

the **LINK**

June 1964

THE OLYMPICS

SPREADING HAPPINESS

HONOR YOUR FATHER
AND YOUR MOTHER

25¢

PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







THE LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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COVERS

- Front: She doesn't mind the rain. This photo and those on inside front and back covers are by H. Armstrong Roberts.
- Back: Miss Zita Vlavianos, born in Athens, encourages Scripture distribution among the Greek Armed Forces. Photo by Blaise Levai and used by permission of the American Bible Society.
- Inside Front: Mt. Rushmore, S. Dak. The sculptor said: "All I did was remove the debris and lo! there were Washington, Jefferson, T. Roosevelt, and Lincoln."
- Inside Back: June is a good time for canoeing.
- ART WORK: Story illustrations by Stanton Levy.

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SOUND OFF

"Pallbearers"

I have been reading THE LINK for a number of years as an Air Force chaplain. I never saw an article which I appreciated more than the article by Charles Prewitt entitled "Pallbearers at America's Funeral" in the February 1964 edition.

I hope it will be possible for you to have more articles of this nature by this author.

—Tom Sims, First Baptist Church, Box 145, Lambert, Miss.

We Hope He's Right

I recently finished reading an article in the September 1963 issue of THE LINK entitled, "Joe, Chaplain's Assistant." I think the author of this article is to be highly congratulated on the fine job he does of explaining a chaplain's assistant's duties.

I would like to congratulate you on the wonderful job you are doing with THE LINK magazine. In my opinion, it is one of the finest magazines in America today. Keep up the good work.

—A2C Lawrence L. Chappo, 56th Hq Sq Sect., K.I. Sawyer AFB, Mich.

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The Olympics

By Mario DeMarco

IN the most remote corners of the globe men and women are running, throwing, lifting, and hurdling for the greatest event in which an amateur athlete can compete, the Olympics.

The exact origin of these games is unknown, but historians place the year 776 B.C. In the sacred valley at Olympia in Elis near the western coast of Greece, a footrace of two hundred yards was won by

a young shepherd boy by the name of Coroebus. His reward for the victory was a crown of wild olive leaves. This footrace was the beginning of the great Olympic games.

Festivities were held every fourth year. Not only were athletic contests on the program, but there was competition in music, oratory, poetry, and other forms of art. The contests required the development of mind and body to the highest state of co-ordination. Just glance at one of the ancient programs:

First Day: The sacrifice of animals to the Greek gods. Administration of the Olympic oath to the various athletes and judges (the athletes swore to compete fairly and to abide by the rules; the judges agreed to judge fairly). Preparation of the entries and the trumpeters' contest.

Second Day: Boys footraces, boxing, wrestling, pancratium, pentathlon, and horse racing.

Third Day: Contests for men similar to those for the boys.

Fourth Day: Pentathlon, chariot, and horse racing.

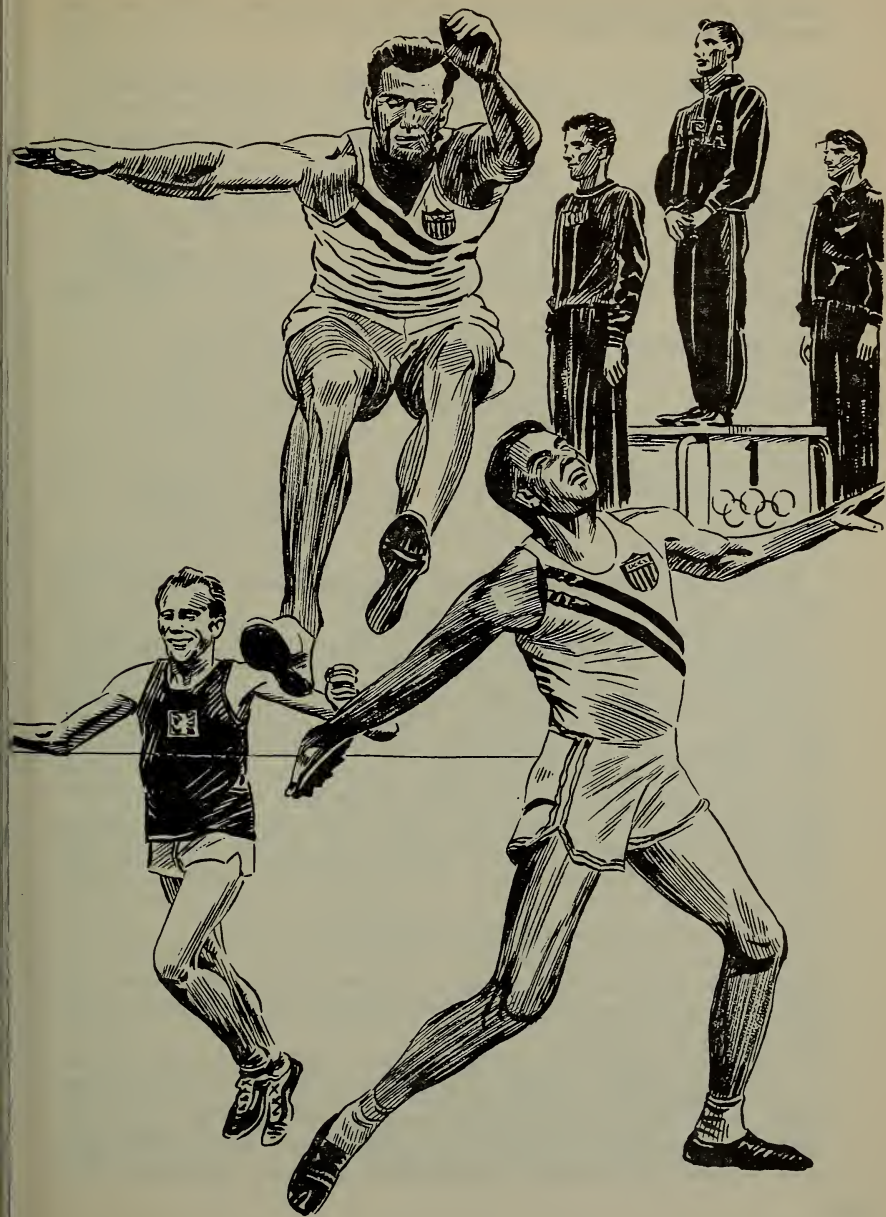
Fifth Day: Banquets for the various victors who were crowned with wild olive leaves taken from a tree growing in a sacred grove. Heralds called the victors' names, describing who their fathers were and what country they represented.

