









# The LINK



*August, 1947*  
*15 cents*

# Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

By MAYO CORNELL



ILL for weeks in a Texas hospital from which he was released the day prior to the Big Disaster, the writer was daily regaled by the beautiful voice of a young Mexican lad named "Joe." He was the "chore" boy for that especial floor and his cheery smile and effortless baritone made the trying weeks an almost happy memory.

Occasionally an overburdened nurse would snap irritably:

"Joe! You're *singing* again!"

He would stop his scrubbing, look up, puzzled and humble, and reply: "I'm sorry, Miss—I didn't know—I really didn't know!"

And a few minutes later, joyously unconscious of what he was doing, that voice again: "In a little Spanish town, 'twas on a night like this!" "Tomorrow is a love-ly day . . ." or, whimsically, "That leetle brown heifer she winkin' her eye . . ."

Shortly before I left town a young lieutenant addressed a meeting of war veterans. The purpose of the gathering was to secure adequate relief and compensation for war casualties. He spoke chiefly of obscure and stubborn disease cases not clearly recognizable till after a man's discharge.

"For instance," he explained, "when my own division waded hip deep in water and muck for two weeks, during the invasion of Leyte, it was tough going. However, it was not till after the survivors' return to improvised rest camps that the jitters really hit us. For to nearly every other tree were tacked big placards, warnings with huge, doubly magnified illustrations of pop-eyed creatures with horn-like appendages and slashing tails. Those signs read: "Beware! Beware! Don't stand even for a minute in marsh water or swamps. These infinitesimal bugs can't be seen or identified but they are absolutely deadly. They eat away the liver of a man, destroy his blood cells, etc. Contact with them means almost certain ultimate disaster, usually slow, painful death!"

The speaker paused.

"For three weeks, the period of known incubation, we sweated it out, waiting for the dread symptoms. I happened to be one of the lucky ones who escaped contamination. There were many not so fortunate. Again he paused, turned and nodded his head in the direction of a young Mexican boy:

"Come up here, Joe!" And to my astonishment, modestly rose my happy warbler from across the border. He was clearly embarrassed by the unexpected turn of events, but his sweet smile disarmed the crowd.

"Joe," continued the speaker, "Joe here was a victim of those heinous bugs I've been talking about. He is in constantly increasing pain. It's fellows like these we want to help."

Yet even at that dramatic moment I half expected his brown eyes to widen joyously, and the song, "Oh, What a Beau-ti-ful Morning," to burst from his heart and his lips.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION, THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE  
(Under the direction of The General Commission on Army & Navy Chaplains)

THE LINK is published monthly for chaplains and members of the armed forces of the United States of America, by The Service Men's Christian League, under the direction of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, at 815 Demonbreun St., Nashville 3, Tennessee. Editorial offices and League headquarters: 1137 Woodward Bldg., Washington 5, D. C. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tenn. Subscription price: 15c a copy; \$1.50 a year; 10c a copy in lots of ten or more to service men, churches or civilians. Copyright, 1947.



### Short Stories

|                                   |                  |    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|----|
| THE UNWORTHY .....                | Hyder S. Edwards | 2  |
| "FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES—" ..... | Henry P. Chapman | 11 |
| RUSSIAN REDBEARD .....            | Robert G. Lueder | 13 |
| THE PADRE .....                   | Giles M. S. Tod  | 15 |
| THE CHOIR AND THE CRITIC .....    | Lida Barr        | 33 |

### Feature Articles

|  |                      |    |
|--|----------------------|----|
| THE GADGET MAKER .....                                   | Herbert Thayer Bruce | 7  |
| WHAT PRICE WHISTLE! .....                                | Samuel F. Harby      | 9  |
| THEY HAVE BEEN "OUT TO SOME BATTLE" .....                | William L. Stidger   | 18 |
| I DARE YOU TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN! .....                  | Leslie G. Kennon     | 24 |
| JOBS FOR FUTURE CIVVIES: INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE ..... |                      | 26 |
| OKINAWAN PORTRAITS .....                                 | Alton E. Smith       | 31 |

### Poem

|                        |  |    |
|------------------------|--|----|
| TEACH ME TO LOVE ..... |  | 17 |
|------------------------|--|----|

### Departments

|                             |    |                          |    |
|-----------------------------|----|--------------------------|----|
| DAILY RATIONS .....         | 20 | GO TILL YOU GUESS .....  | 36 |
| ON THE BEAM .....           | 21 | TOPIC TALKS .....        | 38 |
| A Z YOU WERE! .....         | 22 | BATTING THE BREEZE ..... | 46 |
| THE GIST OF THE BIBLE ..... | 25 | AT EASE .....            | 48 |



DELMAR L. DYRESON, Editor

Address all communications to 1137 Woodward Bldg., Washington 5, D. C.



By HYDER S. EDWARDS

JOHN ARKTON, 1st Lt., U. S. Army Air Forces, crossed the compound to General Ling's quarters, hesitated a moment and then knocked. A heavy Chinese in a bemedalled tight-fitting uniform and high black boots opened the door. "What do you want, you idiot?" he howled and started to slam the door.

"Well, anyway, I fooled you," replied the Lieutenant.

"Oh, please forgive me. I thought for a moment you were one of the servants. My driver is waiting . . . with his lights out, he can get you within three or four li of Taigow. From there on, you'll have to go alone. The Japanese road block is about one li outside of town . . . four men . . . you can go around that."

"General, I'd like to look over your map once more before I go."

"Of course."

The General took a small hand-drawn map from his desk, and Lt. Arkton walked around beside him and bent over the desk to study the map. With his

pudgy finger the General began to identify different points on the map. "This is the airdrome here. You will pass it on your way in. You go all the way to the center of town on this street, turn right and go ten blocks, turn left and go two to here," and he circled the spot again with a pencil. "This is the place. Tell them your name is Dit Tsa Feng. They expect you."

"Thank you, General. I think I'll start now. It's nearly midnight."

"Good luck."

Arkton walked out to the road where the old car was waiting. There was nothing about him which would even vaguely suggest that he was a soldier. He was disguised as a Chinese coolie—faded blue denim pantaloons and jacket, straw sandals, a big greasy money pouch hanging at his belly, and a wide brimmed straw hat. One of the main reasons why Lt. Arkton was so disguised was because he had mastered the Chinese language. He had done this because he was a missionary in Yunnan Province



before the war. There was nothing which would set John Arkton off from the crowd except the fact that he said less than 1st Lieutenants usually did. Arkton stood there a moment with his hand on the door handle of the car looking past the dragon-crested roofs up into the sky. "This is some stunt for me to be pulling," he thought. "I came over here to preach . . ." He jerked open the door, shook the sleeping driver and said, "Let's go."

The sun came up bright and encouraging next morning, and no one took undue notice of a coolie who shuffled slowly down the Street of the Thieves with his hat shading most of his face. He kept steadily on his way and before many people were on the streets, he rounded the last corner and saw the sign hanging over the building which the General had circled on the map. Arkton walked in and a wizened old Chinese sitting at a desk looked up at him over a pair of ancient spectacles and then took up his brush and nervously started to write again. When a minute had passed, and without looking up, he broke the silence in an old woman's voice, "Well, what do you want? Can you not talk?"

Arkton jumped a little at the harshness in his voice and then composed himself and said, "Old one, are you the one to hire coolies to carry away the earth from the hole under the great house across the street?"

"I have plenty. I need no more," the old man snapped without looking up from his writing. "Off with you," and he waved his writing brush toward the door.

"But, old one, I am Dit Tsa Feng."

The old man's brush stopped suddenly half way through a stroke. It clattered to the floor as he stared at Arkton and said, "Please come." There was a spring in Arkton's step and a

smile on his face as he followed the old man through the door. "If he didn't recognize me," he thought, "the Japanese guards shouldn't."

An hour later, Arkton stood outside the old man's office at the edge of a throng of babbling coolies. They jostled and joked. Arkton was standing there listening to their varied conversation when a big grinning coolie came up and stood beside him. The coolie mumbled the customary greeting, "Have you eaten yet?" and then suddenly did a double take and stood back a step. In a voice directed at the whole crowd he said, "Ai-Yii, but you are a funny one. You look as one with death upon him," . . . he stopped and doubled up in laughter, "or as the hairy foreigner of the Three-In-One God who once lived in the Street of the Eels."

The coolies howled with laughter and sweat streamed down Arkton's shaded forehead. He had been watching the Japanese guard across the street whose attention had been caught by the shouting. He felt his heart thudding against his ribs. Thoughts clicked through his head like the taps of a high-speed typewriter. "Do they suspect me, or are they just having a joke? I've got to say something . . . something . . . something . . . something."

He laughed nervously and said, "Oh, a fever has just left me. I have not seen the sun for many days." The coolies laughed their easy laugh and let it pass. "I too had the fever," one shouted somewhere in the crowd. Arkton drew a relieved breath, and mopped his brow with the sleeve of his jacket.

The old man came out the door and beat on the stone step with his walking stick. "All right, all right," he screeched, "to work, to work." He went around to a small side door and nervously selected a key from several on a dirty string and

opened the door. Each coolie filed in and came out carrying a springy carrying pole balanced over his shoulders. A basket was suspended from each end of the pole on three ropes. They meandered slowly across the cobbled street to where more men had started digging. Arkton selected one and filed out. He could feel his pulse throbbing through his wrists against the smooth pole as he approached the strutting Japanese guard at the gate.

There was a shout at the gate and the line stopped moving. Arkton swallowed the dryness in his throat and stepped a little out of line to see what was happening. The little guard with his green uniform buttoned tightly around his throat was in a frenzy. He gesticulated wildly and ranted at some unfortunate coolie. The coolie stretched his hands out open in dismay and said something; Arkton could not hear him. Finally, with an unmistakable gesture, the guard motioned the coolie on. The coolie bowed, picked up his pole, and the line began to move again. Arkton came nearer and nearer. Now he could see the shiny boots of the guard and could hear him mumbling something unintelligible. Arkton lowered his head just a degree and eased quietly by without looking up—without breathing.

All morning, Arkton kept his place in the slowly moving line carrying the dirt from under the gaping hole in the side of the building. His shoulders ached from the constant pressure of the pole. In the middle of the afternoon, a huge wooden tub of rice and a tub of greens were brought into the compound. The coolies laid down their poles and eagerly gathered around. Arkton took a bowl and two bamboo chopsticks from the pile and got in line. The man with the food ladled his bowl full of rice and piled the steaming greens on top of it. He took it over to the wall of the

compound and sat savoring the exquisite goodness of relaxation for an instant before he began to eat. He was noisily raking the food into his mouth when he heard a voice over him say, "Ha, the foreigner again!" Arkton fumbled the bowl in his hands and nearly dropped it before he looked up and saw the grinning face of the man who had suspected him earlier in the day. Arkton said, "You like the joke," and laughed nervously.

The big man sat down beside Arkton and began to eat silently. After some minutes had passed he looked at Arkton and said, "You are not a Chinese."

Arkton usually thought well on what he said, and having been a missionary, he was more inclined to trust rather than suspect a man at first sight; and anyway, he thought, "If he's working for the Japanese, they've got me anyway; if he's not, maybe he'll help me. What have I got to lose?" So Arkton looked at the fellow and said, "No, I am not a Chinese. Who are you?"

"Who am I?" Stretching out his gnarled hands, he said, "Look, look at my hands and my feet and the callouses on my shoulders. I am a coolie." He paused and then, as if to justify his statements, he continued, "I work . . . I must eat."

Arkton unconsciously opened his hand and glanced down at a red, inflamed blister on his palm. He looked up and saw the coolie looking at it too, and he quickly closed it. Again the coolie asked, "Who are you?"

Arkton looked directly into the eyes of the coolie and said, "I am an American . . . an American soldier. I have come here disguised to help one of my countrymen. An American flyer is held prisoner inside that building," he said, pointing to the building under which

they had been digging. "I came here to take him back if I can."

"Ai-Yii!" the coolie said, amazed. His eyes bulged and he stared at Arkton with his mouth hanging open. "You are crazy, I think. There are guards who will kill you . . . you have no gun. You cannot get in."

In reply, Arkton pointed to the gaping hole under the building. The coolie followed his gesture, started a second and then said, "May be."

"What is your name?" Arkton asked.

"Chin Chi Sah," the man answered as he began to eat again.

"Chin Chi Sah," Arkton said, repeating the words. A moment passed and then he addressed him directly. "Chin Chi Sah, why don't you help me tonight? I need help," he said, pleadingly. "Have you been inside the building?"

"Yes," Chin Chi Sah answered the last question. "I swept the dogs' house out only two days ago. I saw the American flying man inside. He is a giant . . . but I cannot help you. I have a wife and three young ones. . . . I cannot help you."

Someone blew a whistle and the men got up and brushed the dirt from their pants. Arkton rose and, looking at Chin Chi Sah, said, "Then, if you won't help me, please don't reveal me to your friends."

Chin Chi Sah laughed as he rose. "Most of them know, I think, but I will not tell," and he turned and walked off.

When it grew dark, Arkton stirred from his place of hiding behind the pile of earth. He put his hand inside his jacket and felt the handle of the knife hidden there, and his hand sprang away from it as if it had been charged with electricity. "I don't like it," he thought, "I don't like it, but I can if I must." He crept cat-like around the pile of dirt and

silently dashed across the open space. He came to the edge of the hole and started down the incline and suddenly froze in his tracks. He had heard someone in the hole. He took a slow, deep breath and held it while he listened and peered into the darkness. A moment had passed when a hoarse whisper came out of the blackness of the hole. "Which one? Who's there?" Arkton threw himself against the side of the embankment and a clod of dirt fell at his feet and rattled down the bank. He dared not move. Then, the voice again, "It is I, Chin Chi Sah. Which one? Who is it?"

Arkton let his breath escape in a long sigh and then said, "It's Arkton. Where are you?"

"Here. In the corner," Chin Chi Sah answered. Arkton followed the sound and found him sitting on his haunches in a corner. When Arkton had squatted beside him, Chin Chi Sah let a moment pass and then said self-consciously, "Many years ago when there were no rains in the land of my home and I was hungry, a foreign man gave me rice. The dogs," he said, pointing to the building above them, "are beasts. I will help you. Let us go now while the time is right."

They hoisted themselves up to the basement floor of the building, Arkton following, and slunk along the walls until they came to a dimly lit stairway. They crept up the stairway and turned right. Both stopped and gazed at the open door at the end of a long hallway. Doors led off to rooms on either side of the hallway. Chin Chi Sah pointed to the door at the end of the hallway and the two tiptoed along toward the door. They stopped short of the light that fell through the door and looked inside. It was a large oblong room with four wooden pillars holding up the roof. One guard sat at a table over a deck of cards

and the other sat on the floor leaning against a post with his gun on the floor beside him. The prisoner, a great hulk of a man with a black beard, lay on a cot in the corner, but could not be seen from Arkton's position in the hall. Arkton stepped back a step and gingerly turned the knob of the door on his left. Without a sound, the door swung open and he entered. The room was empty except for a bed and a rickety table. Enough light filtered through the cracks to show the outlines of another door entering into the large room. Looking through a crack, he could see the prisoner lying on his back staring up at the ceiling. Returning to Chin Chi Sah in the hallway, he drew him into the shadows and whispered into his ear, "I will try to signal the American to attack the guard at the table from the back. If he does, you rush through the door. Don't let the other guard yell it you can help it. Is that clear?"

