in the Christian faith. Rollo had embraced Christianity. He rebuilt the churches Hasting and his private chiefs had destroyed, and he gave part of his own land to several great saints and an estate to each of the seven churches of Rouen. So greatly was he loved and feared that when he caused his gold bracelets to be hung upon a tree in a forest near Rouen, they remained untouched for three years.

Again ghostly fingers turned the pages, this time to the eleventh century, when another romance ripened, equally as intriguing as that of Rollo and Popa. Jon found himself gazing into the narrow streets of LaRoche of Valdante, where the fair Arlette, the tanner's daughter, carried her water bucket to the fountain. It was here she met a descendant of Rollo—Robert, Count d'Hiemes, Lord of Falaise, prospective Duke of Normandy. Robert, the Magnificent, who rode his horse as one to the kingdom born. It was here that Robert wooed and won her, the lovely Arlette, whose destiny was to echo

down the plains of Caen for many centuries. To Robert's castle, perched high on the Valdante hillside, went this simple maiden, guarded by the Count's chevaliers, where later she was to become the mother of the illegitimate William the Conqueror. Although Robert loved her dearly and was true to the end, he never married her.

This scene dimmed, as another, more powerful, one replaced it. Jon's eyes fell upon a great feudal fortress, the Château of Falaise. He saw a boy of seven, young in years, but oh, so old in wisdom. On his smooth young brow rested the ducal crown of Normandy. Robert had died, following a penitential journey to the Holy Land, and now began fifty-two years of triumphal but often sorrowful reign for William, the offspring of Robert's union with Arlette. The pages now turned rapidly. Five years passed, and Jon saw a boy of twelve harassed by the weight of responsibility on his youthful shoulders. Henry, King of France, was looking with lustful eyes upon Normandy, upon the Château of Falaise, upon Rouen. And it was out of Rouen that the boy-duke galloped, accompanied by his tutor-governor Raoul de Gace, gathering up his loyal Falaisians as he rode, to recapture his beloved château, which Henry's army had taken. It was at Falaise that he drove his enemies from the country.

These scenes passed before the very eyes of the astounded Jon. Why, it was the same Falaise, the same Rouen, the same Normandy in which he was lying under the stars. Fascinated, he peered again back, back into a misty past that, after all, was no dream. It was real, as much reality as the drama being enacted today on the plains of Caen, in which he, one Jon Fielding, was an actor.

It was the year 1046. William was nearly nineteen. It was during this year



he took a long journey. Up to Valognes, close to Cherbourg, traveled William. Rebellion was rising in that part of Normandy beyond Caen. It was a hotbed of hate and conspiracy, headed by Guy of Burgundy, a cousin with whom he had played in his childhood days. William's life was plotted, even as tongues drooled flattery and homage. However, they reckoned without William's star of destiny, which pointed definitely in another direction. As they plotted, they whispered, and were overheard by the court's fool, who under cover of darkness crept to William and told what he had heard. William fled, not only for his own but his duchy's safety. However, the western rebellion was spreading. William knew that Rouen or Falaise, though heavily garrisoned, could never resist the formidable army already advancing past St. Lo, past Bayeux, almost at the very gates of Caen. William was in a dilemma. But with the farsightedness that characterized his every move, he went to Poissy, to Henry, King of the French, to the very Henry who had previously betrayed him. And back with him from Poissy rode Henry and his French army. On the plains about Val-es-Dunes their troops met those of Guy of Burgundy. Four leagues from Caen, William fought with all the ardor of his tempestuous, battle-aroused nature. It was on the plains of Caen that the rebellion was quelled. And it was on these same plains that William rehearsed the part he was to play later as the Conqueror of England.

The pages turned now to July 29, 1418, when Henry the Fifth of England

was ravaging Normandy and storming the gates of Rouen. Six months of horror followed inside those gates—months in which provisions failed, and every living animal, even rats and mice, were eaten. Christmas came and went. Finally, on January 20th, Henry the Fifth entered Rouen to find only twelve hundred living out of twelve thousand.

This scene faded as one equally as horrible, because of its pathetic loneliness, appeared. Out of the shadowy mists of the past emerged a girlish figure, and presently a strange, saintly light penetrated even the foxhole on the plains of Normandy, as though a guardian angel had descended to keep vigil. Jeanne d'Arc, looking triumphantly down upon the former scenes of her captivity. Jeanne, the Maid of Orleans, sold to the English like a common slave, at the village of Le Crotoy. We follow her to Saint Valery-sur-Somme, the Norman port whence Duke William set sail for the conquest of England. From Saint Valery to Eu, thence to Dieppe, traveling along the old Roman road to Rouen—Rouen, where she was to meet her tragic death and which to this day is permeated with her unseen presence.

Jon stirred. The light dimmed. The sweet, saintly figure became a shadowy silhouette that melted into silent space. The gallant warriors of the past lived only in memory. Jon rubbed his eyes and arose. He gazed steadily at the spot where a moment ago the past and the present had met, then he lifted his eyes toward the stars.



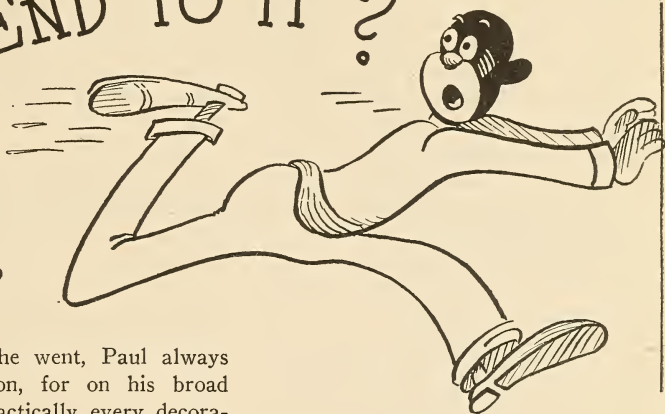
Have helpful spirits about you. Knowledge is long, and life is short and he who does not know, does not live.



# NO END TO IT ?

by

C. SKREP



WHEREVER he went, Paul always attracted attention, for on his broad chest reposed practically every decoration which our grateful country bestows on its war heroes. His even included a Congressional Medal and a Presidential Citation. Many times he had saved a seemingly hopeless situation by his wits and daring.

When people noticed him they thought him a lucky hero who had won glory and saved his skin. But those who knew him well realized that although he looked healthy, walked proudly, and exuded high spirits, in reality his walk was awkward, that one hand was always gloved, and that there was a sad expression in his eyes.

He disliked discussing the war or his exploits and resented it when people praised him for his bravery. He wanted to forget the war, especially that last great battle overseas in which he had lost his left leg and right hand, and a shell had exploded too near his face. Modern surgery had done much for him. Now, fully recovered, he felt like himself again, although he had an artificial leg, a mechanical hand, and a very natural-looking glass eye. Best of all, he retained his sense of humor.

Home again, he enjoyed a much-needed rest, living on his Government

allotment; and he spent much of his time on his favorite sport, fishing. When he asked me to go on a fishing trip I was only too happy to join him, for I love to fish, especially in good company, and time was hanging on my hands during my own holidays.