The victors were given the "red carpet" treatment when they returned to their homes. Statues were erected in their honor and were placed in the Altis at Olympia. They were exempt from taxation and were boarded free. Quite a reward for an amateur athlete!

When the games took place every fourth year, they were of such great importance that virtually everything came to a standstill. Wars were stopped and no tax was charged on any road. No one dared break the truce of Olympia. The games continued for nearly 1,200 years until the year A.D. 393 when the Emperor Theodosius called them to an end.

In 1887 Pierre de Coubertin, a French baron who was visiting England at the time, watched some students participating in athletic games. Determined to introduce these sports to his native land, the baron decided to make a trip to America to study the financing of sports in the U.S.A. Two years later he organized the Congress of Physical Education, and several years later, the *Union des Sports Athletique* was formed under his direction. In 1892 the baron brought forth his plans to re-establish the ancient Olympic games. His plans met with great approval, and four years later the first modern Olympic games were held in Athens, Greece. They drew athletes from nine nations.

It is interesting to note how the records established in these first games have improved. Here is a diagram comparing the records of



certain events during the Olympiad held in Athens, 1896, and the one held in Rome, 1960.

EVENT	ATHENS, GREECE	ROME, ITALY
	1896 <i>Time or Distance</i>	1960 <i>Time or Distance</i>
100 Meter Dash	12 sec.	10.2 sec.
400 Meter Run	54.2 sec.	44.9 sec.
800 Meter Run	2 min. 11 sec.	1 min. 46.3 sec.
1500 Meter Run	4 min. 33.2 sec.	3 min. 35.6 sec.
Marathon (26 Mile, 385 yd.)	2 hr. 55 min. 20 sec.	2 hr. 15 min. 15.2 sec.
110 Meter Hurdles	17.6 sec.	13.8 sec.
Pole Vault	10 ft. 9¼ in.	15 ft. 5½ in.
High Jump	5 ft. 11¼ in.	7 ft. 1 in.
Running Broad Jump	20 ft. 9¼ in.	26 ft. 7¼ in.
Hop, Step and Jump	45 ft.	55 ft. 1¼ in.
16 lb. Shot Put	36 ft. 2 in.	64 ft. 6¼ in.
Discus Throw	95 ft. 7½ in.	194 ft. 2 in.

Part of this improvement results from the excellent coaching and superb conditioning of the modern athlete.

The 1964 Olympics are to be held in Tokyo, Japan, on October 10 to 24. This will be sixty-eight years after the first modern Olympiad.

Setting up the Olympic games requires, of course, a great deal of planning. When this article was being written the world's largest city, Tokyo, with a population of over ten million, was getting a major face lifting. The major roads and subways had to be reconstructed to accommodate the millions of tourists and fans expected. This oriental city is determined to show the western world that it can change with the times also. Oddly enough, one landmark will stand out when the visitor first hits Tokyo (he'll probably have to look twice and then rub his eyes in disbelief); for there, in the vast city, stands the Eiffel Tower! Not really, of course, for it is only a reproduction of the tower of Paris. Here it is called the Tokyo Tower, rising some thirteen hundred feet from the ground. Mt. Fujiyama is getting some competition as to which will become the future number one landmark of Japan.

The amount of money that Japan has to raise to meet its Olympic costs is unbelievable. It runs close to the six hundred million dollar mark! Much of the money will be used for the expansion of the national stadium which will hold some 70,000 spectators; construction of a national gymnasium, which will be used for swimming, judo,

and basketball; construction of the Olympic village used for housing the athletes, coaches, etc.; and construction of major highways, sewers, and subways.

Admission prices for either the opening or closing ceremonies will be in six categories, ranging from \$1.38 to \$22.22. Admission fees for each game will range from 83¢ to \$8.33.

Electronic timing machines will be used for the first time and will record the swimming events. Now they can time up to 1-100th of a second. Just in case, human judges will also be equipped with stop-watches.

Television coverage of the games will be relayed to the United States by the Telstar Communications Satellite. This is good news to the millions of fans unable to make the trip.

The national stadium boasts an advanced electronic scoreboard and improved track. Fans will be assured of some degree of comfort while watching the twenty categorical events.

Olympic Village, located near downtown Tokyo and a short distance from the stadium, will be equipped with a fleet of bicycles for the convenience of the participants. A four-language newspaper will be run off the presses twice a week.

Experienced chefs from four major hotels will supervise the meals dished out to the hungry athletes. The culinary army will include three hundred cooks, five hundred waiters, and some five hundred students who will act as dishwashers.

To ease the language problem, a picture booklet has been completed. Athletic terminology and other useful phrases (in English and Japanese) are illustrated so that team members need only to point a finger at an illustration in order to communicate.

Judo will be one of the twenty official sports at the games. It will be the first time that this sport has been part of the Olympics.

These are a few of the interesting facts and figures that have been gathered to give the reader a better understanding of the XVIII Olympiad in Tokyo, Japan. See you there! ■ ■

THINK IT THROUGH

Not all of our youngsters are pampered, some of them have to walk almost half a block to catch the school bus.—Jack Herbert. . . . It takes the average youngster thirteen or fourteen years to discover he knows more than his parents.—Walt Streightiff. . . . Educators say that motor cars ruin teenagers but Dad is inclined to think it's vice-versa.—Anna Herbert. . . . No, we wouldn't say kids watch too much television. But when the windshield wiper quit, our youngest did suggest trying another channel.—*Changng Times*. . . . Psychiatrist ad: "Satisfaction guaranteed or your mania back."—Kelly Fordyce in *Indianapolis Star*.

Does Anybody Know I'm Here?

By Carl W. McGeehon

THE USO has used a TV commercial showing a lonely serviceman in some far-off corner of the world. In his lonely depression he asks, "Does anybody know I'm here?" The implication is that his sacrifice and isolation would be worthwhile if he could be sure anyone cared.