Chin Chi Sah nodded his head in assent and Arkton re-entered the room and closed the door. Chin Chi Sah took up his position in the shadows. Just as Arkton closed the door, the guard leaning against the post got up, stretched, walked over to the hallway door and looked out into the darkness. Chin Chi Sah flattened himself against the wall and the guard didn't see him. The guard turned around and, spreading his legs apart, stood rocking on his heels in the doorway. Chin Chi Sah, sensing the opportunity, crept out of the shadows. His muscled brown arm flashed out and his gnarled hand clamped over the mouth of the Japanese and he drew him into the darkness. There was a dull thud and Chin Chi Sah reappeared at the doorway.

In the room, there was a slight noise as Arkton gently opened the door to the

big room. He found himself staring directly into the bespectacled eyes of the guard, suddenly roused from his game of cards. The guard rose from the table and came slowly toward the door inquisitively, as if he was not sure what he had seen. Arkton drew his knife and stepped to one side of the door and stood waiting. The guard kicked the door open and stood peering in. Then suddenly, Arkton saw Chin Chi Sah come from behind and seize the guard, one arm around his neck and one hand over his mouth. Arkton stepped into the room as the second guard slumped to the floor at Chin Chi Sah's feet. The prisoner rushed over to them, puzzled, speechless and stuttering.

They quietly left the building the way they had come in, jumped from the dirt pile to the compound wall to the ground and vanished into the darkness.

Chin Chi Sah led them to the outskirts of the town, where the buildings ended and the rice paddies began, and there he stopped. "I must return," he said.

Arkton took Chin Chi Sah's hand and, after hesitating a moment, said sincerely, "Thank you, Chin Chi Sah, and good-bye." The flyer grabbed Chin Chi Sah's hand and shook it vigorously and said, in English, "Mister, you're one hundred per cent."

Chin Chi Sah did not understand and looked inquiringly at Arkton, and he translated it for him, "He says you're a prince."

Chin Chi Sah glanced down at his muddy brown straw-saddled feet and muttered, "I'm unworthy," then turned and shuffled off into the night. The other two men disappeared in the other direction.





# THE GADGET MAKER

By HERBERT THAYER BRUCE

**C**OOOPER, ROSS J., MM3c, U. S. Coast Guard, was serving aboard the ill-fated *U. S. S. Wakefield* (the former luxury liner *Manhattan*) when the first of a series of events took place which were to mark him as one worth watching by all enterprising manufacturers throughout the country.

He had been one of the crew of the *Wakefield* from the Pacific to the Atlantic with numerous beachheads between. His sea time was largely spent below deck among the boilers, steam lines, valves and other assorted hardware of a ship's innards. One of his regular chores was to knock out the valves between hot steam lines for regasketing; a six to seven hour job at best plus the heat and sweat. Cooper had this job to do on a thirty-two inch steam line while the ship was churning its way through the Indian Ocean from Bombay to Capetown. He was working on a platform two decks above the open well to the bottom of the fire room.

The sea was calm and the ship snug. Suddenly, a reverberating crash boomed from below. The ship shook and seemed

to lurch. Call to quarters was sounded; officers dashed from chow to battle stations; corpsmen readied bandages and iodine; chaplains prepared themselves for spiritual aid to the injured. Surely nothing less could have happened than that she had been torpedoed, struck a mine or rammed an uncharted reef.

Below deck, Cooper was quaking in his boots. He admits if he had found a rope he would have hanged himself. The valve had slipped from between the opened pipe ends and crashed below to the bottom of the fire room, bending and buckling bottom plates. Surely, he would at least be court-martialled and sent to the disciplinary barracks for life.

Instead, he received commendation, was transferred "Stateside" to Norfolk, Virginia, and given the run of the machine shops and engineering assistance for development of the idea he had feared would cause his downfall.

His theory was that instead of prying apart frozen pipe flanges with cold chisels, hammers, wrenches and whatever else of weight was available, he

could rig up two clamps to grip each end of the pipe behind the flanges. Then, by putting a house jack (used aboard ship to move heavy machinery) between extensions to the two clamps, he could expand the jack, thus spreading the pipes apart, and hold them apart with the jack while the valve was removed. By merely closing the jack when the valve had been reinserted, the pipe ends would be brought back into place without stripping the new gaskets. The idea worked perfectly that night in the middle of the Indian Ocean with the exception of his forgetfulness which permitted the valve to fall from its position with the aforementioned results.

After several months of shop work at the Norfolk yards, Cooper developed a simplification of his "steam clamp" which is inexpensive to manufacture and practically indispensable aboard ships, in factories, refineries, power plants, the plumbing trades and even office buildings. After tests by engineers, the Navy Department assisted him in obtaining patents and followed up with an agreement whereby his invention will be purchased from him or his manufacturing agents for government use at cost. Now that Cooper has been discharged from Coast Guard service, he is seeking manufacturing assistance for the making and marketing of his brain child.

Later, between tours of duty on various ships, he conceived of an "oil indicator" for use wherever an oil feed atomizer in a boiler is out of order or oil feed injectors on deisel engines have become plugged. This indicator is rigged to connect with an electrically operated master control board on which lights flash to indicate the atomizer or injector not functioning. Also tested and blessed by the Navy, this contraption is in the process of being patented and manufac-

turers are being dickered with for its manufacture and sale.

While in the Southern Pacific, Cooper designed and built a working model of a shallow water craft, riding on two pontoons, powered by two airplane engines riding each side of the fuselage, and two small deisel engines inside the pontoons for cruising. To make the boat formidable, he planned to mount it with two 20 millimeter cannon, 20 or 50 caliber machine guns, and two "ash cans" on the stern of each pontoon. The Navy did not take to this arsenal on water wings because of the termination of hostilities, but, paradoxically enough, the boat would be ideal as a fast and thrilling sports craft.

With a weather eye toward civilian adaptation of his ideas, Cooper is working on a non-freezing railroad switch and has designed and made a working model of a "jigger" to be used for measuring accurate amounts of liquid to be poured from bottles of every purpose. One of the larger distillers is interested in this gadget and we may soon be using it as a household convenience.

Cooper, despite but eight years of formal grade schooling, has been similarly thinking up ideas since long before donning the blue, but he claims not to have come by his inventiveness through inheritance. "No one of my family ever invented anything," he saisi, "except excuses."

During the years between school and Coast Guard, while toying with this idea and that, he claims to have developed only one notion to a working model stage. It was an amusement park thriller which he planned to call "The Egg Beater" because it functioned similarly with comparable physical effects. But he found no backers. He blames the lack of interest among those to whom

*(Continued on page 21)*

# What Price Whistle!

By SAMUEL F. HARBY

THRIFT has been a good theme in America for over two hundred years. Ben Franklin was its chief apostle in the early days of our history, and we are still delighted with his warm human treatment of the subject. In one of his stories he tells how, as a boy, he paid too much for a toy. Being fascinated by the gay sound of a shiny new whistle, he gave the boy who owned it a whole pocketful of coppers—everything he had. He thought he had made a bargain—but his family soon corrected that mistaken idea. He did not, however, regret the error as long as his joy in the whistle lasted. But the novelty wore off, and he began to think of all the nice things he could have bought with that money. In short, he realized that “he had paid too much for the whistle.”

This experience made quite an impression on the young Franklin, and was afterwards of use to him. When he was tempted in later life to buy some unnecessary thing, he would say to himself, “don’t give too much for the whistle,” and thus would save his money. It became a kind of motto with him. Franklin sums it up by saying, “I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistle.” The theme is still good, and the necessity of learning true values is as strong as ever. So let us adopt the story to the modern scene.

Put yourself in the leading role. As one of America’s youth, you are preparing for adult life—forming a sense of values now, which will see you through the rest of your days. You don’t

want to be deceived, and you are very serious about this matter of values. On the other hand you don’t want to appear too serious—so you give due consideration to the lighter side, as well. In short, you want to find a happy medium between carefree enjoyment and responsible action. It can be done by thoughtful choice—but the balance is difficult to maintain.

The only way we have to learn anything is through our senses and by reasoning, which must proceed from the raw materials of sensation, as for example; sight, hearing, and touch. In a way, all our knowledge is gained through these senses, and most of our action is guided by them. Yet we know that they cannot be trusted implicitly. Each and every one of the senses can be distorted and made to render a false impression. For example, we need only mention the grotesque image one sees in curved mirrors, like the ones at Coney Island, the sound of echoes in the mountains, and the sensation of feeling two noses when you overlap first and second fingers and touch the tip of your nose with the outside edges of both.

Of course, our senses can be depended upon most of the time. It is only under unique circumstances that they mislead us. By understanding the nature of these circumstances, we are forewarned and can resist errors of judgment based on false impressions. It’s a matter of being able to distinguish between those things in life which give abiding pleasure and those which fade quickly. There is nothing wrong with fooling yourself for a little while in order to have fun. Much of our pleasure is based upon “make be-

lieve" which we frankly recognize as fiction. But we want to know *when* we're being fooled and, like Ben Franklin, *what* the costs are. It's the difference between enjoying sleight-of-hand tricks performed by a Houdini, and believing in a spiritualist medium. In the latter case, we could be "taken" for plenty, and it isn't worth the risk.

The pleasure one gets from a drink may seem real enough at the time, but science has demonstrated that the effect is produced by a distortion of normal sensation which is the effect alcohol has on your nervous system. Your friends may insist that there is nothing wrong with this; that it is like painting your face, or any other misrepresentation which gives pleasure. If it produces the desired effect, why not use it?

There are many answers to this question, but we will concern ourselves here with but one: *the cost*. How much do we pay for our "whistle?"

In the United States last year the bill for alcoholic beverages of all kinds was *7½ billion dollars*. In the same year, the amount spent on schools, colleges and other types of education in America was slightly more than *3 billion dollars*—less than half.

The total of all Community Chest donations in 1946, plus this country's contribution to UNRRA, plus the total budget of the American Red Cross at home and abroad, amounted to a little less than *1 billion dollars*—hardly a seventh of the amount spent on drink.

The total amount appropriated for the UN Organization by the 51 member nations—from its inception at San Francisco in 1944, through the recent meeting of the Security Council in New York, this year, was only *70 million dollars*—less than one-tenth the expenditure for drink. All of these items combined do not equal one year's outlay for alcoholic beverages in the United States alone. It's a fact worth pondering. Can we soberly say "we have not paid too much for our whistle!"

It doesn't take much of a sense of values to realize that a society which balances off pure pleasure against education is lopsided. And it is as plain as the writing on the wall that our obligation to help fellow humans in distress—to provide miserable people the world over with the bare necessities of life—is more important than having fun. And finally, if we spend more on frivolous pleasure than on our efforts to secure the peace, in these critical times, we may find ourselves in another world war even more devastating than the terrible one just ended.

As citizens of a democracy, we are responsible for the character of our society. If we are conscientious, we can never let up in our efforts to improve it. You are preparing for citizenship now. It is a good time to take stock of your sense of values. If they are not right, rearrange them. Put *first* things *first*—for a better world tomorrow.




---

ROME endured as long as there were Romans. America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought.

—DAVID STARR JORDAN





By HENRY P. CHAPMAN

THE battlefields of Europe are cooling off from the sizzling hell which not so long ago overflowed them. The dust has settled and the mud holes, once tattooed by thousands of GI shoes, have hardened. Speeches have been made, parades have been paraded, and *almost all* of the heroes have been decorated.

Yes, I say "*almost all* of the heroes," because I know of one hero (and there must be countless others), who never received even a citation, for solving a mystery which baffled top American staff officers and American and British patrols for almost a month.

For almost two weeks after the American landings at Salerno the bridge above the city was under Jerry fire. It wasn't of the usual hellish variety that Jerry was noted for heaving. It was just a harrowing, spasmodic fire, but of utmost importance because it was the "monkeywrench" in the communications network between the northern and southern Allied Armies.

The staff officers at Headquarters

were furious. Allied patrols were sent out to hunt out this lone 88 which methodically boomed a bracket of three shells into the vital crossing whenever Jerry thought the span deserved another blow. The observation plane was sent out in an effort to spot the booming baby—plane and patrols returned with the same negative answer.

Every day the patrols continued to comb the hills but the shelling went on uninterrupted. Faces at Headquarters were very red. Then one sun-sprinkling day a tiny, raggedly-clad wisp of a girl about ten years young dashed into the command Headquarters and overwhelmed the staff officers with a barrage of Italian monologue and motion. An interpreter was summoned to quell the linguistic storm and when he finished interrogating the girl, he, too, was flushed with excitement.

"She says that she can show us where the shelling is coming from!" The young GI interpreter shouted the words at all the officers present. Then

as he embarrassingly regained the humble dignity befitting a mere corporal in the presence of high brass, he continued in a low and obviously mellifluous voice. "Her mother and she were hiding in the hills when the Germans rolled the gun in . . . they even watched them plant that 88."

Immediately the staff officer in charge called for a map of the area. He placed the map before the hardly-dressed child and asked her to point on the map where the gun was. She stared quizzically at the chart, then shrugged her shoulders. Maps meant nothing to her.

"Information of that caliber is useless to us!" roared the officer.

The thin, dark-eyed child, thinking that the officers did not believe her, burst into tears. Then she ceased crying as suddenly as she started, and through her tear-moistened eyes she beamed, "There is a hill overlooking the place where the gun is hid. I will take you to it so that you can see for yourselves!"

The staff officer objected. He couldn't permit a child to jeopardize herself by having to pioneer the way to the Nazi gun emplacement. The corporal-interpreter relayed the words to the tiny Italian miss, but she replied that she was unafraid and even pleaded with the officers to let her take the Americans to the spot.

So an American patrol, an artillery observer, and the chief staff officer, led by the fragile lass, were soon climbing into the hills. She ran on ahead until she was out of sight, waiting until she could see if the American party was following, then she would run ahead a bit further. When they reached the peak of the last hill, the child's bare legs were streaked with tiny scratches from the underbrush along the way.

"See?" queried the child, pointing below, her tiny index finger aimed at the

center of a wide cluster of foliage common to the local terrain.

There it was. But the staff officer had to look twice before he was able to detect the troublesome and elusive 88. It was faultlessly camouflaged. Indeed it was a tribute to the art of camouflage, an art at which the Jerries had no equal. The entire gun, a self-propelled 88, was concealed in a hole with only the camouflaged barrel above the level of the ground. A camouflage net, corresponding in colors with the surrounding terrain, covered the barrel, breaking its tattle-tale shadow. Artificial shrubbery was "planted" over the net and in spots around the gun emplacement. No wonder it was impossible to spot from the air.