And so one evening we started in an old 1931 car to explore the wilds of Florida. After a while it began to rain heavily and the night turned cold. Finally the old car coughed, slowed, and refused to carry us further despite our experienced ministrations on its decrepit interior.

We had no choice, so we left it and started to walk toward a small light we saw shining across the marshes. A little cabin loomed up through the darkness, and through an open window we saw a very old Negro. It must have been way past his bed time, for he had fallen asleep in his chair, holding a pipe that had long since gone out. When we knocked he jumped up, startled, came to the door, and hospitably invited us inside. He hung up our wet clothes to dry and gave us some hot coffee to warm our chilled bodies.

We began to enjoy our adventure, particularly this old Negro, poor and innocent though he was. He appeared to be living in his own world, knowing nothing of what was going on in the world outside. When we gave him ten brand-new dollar bills, he was so delighted that he shouted with joy, laughing and kissing the paper notes. He had not seen that much money for a very long time. His enthusiasm amused us. Apparently he had never seen a flashlight before, for he played with ours as though he were a child.

My friend, accepting the third cup of coffee, felt warm and happy in the company of this guileless son of the marshes. Lighting his pipe, he winked at me as though warning me to refrain from spoiling the fun he was about to enjoy.

"Well, Sam," he said to our host, "It is our bed time. Help me take off my leg. I want to go to sleep."

Sam's eyes opened with astonishment, but he said nothing as he watched my friend remove his leg. With some aversion, bordering on fright, he laid it on the floor.

"Now," pursued my friend, "I think it won't be a bad idea to take my hand off, also, and give it a good night's rest. Help me with that, too, please, Sam."

Sam, who had begun to tremble, silently watched with something like horror as the hand dropped onto a table. He started violently as Paul asked, "Bring me a glass of water, please. I think I will take out my eye. It is very tired."

Sam's dusky face took on a peculiar greenish tint, and his own eyes nearly popped out as he watched my friend take out his eye and let it sink into the glass.

"Now I'll be free to go to sleep," drawled my friend mischievously.

"Dear Sam, as a last favor, take hold of my head and twist it around twice until it comes off, then set it down on the table. And that will be all for to-night."

As the meaning of this last request penetrated, Sam jumped up like a scared rabbit and ran out of the cabin as though all the devils were after him. Terror lent him agility far beyond his years, and we lost sight of him long before we stopped hearing his screams.

"Lord! Oh, Lord! Help me, Help me! Deliver me from evil—oh, Lord!"

We spent that night in his cabin, but when we left in the morning he had not returned. We never saw Sam again.

---

### Letter from The Chaplain:

I have seen an Oriental juggler drop a seed into the earth. It apparently would sprout, and grow, and bring forth fruit before your eyes, but all who witnessed it knew it was a trick. We knew there was deception somewhere. He does not work that wonder in his garden, but only on the stage for the entertainment of people. He could not make a common wild flower grow like that, for its development is wrapped in mystery.

So it is with the growth of character. It is not a magic plant springing up in the night under the spell of a necromancer. Here we are not in the region of quick returns. Where material values are concerned, great wealth is sometimes accumulated with startling swiftness. It is not so in the realm of the spirit. The get-rich-quick method cannot be applied to the true riches. Character is not the growth of a moment. It is the product of years, and it is sometimes hard to wait for its maturity.

# LIKE FATHER

by

*j.p. armstrong*



**BRUCE LIVERNASH** answered the call from his secretary in the outer office. Telling her to send the man in at once, he began to wonder just what kind of misfit this particular one would turn out to be. He had already interviewed more than a dozen applicants for the position, all of whom jarred his sensitivities in one way or another. He was getting tired of seeing them. How he wished that he possessed his deceased father's ability to push personal likes and dislikes into the background and judge a man solely according to his actual worth.

"Good morning, sir," a cultured voice spoke from the doorway, and when Bruce turned part way around to recognize the neat, well-groomed figure slowly approaching his desk, he threw back his head and laughed:

"Captain Manning, as sure as I am a foot high! Hello, *Captain Manning*. How are you, and what brings you here this drab morning to see me?"

"Just plain John Manning, if you please, Mr. Livernash. I obtained my release from the Army shortly after V-J Day and I have been in civilian work ever since. My health is quite

good, thank you, and I came here in response to this company's advertisement for a sales manager," answered Manning in tones which could not rightly be called either sarcastic or ingratiating.

"Do you have a position at the present time, Captain Manning, and if you do, what is your object in seeking a change?"

"No, I do not have a position at the present time. I worked for the Wheatley Brandon Company of Los Angeles for several years both before and after the war, and a year ago I became sales manager for the firm. But after Mr. Brandon's death a few weeks ago, the company was bought by the Mammoth Production Combine, a corporation which employs methods of which I do not approve and for whom I will not work. So I severed my connection with the concern three days ago and began looking for another position."

"But you think you would like to work for me, do you, Captain Manning?" Bruce asked with a sneer as he reached for his caller's papers and began to rifle rapidly through them.

"I am very sorry that I cannot give you an honest answer to that question just at the moment, Mr. Livernash. If I had had advance information you were in charge here and that I would have to present my case to you, I would not have given your advertisement a second thought. But now that I have come this far, I intend to let my application stand until it has been acted upon, even though it does seem very strange indeed to me to find you holding a position of authority in this company."

"That is a mere half of the whole story, Captain Manning. I hold a position not only of authority in this company but of responsibility as well, for I own it. It came to me from my father

when he died a year ago, only a few short months after I had obtained my discharge from the Army. I realize as well as anyone what an inexperienced young man like me is faced with in trying to manage this business, and only time will tell whether or not I have the necessary qualifications. Sometimes I think probably I'll run the company on the rocks in just about one-tenth of the time it took my father to build it up."

"Yes, you may do that very thing, of course," John Manning murmured thoughtfully, "but on the other hand, it may be that you won't. Although I never met Hanson Livernash personally, I knew him well by reputation, and he was everywhere conceded to be one of the best. Honest, capable, fearless, industrious, understanding, he was a stalwart of the old school whom everybody respected. For some reason or other I never thought of you as being related to him, but since you are his son it is quite possible that you may have inherited enough stability to keep this business running along almost as successfully as it always did in the past. You might even expand it some now that there is such a steadily increasing demand for its kind of product."

"Oh, sure, sure. That's what everybody has been telling me these past few months, and I am getting mighty sick of hearing it," Bruce snapped. "So let's talk about something else. An occasion overseas, for instance. Do you remember the time, more than two years ago now, when you so gleefully ripped the sergeant's stripes from my sleeve and turned me back into a private? That was as despicable a thing as I ever knew an officer to do, and I shall not soon forget it. How do you feel about that little incident now, Captain Manning?"

"The same as I did then," said John Manning. "You overstayed the time of



your pass in Paris, you fought the MPs who rounded you up, you were in an ugly mood when you arrived back in camp, you were insolent to the first lieutenant, and you threatened to thrash the second. No injustice was done you in taking away your stripes, and if you were to be honest about the matter, you would readily admit it."