The feeling of loneliness is one of life's universal experiences. Few of us escape this sense of restless longing. Basically, it operates on two levels—the human and the spiritual. Loneliness has a dimension which can be cured only by human friendship.

The Human Dimension

Sociologists use the phrase "in-group" to describe closely knit associations. When a person is a member of an in-group, he has a strong sense of belonging, solidarity, and security. If circumstances cause him to leave such a sympathetic and familiar environment, the result may be a sense of rejection, alienation, and loneli-

ness. His immediate problem is how to handle this feeling and work through it to a healthy relationship to his new situation.

Loneliness tells us something significant about ourselves. First, we are not whole of ourselves. We are not self-sufficient and we do not find happiness in involuntary solitude. Second, other people are important. Our lives must be interlaced with others if we are to be complete persons.

A man moved into a new community and experienced the feeling of unrelatedness we call loneliness. He grew sour, withdrawn, and frustrated waiting for others to take the initiative in recognizing him and according him the role he occupied in his former community. Then, as he later put it, "The light finally dawned. If I wanted other people to be interested in me, I had to be an interesting person myself. But many campfires are lighted by spontaneous combustion. Somebody had to strike

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a match. I decided to do that and I've been warm ever since." Concern for other people is one of the most healthy antitoxins to loneliness.

When loneliness has its source in experiences of grief, heartbreak, or adversity, something more profound is needed. A soldier during the Korean conflict revealed his understanding of this in a conversation with Norman Cousins while bouncing over a milled road behind the battle front. Mr. Cousins asked, "How is the morale over here?" "Well," the soldier answered, "morale is not just a matter of USO shows and free beer. To have morale you have to be connected up with the folks back home and connected up with something that really matters. The trouble here is that we just aren't connected up."

The Spiritual Dimension

There is a spiritual dimension to loneliness. In his most serious moments, man senses his solitariness in the universe. He questions the meaning of life. Questions such as whence came we? whither are we going? and what is our purpose here? find no glib or easy answer.

There is a story which tells of a philosopher who stood before the Sphinx in Egypt. He said he would like to ask this huge statue just one question. It had looked out across the desert through the centuries and had seen much of life. The question to which the philosopher wanted an answer was, "Is the universe friendly?"

The philosopher had the right question. The existence of God is not

debated widely these days. Nearly everyone agrees that there must have been a Creative Power, a Great Mind, or Intelligence behind the universe. One cannot look through a telescope or a microscope without recognizing some power or intelligence at the source of it all. The vital and personal question is this: "Is the universe friendly?" To put this in more religious terms: "What is God like?"

Whenever we talk about the meaning of life, we must first deal with the nature of the God who is the source, support, and end of life. Until we determine that God cares about his creation or his creatures, we have no assurance that life is anything more than a biological joyride, coming from nowhere, going nowhere, and signifying nothing.

One of the great insights of the Christian faith focuses on this problem. Jesus gave what, in his time, was a revolutionary answer to the question, "What is God like?" and its corollary, "What is life's meaning?" He said something new about God—something that found a thrilling and profound response in the hearts of his listeners. What he said was truly good news about God, about man, and about life. Here was an idea that men recognized ought to be true, and an idea that would put life in a new perspective if it were true.

We are in quite a different position than Jesus' hearers. We have grown up with this idea. It is almost "old hat" with us, and makes little impact in our thinking or living. Only a person who had never heard of God, or somehow had learned to

think of God in entirely different terms can realize how revolutionary Jesus' teaching really was.

Simply stated, it is this: God loves us. Scripture reiterates, "God is love. . . . God so loved the world he gave his only son. . . . See what love the father has given us, that we should be called the children of God, and so we are." This is the theme of every page of the New Testament; it is the message of most of our hymns; it is prominent in every sermon.

That was Jesus' answer to the philosopher's inquiry as to whether or not the universe is friendly. That is his insight into the question of what God is like.

Our original question was, "Does anybody know I'm here?" Loneliness, when it has a spiritual dimension, finds fellowship only in relation to God, and this relationship grows only by faith. Without faith man is like a ship without an anchor. Despair is at the heart of his being because he finds no purpose in his existence.

Many years ago a young man was walking through the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. He was leaving home for the first time. The cold autumn evening was coming on. He was lonely and homesick. He was going out to a new life—the uncertainties of which appalled him. Discouraged and dejected, he trudged along. Against the sunset and evening sky, he saw a solitary waterfowl winging its way south toward its winter home. William Cullen Bryant—for it was he—addressed himself to the voyager of the sky with the question:

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens
with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths,
dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Unlike the bird, Bryant's heart was restless, anxious, and fearful. He wondered where the bird secured its unfailing confidence as it made its way through the vast spaces of the sky. Then, as he pondered, there came into his heart an inspiration which changed his life. He tells about it in the concluding lines of the poem:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky
thy certain flight,
In the long way
that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

When loneliness is a result of change of environment, such as leaving home or a new assignment, the cure lies in the establishing of new human relationships. Genuine concern for others, which we call Christian love, is the Christian's best tool for overcoming unrelatedness. When, however, loneliness grows out of poverty of soul, then only the establishment of a new relationship with God in faith can overcome this emptiness and give meaning to life. ■ ■

Abraham Lincoln was once asked by a lady about his family coat-of-arms. His reply was, "It is a pair of shirt sleeves, Ma'am. Would you like to see them?"—*Mutual Moments*.

The Power of God

By John G. Lambrides

MOST of us know little of the potentialities of atomic power. We have seen the splashes of color and the mushrooming on the news screen, and recalled the horrors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki crushed by our bombs. On our men of science and our airmen we had placed the grave responsibility of dropping deadly missiles which some said was a foretaste of final judgment.

A scientist spent that dreadful night in 1945 in a church searching his soul. He surveyed his life and found himself thinking of his college days, when he was cocky and ambitious and felt himself the master of his fate and the skipper of his soul. Now thirteen years later, when the crowning achievement of scientific research had blasted the Japanese, he was not sure. With two atom bombs we had killed 152,034 persons and we had crippled more than a hundred thousand others. Surely, thought this humble man of science, there must be more to life than analyzing and understanding and controlling physical phenomena.