The staff officer spit at the gun, then chuckled softly at his attempt.

"Clever, those Jerries . . . very, very clever." Convincing himself of their cleverness, the American officer turned to the artillery observer, who was anxiously awaiting the nod which the staff officer was now giving him.

Over the field phone the artillery observer gave the necessary information. Seconds of silence. Then a sharp command to fire!

The first blast from the American guns was short and not too far from the Americans and the girl, but it electrified the Jerry gun crew into action and they popped their gun into firing position.

The next two American salvos crept closer. The fourth was a direct hit!

And thus a vital incident in the battle of Salerno turned to our favor, thanks to the courageous efforts of an undernourished kid of doll-playing age, who showed the way, asking nothing in return. She disappeared into the hills which she so well knew, before the Americans had a chance to thank her.

All they knew of her was her name . . . Maria.



By **ROBERT G. LUEDER**

**O**UR nurse came bubbling into our tent one morning with the news that about twenty Russians were arriving. During the closing days of the war in Europe, our advancing armies liberated hundreds of Russian soldiers from German prison compounds. The majority of these were sent to American hospitals for treatment, and these were to be hospitalized in the tent right next to ours. All of us who were ambulatory gathered outside the tent, anxiously awaiting their arrival.

We were disappointed. Instead of the ferocious Supermen our minds had visualized, they looked very much like ordinary Americans, especially so since they were also wearing the familiar red army hospital robes. Except for their heavily accented comments on their new surroundings, one would have thought they were just another shipment of GIs. Only two of them were distinctly different; one because of his extreme youth (I doubt if he was over fourteen) and one

because of his bushy red beard. We soon learned from the nurses that the bearded gentleman had served as a captain in the Russian Cavalry.

The first night of their stay, things started popping. German Prisoners of War performed menial tasks around the hospital. As usual, one of them brought the food trays around for the evening meal. No sooner had he entered the tent than the heavily bearded Russian spotted the familiar Nazi uniform and, leaping from his bed, took off after the startled German.

Fully realizing that the Captain had grabbed a red hot poker from the small coal burner, the German ran down the crushed stone walk screaming entreaties to Hitler, Goering, and a host of other individuals he thought might conceivably come to his aid. Fortunately for the frightened German, the Russian was suffering from a thigh wound, among his other injuries, and was prevented from catching up.

From then on, we took advantage of every opportunity to visit the Russians. Twice a week American movies were shown in their tent and we enjoyed hearing them slaughter such songs as "Accentuate the Positive" after hearing Bing Crosby sing it. They picked up English much faster than we mastered Russian, and soon the nurses were being greeted with such welcomes as "Hi ya, Toots," and "What's cooking?" Through a mixture of Russian, English, and sign language we were able to carry on lively conversations. The Russians were as anxious to hear about America as we were to hear about their country.

The only unfriendly one was the red-bearded captain. His swarthy face boasted a deep chin scar that made him appear particularly hard. The nurses held him in awe. The only time he would permit them near his bed was for his evening back rub and then they had to give it strictly according to his instructions.

These Russian back rubs soon became famous throughout the hospital. They consisted of rolling folds of skin up the spinal cord, pinching the back, and in general, pounding it until it became fiery red. The harder the nurse pounded, the more the Captain enjoyed it.

The nurses tried to persuade me to try one. I can remember one cute little nurse telling me that although the Russians were far more seriously wounded, we complained much more about our troubles. Through such arguments she finally talked me into trying one. It was both my first and my last Russian back rub. There's no doubt about it, the Russians can take it.

The Red Cross brought us chessboards, but even the fourteen-year-old

could beat our best player. They also played checkers, but we had to agree on new rules after my opponent wiped the board of all of my men on about the fifth move. It seems that according to Russian rules, one can jump the length of the board unless each man is blocked by two checkers.

As I read in the news nowadays about our differences with Russia I often wonder if the diplomats and leaders of our two countries could not profit by our example. We had many differences but we always found it easy to compromise.

The Russians are likable, smart, clever, and friendly. We found that we had much in common. They knew little about America, but we soon learned how little we knew about Russia. How many of you know who the Grand Prince of Kiev was or the status of a woman in the Russian home?

How wonderful it would be if just the common people of both countries could get together occasionally for an exchange of ideas! If the women could talk over recipes, if the kids could play marbles, if the men could discuss their business problems!

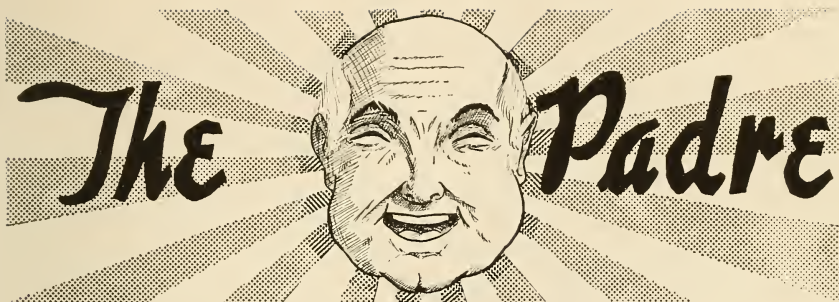
Even the bearded Russian proved to be quite human. For two weeks, he refused to talk to anyone except his fellow Russians. Then, one evening, he surprised us all by summoning one of our prettiest nurses. He had learned to speak English and wanted to show her how proficient he was.

Expecting, at best, some scathing remark, she stood reservedly, arms folded across her bosom, at the foot of his bed.

Proving that, after all, Russians are human, too, he spoke in thick Russian accents, "Kēēse me, baby, but quēēk."

**N**EVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have now; all they ever had; and all they expect to have.

—UNKNOWN



By GILES M. S. TOD

NOW that I am out of the service I can look back upon the two years that I spent overseas with the LSTs, those large invasion barges, and recall many scenes and the many, many personalities that I came across during that time. We took American Negro troops to India; I can never forget them singing old spirituals as we ran down the Red Seal under a tropical moon. We carried Monty's Desert Rats, the great Eighth Army of the North African campaign, across "The Med" to Sicily, and later took part of Alexander's staff to Italy. The next year found us on the beaches of Normandy, Gold Beach, Juno, Utah, and Omaha.

During this time we carried thousands of men aboard our LST, some of them going into battle for the first time, others veterans of past wars. There were all races and creeds of men, all types. We did not get a chance to know any of them well as, for the most part, we were on short hops with them, perhaps just over night or two or three days at the most before we put them on hostile shores to face the enemy on their own. And yet, amongst all these troops, there is one man I remember well. Oddly enough, he was a noncombatant; he was the padre of the British troops

whom we took into France on D-day in the greatest invasion of all time.

We had sailed from The Solent at dusk on June 5th, out past Needles Light into the English Channel. In the dark the LSTs had formed into convoy position, and by midnight they were well on their way to France. On deck it was black—no moon, only scattered stars amongst the clouds. Lookouts could just see the ships ahead and astern, and those on either side, but the escort vessels, not far distant, were lost to sight in the night.

However, dark as it was outside, inside the ship was a maze of lights. Below in the crew's quarters men sat around waiting to go on watch at midnight. Some wrote letters, a few played cards. Up forward British Tommies checked and rechecked their equipment that they would need on the morrow. There was no great excitement; everyone had been waiting for this too long. In the wardroom officers played poker. American, British, and French invasion notes and coins mixed together in the pots.

For awhile I watched the game, and then I noticed a little chap sitting off by himself in the corner thumbing through one of our old magazines. One of the

British officers must have seen me looking over that way, for he reached up, tugged at my sleeve, and whispered: "Go over and talk to him. He's our padre . . . very interesting fellow."

I crossed the wardroom and sat on the couch by the padre. "Is this your first trip to France?" I asked him to open the conversation.

The padre laughed. "Oh no," he replied with an ultra-strong Limey accent, "I've been there before . . . in fact, several times."

I could see that he was not a young man; he was probably well over sixty, short, plump and round. And his bald head had a gray fringe of hair around the edge. But his eyes had a sparkle, and he was continually chuckling. He was very much amused that I had asked him if he had been in France before this.

"As a matter of fact," he said to me, "I was over here in the last war. Came over with the Contemptibles in '14, and didn't get home until '19."

"Have you been back since then?" I asked. Now the padre slapped his thigh with his hand, and roared with laughter.

"Oh, rather," he answered at last. "I came over with the boys in '39. Got up into Belgium for a bit . . . then back to Dunkerque. As a matter of fact, I was one of the last men off the beaches. I got home in a fishing trawler."

"And since then . . .?"

"Well, I went up to Narvik next; that's in Norway, you know. We didn't stay there very long, as Jerry didn't want us there either. I was back in England long enough to change my socks, and then I found myself in Greece with the lads. That was a jolly show while it lasted, and a bit rough, too. But we didn't have the supplies, and Jerry did, so we had to hop it again. We stopped in Crete next for a breather, but Jerry was right behind us. Most of

the chaps pulled out in June; that was in '41. I stayed on a while longer, though, living out in the hills. There were quite a few of us, but we didn't have the equipment for anything big, so all we could do was nip at Jerry's heels. It got a little monotonous then, tied down as we were, so, when the chance came, I went over to Africa in a sailing boat. And I think you must know how we marched back and forth across Africa. Sidi Barrani, Derna, Tobruk, Bengasi and all those places. Jerry almost got us back to 'Alex' but we managed to hold him at the last ditch. That was the turn of the tide. Your chaps came into it then, and before we knew it, Africa was ours."

"Did you get to Sicily?" I asked now.

"Oh, yes," laughed the padre. "Sicily, and I was one of the first ashore in Italy; jolly good show, too. After Rome, though, things rather bogged down. The terrain was against us, the weather was frightful, and, to tell you the truth, I had heard that this show here was about ready to start. By Jove, I didn't want to miss it, so I got sick leave to come home."

The padre rubbed his hands together. His eyes gleamed a little brighter. Then he poked me in the ribs as he winked and said: "Well, here we go again!"

I saw the padre once more the next day. We were anchored a mile or so off the beach of France. The first waves had gone in some four hours before, and now had a toehold. They were expecting a German counterattack; it had not come yet. Owing to mines and underwater obstructions, we could not beach this trip. Instead we put our load of trucks, tanks, guns and men aboard a rhino barge; that would take them in so they could land. Just before it was ready to shove off the padre came down the deck.

## Teach Me to Love

*T*HERE was a time when in my  
daily prayer  
I asked for all the things I deemed  
most fair,  
And necessary to my life—success,  
Riches, of course, and ease, and hap-  
piness;  
A host of friends, a home without  
alloy;  
A primrose path of luxury and joy,  
Social distinction, and enough of  
fame  
To leave behind a well-remembered  
name.  
Ambition ruled my life, I longed to  
do  
Great things, that all my little world  
might view  
And whisper, "Wonderful!" Ah, pa-  
tient God,  
How blind we are, until Thy shep-  
herd's rod  
Of tender chastening gently leads us  
on  
To better things! Today I have but  
one  
Petition, Lord—Teach me to love.  
Indeed,  
It is my greatest and my only need—  
Teach me to love, not those who  
first love me,  
But all the world, with that rare  
purity  
Of broad, outreaching thought which  
bears no trace  
Of earthly taint, but holds in its em-  
brace  
Humanity, and only seems to see  
The good in all, reflected, Lord, from  
Thee.  
And teach me, Father, how to love  
the most  
Those who most stand in need of  
love—that host  
Of People who are sick and poor  
and bad,  
Whose tried faces show their lives  
are sad,  
Who toil along the road with foot-  
steps slow,

And hearts more heavy than the  
world can know—  
People whom others pass discreetly  
by,  
Or fail to hear the pleading of that  
cry,  
For help, amid the tumult of the  
crowd;  
Whose very anguish makes them  
cold and proud,  
Resentful, stubborn, bitter in their  
grief—  
I want to bring them comfort and  
relief,  
To put my hand in theirs, and at  
their side  
Walk softly on, a faithful, fearless  
guide.  
O Saviour, Thou the Christ, Truth,  
ever near,  
Help me to feel these sad ones doubly  
dear  
Because they need so much! Help  
me to seek  
And find that which they thought  
was lost; to speak  
Such words of cheer that as we pass  
along  
The wilderness shall blossom into  
song.  
Ah, Love divine, how empty was that  
prayer  
Of other days! That which was once  
so fair—  
Those flimsy baubles which the  
world calls joys  
Are nothing to me now but broken  
toys,  
Outlived, outgrown. I thank Thee  
that I know  
Those much-desired dreams of long  
ago,  
Like butterflies, have had their sum-  
mer's day  
Of brief enchantment, and have gone.  
I pray  
For better things.  
Thou knowest, God above,  
My one desire now—Teach me to  
love

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

# They Have Been "Out to Some Battle"

By William L. Stidger

TEN returned service men came to my home for dinner and an evening around our wood fire. I had watched those boys at work in our Theological Seminary and had admired their spirit more than any group that I had come in contact with for twenty years of teaching. Their experiences, I knew, were a gold mine of stories. Perhaps there was a certain journalistic selfishness in the invitation I gave them.

Dinner of fried chicken, strawberries and cream and what have you in the flickering light of the big wood fire of birch logs burning brightly in our living room provided an atmosphere quite in contrast with some scenes they had gone through in the war. We served coffee in front of that fire.

"Well, fellows," I said, "I suppose there were many times when you wondered if you would ever have a quiet, peaceful experience like this one?"

"I'll say there were," replied a big major from Nebraska, with a grin of satisfaction and reminiscence. Then he added, "I remember one night huddling in a half-filled foxhole on Guadalcanal, when a runner brought up a can of luke-warm coffee, without even canned milk in it; and certainly NO sugar. I never thought I could drink coffee without sugar and cream in the old days before the war so I said to myself that night: 'I wonder if I'll ever again have good percolated coffee with rich Vermont cream and real sugar in it?' Well, I have, right here in front of this warm, glowing fire. It all seems like a dream now: those cold, hot, humid, water-

filled foxholes. And if you don't think those tropical nights can be cold along about three A.M. just try one of them. You get chilled to the bone."

That started the ball rolling, and for four hours I heard that group of men tell what influences sent them into the war. Remember, every one of those chaplains could have stayed out of it, for he was exempt from military service. I don't know just why the talk drifted to that theme, but it did.

I shall never forget one fine-looking, six-foot, blond rascal whom I remembered as a harum-scarum, loafing, trouble-making student the year before the war. He had turned serious the first year of the war and had come to me half a dozen times, telling me that he felt that he should really be in it, for he was such a huge, healthy fellow; had been fullback on a college team, and a good one—All-State champion at fullback. "I just can't stay out, Prof! I feel like a heel, taking advantage of our ministerial exemption. I gotta get into it!"