"Confound his smugness," Bruce's mind flashed angrily. "He pulled a fast one on me over there, and I am going to make him pay for it. With compound interest. I wonder what I can say that will humiliate him the most before I tell him his kind isn't wanted around here and show him the way to the door?"

But try as he would, he could not get his mind to concentrate on the shaping of a proper blast to hurl at his former commander. Memories of the man's coolness under fire, his constant concern for the welfare of those serving under him,

and the respect which practically all members of the company had for the fellow kept intruding themselves into his thoughts and gradually softened his anger. Then, when he had finally summed up all he personally knew about him and to it added what he had just read in the Wheatley Brandon folder, he began to see the man in an entirely new light.

Twisting uneasily about in his chair and nervously drumming his fingers on the desk, he weighed one hard circumstance against another. Reaching the decision at last, he choked back an upcoming sigh, rose to his feet, and offering his hand, proved that he was his father's son by saying with unaccustomed forthrightness:

"The job is yours, John. I believe you are the very man I need. Come along now and I'll introduce you to your crew."



### Attention Stamp Collectors!

LINK readers interested in purchasing mint postage stamps for their collections can secure complete lists of stamps available by writing to the following agencies:

For information about *United States stamps*, address inquiry to: Philatelic Agency, Room 6505, U. S. Post Office Dept. Building, Washington 25, D. C.

For those interested in *Documentary stamps*, such as the silver tax and stock transfer stamps of 1945 and U. S. Revenue stamps of 1946, write for list to: Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, Room 1002, Internal Revenue Building, Washington 25, D. C.

*Stamps of Newfoundland*: Postage

Stamp Division, St. John's Newfoundland.

Stamps issued by *South American countries*: Philatelic Office, Pan American Union, Washington, D. C.


*Stamps of Switzerland*: The Philatelic Agency, Berne, Switzerland.

*Canal Zone Stamps*: Postmaster, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone.

By writing to these sources you can check the lists with your catalog or album and purchase the stamps you desire by paying face value for them. Send the agency whose stamps you desire a postal note for the amount ordered and include return postage expense.

—SALAK

# After Two Years in Japan



By Chaplain Claude E. Strait

## Part IV—ECONOMIC

GENERAL MacARTHUR has made it clear to the Japanese that the people of America cannot indefinitely maintain the role of "Good Samaritan." So the Katayama government must be compelled to cope with economic problems which have confronted the Supreme Command, Allied Forces in the Pacific officials for two years.

Of course the food situation is always a critical problem. In spite of stringent measures to eliminate black marketing, it still exists. The new government has promised to clamp down on all offenders. Restaurants and bars which have patronized black markets to procure food for their customers have been closed. Equitable rationing has been in effect for some time. In May, 1946, "The Economic Stabilization Board" was organized. Its primary duty is to cope with scarce items, inflation, priorities and price controls. It will be necessary to import food in the fu-

ture as it has been in the past. More fishing expeditions have been permitted to increase the supply of sea foods. The farmers cannot grow enough food to feed all the people.

One reason for numerous suicides is probably of the shortage of food.

### Production

Production of manufactured goods has been hampered by shortages of materials—and by hoarding. Those industries possessing excess materials will be required to sell surpluses to the government or to parties holding certificates of allocations.

Consideration is being given to the question of "setting up" a ceiling on wages and prices in order that the financial situation may be remedied.

The Katayama government may assume control of coal mines and steel production, if the output does not meet required needs.

### World Trade

It is a well-known fact that Japan can live, increase her standard of living, only by opening of trade. The Japanese people realize that their goods must be sold at a low price. Before the war Japan had acquired the reputation of exporting inferior goods. Now those who look forward to trading with other nations are endeavoring to provide a way to manufacture higher grade commodities.

Formerly, silk comprised about seventy per cent of the exports. About a year after the surrender, American manufacturers discovered it was to their advantage to produce nylon and rayon goods instead of silk. Instead of silk, lacquerware will probably be one of the promising exports.

### Other Plans of the Government

The new government will strive to bring about a successful peace conference in order that the peace treaty may be concluded.

Without doubt, requests will be sent to America for skilled educators and technicians in all fields. This government plans to permit education and culture to be enjoyed by the majority rather than the minority.

The Katayama government pledges the fulfillment of the Potsdam Declaration.

Perhaps the present organization is better qualified than any other in the past to carry out an efficient government. In addition to Katayama, there are other strong men who will forcefully try to carry out his policies. We mention men like Hitoshi Ashida, foreign minister; state ministers, Takao Saito and Hiroo Wada, men who risked their lives by opposing the militarists during the war. When courage was needed to fight for the right these men

were on the job. They also have the task of indoctrinating the people in their new way of life, under a democratic form of government.

### The Effect of the Dissolution of Zaibatsu

Without question, the dissolution of the Zaibatsu has paved the way for better economy. To end the reign of the Zaibatsu meant to bring to a close the tendency toward aggression and the economic policies of militarists. The Zaibatsu had maintained a tight monopoly over the nation's economy. Business has begun to see the result of this dissolution. A law has been enacted prohibiting the formation of trusts, cartels and combines destined to monopolize business.

### Land Reform Law

Almost seventy per cent of the farmers were formerly controlled by the land barons. After an ordinance banished the power of the land barons, new hope was given to the farmers. Most of the holdings of the barons were sold to the government. Individual farmers may now purchase certain tracts of land from local land commissions at greatly reduced prices. Tenants can become owners of about four fifths of the land they now cultivate. Tenants who buy their land may make instalment payments over a period of thirty years, annual payment not to exceed one third of the normal crop. A rent ceiling at least fifty per cent lower than the rates which formerly prevailed has been granted for the tenant.

### Strikes

Nearly two years ago antigovernment pressure culminated in threat of a government strike; sympathetic unions also entered the plan. The strike was set for 1 February 1947. Had this strike

materialized transportation and communication facilities would have been "tied up," thus paralyzing the entire nation. Two million people would have participated. This strike was forbidden by the Supreme Commander, General MacArthur, because it would have been harmful to Japanese welfare. The intervention of the Commander created an excellent psychological effect over a large number of Japanese people.

Japanese people firmly believe that strikes will create ill will in the United States toward Japan. They also know that production should not be hampered while the nation is in such a critical state.

#### Unemployment and Labor

Unemployment has not been a tremendous problem in Japan. Even though the factories were laid waste, ex-soldiers repatriated, certain industries not permitted to function, employment has remained fairly stable.

Labor has not been prevented from organizing. Unions have grown in popularity. When strikes interfere, or any force endeavors to impede progress of the occupation, SCAP intervenes if necessary. As the new government enters upon another year she realizes that Japan's economy must be stabilized.

*(The next issue of THE LINK will describe social and educational life in Japan under the topics Education, and Women.)*

### King of Snakeville

**B**USINESS letters from "Snakeville"—a group of small wooden shacks, resembling a little village, located on the outskirts of Brownsville, Texas—bear a print of a ferocious diamond-back rattler wearing an ornate crown and are usually closed with the words "rattling yours, Snake King."