The soul searching scientist is Dr. William Pollard, Director of the Institute of Nuclear Studies of Oak Ridge. Ten years after Hiroshima (in 1955), Dr. Pollard was ordained as a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church. His four sons served as acolytes at the ordination. The authorities invited the distinguished doctor to hold the dual role of Director of the Nuclear Institute and Pastor of the Oak Ridge Church. Now he is employing both nuclear and spiritual power (both of which come from God) in healing and helping humanity. Electricity may be used to electrocute criminals, but its greater use is to give light and life, heat and help. Even so, nuclear power must be harnessed to heal and help humanity. ■ ■

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

The American newsmen was having a discussion with a Russian counterpart. "As I understand it," the American said, "the basic idea of communism is to divide everything you have with your neighbor."

"Not quite," corrected the Red reporter. "The basic idea of communism is to make your neighbor divide everything with you."—*Human Events*.



Attic Treasure

By Rosemary Lancaster

THE hum of the bus motor was rather soothing, Jane thought. She wished her own life were as rhythmic. She did not seem to feel sure about anything right now, but no doubt everything would clear up once she made up her mind about Eddy. . . . Eddy! Just the sound of the name thrilled her. Then why should he also be the source of her problem? Why couldn't she be light

and gay like other coeds, and not take things so seriously?

Jane had turned her back on her busy campus life in hope of spending a quiet weekend at home. She leaned her head back on her seat to relax. But her thoughts would not let her.

Just when she should be feeling on top of the world, she was miserable. What if she were falling in

Daddy's love letters and what they revealed . . .

love? Is it not supposed to be wonderful? That was just the point. What if this were just "puppy love"? Would a couple later regret having shared so much together? What about Eddy? Was he truly the fellow for her?

SINCE Jane's call the previous night, Bob and Martha Peterson had been worried. Jane's voice betrayed anxiety.

"I wonder what is bothering her," Martha puzzled.

"We will know soon enough," assured Bob. "I guess it would not be normal if our children didn't turn up with problems occasionally. I am just glad they still think they can solve them here at home. It is too bad, however, that she picked our busv weekend to come home."

The Peterson's weren't home when Jane arrived. After her tiring bus ride, she was content to go directly to bed.

SLEEP was immediate and morning came soon after, but Jane was not aware of it. When she finally awoke and looked at her watch, she decided it had stopped. It could not be noon. She was astonished when she put the watch to her ear! Perhaps she had this problem all wrong. Maybe all she needed was to catch up on her sleep!

Her stomach was now aware it had missed breakfast. She dressed in seconds. She could not afford to miss lunch, too!

"Good morning!" announced Janie as she reached the kitchen and found her mother setting the table.

"Good afternoon!" chuckled her mother good-naturedly. "I have a couple of waffles ready. Guess it is time to call your dad from the basement."

Jane opened the basement door and called, "Hey, Dad, aren't you interested in seeing your good-looking daughter?"

"Hello, up there," Bob shouted. And then promptly climbed the stairs, looking around questioningly. "Where is that good-looking daughter someone was talking about? I don't see anyone but plain old Jane!"

He kissed Jane on the cheek and moved away before she had a chance for a comeback.

As they were eating, Jane remembered her psychology assignment. "Mother, where would I find my baby book? I am working on my autobiography for psychology and I need pertinent facts from my childhood."

"You will find our early memo books in the attic. Your baby book should be in a gray suit box under the windows. It is labeled so you can't miss it. Sounds like that will keep you busy this afternoon."

"I hate to mention it, but if we are going to pick up Uncle Don we had better keep moving," urged Bob.

"You people go ahead. I will do up the dishes," insisted Jane.

In the time it took her to wash and dry the dishes, she recalled her

experiences with Eddy from the fall afternoon they met on that botany field trip up to last Saturday's dance when he asked her to wear his "frat" pin. She wanted to wear it very much. It would be wonderful knowing Ed was all hers. But wasn't this rushing things a bit? What if she felt differently in a few months?

She closed the cupboard and headed for the attic.

"Receipts." "Scrapbooks." "Cancelled checks." Mother surely does have things labeled well. She could not see a label on the bottom box. It was a gray suit box. That must be it. On opening it she was disappointed. It was not the baby book at all, but letters.

"What are they?" thought Jane. The handwriting was not familiar. San Francisco postmark. That wasn't familiar either. Heavens, they were dated more than twenty years ago! Before I was even born. For that matter, it was even before the folks were married.

She pulled a letter out at random and read snatches here and there. "Dear Bob: It was so much fun talking to you on the phone. Of course, I don't know whether your mother would think I was the right girl for you. . . . I hope 'our' idea about San Francisco works. It will be so wonderful if it does. I miss you already and by that time . . . Good-night, Bob. I love you. (I hope it lasts. I hope . . . well, you know.) Love, D. T."

Jane opened another letter deeper in the stack. "Dearest Bob: I have your ring on a chain around my neck. I'm so proud of it. Julie spied

it tonight for the first time and I blushed.

"Hurry and get your picture taken. I would rather have that than ten bracelets or compacts.

"Tell Johnny congratulations on his engagement. It must be nice to be engaged?? Good night. All my love, Deborah."

Jane realized these had to be love letters from a girl to her father—before her mother had come into the picture. Why had they been saved? Jane was astonished by the writings. So many things she herself could be writing right now to Ed. It was young love without restraint.

Jane fingered through more of the letters. On the envelope of every one of them on the left-hand corner was written the word, "Boo." No doubt there was some secret meaning between two people; she wondered what.

Among the letters was one written in diary form. Apparently a visit of the two in San Francisco and later sent as a letter. It was chock-full of young romance.

"We went to the Nanking Chinese Restaurant for supper. The meal was good, but I just couldn't eat. Then we went to the Blueshore Beach. I was impressed. Fred Miller and his orchestra—very good—beach—blue lights in the trees—everything. Bob met some old friends of his; he seems to have a lot of them. We rode back on the top deck of the bus.

"Friday, Aug. 10. We got our pictures taken together. Not so good—especially of me. I'm glad we had them taken though. I do not know

exactly how it came about. . . .”