Then suddenly he had disappeared from school and was on his way. I never did hear just what had tipped the scales and sent him in, although I urged that he go as, indeed, I had urged all able-bodied theological students to get into it. But that night, after it was all over, I heard him tell that crowd in our home what it was that tipped the scales and sent him to war. This is the way he told it:

"It was a talk you gave in chapel one morning, Prof. You were talking on the



theme 'Out to Some Battle.' You quoted a poem by Edwin Markham. I can't remember it all, but I copied it down as best I could, pasted it in my notebook and took it to war with me."

"O.K., John! You guys just wait five minutes and I'll get that poem and read it to you!" I hurried upstairs to my study, got *The Shoes of Happiness*, by Edwin Markham, turned to the poem which he called "The Pearl of Ease" and read it to that group of returned chaplains while a hush fell over their hearts and the wood fire light and shadows fell on their faces:

*"Are you sheltered, curled up and content  
by the world's warm fire?  
Then I say that your soul is in danger!  
The sons of the Light, they are down  
with God in the mire.  
God in the manger.*

*"The old-time heroes you honor, whose  
banners you bear,  
The whole world no longer prohibits:  
But, if you peer into the past you will  
find them there,  
Swinging from gibbets.*

*"So rouse from your perilous ease: to  
your sword and your shield:  
Your case is the case of the cattle.  
Hark, hark, where the bugles are call-  
ing: out to some field—  
Out to some battle!"*

When I had finished reading that poem by my friend Edwin Markham—how he would have loved that fellowship of the saints, as he called such gatherings—every boy in that group of returned chaplains yelled: "Atta boy! Atta boy!" and four of them confessed that it was the reading and the challenge of that poem which had tipped the scales and sent them off, in spite of their exemp-

tions, into the chaplaincy. I was astonished.

Then a boy from California added: "And I remember another quotation you used in that chapel talk, Prof! It was from the book *Yankee From Olympus*. You were telling us why Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who later became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and lived into his nineties, went to war. He was a sophomore in Harvard when the Civil War came. He could have paid a substitute and sent a man to the war in his place, for that was the generally accepted social custom and expectation. But young Holmes, in spite of the fact that he came from a wealthy family and could have paid a substitute, went himself, was wounded three times, and still survived to become one of our great statesmen and jurists. Later in life, after it was all over, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was telling some friends why he made that choice. You used his explanation in your chapel talk that morning also. I shall never forget it, for it struck and it stuck in my mind. I used to quote it in my talks to the soldiers in Tarawa in the hot, hard days of that invasion and victory. Here is what I remember Holmes said as you quoted it that morning in chapel: 'Life is action and passion! It is expected of a man that he share in the action and passion of his time, at penalty of being judged NOT TO HAVE LIVED!'"

"I well remember that quotation. I felt it deeply. I was only advising what I myself did in World War I and what I felt you boys ought to do. The pacifists didn't like it, I remember."

He interrupted me and added: "Boy, how you did hammer that phrase: 'AT PENALTY OF BEING JUDGED NOT TO HAVE LIVED!' Those last three words were shot out like machine gun bullets! You had a growl in your

voice that morning. I went up to my room, spent two hours alone in thinking; then got down on my knees and prayed. That phrase, 'not to have lived,' got to me! It hit something down deep inside of me. I was perfectly clear on the matter of the exemption of ministers from war. That seemed logical and right. We had to have men left to go into the ministry, to build national morale and all that! I accepted that exemption mentally. I didn't go because I felt that it was a patriotic duty. I was settled intellectually on that score."

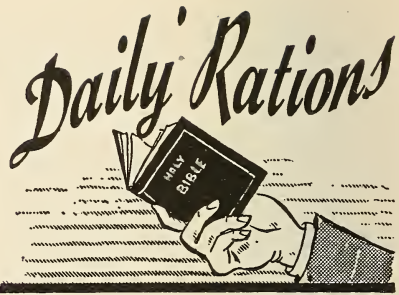
"But when I got to thinking that here was the greatest event in my day, when boys were going out there to die for me and the nation; that I was going to have to live with them all the rest of my ministerial life; that I was going to have to serve them without having had any part in that event; that got me, down deep inside, and I said to myself: 'By George, after this war is over they're not going to be able to say of me that I had no part in the "action and passion" of the greatest event of my day. They're not going to be able to get me into any position where I would be "Judged NOT TO HAVE LIVED!"' So I up and went and I thank God that I did!"

That story was a benediction on the evening's comradeship. All went home with a deep feeling of satisfaction and new consecration for our tasks of peace ahead—better prepared by experience.

---

They say the world is round, and yet, it must be square; so many little hurts we get from corners here and there. We flatter those we scarcely know, we please the fleeting guest, and deal full many a thoughtless blow to those we love the best.

—*Author Unknown*



## BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

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

1. Isaiah 1 . . . . . **Perverse or Obedient?**
2. Isaiah 2 . . . . . **God Is Everywhere**
3. Isaiah 4:2-5:17 . . . . . **Woes of the Wicked**
4. Isaiah 5:18-6:13 . . . . . **I Saw the Lord**
5. Isaiah 7 . . . . . **Christ Foretold**
6. Isaiah 9 . . . . . **He Brings Joy**
7. Isaiah 11:12 . . . . . **The Lord's Righteous Reign**
8. Isaiah 26 . . . . . **Trust His Protection**
9. Isaiah 28 . . . . . **The Word of the Lord**
10. Isaiah 31:1-32:8 . . . . . **God Changes Man**
11. Isaiah 40 . . . . . **The Voice of Good Tidings**
12. Isaiah 41:1-20 . . . . . **Be Not Dismayed**
13. Isaiah 49:1-12 . . . . . **Salvation for All**
14. Isaiah 52 . . . . . **Cheerful Words**
15. Isaiah 53 . . . . . **The Servant of God**
16. Isaiah 55 . . . . . **Offered Free**
17. Isaiah 58 . . . . . **Dare to Do Right**
18. Isaiah 60 . . . . . **Glory for You**
19. Isaiah 61; 62 . . . . . **Rebuilders**
20. Isaiah 65 . . . . . **Holier Than Thou**
21. Proverbs 1:1-19 . . . . . **Hear the Instruction**
22. Proverbs 1:20-33 . . . . . **A Call to Be Wise**
23. Proverbs 2 . . . . . **Security and Virtue**
24. Proverbs 3:1-18 . . . . . **Trust and Obey**
25. Proverbs 3:19-35 . . . . . **Wisdom Has Rewards**
26. Proverbs 4:1-9; 20-27 . . . . . **Father to Son**
27. Proverbs 5:1-6; 15-23  
     **The Voice of Experience**
28. Proverbs 6:6-23 . . . . . **I Warned You**
29. Proverbs 8:1-21 . . . . . **Come up Higher**
30. Proverbs 12:1-15 . . . . . **It Works**
31. Proverbs 13:1-7; 20-25 . . . . . **A Wise Son**



**B**ROODING over the awesome and awful sights of dismemberment, witnessed in the Texas City disaster, my heart has been heavy and sick for the sake of those relatives whose religion demanded that the body be intact, or buried in some especially intimate spot, or with ceremonial attention to the body itself. "For the things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal." This may be one of the reasons why the method of disposal of the corporal body after death has seemed so insignificant, so wholly secondary. Irrelevant as it may at first appear, my brooding was lifted and carried away because of a small short note simply addressed to "Voice of the People" from one who signed herself merely "An Irish Lady." I quote:

"We were talking of dogs, beloved dogs, who stoutly proved themselves 'man's best friend.' One old lady queried anxiously: 'But if a faithful and beloved dog dies, where is the best place to bury him?'—Someone suggested a spot beneath a 'shady peach or cherry tree, or a flowering shrub.' And I sat very still and I smiled. 'There is,' I said to myself, 'but one best place to bury a faithful friend, man or beast. The one best place is deep in the heart of the one who loves him. There he will remain—at peace, and safe and secure through all the years.'"

Which seems to the writer the best of all possible answers.

Ten years ago there was another tragedy, this also in Texas, which shocked the entire country with its horror. It happened at New London when a school house blew up from accumulated gas fumes, killing hundreds of young school children. A little poem, penned impulsively at the time, seems equally appropriate today. For while "Tomorrow" may not always be a "lovely day," it is always a healing one:

*Numbered almost beyond belief*

*Are those acquainted, now, with grief;  
Crucified and spent with strain,  
Bowed down, they fraternize with  
Pain.*

*The souls of children hover there*

*To consecrate the piteous air;  
(May God, who fashioned us of dust,  
Mature our faith, preserve our trust!)*

*Upon this searing flame of sorrow*

*Pile on Tomorrow and Tomorrow,  
Until Time's patient, healing breath  
Cools this crucible of Death.*

Yes, the things that are seen are temporal—the things that are unseen, like the citadels we build of our devotion, deep in our hearts, are "eternal."

—MARK CRANE

---

## The Gadget Maker

*(Continued from page 8)*

he presented the model of his contraption to his youthful appearance. He was fourteen at the time and admits to not having been well grounded in business experience.

Indeed, "Join the Navy and learn a trade" is a recruiting slogan hoary with age, yet it may be that industrialists can well look to Navy veterans for the ideas and machines of the future.

# "A Z You Were!"

## WATCHFULNESS

THE cartoonist portrays this soldier as an illustration of a certain type of watchfulness which is obvious. In this matter of watchfulness for woman companionship there is the kind that is most commendable. Without it there would be few happy marriages, and happy marriages are the basis of good homes which are the foundation and hope of the country. On the other hand there is watchfulness which finds expression in unbecoming and insulting remarks that may ostracize the one making them from the society of young ladies of unimpeachable reputation and character. A coarse and rude remark by some thoughtless, unrefined, and discourteous person may cause a whole group of fine, gentlemanly service men to be regarded with suspicion. One drunken soldier staggering down the street may give a whole company a bad name and one discourteous and ill-mannered remark to a lady may accomplish a similar result.

The good football player is watchful for an opportunity to make a touchdown. The watchman aboard a ship appreciates the fact that unless he is faithful the enemy unseen and not reported may launch a surprise attack. The soldier on guard, the observer on land, at sea, or in the air must be a faithful watchman.



"Hey, Honey! What are you doing tonight?"

Without faithful watchfulness there may be the surprise attack and defeat.

And let it be impressed that the good soldier of Christ is a faithful watchman for both God and Country. He watches that he may discover new ideas, new techniques that will make for greater efficiency in service. He watches his step that he may prove to be a worthy example to others. He watches for opportunities to persuade men to enlist in the army of the Lord.

Seldom does a motorist fail to observe the road signs. Unless he watches for them diligently he knows what may happen to him. There are "Go, Stop, Go Right, Do Not Enter," and so forth. But there are other road signs. Let us watch for those which the Lord has placed along the pathway of life. There are many "Go" signs. "Go ye therefore and teach all nations. . . . Go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. . . . Go thou and do likewise." Let us watch for the Lord's "Go" signs and be on the go for God and Country.

There is God's "Stop" sign. Watch for it. My father depressed and overwhelmed with sorrow, was walking in a wood. He was engaged in serious

thought. Suddenly he heard a voice. It said, "Halt, right about face. Follow Christ!" My father stopped. He went no further in the way of the world. Seeking forgiveness, and with the spirit to forgive those who had wronged him, he directed his way Christward; and the darkness that had over-shadowed him turned to marvelous light. My comrades, if you are in the wrong way, the one thing to do is to stop and go right.

There is God's "Go right" sign. The real leader, when assured that he is right, goes ahead, even though alone. Some go the way of least resistance, the popular way; but the good soldier of God and Country goes the way that he knows is right.

There is God's sign, "Do not enter." Watch for it. A soldier was about to enter a place of vice when God spoke to him saying, "Do not enter," and he did not for the Holy Spirit prevailed. Victorious over temptation, this man came to my office to confess his sins and to enlist in the service of Christ. The prayer service that we had together, I shall never forget. That soldier's prayer seemed to open all avenue for the inflow of heavenly light and peace.

"So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the work at my mouth, and warn them from me." Read Ezekiel 33.

—CHAPLAIN ALVA J. BRASTED



## DO YOU KNOW YOUR BASEBALL CLUBS?

By STANLEY G. GRAYOVSKI

Scattered about the letter field below are a number of baseball teams of the 3 largest leagues. From your box seat see how many you can recognize through the use of their nicknames. Start with any letter and continue with letters that adjoin above, below, or at the corners. Letters may be used as double ones, and as many times as necessary. For example, if you start with "Y" in the third line down you'll be able to recognize the New York YANKEES.

A good fan will recognize at least 12 teams. (For answers see page 32.)

|   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| K | S | R | O | I | H |
| E | N | V | T | G | W |
| R | Y | A | E | D | O |
| O | L | B | R | S | T |
| B | S | P | I | N | O |
| C | U | G | D | A | X |

# I Dare You to Become a Christian!

By Leslie G. Kennon

(Yokohama, Japan)

I ENTERED the United States Army in May, 1946, and since that time I've learned more about what Christianity and living a Christian life means than I had ever known before. I was always a believer in the doctrines of the Church, but when I took the vow as a Christian, I hadn't the slightest idea of the obligations that went with it. Of course, then I thought I knew, but after the first week in the Army, I realized just how little I did know.

Like any boy who has been in the service, I have met people of all types, colors, and religions. I've met successes and failures, dreamers and workers, Christians and professed Christians.

I've been told many times how "tough" one had to be to get drunk every night; listened to men brag that they could hold more whiskey than the other men; and listened to them describe their sins, trying to out-do the other, as if it were something to be extremely proud of.

After talking to many of these men personally, even they admit that it is easy to submit to the wiles of the devil, but extremely hard to overcome temptations. I would like to challenge anyone to try to be a real Christian for just one week, and then I dare him to say "it's easy." I mean a "real" Christian; not just a professed Christian. There

are many hypocrites; many who profess Christ, but were they persecuted for this belief would, like Peter, immediately deny Christ as their Lord.

No, I dare them to follow the true Christian's creed; to read the Bible; to talk with God; to stand up against anyone and say, "I am not ashamed of my Lord." Is it a "weak man" who can overcome the temptation of life?

It has been said that religion is only for "women and children and weak-minded men." Were Martin Luther, George W. Truett, and the thousands of men who have given their lives for Christ weak-minded men? And, was Christ Himself a weak-minded Man? I dare you to ask yourselves if you could stand the horrible torture that the Lord stood. Would you give up your life to save others? Would you dare to let soldiers drive nails into your hands and feet, knowing that you could be cleared of the charges if you but denied God? Would you dare let all this happen and yet not deny Him?

Only the persons who have known the torture, the pain, the waiting, the tension, can realize how our Lord must have suffered.

So, I ask you, is Christianity easy? I dare you to become a Christian and answer that question yourself.

---

## Simple Rules for Keeping Happy

Don't keep looking at the present, lest life become monotonous.

Don't keep looking in the past, lest you become despondent.

Don't keep looking toward the future, lest you become fearful.

Just—Keep Looking Up!

—Mary Sanders

# The Gist of The Bible



By ALVIN E. BELL, D.D.