Snake King, the name W. A. King is best known by, started the business which has since grown into one of the largest of its kind in the country in 1907. As he surveyed what was then a sandy wasteland of chaparral swarming with rattlesnakes, he decided that the reptiles which have been despised and feared since the day of Adam and Eve must have some value.

In his forty years association with the aristocrats of the snake world as well as lesser reptiles (bull, king and garden snakes), he has supplied specimens to the Bronx and Brookfield Zoos as well as to Ringling Brothers' Circus. He does not acquire the rattlesnakes for exhibition purposes alone, however. Some are shipped out as a food product. The meat has a delicious flavor something like chicken or pork. He also supplies rattlesnake venom for use as an antitoxin for rattler bites.

Snake King houses his deadly but fascinating stock in a long, one-story, rough-board building where countless diamond-backs coil on their shelves hissing angrily at his approach.

His continually expanding business has taken King through South and Central America in search of "merchandise" and at present he is planning a trip to India in search of stock with which to fill his stack of orders.

His two sons, Manual and W. A., Jr., are as enthusiastic about "Snakeville" as he. Manual, who gained fame in 1930 as a boy lion tamer with a headline circus act, manages his father's business, while his brother has the distinction of having written the first book in defense of snakes. His book, **The Reptile Reporter**, blasts the many myths concerning snakes. It is the result on information gleaned by years of studying the slippery reptiles.



# "A Z You Were!"

## PREPAREDNESS

THE man in the cartoon is not prepared for the hike. We have read of nations that were not prepared to successfully resist the aggressor; and they were quickly conquered. Adequate preparedness means that there shall be no weak spot in the battle line. The chain is no stronger than its weakest link. One soldier through carelessness, unprepared—not properly equipped or not properly trained—may constitute the weak spot where the enemy may gain the needed advantage for victory. Games or battles may be lost because some individual in a key position is unprepared; and every member of our armed forces is doing a necessary work and occupies a key position, varying in importance, of course, but each is important, each is a link in the chain of accomplishment.

Said General MacArthur in 1935: "From the dawn of history to the present day it has always been the militant aggressor taking the place of the unprepared. . . . Let us be prepared, lest we too perish."

The motto of the Boy Scouts of America, "Be Prepared," should be held high in every life. Our school boys and girls should be taught to form the habit of being well prepared to do every task assigned them. The home, the school, the military service, the nation must stress the importance of adequate preparation. Preparation spells efficiency and victory. Be prepared physically, mentally, and spiritually.



"I can't go on the hike, Sarge . . . I've got holes in my socks!"

No man is prepared for life unless he is prepared for death. No man is well-prepared for the tasks of the day if he begins his work in rebellion against God, out of harmony with Him who is the source of life, who causes our hearts to beat and our minds to think. No man is prepared for the day's tasks if he begins them with brain befogged and nerves shattered as a result of a drinking party the night before. No man is prepared to do his best work when a guilty conscience is worrying him and sapping his energy. Hate, envy, adultery, intemperance, selfishness, dishonesty, unkindness, and every other sin seriously hinder the normal functioning of both body and mind, and they destroy efficiency and character. Sin militates against the needed preparation for one's daily tasks. No man in the way of evil is prepared for life and no man is prepared for death unless he is right with God.

Near the end of life Paul could say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Hence-

forth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all of those who have loved, and hoped for his appearing." II Timothy 4:6-8. Paul had sought forgiveness of his sins. He had accepted Christ as his teacher, example, leader, and Saviour. Following Christ, wherever He led, Paul had fought a good fight. He was prepared to live and he was prepared to die. The good soldier of Christ is fully prepared.

The foolish ones were not prepared. They took no oil in their lamps. Read St. Matthew 25:1-13. The man with the one talent was not ready for settlement. Read St. Matthew 25:14-30. The rich man had many barns filled with provisions, but was not ready for death. Read St. Luke 12:16-20.

Prepare to meet thy God. Amos 4:12.

—CHAPLAIN ALVA J. BRASTED



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

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

1. Daniel 1 . . . . . Simple Food
2. Daniel 2:1-23 . . . . . A Forgotten Dream
3. Daniel 2:24-49 . . . . . A Royal Dream
4. Daniel 3:1-23 . . . . . In the Fiery Furnace
5. Daniel 3:24-4:18 . . . . . An Important Dream
6. Daniel 4:19-37 . . . . . Pride Is Futile
7. Daniel 5 . . . . . Writing While Eating
8. Daniel 6:1-23 . . . . . In the Lion's Den
9. Daniel 6:24-7:22 . . . . . A Vision of Beasts
10. Daniel 7:23-8:14 . . . . . The Ram and the Goat
11. Daniel 8:15-9:19 . . . . . Daniel's Prayer
12. Daniel 9:20-10:17 . . . . . The Seventy Weeks
13. Daniel 10:18-11:14 . . . . . Celestial Struggles
14. Daniel 11:15-35 . . . . . Kings Better Forgotten
15. Daniel 15:36-12:13 . . . . . Final Words
16. Hosea 1:1-2:5 . . . . . Unfaithful Wife
17. Hosea 2:6-3:5 . . . . . New Betrothal
18. Hosea 4 . . . . . Corrupt Religion
19. Hosea 5 . . . . . People Misled
20. Hosea 6:1-7:10 . . . . . Shallow Penitence
21. Hosea 7:11-8:14 . . . . . Worship Punished
22. Hosea 9 . . . . . Sorrows of Desolation
23. Hosea 10 . . . . . Harvest of Wickedness
24. Hosea 11:1-12:6 . . . . . Wayward People
25. Hosea 12:7-13:16 . . . . . Inevitable Doom
26. Hosea 14 . . . . . God's Promises
27. Joel 1 . . . . . Call to Repentance
28. Joel 2:1-20 . . . . . Coming Judgment
29. Joel 2:21-3:8 . . . . . Prosperity Restored
30. Joel 3:8-21 . . . . . The World Judgment

Solution to Crossword Puzzle

(Puzzle on page 18)

P	O	T		B	A	S	E	B	A	L	L	
A	D	O		E	N	O	S		S	A	Y	
S	E		P	E	T		L	O		Y	E	
T		A	E	S		V	I	I				
U	R	A	L		S	O		L	O	R	N	
R	E		A	H	O	Y	S		N	E	E	
E	B	B		O	D	E	O	N		A	W	
S	A	I	D		O	Z		G	U	L	L	
		B	E	A	M		M	A	R		Y	
R	N		A	R		H	E	N		S	W	
O	I	L		A	G	U	E			E	K	E
B	L	U	E	B	I	R	D			H	I	D

# Topic TALKS



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

## CAN WE FIND STRENGTH IN GOD?

*By Robert Caspar Lintner*

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Is it natural for us to want to find God?* (Psalms 42:1, 2; 62:1; 84:2)
2. *Do we have any assurance that God will sustain us in our spiritual needs?* (Psalms 55:22)
3. *What is a good way for us to show our gratitude for God's goodness to us?* (Psalms 119:117)
4. *Why should we cast our cares upon God?* (I Peter 5:7)
5. *Is it true that our sufficiency is found in God?* (II Corinthians 3:5)

- *Resource material:*

Why do we have an inner longing to find God? Why should we have faith that He will supply all of our needs? Why are we so sure that He will sustain us whenever we need divine strength?