Jane stopped. She was not sure she wanted to read on. She had always thought her dad so perfect. At least this all happened before her mother entered the picture. Besides, she couldn't stand not knowing what happened!

“But somehow we got ourselves engaged to be engaged. We were talking seriously about whether we were really in love or not.”

The diary closed with, “So far these were the most exciting four days of my life. P.S. He'll be back in three weeks!”

JANE hesitated before she opened any more letters. She was not surprised that someone else could love her dad. But if all these letters were received by her dad, no doubt Deborah had received from him many letters of similar content.

Could this be the answer she was looking for? Could she proceed with Ed on blind faith that things would turn out all right in the end?

Jane was rather startled when she realized she didn't dislike Deborah at all. How could she? Deborah had given herself in deep friendship. Probably now she was happily married just as her dad. After all, there is more than one perfect fellow in this world—at least, let's hope so!

Jane hurriedly read through more letters. She had to know how it ended even though it must be tragedy, no matter how temporary.

There was another visit together and love seemed to blossom even more. They ate watermelon by candlelight and named the kids they

were some day going to have. They planned to announce their engagement at Christmas.

“Nothing is absolute,” Jane said to herself as she read, “It is impossible for me *ever* to stop loving you.”

It wasn't but a dozen letters later that the first doubt entered in. “It sounds silly, I guess, but it is possible that one or both of us may change our minds. I've changed my mind about other fellows, but of course, I've never been this serious before. Sooooo—the longer we wait, the surer we will be. I'd hate to have one of us change our minds after I have a diamond.

“I get disgusted with myself so I certainly see why you do. Enuff!! All my love, Deborah.”

From then on the letters were different in tone. Ever so gradually, but reading them as a whole it was quite evident. Jane said out loud, “This is known as falling *out* of love!”

Regardless of the outcome, Jane felt that both Deborah and her dad had benefited much from their giving and sharing together that part of life that can never be recaptured.

And then came her casual date with another fellow. Gradually there was just “love” signed to the letters.

Among the final letters was the climax. “Here's how I feel . . . I have always thought and still do that when a couple are engaged, or even engaged to be engaged, they should not want to go with anyone else. And I didn't think I ever would.”

Jane thought on that a while. She certainly had no desire to go with anyone other than Ed.

She read on. "I doubt if this makes sense to you. But even though I do like you best I want to see a couple of other guys when they come home. Maybe for old times' sake, maybe not. For the time being I am not going to make anymore promises. Sooooo—if you want to call the whole thing off—O.K. But wait until after Christmas, pleee . . . aa . . . sse!"

Jane didn't need to read anymore. That was better than any love story she had ever read.

JANE, you up there?" her mother asked as she climbed the attic stairs.

"Yes," came Jane's dreamy answer.

"Did you find your baby book?"

"Baby book? Oh," said Jane, as she began bundling the letters back up. She did not try to hide the fact she had read the letters.

"I am afraid I never got to the book. I came across these letters and just could not stop reading them. They are quite a beautiful story, aren't they?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I thought when I stumbled across them in the early years of our marriage," volunteered her mother. "Bob was all set to throw them out, but I wouldn't let him. Reading them, just as you have, I couldn't be angry. It only made me realize what a loving husband I had."

"I almost forgot what I came up here for. You have just time enough to wash for supper. After supper maybe we can talk over that problem you have. Hurry now. Steaks won't wait."

The attic door clicked shut. Steaks!



That sounded good enough to cause her to hurry! She tied the cord around the box and put it back in place. She wondered if these letters would ever be read again.

As she looked in the bathroom mirror, she realized she needed that washing up! That attic even preserves the dirt in the house; along with a lot of real treasure.

As she stood brushing her hair, she felt as though she were looking at a stranger in the mirror. Problem? Why, she didn't have any problem. It was true she was not sure Eddy was the man she wanted to marry. But she did know she liked him very much and it was about time she relaxed and enjoyed Eddy's wonderful way of being. True, this might bring about added sorrow if and when one of them should decide this just was not the real thing. Certainly she could learn something from such an experience. After all, such an episode did not seem to tarnish her folk's wonderful marriage. On the contrary, it probably added to its beauty.

"Steaks on!" Dad yelled upstairs. Jane practically skipped downstairs.

"Coming." ■ ■

A KEEPSAKE

Silence is a keepsake
I would cherish.
A slice of Time so thin,
So hard come by
That the depths of me perish
With Life's continual din,
And cry.
Silence is a keepsake!

—John R. McCommas

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE TRAGEDY

I saw a man with crippled feet.
I saw the poor with naught to eat.
I saw the wounded, sick, and old.
I saw the homeless, lost, and cold.
I saw men cry in hopeless grief
And suffer pain without relief.
I saw men bend before the rod.
I saw a child who knew no God.

THE VICTOR

I waited hoping God would charge
My self-made barricade
And capture my resisting soul;
For I was sore afraid
To strike my colors to His might,
Surrender to His will.
The stubborn rebel in my ranks
Was warring with Him still.
He never led His angel hosts
To storm my battered wall,
Though often when the night was still
I heard His trumpets call.
My armor old and rusty now,
My weapons laid aside;
No longer do I man the fort
Erected by my pride.
Defeated by a love unearned
And guided by a star;
We never met in battle,
But my God has won the war.



Spreading Happiness

By Dale Whitney

Spud Murphy arrives in Hong Kong by plane from Bangkok. His usual travel was by freighter. When his freighter was in port, he would visit orphanages, hospitals, and schools to entertain.

SPUDE" Murphy has spent a lifetime making people laugh. "There is nothing like it, the sound of laughter," said the American with the big happy Irish face.

Last year, at the age of seventy-one, he took it upon himself to visit America's neighbors in the Far East. "I wanted to entertain those poor little refugee kids and orphans," he explained. Spud, who comes from Saint Helens, Oregon, financed the venture from life's savings.

Friends told him he would be put in jail. "It's my crazy clothes," he said, referring to one of the eighteen costumes he has made himself.

Unlike a tourist, he had no plans to "tour" the East-Asian countries

where his freighter would put into port. *Time was precious.* There were too many hospitals, orphanages, and refugee settlements. Spud Murphy's *only* ambition was to "spread happiness."