## FIRST AND SECOND THESSALONIANS —THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

THE First Epistle to the Thessalonians is the earliest of the New Testament books, written in the year 52, or early in the year 53, a few months after Paul was driven from Thessalonica by the bitter persecution which attended the establishment of the church there.

This persecution continued to harass the little band of Christians whom Paul had won from gentile idolatry at Thessalonica, and Paul caused Timothy to return to them to encourage them. Upon Timothy's rejoining Paul at Corinth and reporting to him the steadfastness of their faith under trial, Paul wrote this letter to express his thanksgiving over their "work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope."

The outstanding theme of both the letters to the Thessalonians is the second advent of Jesus Christ. This is the hope which Paul held up to sustain them under persecution.

He commends them for the way they have "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and to wait for his Son from Heaven." He asks what is his hope, or joy, or crown, or rejoicing, and answers, that it is them-

selves "in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming." His prayer was that they might be established "unblamable in Holiness before God at the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ with his saints."

But the Thessalonians were troubled lest their loved ones who had died would not share in the joy and the glory of Christ's coming. Therefore, Paul wrote to comfort them "concerning them which are asleep," and to assure them that those who were alive at the coming of the Lord should have no advantage over the Christian dead, for at the coming of Christ "the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." This is the keynote, and represents the purpose of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians.

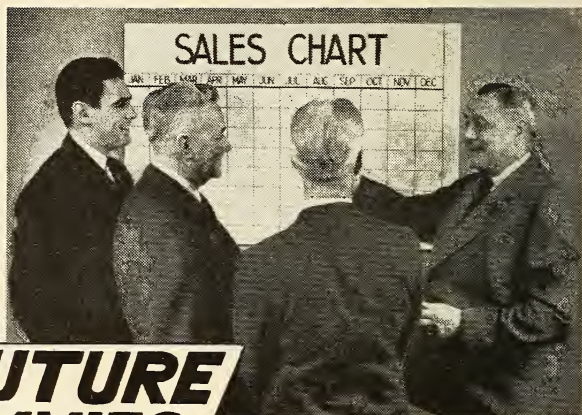
The Second Epistle was written within a few months after the first to correct a misunderstanding they had received either from the first letter or from a spurious letter of some false teacher who wrote "an epistle as from Paul."

The false teachers at Thessalonica were doing just what they are still doing in our midst today. They were interpreting the second coming of Christ in the light of calendars and almanacs instead of in the light of Christ's own words about it. They had a mania for date-setting then as some have with us still. They regarded "the day of the Lord as now present," and their persecution as a part of the great tribulation which Christ had foretold would attend his advent.

Paul's second letter, therefore, is corrective and foretells the delay of Christ's advent and the series of events

*(Continued on page 37)*

**Insurance  
and  
Real Estate**



*Jobs* **FUTURE**  
*for* **CIVVIES**

**THE NICHE FOR THE MAN  
WITH SALESMANSHIP ABILITY**

**By M. R. LINGENFELTER**

**C**ONTINUING from our July article, we'll tell you about the unique work of one realtor in the suburban Philadelphia area. First, though, is a message from this successful man to LINK readers, chiefly on qualifications and training.

"Most helpful to me," he said, "was early training in freehand and mechanical drawing, and later experience in drafting, surveying, and agriculture. Tell your readers to get all the training they can in writing, composition, and public speaking. A job on a newspaper as reporter or ad writer will be invaluable not only in learning to express themselves but in discovering what people want. In this business you need to know as much as possible about human nature.

"About qualifications?" he went on, "A clear mind, ability to analyze the needs of prospects and to explain the use of the property in relation to these needs are most important. There must

be steadfastness of purpose and the ability to fight on with no retreat when they undertake a big deal."

Here is the promised story of this man's "big deal" which is aiding young service and ex-service men and others to find homes in the country. Just before the war, he was with a large insulation firm which brought him in contact with many home owners—many defense workers who were doing back-breaking, tedious work. Most of these workers seemed to have one hope ahead—the desire to invest their savings in a small farm. Our friend decided to stake his own resources in helping these people realize their dreams.

Farming had long been his chief hobby so he started his venture buying a fairly large tract of land and offering it in small farms. In the snow and sleet of early spring he quickly sold every tract and immediately bought a larger farm. The local real estate board, officers of his company, and the bank from which he requested a loan to carry on all discouraged him.



"Costs of surveying, putting in roads, planting trees will take all your profits," they insisted.

"Give me two weeks to show a profit," he asked the bank official.

In two weeks he went back with contracts enough to have a surplus. The loan was granted. From that day on, this man's work has continued in sharing with others his own enjoyment of the land and his belief in what association with the land can do for people.

"You should hear the comments of my buyers," he told me, "especially the women. They say they feel a greater sense of security, that their little plots of earth seem to bind the family closer together, that they are confident they have a firmer foundation upon which to develop their family life.

"For the price of a lot in town," he continued, "these young home-builders can secure a small farm and, in natural surroundings, raise fruit, berries, and vegetables which will insure better health for their families and may add to their incomes. Furthermore, there will be space for play and no longer will they lead blighted lives because they cannot enjoy the benefits of close fellowship with nature."

Our friend feels that such a venture as his should be undertaken in the outskirts of every large city. He has shown that it can be done on a rather small initial investment. Of course it means taking the same chances as any merchant that his stock will appeal to his customers and that he can satisfy them. To do this he advises study of civil engineering, working with a surveyor. Then, if you are good at sales work, conscientious, dependable and *able to manage yourself*, you should connect with a reliable realtor on a commissions basis to get the benefit of the older man's experience.

"Tell them not to be too eager to get out on their own," was his final word of caution. "They must grow with their business and it is easy to overstep themselves and have the business outgrow them. To me, the greatest joy is seeing satisfied customers exercising their right to enjoy God's creation of the earth."

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE—haven't you seen these words combined in two-thirds of the real estate windows? It is easy to guess the reason, for when people buy homes and furnish them, protection is needed for these investments; hence fire insurance and "extended coverage" to include such items as storm or explosion damage, falling airplanes and such. Liability and burglary insurance are often purchased.

Among the forms of insurance in which you may find a job opportunity are: fire, theft, automobile, farm and the large field of life insurance. To be successful in any of these lines you will need all the qualifications outlined for salesmen in an earlier article. Particularly important are appearance, personality, and a persuasive manner. Good judgment and the desire to be of service to others are likewise essential—as is good sense of the everyday garden variety. Here are a few questions you might answer: Do you like people? Can you influence people? *Can you manage yourself?* Do you believe in insurance?

Fortunately for the person who cannot afford a college education, this is a field he may enter without a diploma as guarantee of his knowledge. Academic training of some sort beyond high school will be helpful, however, as college men are joining the ranks of insurance in ever-increasing numbers. Moreover, that college training will be an asset if you expect to rise to administrative positions in your company. Nowadays only the exceptional person reaches the highest

executive positions without a degree—and of course that will be your ultimate aim.

For a career as insurance salesman, the best courses to pursue in college are: psychology, economics, commercial law, sociology, and finance, as well as special courses in salesmanship and business methods. If you have had the usual liberal arts course in college, you may supplement it with extension or correspondence courses. In addition you will get the training in the organization for which you will be working.

In addition to selling policies, insurance agents act as insurance counselors to their clients. The good of the client should always be the first consideration; the amount of the commission secondary. There are opportunities for advancement from the position of insurance agent to supervising and executive positions, and of course there is always the possibility of opening an insurance agency of your own.

If you are successful in this field and have the right attitude toward it you will find the same satisfaction as the person who said: "At the end of each month and year, there is the feeling that estates have been created through your activity; that dependents will be comfortable because of your initiative; that people who meet adverse circumstances will have financial reserves because of your forethought; that people who reach retirement age will have guaranteed incomes which they never would have had if you had not shown them how, and urged them to action."

Group insurance has made a difference in selling annuity contracts and retirement income endowments in recent years. This type of insurance is issued to a large number of employers to protect the lives of employees, or it may be a joint proposition in which the em-

ployer pays part of the premium, the employee the remainder. In cases where the employee pays the entire premium, reduced rates may be offered if a certain number participate in the plan. This sort of insurance may cover accidents and sickness as well as life or retirement annuities.

A person who hopes to win success in this type of insurance selling will need special qualifications. Force as a public speaker will be vitally important. It will not be easy to win the approval of a large group of workers by means of a sales talk from an auditorium platform. Furthermore, you will need a thorough knowledge of business so that you can meet both employers and workers on their own ground.

Insurance agents usually work on a commission basis; thus their opportunities for earning are limited only by their ability and initiative. We were given an enlightening income chart by one large company which showed earning possibilities of a typical agent over an eight-year period, especially indicating how rapidly his income would increase through renewal of policies. One who earned \$2,500 in his first year on first commissions would presumably earn in the following year, through new commissions and renewal of previous policies, \$3,000. In his third year, he could expect \$3,500; in the fourth, \$4,000; until in his eighth year his income might well be \$7,000. Exceptional men earn from \$10,000 to \$25,000. We have been told that a superior insurance agent may earn more than in any other line of business.

The small leaflet from this company emphasized our point that here are rewards beyond cash returns, as it stated that "the modern insurance man is more than a mere salesman. In every sense he is a professional man and shares

responsibilities for the welfare of his clients with doctors and lawyers. As he progresses, he sees growing evidences of the value and essential character of his work. Because of him, widows will be enabled to keep their homes and spend their time in the upbringing of their children. Young men and women will achieve security for their retirement years; death of a partner will not force the liquidation of a going business concern; estates will not suffer undue shrinkage by taxation."

Among other advantages in this business are: variety in selling many types of insurance, doing business with the kind of people you like who may become life-long friends, the constant stimulus of contact with your agency associates and home office representatives, contests to be won, extra cash awards, and opportunities for growth in knowledge and efficiency. Another advantage often mentioned is the fact that you will not be tied to a desk but this may be offset by long uncertain hours. Much of the work may necessarily be done at night, since agents are usually forbidden to interview prospects while they are at work.

Many companies are offering training and assistance to new salesmen. The company from which we quoted above has an excellent sales training course which every representative is expected to complete. Theory in this course is confined to minimum essentials; emphasis centers on preparation for the daily tasks of successful life insurance selling.

"Nothing is left to chance," we were told, "when the beginner is fitted to undertake actual sales work, he does so under supervision and with the assistance of his general agent, manager, or a field supervisor. Ironing out difficulties and completing initial sales is their personal responsibility, and this does not

cease until the new man is firmly established and well able to proceed without supervision. Even after he becomes a "seasoned" producer, sales aids will be furnished from the Home Office."

In large organizations, such as this one, new men are constantly added to its official and supervisory personnel, both in the field and home office. Preference is given to men in the ranks in filling positions that develop, either by reason of promotion or natural growth of the company.

Other home office jobs are underwriter, actuary, accountant, auditor, medical examiner, and insurance counsel. Of course, there are such office jobs as bookkeeper and business machines operator in all offices. Let's look at two or three of these jobs. The medical examiner, himself a doctor of medicine, examines applicants to see if they are safe risks for the company, physically. The underwriter checks answers given in applications for policies and on supplementary reports on the applicant, and analyzes them as good or bad risks. Decisions on granting, denying, or cancelling policies are often based on this worker's reports. The work of an actuary is especially important as it furnishes the very basis for his company's operations. This is a highly specialized job, concerned entirely with life insurance mathematics and statistics, for which years of training are required.

Among outside jobs in an agency, in addition to salesmen, are inspector, adjuster, collector, and broker. The inspector investigates applications for insurance in order to prevent unsound risks.

Your author had a lucky break in visiting the Educational Division of the Institute of Life Insurance at 60 East 42nd Street, New York City. Helpful suggestions were made concerning the

information which should be passed on to you in this article. The point was stressed that you could only safely expect to combine general insurance with a real estate business.

"Life insurance selling is a full-time job and can become a most satisfying career," the educational director insisted. He told us about an insurance class at Columbia University in which the students had been asked to write stories of individuals they knew who had been helped by life insurance. Among the stories handed in were several which told about parents who had left life insurance policies to provide college training for their children. "That is one of the best experiences a life insurance salesman can have," our director told us, "and it is equally gratifying to hear about widows with young children who have been saved from going out to earn a living for the youngsters."

And then he showed us another Columbia student's story which told of a father's sudden death, leaving a young widow with a boy seven and a girl four. His insurance made it possible for the mother to remain at home to care for the children. As soon as both were in school during the day the mother took courses in beauty culture. Now she has her own business, a home fully paid for and both children well along in school.

"It is difficult to say," the student added to this story, "just how much worry and sacrifice this family would have had to endure if it were not for the insurance policy purchased by the thoughtful father soon after their marriage."

A dozen or more such stories indicated that these students saw a good deal more in this career than just the idea of making money. In a pamphlet issued by this Institute of Life Insur-

ance, *A Career in Life Insurance*, adds these words:

"You will be performing work of very definite benefit to your fellow men, work of which you can be proud, and you will find that the ambition and enthusiasm of your associates is contagious. For the right person a career in life insurance offers opportunities for liberal earnings, independence, happiness in the work, services which are of social importance, and the dignity of a profession."

The vocational adviser of this Institute presented us with a copy of their *Aptitude Index* which is used throughout the profession to measure aptitude for life insurance selling. She was anxious that people who take this test should realize that the index will "not state definitely whether or not you can and will make a success in life insurance; but it will tell you what your relative chances of success are. In different agencies, men with high aptitude are from five to ten or even twenty times as likely to become star salesmen as are those with low aptitude scores."

In addition to their own pamphlet, which you may secure by writing to the address previously given, the following readings were suggested:

*Career Underwriting—A Life Work.*

Life Insurance Management Assn., Hartford, Conn. 1942. 63 pages.

*Life Career Opportunities for Veterans.*

Pictorial Publishers, Inc. K. of P. Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind. 1946. 67 pages.

*Modern Opportunities in Life Insurance.*

Curtis Lamb, C.L.U.—Printed Ideas, Inc., 401 42nd St., Des Moines 12, Iowa.

*The Life Insurance Career.* Life Insurance Management Assn., Hartford, Conn. 1945. 23 pages.



By **ALTON E. SMITH**

**L**ACKADAISICALLY placing one foot before the other, I followed the newly imprinted embroidery of a jeep tire track. Suddenly, a black bird covered with speckles of coral dust flew from an opaque enclosure surrounded by trees, squawking shrilly, iniquitously. This distraction aroused my curiosity, and I wandered from the coral path in through the cluster of trees. Secluded here was an abandoned native village consisting of five grass huts partially destroyed, by expert gunners, no doubt.

The natives did not need to concern themselves about rebuilding their primitive huts, for the government had secured more suitable, durable residences for them. At present, these folk are living in centralized villages with their own form of government, and at least fifty per cent are residing in quonset huts left deserted by home-going veterans. The other half of the population live in primitive traditional style—grass huts, caves.

Originally "the Gouks" had settled in the valleys of their island.