Certainly there is a well-established conviction in our hearts that we can always turn to God for His sustaining power whenever we need it. When a great temptation confronts us, we can look to God for strength to resist it, remembering that He will never suffer us to be tempted beyond what we are able to bear. When we have suffered a reverse to our plans or our ambitions or labors, we should always remember that we can turn to Him for a renewal of our hopes and our strength.

Said a wise old Psalmist long ago, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." (84:2b.) Nothing short

of that can satisfy us when things are blackest and our hopes have burned so low that we can scarcely be sure that they have any glimmer of light left for our uncertain pathway.

If, through our own lack of faith, we do not draw near enough to Him, we should blame ourselves, and not Him, if we reach out after Him in vain. Isn't this why we have so much unrest and futility and frustration in our lives today? If a man doesn't firmly believe in God, how can he pray most effectively to Him? If he cannot pray to Him in true faith, how can he receive the priceless treasures of grace that God is so eager to place within his grasp?

God is ready and eager to sustain us, whatever our needs. An old Psalm puts it this way: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee." (55:22.) He shall bear us up, however great the



loads we carry. He shall give us strength sufficient for the emergency that confronts us.

Did you notice that there is no time limit to that promise? It stands there with a hint of the permanence of the hardest granite. The light of eternity plays about those words. They will still be there when the Himalayas shall have become only a remembered name.

Dorothy Harper, in the February, 1948, issue of *Highroad*, tells a wonderful story of a Negro woman who was freed from the bonds of slavery. At the age of thirty-three she decided she must have an education and entered school in the first grade with small children in Talladega College, where she worked to pay part of her expenses. When she was graduated from the ninth grade there, at the age of forty-two, she began to teach in a rural school. When she was fifty-six years old she volunteered to go as a missionary to the Belgian Congo, to help black children there. She wrote to a missionary society and begged to be sent to Africa, but the reply to her letter was a polite refusal to send her.

Then she thought of a plan. If they did not want to send her, she would send herself. She would sell her little property and thereby have money to pay her own way. She sold it and added the money to her slender savings and wrote to the missionary board again. This time they decided to send her.

When she reached the field, pitiful little children came to her with dirt and sores. She learned to barter a pair of scissors or a bar of soap or a box of salt or some other object to rescue a kidnapped child from savage kidnapers. Her clean yard swarmed with children. The word spread and people began to leave babies at her door. *How* could she ever find strength to scrub them and heal them and teach them all?

She knelt and prayed for strength. She got up from her knees and directed some of the older girls to help her scrub and tend the smaller children. She found strength for long hours of laborious service, day after day, ministering to their physical needs and training their minds and guiding their hands in service.

One day, when she was ninety-nine years old, they laid her frail body to rest in a cemetery in the state of Alabama. What a great host Maria Fearing had touched on two continents with those tireless hands into which God poured strength!

How far would this Negro Christian have got if she had had only her own strength to summon to her tasks? How far do *you* get unless you pray?

But God gives us more than strength; He hedges us about with safety in more ways than we can ever imagine. There is a word about *this* in the Psalms also: "Hold thou me up and I shall be *safe*: and I will have *respect* unto *thy statutes continually*." (119:117.) We are properly interested in safety. Great industrial concerns have safety engineers. Our tiny hamlets and our great cities have their firemen and police. But God brings us safely in many ways when He upholds us. And when we realize that He has upheld us, it is only natural that we shall have *respect* for His *statutes continually*.

When He helps us so constantly and so much, should we not show our gratitude by doing His will continually? Isn't this a real badge of our loyalty as Christians? Can you think of a better way to prove that we appreciate what He does for us day after day?

Where do you need strength most?

Do you know a better way to find it than to ask God for His unfailing help?

Do you know a better way to use that strength than in His service?



- *Subject for group discussion:*

## WHAT DO YOU FIND IN PRAYER?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Should our prayer be purposeful and persistent?* (I Chronicles 16:11)
2. *Does prayer give us a feeling of security?* (Psalms 57:1)
3. *Does prayer bring us a feeling of fellowship with God?* (Psalms 88:9b; James 4:8)
4. *How can prayer safeguard us against temptation?* (Matthew 26:41)
5. *Can we really reach God with our prayers?* (Proverbs 15:29; Jeremiah 29:13; Matthew 7:7-11; 18:19, 20; Mark 11:24; John 9:31; 15:7; I John 3:22; 5:14, 15)

- *Resource material:*

Prayer is one of the greatest of the privileges that God gives us. We can pray at any moment, for whatever we feel we need, knowing that God will hear it and answer it or not, as seems best to Him in His infinite wisdom and love. But we must never forget this: even if a prayer is unanswered, the one who prays has lifted his heart to God and is the richer in his own spiritual life because of having prayed. If I mount the steps of the White House and talk with the President, I shall always treasure the experiences in memory, even if my petition is denied. And when I come to God, the great Ruler of the Universe, and talk over with Him the things that concern me most, I shall be the richer for every such moment, even if God's wisdom denies me many of the boons that I foolishly ask.

We should remember two of the things that Jesus taught us about prayer are things we might easily miss: some of our best prayers should be for *others*

*than ourselves*, and, furthermore, prayer may sometimes be just a time to improve our fellowship with God *without bothering with petitions for anything*. These, you see, are really marks of our coming of age in prayer!

Would you want your child to ask you for a gift every time he saw you? Wouldn't you insist that he stop treating you as just a kind of Santa Claus? Don't you think God must consider us very selfish and immature if we are forever begging Him to *give* us something?

Suppose one of the richest men in America were to become interested in you and should count you a friend and ask you to come freely to his home? Would you go to see him only when you wished to ask him to give you first one gift and then another and another? How long would you retain his respect if you were to treat him that way? How could you expect him to continue a friendship so one-sided and so grasping?

Did you ever think that God must have better things in mind for us than simply to let us make ourselves *beggars* in His sight? A human personality that never outgrows such a wanton display of selfishness is hardly a high-type Christian!

Suppose your child has come to you repeatedly with requests for things that he wishes you to give him. But suppose he comes to you one day and smiles and asks if you will help him to *make* something for a poor friend who needs that article very much. Wouldn't you be happy to see this welcome change in your child's outlook? Of course you would! Jesus taught us to pray for others and not be whimpering always about the things that we think *we* should have.

And now suppose that your child comes to you with shining eyes and holds out to you a thing that he offers *you* out of his joyous love for you. It may be that he has saved his money for this and has denied *himself* some things because he wanted to make *you* happy. Or perhaps he worked long and hard to make it with his own hands, and he hopes you will like it!

You *will* like it, and you will be happy at the display of growing unselfishness in your child!