"Spud" Reber W. Murphy was born in Salem, Oregon, in 1892. During his first year at college his father's business failed, and because he was the oldest son of nine children, he dropped out and took on the responsibility of supporting the family. His first job was as a warehouse clerk. He spent forty-four years as a crane operator. "It was a steam locomotive crane," he recalls, "and it could lift loads of piling up to twenty-five tons. Sometimes it was



awfully hot in that crane, but I enjoyed every day of them forty-four years.”

In 1917, Spud Murphy was married and now has a daughter, Elaine Murphy, living in San Francisco.

In 1924, twin baby girls were born to the Murphys, but both children died at birth. The cause was an illness which later took the life of Mrs. Murphy.

“After that, there was a terrible emptiness in my life,” Spud explained. “Until then I had done some clowning and wearing crazy costumes to make kids laugh. I had also been in a minstrel show where you blacken your face and sing and dance.

“Now I had so much spare time

TOP: Murphy was indeed an ambassador of good will from the United States! **BOTTOM:** Murphy as Pied Piper. Two hundred kids clamored around him when he visited Wong Tai Sin, one of Hong Kong's resettlement areas that houses 60,000 Chinese refugees. First curious, the kids soon began to laugh.





Not all of Spud Murphy's audience are children. Oldsters enjoy a good laugh, too, as does this old refugee in the Wong Tai Sin area of Hong Kong.

that I began to go to state and county fairs. I'd dress up as a clown in one of the costumes I had made myself and entertain the kids.

"I have always loved children and always had it in me to entertain them. But it wasn't until the loss of my own children, and my wife, that I had the time. I kept on working as a crane operator, but now I was appearing at all of Oregon's parades and rodeos. In the summer they kept me busy at the fairs and carnivals. Sometimes I got paid but I never asked for money. If they wanted to give it to me, fine. If not, I'd dress up like a clown and entertain the kids anyway.

"There is one thing I must confess," Spud interrupted our conversation. "I am *no* great talent. I can't sing worth a darn. Also, I am gettin'

too old for dancing. I am just a guy who has dedicated my life to making people happy. *Keep right on smiling, that's my motto!*

"People who don't think a smile is more powerful than an atomic bomb should travel around the world and try it!" declared Mr. Murphy. "All through Formosa, and again here in Hong Kong, these Chinese stick up their thumb and say, 'Here comes Number One!' A Chinese had to translate this. It means '*We like you very much!*'"

"I have never seen anything like it. I mean how the people in Asia have reacted. Most of them do not understand English, but their faces *beam*. I think I am the luckiest guy in the world because God gave me a talent that can make others smile and forget their troubles."



Down the narrow streets of Hong Kong he would come with a hundred children behind him. Sometimes he would stop right in the middle of a busy thoroughfare and shake their hands. Often he would just stand there and sing and dance. They didn't understand the words of his song but they liked this foreigner who had come many miles to entertain them. Little children that seldom knew laughter (refugee children) loved him the most. For many of them, it was the first time they had really laughed.

Kids in Japan, Formosa, Korea, Okinawa, the Philippines, Bangkok and Hong Kong stopped him on the street and asked, "Why do you wear such funny clothes?"

"They answered their own question," Spud Murphy explained, "when they burst into laughter."



There were times when two and three hundred children followed him down the narrow streets of Hong Kong, and through the refugee settlements. He visited Wong Tai Sin and other areas that house the three million refugees in Hong Kong. He entertained kids in the streets by the Man Mo Temple, and danced for the tots at the Sandy Bay Crippled Children's Hospital.



"I'm no great talent," Spud Murphy admits. "But it sure is wonderful to see these kids so happy. If I can bring joy into people's lives, I don't care how silly I act. It's making them happy that counts." Well, his life counts!





At the Sandy Bay Crippled Children's Home it was difficult to get many of the little sick ones to smile. A big lump came to Spud's throat, and tears to his eyes, as he went from one small bed to another, trying very hard to make each crippled child happy. He succeeded in getting most of them to smile and he left the hospital feeling that something very important had been accomplished, even though a few tears had dropped along the way.

It was not easy to make the very sick children laugh, nor the T.B. patients at the Haven of Hope Sanatorium. A few times Spud choked up and had to wipe away the tears.

Children are attracted to the toy trinkets and tiny jewels he has sewn to his costumes. A large gold chain hangs around his neck with an American shield in red, white and blue, and the words "Ambassador of

Goodwill." Over one pocket is a heart outlined in beads that says, "Smile, Darn You, Smile."

On the back of Spud's jacket he wears when not in a clown costume are four flags: American, Nationalist Chinese, Japanese, and British (for the Hong Kong colony). The jacket also has quotations which have been stitched or pencilled in: "Oregon's King-Size Screwball," is a reference to himself. A rubber skeleton dangles from a felt patch that says: "Mix gasoline with your liquor and you will look like this a lot quicker!" Another reads, "Some girls will go out with any worm when they are fishing for a husband!" Etc.

From his trip through Asia he has collected toy trinkets to delight the children. These he sews to the costumes and to a collection of funny Asian hats. From Thailand there were Siamese dancers and peacocks. From Formosa and the Philippines came hand-carved coins. On the top of one hat is a tiny Japanese coolie.

In Hong Kong, Spud broke down. He bought the first costume he has not made himself. A pair of bright yellow Chinese pajamas. "Won't the kids back home love this get-up," he grinned.

Spud Murphy was not always on the "giving end." In Hong Kong when he visited a student club for refugees he was presented with a Chinese lantern. At the Haven of Hope hospital, a T.B. patient gave him a handicraft picture of the sanatorium.

It was obvious that these gifts were given from the hearts of people who perhaps could not understand

Spud visits a little girl in the TB ward at Haven of Hope. Not all patients are refugees but many are because of the high percentage of TB among refugees. In recent years the communist Chinese have freely given exit visas for anyone having TB to leave China and go to Hong Kong. In this way China gets rid of a part of her TB problem. This they also do with their blind people. And the burden is thrown on Hong Kong and the USA, UK, etc.