As I emerged from the scene of total warfare, I continued my adventure. By dwelling in the lowlands, the Okinawans were protected on this island of despair, protected from ravishing

typhoons, climactic tidal waves and other repetitious weather hazards.

I saw clearly, as I stood on a pathway spiraling a hilltop, the fertile land beneath me in the distance richly, proudly giving birth to newly planted paddy rice drowned in aquatic serenity.

The land, lacking water, was producing a variety of other crops, and as I turned, this was the picture which confronted me. These fields also required intensive subsistence farming. I saw the natives working in these patches with crude, homemade implements—hoes, shovels, and picks. Sweet potatoes, carrots, and squash seemed to be the vegetables of their pride and joy. I remember an Okinawan translator once telling me that sweet potatoes to the Okinawans are as tasty as ice cream is to Americans.

Noisily cluttering the sky above the workers and this interested spectator were groups of fighter planes carrying out a practice mission. The natives watched the spectacle with unintelligible contemplation; however, the humming of motors was becoming a sound of indoctrination to them. They know these American wing men are protection for them, and their faces are illuminated when you speak with assurance and tell them of their continued safety on their homeland.

In the evening, three of my friends and I strolled toward the sea, the China Sea, where we would eventually find a level piece of coral rock extending out into the sky-blue water, and sit watching the sunset. The tide was almost in, and the sun's glorious setting rays were blittering upon the silky, majestic sea.

The picturesque sunsets on Okinawa are comparable to, and even surpass, in my opinion, the kodacolor and photogravure sections of any American publication. They are beautiful. Serene. God-given.

My feet dangled limply over the edge of the coral rock on which I was sitting contentedly dreaming of home—Ohio, to be exact. Lake Erie. Perch. Baby tuna were aimlessly, playfully darting for protection from one stone to the other, obviously hiding from either birds of prey or our own shadows extending over their aquatic playground.

A crane some distance from me glided to the shore, proficiently executing the perfection of a highly skilled aviator in grounding his plane. The bird privately displayed its pomp and skill in catching juicy insects to eat.

Behind us were three native fishermen preparing their supper of stew. Careful investigation showed that their stew consisted of diced vegetables flavored with meat. The meat is rationed to the Okinawans by the government. Bubbling and boiling in the large iron kettle,

the stew filled the air with an unfamiliar aroma. Near by were baked potatoes which were to be used as a substitute for bread at the Okinawan earthen table. The men sat awkwardly with their legs crossed, munching on infant tomatoes which were the size of American crab apples.

It was gradually growing dark. I recognized a row of banana trees ahead of us as we were walking toward our area. Tiny bunches of bananas were clinging to the bulky tree trunks shaded and caressed by enormous leaves shaped like ironing boards.

The Gouks are an unusual people, I thought, as I reclined comfortably in my bed after "lights out." Theirs is a simple, dull life, but being the only life they know, it seemingly is abundant with pleasantries, artistic dexterity (pottery, weaving and painting) and sociability.

I have yet to hear a cry uttered from an Okinawan child. The child is frightened slightly at the newness of American applications when they are applied to a cut, but he will bravely take his medicine with a smile of unflinching gratitude.

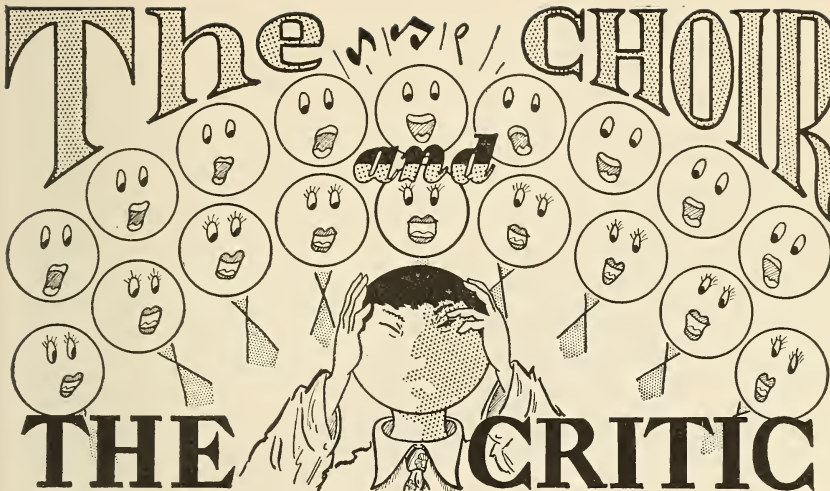
Life at Okinawa continues with the aid of Americanism and democracy. Seasoned by these two elements, the living of these people will in the future unquestionably acquire a more tolerable and pleasant flavor.

#### ANSWERS TO BASEBALL QUIZ

You should find the following 15 baseball teams in the letter box on Page 23.

1. BEARS—Newark; 2. BISON—Buffalo; 3. BRAVES—Boston; 4. CUBS—Chicago; 5. DODGERS—Brooklyn; 6. GIANTS—New York; 7. INDIANS—Cleveland; 8. PIRATES—Pittsburgh; 9. REDS—Cincinnati; 10. RED SOX—Boston; 11. ROYALS—Montreal; 12. SENATORS—Washington; 13. TIGERS—Detroit; 14. WHITE SOX—Chicago; 15. YANKEES—New York.

# The CHOIR



## THE CRITIC

By LIDA BARR

WE had practiced and practiced to make the Mud Lake concert worthy of our reputation as the best choir in Labrador. We didn't know, however, that our performance—no matter how well-rehearsed—was to be charmingly sabotaged by the reactions of a captivating young critic.

Our musical organization wasn't exactly a heavenly choir of celestial voices; it was an amateur chorus of GI bass and tenor and WAC alto and soprano. What we lacked in talent, though, we made up in spirit. The isolation of our base increased the necessity of utilizing all gifts, however meager. Besides singing up front every Sunday we went all out on special occasions with choral responses and semi-complicated anthems. We even experimented with processionals, recessionals and with the help of the band, fancy obbligatos.

The congregation that perforce patronized our music was largely in uniform. But the most appreciative, out of all proportion to its numbers, was the non-

military group—a few regular visitors from a small settlement not far from the base by dog team in winter—farther by boat in summer. Whatever the season, they came.

Their reports back to their friends must have been glowing, for with spring's thaw and melting of the river there came an invitation for the choir to visit their mission at Mud Lake for an afternoon of music. Our chaplain, whom they regarded as their pastor, accepted at once; we were flattered beyond words to go "on tour."

Plans were made for the expedition for the first likely Sunday afternoon. Our preparations consisted of learning selections which were known to be favorites of our hosts, working hard to soft-pedal some of our most glaring mistakes, getting the field organ out to go, and raiding the mess hall for loads of Spam sandwiches. We were a hungry outfit.

We assembled at our rendezvous on the banks of the Hamilton River and

sweated out our prearranged passage to Mud Lake. We hadn't long to wait until we boarded a weather-beaten old craft—a sealing boat—and sailed to a sparse community located on a remote inlet. That was Mud Lake.

It was a surprise to us to find the chapel so picturesque—truly a “little church in the wildwood” situated as it was among the pines on sub-Arctic muskeg. Someone rang the bell, and as it pealed, out came whole families of Labradorians from their diminutive houses concealed in the woods. In no time at all the pews were filled with men in white shirts and blue trousers and women and children slicked up, too, in their Sunday best.

In typical formation, the small boys crowded into the front seats and stern parents cast a straight look in the direction of one if he wiggled excessively. A young individualist, dressed in a much-too-large white shirt and blue pants and tiny mukluks, chose to sit all by himself on the very front pew. He turned out to be the music-lover that undermined our efforts.

With simple preliminaries the service began, and the choir, all in Class A, arose in the front of the church to sing our first “all request” program. With dignity befitting the church and the sober countenances of the members of the congregation, we solemnly commenced our recital with the *Gloria Patri*. The director had no room to stand in front of us—he hoped we'd begin and end at relatively the same time.

The choir was face-to-face with the lone little boy in the big white shirt. His rapt and angelic expression during the first number led us to believe he was in tune with all the saints on high. He seemed entranced; he didn't move; he was an unexpected inspiration.

At the first notes of the second song

a sudden change came over our devotee. He clapped his hands tightly over his ears and thrashed his short legs. The emphatic way in which he deliberately shut himself off from our singing couldn't be overlooked or underestimated. It was an exhibition that, translated into the GI language, said, “Your music—it stinks!” It was as if he had given us an audition and we had sung each part in a different key.

A ripple of muffled laughs went through the choir and the almost inspection-like formality we had presented began to ease. There were noticeable skips in the bass as a soldier in the back row allowed a chuckle to escape; the sopranos and altos in front bore the brunt of the experience as they could only giggle under disguise of coughs between numbers when the chaplain took over.

Throughout the rest of the program our juvenile judge displayed his fine sense of discrimination by relaxing his hands, which barely protruded from his voluminous sleeves, when we reached the end of a song. But when we sang again, up went the hands. To add to the convulsive effect on our troupe, at every high strained note of our shaky sopranos, he would squeeze his eyes shut as if he couldn't bear the pain any longer. His whole performance was thoroughly fascinating as it was only the manifestation of a completely uninhibited childhood, particularly little boyhood.

As the climax and last number of our concert we had planned to sing a *cappella* a simplified arrangement of Gounod's “Send Out Thy Light.” By the time we had reached that stage of the afternoon's disintegration we realized we would never make it without strong leadership past the tantalizing performance of the young man in his brother's blouse. So



we huddled together to make room for the director and with a determined approach got our pitch and attacked the opening measure of the anthem.

In its glorious life in fine churches all over the world, "Send Out Thy Light" was never sung with more concentration nor dogged attention to the singing of it than in that little Mud Lake mission that afternoon as from first one side, then the other, around the director there was peeking a small boy with his shirt buttoned over his head.

The meeting broke up with quiet comments of gratitude from the congregation. The critic slid into anonymity with the other children scampering down the paths leading from the church. As we sailed up the Hamilton toward the magnificent sunset we came to two indisputably truthful conclusions: little boys are little boys the world over and we were the worst choir in Labrador!

Answers to "GO TILL YOU GUESS"

(Questions on page 36)

1. The Christmas song at Bethlehem. Luke 2:13, 14.
2. Moses' song of the ark. Num. 10:35, 36.
3. Hannah's song of thanksgiving. I Sam. 2:1-10.
4. Mary's *Magnificat*. Luke 1:46-55.
5. David's lament over Saul and Jonathan. II Sam. 1:17-27.
6. Moses' song after the passage of the Red Sea. Ex. 15:1-18.
7. The *Benedictus* of Zacharias. Luke 1:68-79.
8. The song of Deborah and Barak. Judg. 5.
9. The song of Moses before his death. Deut. 32:1-44.
10. The *Nunc Dimittis* of Simeon. Luke 2:29-32.
11. The song of Miriam. Ex. 15:20, 21.
12. The song of David when he brought the ark to Jerusalem. I Chronicles 16:7-36.

## The Padre

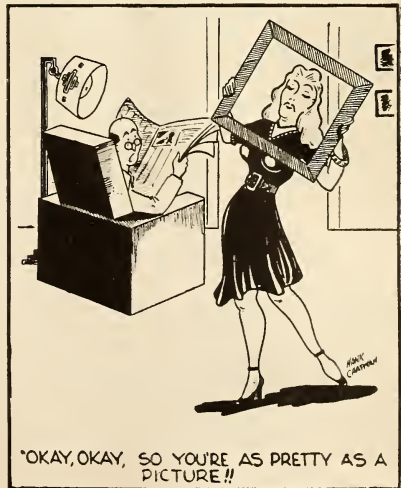
(Continued from page 16)

He had his British soup plate helmet on; on his back he carried his sack. Of course he had no gun. He carried a walking stick instead. Just as he was leaving our ship he saw me. He came over.

"Well, good-bye, old chap," he said, "and the very best of luck."

He was wishing me luck, and it was he who was about to go onto the enemy shore. I last saw him, standing amongst a group of Tommies, roaring with laughter, as the rhino headed in for the beach.

I could think of only one thing . . . good luck, Padre.



"OKAY, OKAY, SO YOU'RE AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE!!"

# *Go Till You Guess*

## A BIBLE QUIZ

© W. A. Wilde Co.

By AMOS R. WELLS

### BIBLE SONGS

(Read each description a line at a time, and *Go Till You Guess*. Your score for each item is the number of the line at which you obtained the answer and the lowest total wins. For answers see page 35.)

#### No. 1

1. This is the most famous song ever sung.
2. It was sung on the greatest of all occasions.
3. It was a birthday song.
4. It was two lines long.
5. The listeners were working men.
6. The singers were angels.

#### No. 2

1. This song, by Moses, is in two parts.
2. It is a song of departure and return.
3. It is addressed to Jehovah as connected with a very sacred receptacle.
4. It was sung during the wilderness wanderings.
5. It was an appeal for guidance and protection.

#### No. 3

1. A mother's song of the Old Testament.
2. This song declares: "Jehovah maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, he also lifteth up."
3. It was sung by a woman who had been despised and scorned.
4. It was a song of triumph over the scorner.

5. It was a hymn of gratitude for prayer wonderfully answered.

#### No. 4

1. This is the most beautiful song ever sung by a woman.
2. It celebrates the most wonderful event that ever happened to a woman.
3. The thought of the song is, "He hath exalted them of low degree."
4. The song was sung in the hill country of Judaea.
5. The song was sung in 5 B.C.

#### No. 5

1. This song celebrates the bow of a noble warrior.
2. It is one of the most beautiful of all elegies.
3. It was sung by one of the world's greatest poets.
4. It lamented the death in battle of his dearest friend.
5. It contains the lines, "Thy love to me was wonderful, Passing the love of women."

#### No. 6

1. This song celebrates the event which the Jews regarded as the most important in their history.
2. It was sung by the leader in that event.
3. The theme of the hymn is: "Jehovah is my strength and song. And he is become my salvation."
4. The song celebrates the most famous of all escapes.
5. The song was sung in the Sinai peninsula.

#### No. 7

1. This song begins in the same way as the Beatitudes.
2. It was uttered by a priest who had been dumb.

3. It was sung in the hill country of Judaea.
4. It contained the prophecy, "The day-spring from on high shall visit us."
5. It concerned the priest's son who was to be a great prophet.

#### No. 8

1. The song of a prophetess and a warrior.
2. It was sung to celebrate a victory.
3. It also celebrates the killing of a great warrior by a woman.
4. The warrior was slain with a tent-pin.
5. One line of the song is, "O my soul, march on with strength."

#### No. 9

1. The song of the lawgiver of Israel.
2. It was sung just before his death.
3. It is recorded that his successor joined him in the song.
4. Many phrases of this song are in common use, such as "the finest of the wheat," "honey out of the rock," "waxed fat, and kicked."
5. The song is found in the fifth Book of the Pentateuch.