Don't forget that God will wish to see us grow toward a similar selflessness in our praying. He will wish to see us concerned about *others* in our prayers. And He will rejoice to hear us pray, "*Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.*" *After that* we may pray, as Jesus taught us, for daily bread for ourselves and for effective deliverance from temptation and from evil. And almost before those words are out of our mouths we hear

ourselves saying reverently, "For *Thine* is the *kingdom*, and the *power*, and the *glory forever.*"

But we should not forget that much of the praying of our Lord was just His quiet communing with God, out in a swaying boat while the waves made ripples against its sides, or as He sat alone on some height and looked with open-hearted compassion on the weary world He had come to save and claim for God.

We can miss the deeper meanings of prayer if we do not see that it goes beyond words sometimes and becomes very much like the deep wonderment and affection of a child who slips his hand quietly into his parent's hand and snuggles wordlessly beside the one he loves, asking for no speech but resting content with the lavish love that gives meaning to speech and to silence!

When you pray to God as your Heavenly Father, as Jesus taught us to pray, remember that a child looks to his father for security. We look to God for *that* when we pray. "In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge," said the old Psalmist. (57:1.) And he meant it! As a tiny bird slips quietly and trustingly under the overspreading wing of its mother, so the trustful Christian will look to God in prayer for shelter and succor and strength.

Remember to pray often! For in prayer we try to bridge the gap that separates us from the unseen Father who loves us with an everlasting love!

He will always hear us! And always love us as we pray! When we learn to pray constantly we feel better and are better Christians, even though many of our prayers may not seem to have immediate answers. *Prayer has other rewards besides answers!*



• *Subject for group discussion:*

## SOME THOUGHTS FOR FATHER'S DAY

• *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why should we honor our fathers?* (Exodus 20:12; Leviticus 19:3; Deuteronomy 5:16; Mark 10:19; II Corinthians 12:14; Ephesians 6:2, 3)
2. *How can we honor them?* (Proverbs 1:8; 6:20-35; 23:20-25; Ephesians 6:1)
3. *What were some of the duties of our fathers?* (Proverbs 13:24; Ephesians 6:4; Hebrews 12:7)
4. *What does Jesus' teaching about the Fatherhood of God mean to us?* (Matthew 6:1-18; 7:11; 10:20, 29, 32, 33; 18:10-14)
5. *How can we gladden our father's heart?* (Proverbs 10:1, 5, 8)

• *Resource material:*

Many of you who read these words will be separated from your fathers on Father's Day this year. Perhaps the separation may give you a different perspective. And if you are able to be with your father on this day, try to evaluate his good qualities afresh. It may be well to see if there are extenuating circumstances surrounding some of his qualities that you have not thought were so good. It will not be surprising if some of the good qualities and some of the less enviable characteristics are also in you! And what will you do about that?

Fathers usually have some very good qualities. They love their children and wish them to succeed in life. Fathers are usually a rather indulgent lot. Not all of them are wise enough to refrain from spoiling a child by kindness. Try to recall some of the boys of your acquaintance who were harmed by too much indulgence on the part of their parents. Was it the fault of the parents or the

boys that they were spoiled? What was the best way to prevent that? Isn't it a good thing for a father to deny the capricious whims that would only tend to over-indulgence and extravagance? Even if a father is financially able to grant every wish of his child, is it good to do so? Isn't there sound business training in teaching a child to forego some very desirable things in order to save and build up funds for more necessary uses? \*

We have been told that one of the richest fathers in America did not allow his sons to have their own automobiles while in college. There is a story that one of these sons was talking with another college-mate who expressed surprise that the young scion of wealth didn't have loads of spending money. "What do you think we are," demanded the young fellow, "*Vanderbilts?*" And the young fellow's father had far more than the Vanderbilts!

Well, the newspapers were full of the wedding some weeks ago of this young man—or one of his brothers—and it was heralded to the wide world that the young bridegroom and his bride left on their honeymoon in a *rented* automobile! Be that as it may, you can likely guess the brand of gasoline that powered *that* car, can't you? *I* can!

I know a well-to-do father who is a partner in a thriving business. He says that his splendid and well-educated son will start in his factories at one of the humblest jobs on the payroll and learn the business from the ground up. Would you say he has the right idea? Do you think he is a good father? I know him, and *he is!* He has been a wise father to his sons. He has known the meaning of hard and conscientious work himself. He has a lovely Christian home, beautiful in its appointments and its surroundings, and it is filled with Christian influences. Integrity, sobriety, respect and culture are there. He is a good father!

Good fathers, we must remember, deserve good sons. But many sons take their fathers for granted and make no very great effort to requite their goodness with the finest qualities on their own part. Never forget this: most fathers are more sensitive about their sons and their daughters than they let you know! Deep down, they are more concerned about industry and character and virtue and religion than they are about mere wealth! And many of them who apparently think chiefly of wealth are thinking of it largely because they believe that it will unlock wide and golden doors for their children.

Perhaps you have it in your power, this Father's Day, to make your father very happy—not by any lavish gift but by letting him know that you appreciate the many things for which you should rightly thank him and your mother.



**"Our Father . . ."**

Father's Day, 1948, with thousands of fathers scattered throughout the world attempting to keep it a free world for their children, takes on added significance.

Father's Day is a day of prayer and worship this year more than ever before. And those sons whose fathers are near by are doubly thankful.

Charles Miller is not only thankful but full of pride for his father, Chief Jess Miller, USN, as they kneel together at the altar of the Charleston Navy Yard chapel.

(Official U. S. Navy Photo.)

And you can make him even happier by letting him know that you value his integrity much more than his bank account or his real estate, and that you hope to show your appreciation and your respect for him by trying to be the best man he could ever expect you to be!

Make your father very proud—by being as good as he expects you to be—or better!



- *Subject for group discussion:*

## PLAN YOUR FUTURE WISELY!

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why should we lay intelligent plans for our future?* (Proverbs 4:26, 27; Luke 14:28-31)

2. *What lesson did Paul teach in persistence?* (Philippians 3:13, 14)

3. *Why should ambition be tempted with unselfishness?* (Matthew 20:25-28; Mark 10:42-45; John 5:44)

4. *Is perfection too high an ideal to set for our work and our character?* (Matthew 5:48; II Corinthians 7:1; 13:11; Philippians 2:15; James 1:4)

5. *Can we be sure of God's guidance as we plan our future?* (Psalms 48:14; 73:24)

- 
- *Resource material:*

What are your plans for your future? What do you hope to do for a living? What are a few of the immediate objectives that you feel are most important for you to try to reach?

Surely we shall all agree that we should have some important goals in life. We should have goals good enough to challenge our best efforts, and we should try to reach the goals.

One of the best goals, and one of the earliest, is a good education. We are fortunate enough to live in a land that provides educational opportunities for us and sees to it that we use them. And now Uncle Sam is providing many of you, under the G.I. Bill of Rights, with wonderful opportunities for a splendid education in college. For some of you, this might not have been possible otherwise. Make the most of this tremendous-

ly important opportunity! It is better than gold!