“Who back home would ever think that I’d be here in Hong Kong dancing at a rooftop school?” Spud said. Chinese children have a passion for knowledge and if they do not have enough money to go to school, they attend one of the 206 Boys and Girls Clubs where trained teachers conduct a certain amount of classroom work each day. In one resettlement block there were 400 rooms, 60 on a floor. Wong Tai Sin as a whole has 60,000 refugees.





Spud plays "drop the handkerchief" with very little tots in the TB wards at Haven of Hope. Haven of Hope was opened in 1955 and at present has 250 severe cases of TB. Forty are children. One-fifth of the support is from the Hong Kong government; all the rest from voluntary agencies.

why a foreigner, an American, would come hundreds of miles to entertain them.

And the American, a retired crane operator from Oregon, could not understand why the Asians treated him as "royalty." It overwhelmed him. "I am no great talent," he would repeat. "Not like Danny Kaye or Frank Sinatra and the others who have been here.

"I'll never forget this trip till my dying day," Spud said, but quickly added, "which I hope won't be for

a time yet 'cause I *still* got lots of children I want to see smile!"

There seems to be magic even in the *air* when Spud Murphy is clowning with children. The Asian face, for centuries trained to show no emotion, will first light up with curiosity, then a big smile. And, from this smile explodes cries of joy, a hilarity simply not known to the Asian people.

"Happiness is contagious. I wish more people would spread it!" said "Spud" Reber W. Murphy. ■ ■

God's Portrait of a Fool

By Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

ONCE a young man came to Jesus with a request that the Master insist that the young man's brother divide their family inheritance (Lk. 12:13-21). But Jesus refused. Perhaps an arbiter was needed but Jesus was not that judge. However, he did take the occasion to urge the young man to probe his heart to find out why he was so concerned. Was it justice or was it covetousness? If the young man would solve his deeper problem—the love of money—the practical questions concerning inheritance would not be difficult.

"A man's life," said Jesus, "does not consist in the abundance of his possessions." There is a vast difference between the abundant life and the life of abundance.

This encounter called forth from the lips of Jesus a vivid story about a blackland farmer whose land brought forth bumper crops. So great was the yield that the farmer's granaries were insufficient for storage so he thought, "What shall I do?" And immediately out of his selfish heart came the answer: "I'll tear down my barns and build bigger ones; and there I'll store my grain . . . and then I'll say to my soul, 'Soul, you have ample goods laid up

for many years; take your ease, eat, drink, be merry.'"

But God's portrait of this farmer was different from yours or mine or the man himself. God said: "Fool! Suddenly, swiftly, this night your soul will be required of you! All these things you've stored up, whose will they be?"

And then Jesus presents the lesson: "So is he who lays up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." The truly rich man, Jesus declared, is the one who lays up treasures in heaven (Mt. 6:19-21). He puts the kingdom of God first; he remembers that man is more than an animal to be fed; he magnifies that which is eternal.

Now why did God call this rich man a fool? Was it not because he left *three important things* out of his life?

He Left God Out

First, he left God out. Any man is a fool to leave God out of his life. Wouldn't you call that physician a fool who examined you and did not recognize that at the center of your body was *the heart*? Now the heart of our universe is God; and if we leave God out we are morons!

Old Jeremy Taylor put it like this:

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects, and no cause; a motion, without a mover; a circle, without a center; a time, without an eternity; a second, without a first. . . . The thing formed says that nothing formed it; and that which is made, *is*, while that which made it *is not!* The folly is infinite. . . .”

And as Herman Reissig well says, “When we stop believing in a great God, we try to play God.” So we say with Swinburne:

Glory to man in the highest,
For man is the master of things. . . .

We make a god of man. We make a god of gold. We make a god of gadgets. And “trying to make ourselves masters, we become fanatics, intolerant, ruthless. . . . O man, remember! You are a creature, not the Creator, a servant, not the Master. . . .”

Indeed, what fools we are to leave God out of life—God who made us, God who keeps the world turning on its axis, God who has been revealed in Jesus Christ and through Christ enables man to conquer sin and gain salvation. If we miss God, we miss everything. And if we find God, we possess everything.

He Left Humanity Out

Notice in this story how often the rich fool uses “I” and “my.” “I” appears six times; “my” five. He speaks

of “my crops, my barns, my grain, my goods” and even “my soul.” Barclay quotes the comment made about a certain selfish man: “There is too much ego in his cosmos!” Well, this was certainly true of the rich fool.

So, second, he left others out. He didn’t sit down to say: “Some of my neighbors are hungry and I can share a part of my grain with them!” Palestine was a poor country; and everywhere this blackland farmer looked he could see people who needed help. But there is not the slightest hint that he was at all concerned about the needs of others.

For generations the Jews had emphasized love to God (the vertical relationship) and love to man (the horizontal relationship). And Jesus taught that the great commandment was: “You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind” . . . and that there is a second like it: “You shall love your neighbor as yourself” (Mt. 22:37-39). All this went unheeded by this greedy sinner!

We are told in our world of three billion people, one-third of them, or one billion, go to bed hungry every night. Does this bother you? What are you doing about it? What more could we do? Here are just a few things: Support the United Nations’ “Food for Peace” program. Send CARE packages. Support the “One Great Hour of Sharing” appeal. Support the Peace Corps and other agencies who are seeking to help undeveloped nations to learn how to grow more food on their own.

These people are not only hungry for food but they are hungry for education and hungry for God. If we today heed Jesus' command to love our neighbor, we will need to be more generous in the stewardship of our possessions. John Wesley had a great motto: "Earn all you can. Save all you can. Give all you can." And he practiced this. While he was a student at Oxford he received about \$75.00 per year. He lived on \$70.00 and gave \$5.00. Much later he was receiving \$840.00 per year. But he knew from experience he could live on \$70.00 a year so he gave away all the rest—\$770.00 per year.

He Left Eternity Out

Finally, this rich fool left eternity out. He said, "Soul, you have ample goods." Ah! but he was not talking to his true self, the part of him that survived death! He was talking only to his body.

Man is not just a body to be fed; he is spirit, he is a son of God, he lives forever! "Dust thou art to dust returneth, was not spoken of the soul. . . ."