#### No. 10

1. The song of a man who was "looking for the consolation of Israel."

2. The Holy Spirit had revealed to him that he should see the Messiah.
3. The song was sung in the temple.
4. It contained the phrase, "A light for revelation to the Gentiles."
5. It was sung before the sacrifice of "a pair of turtledoves or two young pigeons."

#### No. 11

1. The song of a prophetess after Israel's greatest deliverance.
2. The song consisted of two lines.
3. The singer used a timbrel for her accompaniment.
4. She was followed as she marched by a crowd of women dancing with timbrels.
5. The first line of the song is, "Sing ye to Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

#### No. 12

1. The song of the greatest Hebrew singer on perhaps the happiest occasion of his life.
2. The song has to do with the establishment of worship in Jerusalem.
3. It has to do with a long-lost chest.
4. In it are the words, "Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice."
5. On the conclusion of the song, "all the people said, Amen, and praised Jehovah."

## The Gist of the Bible

(Continued from page 25)

that must intervene before his coming.

He severely rebuked the "busybodies" who quit working and became a charge to others because they thought Christ was to return immediately. Paul's advice concerning these was, "If any would not work, neither should he eat."

The second coming of Christ is still "that blessed hope" of the church.

It should never be allowed to minister either to fear, as though we were not "Christ's at his coming," or to the fanaticism of setting of dates. "Of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."

# Topic TALKS



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

## THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION

*By Robert Casper Lintner*

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How should we treat unworthy and unrighteous thoughts?* (Isaiah 55:7; Zechariah 8:17)
2. *How shall we store our minds with high thinking?* (Psalm 119:11, 14-16, 18, 148; Philippians 4:8)
3. *What is the great importance of love in our lives?* (Deuteronomy 6:5; Psalm 145:20; Luke 10:27, 28; John 13:35; Romans 13:10; I John 4:7, 11, 12, 16, 18, 20, 21)
4. *If we really love God, how should it affect our attitudes toward all that is evil?* (Psalm 97:10a; 34:13, 14, 16)
5. *What is the importance of doing our best?* (Proverbs 20:11; Luke 6:46; Romans 2:6; I Corinthians 3:8; Colossians 3:17; Revelation 22:12)

- *Resource material:*

Not long ago I read a very significant statement written by Dr. Barnett R. Brickner, Rabbi of the Euclid Avenue Temple in Cleveland, Ohio. His words deserve to be passed on to you:

"To me religion is not this or that dogma—it is man thinking his highest, feeling his deepest and doing his best. The Decalogue needs not to be changed, but to be applied."

It seems to me that this is very challenging as a common statement of religious beliefs upon which men of different faiths can unite. It is a kind of least common denominator in religion. Jews and Catholics and Protestants may well unite in affirming that this underlies all that is best in their faiths.

Perhaps its chief value is that it has nothing to do with divisive dogmas but deals with the basic things that support and color whatever dogmas really matter to us where we live and work. We may well look at the rabbi's words more closely, for they will reward our consideration.

It seems to me that we are, first of all, reminded by these words that true religion calls upon our minds, our hearts and our hands. And the first of these, rather naturally, is the individual mind—your mind or mine—that must *accept* a dogma or a creed before it can mean much to us. It involves thought, reason, will. You do not wave a printed creed at a man and thereby make a Christian

of him. He becomes a Christian only when he becomes a *believer*—accepting *for himself* the dogma that you tell him is true. Let's not blink the fact that religion begins here—or it doesn't begin. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." If you do not believe, you shut the door in the face of the Christ who went to Calvary to make salvation possible for you. You slam the door upon the nail-scarred hands.

This matter of intellectual belief is what the rabbi called it—"man thinking his highest." A man who does not worship hasn't put his mind to its highest use. He may know his way around in the mazes of trigonometry and calculus but he has left the highest areas of his mind unclaimed if he has not bared his head in worship in the presence of God. A man may worship God with a prayer shawl or on a prayer rug or he may kneel before the flickering candles on a high altar, but the important thing is that a man shall dare to search out God and worship Him and think His thoughts and do His will. That calls for a *mind*. It is "man thinking his *highest*."

But religion passes out of the area of the mind and touches also the heart. It is "man feeling his deepest." A cold intellectual belief is not enough. Religion needs the heart. It needs love, without which there can be no religion worthy of the name. Religion needs emotion as well as cold reason. But reason should take care that emotion does not take the bit in its teeth and run away. Emotion can do some very strange and very irrational and very devastating things in the name of religion. Emotion burned martyrs at the stake. Emotion lies back of murder and rape and the lowest debauchery. But it lies back of the greatest music and the greatest literature and the greatest religious experiences of the race. Emotion can bless us and debase

us—depending on the kind of emotion it is, and depending also on the wisdom and power with which we control it.

Worship should be at home in both the mind and the heart. It believes in God as the mighty Creator who swung the awesome galaxies of stars in the sky and soberly formed the uncapricious laws by which the entire universe is ruled. But it also *feels* a kinship to God and reaches out to try to know Him and experience His love. It feels compassion for the unfortunate—who are also God's children—and it has a great passion to serve them—and God.

Yes, we should never leave emotion out of religion. For emotion is back of love and pity and forgiveness and mercy and the highest forms of worship. It is back of the terrific and beautiful thing we call sacrifice. And it is in a Christian's heart when he remembers how weak and frail and blundering he is—and then realizes how the Father reaches out in sheer love and pity to draw him closer to Himself! Man "feels his deepest" in the presence of God!

Dogma is good, but it needs to find the warmth of a heart that feels deeply about the most vital things in the universe—the things that dogmas at their best are hardly able to explain. And both heart and mind need willing hands to work out the things that matter so much to us that we *think* them *and feel* them.

So Rabbi Brickner does well to remind us of that third element in religion, wherein man should be concerned with "doing his best." How else can we be worthy of the Master Workman of the race? We can hardly be worthy otherwise of the One who said to the rich young ruler, "This *do*, and thou shalt *live*."

The final imperative, you see, after head and heart have done their best, is to go out and DO the best we know. *That crowns all creeds and compulsions!*

- *Subject for group discussion:*

## LIVING BY THE BIBLE

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Is it still important for us to study the Bible in order to avoid error?* (Matthew 22:29; Luke 24:27; John 5:39)
2. *Why do we claim that the Bible is divinely inspired?* (II Timothy 3:16)
3. *Can we be sure the Bible will abide?* (I Peter 1:24, 25)
4. *With what spirit should we read and study our Bible?* (Psalm 85:8)
5. *What may we say is the chief purpose and glory of the Bible?* (John 3:16; John 20:30, 31)

- 
- *Resource material:*

Perhaps you heard or read of the young Chinese boy who had become a Christian. He was talking about his new experience to a friend, and he used this strange statement: "I am now reading the Bible, *and behaving it.*"

But we shouldn't laugh at that! The boy was having difficulty with this strange English language, but he was giving us something to think about—*and something to shoot at!*

He meant, of course, that he was really trying to *live* the Bible—to live by it—to act out in his daily life what the Bible taught him. *What a man-sized job that was!*

Can you and I really say we have had outstanding success in this same endeavor? Or have we stood aghast at the difficulties that face us and have we decided not to work too hard at it? The Chinese lad, in the full flush of his Christian zeal, was still caught up in the glamor of it. But let's hope he never forsakes the gleam, even when he has discovered how hard his quest is.

If you and I could sit down and counsel with that lad, we might save him some later embarrassment and disillusionment by telling him certain things that he should know. If he—and others as new in faith and experience as he—must find these things out alone it will be hard.

For one thing, he and others like him need to know that some things in the Bible have been set aside, and these things do not need to be "behaved" by any Christian. Such, for instance, is the old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." That is *retaliation*, and Jesus showed us that it has no part whatever in a Christian's life. Jesus preached instead that we should turn the other cheek if someone strikes us in the face.

Let's sum up this phase of our discussion by saying that Jesus did not hesitate to show that his teachings surpassed and even set aside some of the things that Moses had taught. One memorable day He said these words:

"Moses said, but I say. . . ." So He swept aside the retaliatory things and the other matters that were now outdated. The ancient sacrificial system of the Old Testament is never given recognition by the Master. He drove from the temple those who were selling doves and other commodities of the sacrificial system. He tried His best to make it clear that He was not interested in a system but in *a way to live*. He taught us to pray to God as *our Father*. We do not need a priest to stand between us and our Father. We do not need any elaborate system of sacrifices and ritual when we come to our Father in a spirit of true worship. Jesus drew the curtain on some things in the Old Testament that were clearly the product of an earlier day. They had no claim upon His people after He came to set them free from what had been only preliminary and preparatory. We must never forget that.

Another thing that the Chinese boy will discover—if someone doesn't tell him first—is that Jesus dealt with principles. He did not give us minute prescriptions for all the minor infections and ills and inadequacies that we shall face. Let us put it this way: He gave us a multiplication table—not a thousand different problems in addition and subtraction, with a cumbersome table of answers in the back of the book. He gave us the principles by which you and I—and the Chinese boy—can "behave" so well that people we live with will know that we have been reading the Bible.

If we remember *this* we shall be saved from the disappointment of not finding an answer, in black and white, to each of our daily problems. The general who commands a great army on a foreign soil will never be able to recall a class-room lecture in logistics that

told him *exactly* what he should do to meet a specific situation that could not have been in the mind of the class-room instructor. But if the instructor did his work well in the military academy, the graduate who became a general will have had abundant opportunity to test out *principles*, so that on that day, with unforeseen details, he will understand which principle to apply in order to solve his problem and save as many of his men as possible.

What are some of the principles that the Chinese boy will discover as he "behaves" the Bible? One of the first is that the Christian life is always *a brotherly life*. God made us to be His children. We are therefore brothers and sisters. That is why we are to forgive each other countless times. What is important to see is that our tiny family circle is swallowed up in the family of God. It is not a matter of hating one and loving another. That is why the Christian is to abhor aggressive warfare.

Another principle is that love is above all other laws in the realm of the spirit. Love links us to God and proves that we are His. "God is love." *That* is why we must not hate. *That* is why we must love our neighbor as ourself—not because we are told to do so in the Old Testament and in the New, but because that is the only way we can keep our sonship to God unsullied.

Another principle is that we must always choose what is true and what is good—not because some rule says we should but *because we are made for that!* If we choose the false instead of the true—or the wicked instead of the good—we have put a veil between ourself and God. We have thereby put distance between our poor weak self and God. It is as if we had tried to bow Him out of our life. *That we cannot do!*

*Let's try to live the Bible!*

- *Subject for group discussion:*

## KINGDOMS—PAST AND PRESENT

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How important is it for us to maintain an undivided purpose as we plan our life work—our kingdom?* (Proverbs 4:26; Matthew 12:25)
2. *How may our purposes and our character be linked together to contribute to success?* (Proverbs 4:23-27; Job 27:5b, 6; Psalm 26:11)
3. *Will God really help us in our life plans if we trust and serve Him?* (Psalm 84:11, 12; 34:8-10; Proverbs 16:9; I Corinthians 2:9)
4. *What secret of success did Jesus give us?* (Matthew 20: 25-28; Mark 10:42-45)
5. *Would we do well to choose our life work with much the same sense of purpose and dedication that Jesus used?* (Luke 4:16-21; John 10:9-11)

- *Resource material:*

On April 27, 1947, Babe Ruth was given a mighty ovation at the Yankee Stadium in New York City. A vast throng of ball fans roared a welcome that must have carried his thoughts back to the glory of by-gone days when he was lauded as "The Sultan of Swat."

One of the radio commentators who told of that great event used words like these: "He stood there again on that patch of ground *that had once been his kingdom*, and the ovation he received was better than all the medicine in the world." Nostalgic words, those: "that had once *been his kingdom*." It had become a kingdom of the past. The king had retired.

Or *had* he? Has anyone beaten some of the many records that he established in those days when he was the idol of scores of thousands of small boys? Many of those boys, grown older, were adding their shouts to the mighty up-

roar of applause that became sweet and effective medicine.

But those words of the radio commentator also remind us—each of us—that *we* may have a kingdom *in the present*. We need not live in the past. One of the greatest mistakes that any man can make is to hang up his armor and feel his job is done. You may recall that some of the greatest names in the rolls of distinguished artists, jurists, writers and men of other walks of life have been men who grew old in the service of great ideals, amid the exacting standards of great work well done.

Recently a friend told me of a man who left behind him a kingdom he had enjoyed for years, and he is now building quite another kingdom. This man was a high official in one of the great corporations of this country. Then one day he retired and came home to a quiet house in a suburban community. But he



has not vegetated. With means and with time to enjoy life as he chooses to live it, this elderly man has gone quietly into home after home to show his neighborly interest. If he hears of a home that has some problem, he goes in his neighborly fashion into the home and sits down to visit. He gradually draws out the story of whatever problem or need is really present, and then he asks if he cannot give his aid. "And," said my friend, "*nobody will ever know that he has been there.*"

What a wonderful kingdom he builds! And what a good one! Here is a regality that many an earthly monarch might envy! True royalty is not in a title but in one's own character.

A few months ago I saw one of the most famous women in this world. She looked exactly like her pictures. When she entered a Fifth Avenue shop the chauffeur dusted off the seat where she and her young American debutante friend had sat. When she reappeared, rather evidently enjoying the gaze of the people who easily recognized her, the thing that I watched most was the attitude of the passersby. On the faces of the men and the women who turned to take a second look there seemed to be only a sort of amused tolerance, a kind of idle curiosity. Charley McCarthy would have received a dozen times that attention!

And then the faint trace of the philosophic in me began to ask *why* there was only this tolerant curiosity. I tried to recall the things I had heard and read about her, and I could not remember one thing that she had done that would have merited more than the idle curiosity. With wealth, she had not, so far as I had ever known, been a benefactress. She had never lent her name to any great humanitarian effort to lift the people whose notice she enjoyed.

Had you seen the face I saw that after-

noon, you might have said it was not the face of a ruler but of one ruled—by pride, desire, interests centered in self. These are poor stuff of which to piece together a kingdom, past or present!

I know a distinguished person, retired from the office of bishop in one of our great denominations. A king in mental and spiritual stature, he found retirement too easy a task. He stepped quietly into the leadership of a great organization for relief of the hungry, distressed and dispossessed in war-harrassed lands. There he has built a kingdom, wide as the world, having no banners but the lifted hopes of the hungry and homeless whom he has helped—and having no armies but the gallant and anonymous who have fed a part of the world through his hands.

But most of you who read these lines are youth who have had no chance at a kingdom. Or, perhaps your kingdom, tiny as it was, is now only a remembered classroom from which you stepped one day to don a uniform. You will probably leave the uniform one day to find your kingdom in a classroom again. And on still another great day you will leave the kingdom of the classroom for a second time and set about the really serious but glorious business of building yourself a kingdom—all your own—in a business or a profession or a trade or a studio or a laboratory.

Last night I talked with a man whose kingdom is in a laboratory. I wish I were free to tell you a secret about a cure that physicians have hoped and prayed might be found. It is being wrested from microscopic bits of life in a laboratory!