About seventy years ago a Methodist preacher out in Kansas had a serious talk with a young farmer. The young fellow was married and was living on his own farm. He had been a cowboy for some years, driving cattle from the plains into Kansas City. He was a religious cowboy who did not care for the vices of his companions. They called him "Preacher" Bailey. He liked to preach occasionally and did so after he settled on his farm. It was then that his pastor gave him this bit of forth-right advice: "If you're going to preach, you'd better go to school."

Charles Bailey did just that. He went to Baker University, in Baldwin, Kansas, taking his small family with him. The faculty decided that he had the

equivalent of a fifth-grade education. He started the grind in the small academy of the college. He became the bell-ringer. He got a job as janitor, and later headed up the janitor work on the campus. He came, at long last, to the day of his graduation. He had meanwhile been preaching on Sundays. Some of the best churches were opened to him in time and he later became the head of a district of perhaps thirty or more churches. Life was going rather well for the cowboy-farmer who had decided to set up some goal-posts in his future!

Not long ago Dr. Charles W. Bailey celebrated his 100th birthday in Baldwin. Sons flew in by plane from both coasts and his eight living sons and daughters gathered about him. Dignitaries graced the all-day affair and the large public dinner in his honor. He amazed his friends with his wit and the clarity of his mind and the vigor of his speech. Former parishioners poured into the college town to do him honor. And among them were a large number of men and women from the two small churches that he had served for twenty years or more *after he had formally retired* from the active ministry! How many lives in that hundred-year span of drama have been enriched because he set out, when over thirty years of age, to get an education above the fifth grade!

You will be interested also in financial security as another goal for your future. It is surprising how a little money can multiply under proper conditions. One of the boons that Uncle Sam has handed you is the opportunity to set up a life insurance estate. If you have a National Service Life Insurance policy, hang onto it. If you are able to carry other policies besides, it will be well to do so.

Prudence in financial matters can pay real dividends. You will do well to remember that thrift and frugality are not

to be despised. Extravagance has brought many a man to distraction and even ruin, and it has wrecked many a marriage.

One of the vital and crucial choices of a man's life is his selection of a wife. This choice is of tremendous importance and it deserves the most careful appraisal and judgment. More than one employer knows that a man's service and his career will be influenced by the wife in the home. When a man is facing this choice, he should take ample time to be sure of their mutual love and their compatibility. There should be high ideals and interests in common, and a religious foundation for the home.

If you haven't decided yet what you want to do for a life-work, remember that this important problem should have your very best judgment. I think one of the wisest and one of the most practical bits of advice that I have ever heard on the choosing of one's life-work is this: If you didn't have to think about *money* at all but could do the thing you would *like* to do better than anything else, *what would that be?* It is the thing you should do to earn your livelihood!

I know a fine young man who is hovering between the Christian ministry and the possibility of being an electrical engineer like his father. He will probably read these words for he is one of my best friends. He will not make his decision without a lot of prayer and careful weighing of the case for each side. He will counsel with those who know him best, and he will try to do what he sincerely believes God wishes him to do. I'm sure he will make a wise choice and that he will be a success. Why don't you use the same care and the same prayerful weighing of all the pertinent facts, if you are still wondering what you will do with your life? Then push forward on your course for all you are worth!

# LINK LINES

By The Editor

PERHAPS you have heard of the housewife who, when asked what she thought of UNESCO, replied, "I wouldn't know. I still use Crisco."

But you people have written asking for more information about the United Nations, communism and other subjects, so—here we go on UNESCO, meaning the *United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization*.

A word on the history of UNESCO: Its constitution was drawn up in London in 1945, and the First General Conference was held in 1946. The Second General Conference, which is the controlling body of UNESCO, was held in Mexico City from 6 November to 4 December 1947.

To get at the core of its aims we shall glance at the preamble of the constitution, particularly as it relates to *communication*. The signers of the preamble are pledged to "the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth" and "the free exchange of ideas and knowledge."<sup>1</sup> The job of UNESCO is to

"collaborate in the work of advancing the mutual knowledge and understanding of peoples, through all means of mass communication and to that end recommend such international agreements as may be necessary to promote the free flow of ideas by word and image."<sup>2</sup>

This reminds us of our first meeting with Moslem Arabs on their native soil in French Morocco in 1942. We had been taught that their education, reli-

gion and culture were deeply rooted in centuries of tradition and that these were greatly different from our own. In the opening hours on the Fedala beach it was necessary to lie low in a dry creek bed during a shelling. As the barrage continued we were joined by two men, probably the counterparts of western cowboys or shepherds in the United States. It is presumed they prayed to Allah. We prayed to God. When the barrage was over we looked at one another. It seemed we should get acquainted. Our meager Arabic vocabulary of perhaps a dozen words, plus some sign language improvised for that moment, started things off.

We shall not pause here for further details of that experience except to say that understanding at once grew, from the time our meagre communications began. To us it became plain that there were some Arabs who were "good" and others who probably were not. The Arabs undoubtedly made the same observation with respect to Americans.

If we are to have a growth of understanding among our world citizenry, the advancement of mutual knowledge through the various means of communication, together with the free flow of ideas by word and image, will be increasingly necessary.

Those who wish to study UNESCO further may write to:

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 405 West 117th Street, New York 27, N. Y., for Bulletin No. 438. Single copies are 5c each. Many other materials on international conciliation are also available from the above organization.

<sup>1</sup> P. 79, *International Conciliation* No. 438, February, 1948.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

# Batting the Breeze



## Voice of the Reader

I have just received a copy of the January LINK from a nephew of mine overseas. The cover is certainly the best I've seen on THE LINK so far, and I've been reading your magazine for quite some time. I also think that covers with a twist of humor in them are enjoyed a great deal more by the boys in the service.

Keep up the wonderful work you are doing. You should have more stories like *There Is a Santa Claus*, *The Silver-smith*, *Look Out Below*, *Back Page Story*, etc.

There should be less stories like *Pin-Up Girl*, *The Eavesdropper*, *Furlough at Housecleaning Time*.

In the past year or so the magazine has improved a hundred per cent and I have enjoyed the improvement. Keep it up.

Mrs. Raymond Gleda  
430 Mandeville Street  
Utica 4, New York

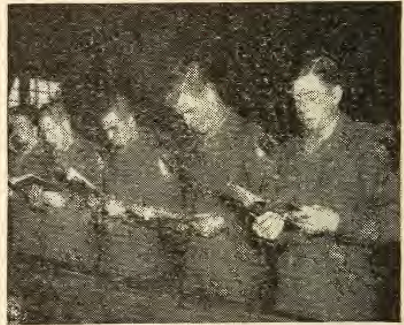
Just a note of appreciation to you and your staff for your wonderful work in publishing THE LINK. I have read your magazine for about four years and I enjoy it very much. I especially enjoyed the story *Personally Conducted* by Frederick Hall but best of all was *Brotherhood in Action* by Len S. Rubin.

If possible, I would like to write them.

If it is not against your rules, will you please send me their addresses?

Please accept my gratitude.

George G. Walker  
U. S. Naval Hospital  
Long Beach, California



## Sunday Is Church Day in the 1st Cavalry Division

It takes good men to be good soldiers. The 1st Cavalry Division has chapels and chaplains are available in the posts, camps and stations of the famed combat outfit, now on occupation duty in the ten prefectures of the Tokyo-Yokohama area. This scene is at Camp Drake, Tokyo, Japan. (From l. to r.) Pfc. Richard Church, Chicago, Ill.; Pvt. Leslie Klienz, Neenah, Wisc.; Pfc. Raymond Scouton, Duluth, Minn.; Pfc. Harold Laird, Lancaster, Calif., and Pvt. Otto Lippig, Chicago, Ill. (U. S. Signal Corps Photo)

## From a German Christian

During my captivity in an American P.W. camp in upper Austria at the end of this year I had the opportunity to see the social care, especially the



ecclesiastic welfare which America employed for her fighting troops. Of all the American periodicals which were accessible to me as the camp interpreter, I admired mostly the small booklets of the Christian League—*THE LINK*—because we had nothing of this kind in our army. Only once during my service in the German army of almost 18 years I had the fortune to attend a church service in the battlefield of the Somme (France) in 1918. I cannot find words to return the impression this worship had made to me a 19 year old boy. But the memory of this worship I can't and shall not forget so long as our Lord lets me live on this earth.

We had no church service during the captivity and so I often borrowed a Bible from the friendly American sergeant who was on duty in this camp. Some booklets, *THE LINK*, I got presented too. But to my grief I had to return the Bible. Only the booklets I could keep. And so after a year searching for my wife who was expelled by the Russians from my native town of Breslau, I own today only one copy of *THE LINK*, the volume 3, number 8 of August, 1945, the contents of which I almost learned by heart.

I don't like to come to you as a beggar. If this writing appears to you as a begging letter, please throw it away. It would be the first in my life.

For what I entreat you is to meditate upon my desire to learn of an American Christian who wished to get connection with a German Christian to exchange thoughts about Christian problems in these bad times. I am 48 years of age, evangelic, no Nazi. My profession is engineering in subaqueous construction and in my leisure hours I am an enthusiastic beekeeper and orchardist. But having lost my parents, all my property, my bees and orchard I therefore have

God all the more. My heart's desire is to own a Gospel in the English language, and some ecclesiastic literature. And if I had a dictionary too, to improve my English, I would be very happy. I don't wish to get all the things presented. In return I would like to work for you—anything you want.

I pray to God to help you in your work.

Martin Goy  
Waging Obb 13b  
Postlagerana, Germany

### Church World Service

Almost every day brings to us a new request for food and clothing from someone in Europe who has read *THE LINK* magazine. To each person who writes us we must reply that his request has been referred to the inter-denominational relief agency known as *Church World Service*.

In order that those to whom we have written may see what is being done, we are publishing below a picture which shows volunteer workers at the New Windsor, Maryland, center packing food and clothing for shipment to the needy all over the world.

New Windsor is only one of nine such centers operated by *Church World Service* to handle the packing and shipment of relief items donated by citizens of the United States. (RNS Photo)





One of two women riding on a bus suddenly realized she hadn't paid her fare. "I'll go right up and pay it," she declared.

"Why bother?" her friend replied. "You got away with it—so what?"

"I've found that honesty always pays," the other said, virtuously, and went up to pay the driver.

"See, I told you honesty pays!" she said when she returned. "I handed the driver a quarter and he gave me change for 50 cents."

—*Animator*

A coach was giving some final instructions to his team before the big game of the season. Suddenly he turned to a sub who hadn't seen action all season and said, "What would you do if we were on their ten-yard line and they intercepted our pass?"

The sub pondered for a while, and finally said, "In that case I would probably move farther up the bench to see better."

—*Boy Life*

A Floridan, visiting a Californian, picked up a large melon and said, "Is this as large as your apples grow?"

The Californian replied, "stop fingering that grape."

—*Sunshine*

Two regiments whose officers were great rivals camped alongside each other

during maneuvers. Into the tent of the Umpteenth Camp came a chaplain. "I found I was able to sow the seed of religion in the fertile soil of the other regiment," said he. "I converted 10 men."

The Colonel flushed with rage. "Rout out a dozen men to be baptized," he yelled to the Adjutant. "We can't let those fellows get ahead of us on anything."

—*Canning Trade*

A friend of ours was visiting a wealthy and very portly acquaintance one day. The stout chap was wearing a bath robe with enormous checks and a number inscribed on each check.

"What's the idea?" our friend inquired.

"I'll show you," offered the rich man. Summoning a butler, he yawned and ordered: "Jeeves, scratch No. 23!"

—*Right Hand*

It was a pretty shoddy looking shirt, but it was the best he could find, so Jenkins bought it. Inside the garment he found a slip of paper on which had been written a girl's name and address and the message: "Please write and send me your photograph."

Yielding to this romantic call, Jenkins wrote to the girl and sent her a picture of himself. In a little while an answer came. With heart aflutter he opened it and read:

"Thanks for the photograph. I have been making these crummy looking shirts for a long time, and I just had to see what kind of a jerk would wear one of them."

—*Los Angeles School Journal*

"Stand at attention!"

"I am, sir. It's the uniform that's at ease, sir."

—*Boston Naval Shipyard News*

## *Churches and Organizations*

Affiliated or Co-operating with

### **THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS**

and the work of the

### **SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE**

#### **ORGANIZATIONS:**

Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations  
International Council of Religious Education  
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America  
International Society of Christian Endeavor

#### **CHURCHES:**

Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, General	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, North American General Conference	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist, Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Methodist, Free
Baptist, Southern	Methodist, Primitive
Baptist, Swedish	Methodist, Wesleyan
Baptist, United American Free Will	Moravian
Christian Reformed	Nazarene
Christian Science	Pentecostal Holiness Church
Church of God	Presbyterian, Associate Reformed
Churches of God in North America	Presbyterian, Cumberland
Congregational Christian	Presbyterian, United
Disciples of Christ	Presbyterian, U.S.
Episcopal	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Evangelical and Reformed	Reformed in America
Evangelical Congregational	Salvation Army
Evangelical Free Church of America	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
	United Brethren in Christ





I can't lay claim to anything as far as looks can go. And when it comes to learning I may be rather slow. But there must be something more in me than other folks can see, 'cause I got a little chap at home—he thinks a heap o' me.

I've had my ups and downs in life as most folks have, I guess. And take it all in all I can't boast of much success. But it braces up a feller and it tickles him to know there's someone that takes stock in him, no matter how things go.

To feel his hand in mine, so clingin' and so warm; to know he 'thinks I'm strong enough to keep him safe from harm; to see his lovin' faith and trust in all I can say or do—it sort o' shames a feller, but it makes him better, too.

That's why I try to be the man he fancies me to be, just 'cause that little chap at home he thinks a heap o' me. I wouldn't disappoint his trust for anything on earth, or let him know how little I just naturally am worth.

And after all it's easy up the better road to climb, with a little hand to help you and guide you all the time. And I reckon I'm a better man than what I used to be, since I got that little chap at home. He thinks a heap o' me.