What a kingdom—to wrest, from living, dying bits of tiny tissue, the means with which to cure millions who suffer!

Wouldn't you like a kingdom of *your own*? Get it! *And rule it!*

- Subject for group discussion:

## GOD IS YOUR ETERNAL FRIEND!

- Questions and Scripture references:

1. Why can we call God our eternal friend? (Deuteronomy 31:8; Joshua 1:9; Psalm 23; 27:1, 3, 4, 5, 10)

2. Is it true that we can always rely upon God to give us help and strength? (Psalm 46:1)

3. Is God's friendship limited to certain ones? (Psalm 145:18-20)

4. Can God be the friend of even the wicked? (Isaiah 55:7); Jeremiah 31:34)

5. What is the greatest proof of God's love and friendship for us? (John 3:16; I John 4:9; 5:11)

- 
- Resource material:

How do you think of God? Do you think of Him as a stern judge whom you must fear? Do you think He is so busied with a great multitude of matters that He has no time for you? Or have you been able to feel that God is a very real friend—*your* friend—and truly interested in every need and every problem that you may have?

Some people make the mistake of thinking of God as very far away from us. They feel that He has such vast interests that we cannot expect Him to care about our petty problems and our needs.

Two things are bad about that attitude. First of all, it is unfair to God. He *is* interested in us. He created us. Not only did He create us, but He chose to create us *in His image!* He could never have done that except that He loved us. The mightiest suns that flame in this vast universe *are not made in His image!* He reserved that honor for us! The most beautiful flowers you ever

saw were not made in His image. But *you* are!

You know, of course, that this phrase doesn't mean that there is any physical likeness between you and God. There can't be, for God is not physical. He has no eyes and no pulsing heart. He is a spirit. And the real you is a spirit—not a mass of flesh and nerves and blood and bones!

No, God has none of your physical attributes, but He has love and mercy and pity and forgiveness. And so have you! And God has *integrity*. And so have you—at least when you are at your best.

Do you see now why we say that we are made in His image? The things that are finest in you—the things that are eternal and beautiful—you got from God as a part of your divine inheritance. And these lovely things can never be snatched away from you—unless you let them go, of your own accord. You do that when you sin. In fact, we might

say that sin is this—giving up some part of the finest that is in you. Perhaps it is an ideal that you have prized with real pride of possession. And then one day you let thoughtless hands—foul hands—take hold of that ideal and drag it in the dust before your eyes. The proud banner that proclaimed you for what you were—a child of God—was dirty and trampled upon. And there was no way to launder it—no way except to bring it back with your tears and your limping faith and ask The Friend to touch it and make it white again.

Sin is such a strange thing. It costs so little, but *it costs so much!* It costs only an unguarded thought, a weak will that goes limp in the adverse winds and flutters like a tiny ribbon. It costs only a frightened weakling's "Yes" when we are asked to toss away our birth-right. But *it costs so much*—because it costs us the confidence of God. It costs us the frightening recollection that the Man of Sorrows staggered up the hill of Golgotha so that you and I—who say "Yes" so easily—might yet grow strong enough to come into the presence of God, in whose likeness we were made.

If God were not our Friend, He could never put up with our half-hearted loyalties, our spineless submission to sin our repeated failure to be stronger than we were when we stumbled yesterday and had scarcely wit enough and zeal enough to pick ourselves up promptly and renew our march toward the City of the Redeemed.

But we should go back to pick up a second point in our argument. We said it was unfair to God to feel that He is so concerned with His vast universe that we can hardly expect Him to be concerned with our small needs. But it is also unfair to *us* to have the idea that we can't possibly bulk very large in the

sight of God. For *we do!* How otherwise would He have emptied His own heart that a tiny Babe in Bethlehem might grow strong enough to bear the burdens of the weary and lift the hopes of the despairing and march unafraid to a Cross for our sakes?

If you think you don't matter much to God, you had better think again! Read John 3:16 if you need to remember how much you matter to God! Do you recall the story that Jesus told about the sparrow that God knew and watched? Do you remember that the story of the Prodigal was the story of God watching the highroad for *us* to come back *home* to *Him*?

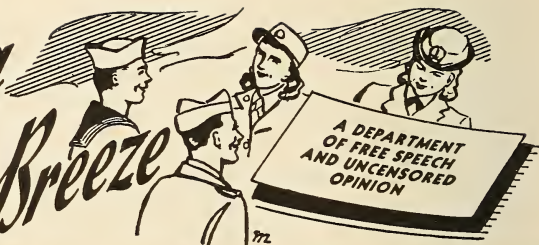
Yes, God is our friend. We do well to remember that when we become discouraged—or homesick—or burdened until we think we can hardly keep on—or tempted until we are ashamed how near we are to giving in! He never lets you out of His sight and out of His heart.

But are we as sure that we are *His* friends? Did we let Him down yesterday? Did we allow ourselves to forget—for one shameful hour—that we are *His* children? Did we forget that it was *His* family that we shamed by our misconduct? Do you realize now that it was *His* flag that we trailed in the dust? *His* reveille sounded and we didn't spring to our feet to get ready for the day. A detail was formed to do some work for Him and we slunk off somewhere to be gold-brickers. What a sorry bunch of friends we sometimes are!

And yet we have our good moments and our proud moments when we can point to work nicely done. And, after all, we *are* His friends—unless we are traitors to His goodness—and His image!

*And He is our good friend—forever!*

# Batting the Breeze



## FAN MAIL

I would like to take this opportunity to express my deep and sincere thanks for the 250 copies of *THE LINK* which you have sent me. This magazine is a constant source of pleasure to the patients of the Station Hospital as well as the personnel. It is a practice of this office to distribute these magazines daily; so you may well understand that the copies are in demand.

*Chaplain Thomas Q. Whitmire  
Hqs., Station Hospital  
Fort Belvoir, Virginia*

Dear Dr. Stidger:

I have just read your article in *THE LINK* magazine "Men of the Comrade Kingdom." In 1934 when a student there you gave me a book, *Biographies of Great Men*. Thank you. "Lives of Great Men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." Yours in His service.

*Rev. M. J. Doan  
1124 North LaSalle St.  
Chicago 10, Illinois*

## REPORT ON SMCL UNIT

The Universal Military Training Experimental Unit organized its Chapter of the Service Men's Christian League under the direction of Chaplain Maury

Hundley, Jr. We have 25 men enrolled and an average attendance of approximately 18 at our meetings. We meet at 1 P.M. on Wednesday afternoon, in order to eliminate conflicts with other activities.

Our officers are Darwin Payne, Balliston, N. Y., President; Foster Gerwin, Brader, Ohio, Vice President; and Ward Damshroder, Gibsonbury, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Our dues are \$1.00 per month, which we use for recreation and to assist in some worthy enterprise for the betterment of mankind.

Two committees are functioning—one on Membership and the other on Program and Recreation. Our programs have been of a discussion-forum type on such topics as "The Meaning of Religion," "The Relation of Science to Religion," and "The Bible, What Is It?" Each week, one of the members opens up the discussion with a short talk and then we enter into a discussion period.

We plan in the near future to go into Louisville as a body and put on a service with the young people of some of the churches. We already have an invitation from the First Christian Church there.

Yours sincerely,  
*Ward Damshroder  
Secretary-Treasurer*

# RELIGIOUS REMARKABLES . . . By Scheel

T. M. REG U S PAT. OFF.



**13** IS A SIGNIFICANT NUMBER IN CHINA, WHERE THERE ARE 13 CHRISTIAN COLLEGES WITH 13,000 STUDENTS TAUGHT BY 1300 TEACHERS. THE COLLEGES HAVE PRODUCED 13% OF ALL COLLEGE GRADUATES IN CHINA; ARE NOW SERVING 13% OF THE COUNTRY'S COLLEGIANS. 13 PROTESTANT MISSION BOARDS IN THE U.S. AND CANADA SUPPORT THE SCHOOLS, WHICH ARE WORTH \$13,000,000.



**IF** ALL THE **NEGLECTED BIBLES** WERE DUSTED OFF AT ONE TIME, A DUST STORM WOULD RESULT AND THE SUN WOULD BE ECLIPSED FOR A WEEK.

**REV. BENJ. MAYS**  
(COLORED BAPTIST),  
DECLARES  
**HE IS SO TOLERANT**  
HE WILL NOT  
PROSELYTE  
HIS METHODIST WIFE.



Scheel Religious News Service



The patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. The bridge party hostess motioned for silence.

"Listen," she said softly. "The children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always does something to me inside when I hear them."

There was a moment of hushed expectancy. Then from the head of the stairs: "Mom, Willie found another bed-bug."  
—CHRISTIAN UNION HERALD



Do you know what happened when an owl and a Nanny-goat get married?

They have a little "hootnanny."

—DOODLES WEAVER



Teacher: Johnny, are you learning something?

Johnny: No, ma'm. I'm listening to you.



A tough drill sergeant ordered his men to hold up their left legs. One recruit inadvertently held up his right leg, thus placing it beside his buddy's left.

"All right, all right!" bawled the sergeant, "who is the wise guy holding up both legs?"—FRIENDLY HANDSHAKE



Sailor: "Hiya, Babe?"

Girl: "Sir, just because you are in uniform, don't think you can make friends on a public street corner with a strange

girl who lives at 1746 Mishmosh Avenue, telephone 18,002."

—PUBLIC SERVICE NEWS



A soldier was severely wounded. On regaining consciousness a couple of days later in a hospital, he looked up at a nurse and asked: "Where am I? Is this heaven?"

"No," replied the nurse. "You're still in the Army."  
—CHICAGO TRIBUNE



Have you heard about the two cats who sat watching a tennis tournament? One of them seemed quite intent upon the match, following the ball back and forth without missing a stroke. The other cat appeared quite bored and also a bit irritated at his companion's interest.

"I didn't know you cared so much for tennis," he finally purred.

"I don't," the other replied, "but my old man's in the racket."

—FRIENDLY HANDSHAKE



Then there was the Scotchman who married the half-witted girl because she was 50 per cent off!



When General Brehon Somervell retired after four years of work, seven days a week and twelve hours a day, as head of Army Service Forces, he was dog-tired. A friend asked him his plans.

"I'm going to rest," Somervell declared. "For six weeks I'm going to just sit on the porch. After that, I'm going to start rocking—slowly."

—BROOKS-SCANLON *Pine Echoes*



Isn't it hard to keep a budget straight?" wailed Mrs. Johnkins.

"My dear, it's terrible," confided Mrs. Smithkins; "this month I had to put in four mistakes to make mine balance."

—SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

## *Churches and Agencies*

Co-operating with

### **THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON ARMY AND NAVY CHAPLAINS**

and the work of the

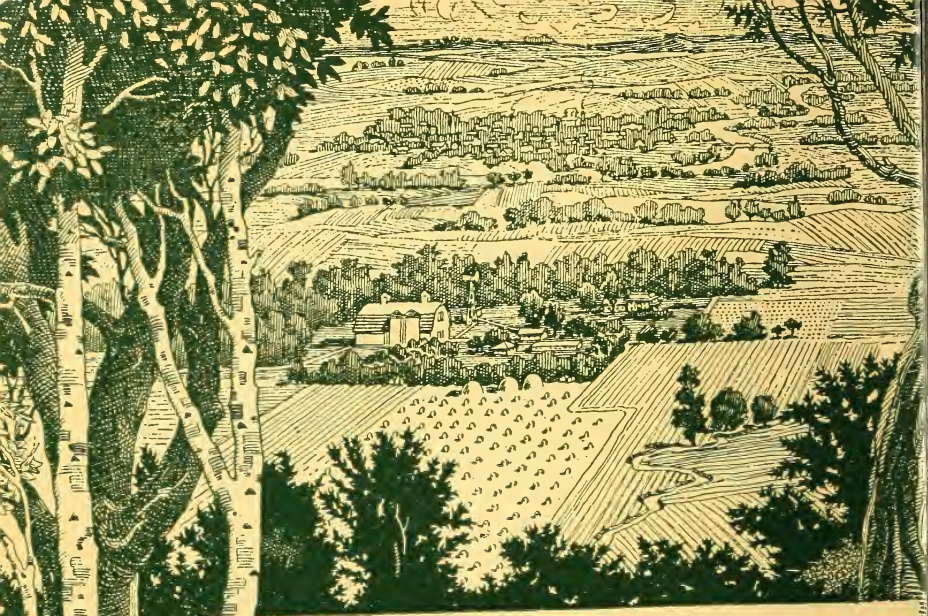
### **SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE**

#### **AGENCIES:**

National Council Young Men's Christian Association  
International Council of Religious Education  
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America  
International Society of Christian Endeavor

#### **CHURCHES:**

|   |                                |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Advent Christian Gen. Conference of America | General Baptist                |
| Assemblies of God                           | Latter Day Saints              |
| Associate Reformed Presbyterian             | Methodist                      |
| Baptist, National Conv. U. S. A., Inc.      | Methodist, African M.E.        |
| Baptist, National Conv. of Amer.            | Methodist, African M. E. Zion  |
| Baptist, Northern                           | Methodist Colored              |
| Baptist, Seventh Day                        | Mennonite                      |
| Baptist, Southern                           | Moravian                       |
| Baptist, United Amer. Free Will             | North Amer. Baptist Gen. Conf. |
| Christian Reformed                          | Pilgrim Holiness               |
| Christian Science                           | Presbyterian Cumberland        |
| Christian and Missionary Alliance           | Presbyterian, United           |
| Church of God                               | Presbyterian, U.S.             |
| Church of the Nazarene                      | Presbyterian, U.S.A.           |
| Churches of God in N. A.                    | Primitive Methodist            |
| Congregational Christian                    | Protestant Episcopal           |
| Disciples of Christ                         | Reformed in America            |
| Evangelical Free Church of Amer.            | Salvation Army                 |
| Evangelical and Reformed                    | Seventh Day Adventist          |
| Evangelical Congregational                  | Swedish Baptist                |
| Evangelical Mission Covenant                | Unitarian                      |
| Evangelical United Brethren                 | United Brethren O.C.           |
| Free Methodist                              | Universalist                   |
| Friends (Quakers)                           | Wesleyan Methodist             |



## *Homesick for the Country*

I WANT to get out in the country again,  
Where there's cornfields and fences an' trees.  
And I want to go down to the medder an' wade  
In the clover clean up to my knees.  
I've said it before, an' I'll say it agin,  
And I'll stick to it right up and down  
There ain't any sense in yer tryin' to transplant  
An old hayseed like me into town.

There's something keeps callin' and tuggin'  
my heart,  
An' my eyes git so dim I can't see;  
There's a lump in my throat—I am jest an old  
fool,  
But by jing, it's the country fer me.  
I'm sartin when Emily brought me to town,  
She didn't mean one bit of harm,  
But I'm homesick fer neighbors, an' critters,  
an' crops,  
An' I'm going straight back to the farm.

—Author Unknown