Douglas MacArthur once remarked: "You cannot save the flesh until you save the spirit." And Woodrow Wilson said: "Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it is redeemed spiritually."

This means conversion, the acceptance of Christ as Savior. This means spiritual living—Bible study, prayer, worship, service. This means the recognition of God's presence with us in every area of living—work, play, and worship.

After a missionary talk, a girl by the name of Mary I. McClellan put in a five-dollar bill with this note: "I give five dollars and myself.—Mary I. McClellan." This is what the rich fool failed to do. Indeed, he didn't even give the five dollars. But the five dollars—or any amount—is not enough until we first begin by giving ourselves to God. Paul speaks of the Macedonian Christians who "first gave themselves to the Lord . . ." (2 Cor. 8:5). Sometimes it is easier to get money or gifts than it is to get the heart! But God wants your heart! He wants you!

In the life that we know, no one ever escapes death. "It is appointed unto all men once to die—and after that the judgment." Let every man—rich or poor—get right with God, repent of his sins, turn to Jesus Christ, accept him as Savior and Lord. This is to be wise. Any other course is to play the fool! ■ ■



"Frankly, he's so normal, he's abnormal."

Travel the Camping Way

By Wayne C. Lee

Sleep under the stars and see the country at bargain rates

WHILE I was waiting for the attendant to fill my gas tank, I saw the man by the other car talking earnestly with his wife. Finally, he spread his hands and turned away with a heavy sigh.

"That's it, I guess. We head for home."

Since he was looking right at me; just because I happened to be there, I think; I ventured a question.

"Vacation over?"

"You're not kidding," he said. "Started out on a ten-day vacation with two hundred dollars. Just four of us. Only planned to go fifteen hundred miles. Now here we are, with three days to go, and we've barely got enough money to cripple home."

I didn't ask him how he traveled. I knew. A family of four, staying in nice motels, eating in restaurants, taking in the sights. Two hundred dollars just wouldn't cover a ten-day trip like that.

But there we were, a family of

four, on our fourteenth day of a twenty-three day trip that would cover 5,600 miles and, when it was over, we would have spent only a hundred and sixty dollars. What was the difference? Camping.

Our two sons, thirteen and eleven now, have been traveling with us since they were two. They have never eaten in a restaurant on any of our trips and only on rare occasions have they spent a night in a motel or hotel. Take the motels and restaurants from your trips and you will cut about 60 per cent of your cost. Camping can do that cutting job.

If you like to travel and really want to see this great country of ours rather than live in luxury, you can do it with a little planning and some camping equipment.

By planning, I mean routing your trips weeks, maybe months, ahead of your departure time. Get a good atlas or several state maps plus a camping guide. There are several



Author of the article with his wife and two sons showing the station wagon loaded with top carrier. "Porch" gives plenty of room in rear of wagon for the two boys to sleep as explained in the article.

good guidebooks published. Two of the better ones that I have found are published by Campgrounds Unlimited of Blue Rapids, Kansas, and Rand McNally of New York. Both books are called, *Campground Guide*. The book from Blue Rapids, Kansas, costs \$1.00 while the one from Rand McNally costs \$2.95. The Rand McNally guide is a little more complete, but both give all the public (and many private) campgrounds in the United States and Canada. They give exact directions how to reach each campground, how many camping sites there are, whether there are trailer spaces, and how much, if anything, is charged.

They also tell you whether a campground has an amphitheater, boating, cafe, electricity for trailers, fishing, kitchen shelters, laundry

tubs, museum, playground area for youngsters, riding, a camp store, showers, swimming, or trails for hiking. It usually gives the altitude. So you can sit at home and decide easily which campground you want to visit and about how cold it is liable to be there. Some small campgrounds do not have water for drinking. The campground guides will warn you to carry water to these campsites.

Many, in fact most, public campgrounds are free. State parks in most states charge a fee ranging from 50 cents to a dollar a night. Occasionally a state will hike the charges to a dollar and a-half. But the state parks usually have nicer campgrounds. Campgrounds in national forests anywhere in the U.S. are usually nice and also free.

Of course, national parks and mon-

uments have some of the best campgrounds to be found anywhere. They are always free. The only charge will be at the entrance to the park and that charge applies to everyone who enters, whether he intends to camp or stay at a motel or cabin.

IF this sounds like a good way to see the country at a reasonable cost, you are now, perhaps, wondering just what equipment you will need. Here you will find a great variety of choices, usually depending on individual tastes. In camping, you can rough it or live in luxury. Some of the camping trailers I've seen in the campgrounds are almost homes on wheels, even though they are not house trailers.

My family travels in a Rambler station wagon, which we find the most convenient and most economical. The seats make down into a comfortable bed for two. And we have a canvas "porch" that fits over the opened endgate that allows room for two grown people to sleep behind the rear seat. So four grown-ups can sleep comfortably in our station wagon. We like it better than a tent for we don't have to pitch the tent and sleep on the ground. Rain isn't the problem that it is with a tent. Our "porch" can be put up in less than five minutes and taken down and rolled into a small roll in less than three. It is waterproof with a mosquito netting window for ventilation.

About 50 per cent of all campers still use tents and they have some fine ones now with porches, floors, and almost any other convenience you can imagine while still sleeping

on the ground. Many campers use trailers. A few years ago, camping trailers were a rarity. Now they are very common. A good camping trailer costs about \$500 to \$700 or one can usually be rented for a cost of \$25 to \$40 a week. They fold up compactly for easy travel and are balanced so that there is little weight on the rear of your car. They unfold to make sleeping room for four with a wide alley between the beds that affords space for packing many of those things that you want to take on your trip but ordinarily can't find room for.

Like every other phase of camping, there are almost as many ways to cook your food as there are foods to be bought. We have a small gas stove. It is a single burner and, even with four of us to cook for, we manage very well. The stove is very small when packed and takes up only a trifle more space than a quart thermos jug. Many campers prefer the larger two burner gas stove with the windshield. Wind can be a problem in cooking. Some campers depend on the wood burning grills at the campsites. Using those grills has the advantage of making it unnecessary to carry a stove or fuel with you. But the grills also have some disadvantages. The wood may be wet or scarce. The fire almost always blackens your kettles and pans. The heat is hard to regulate. But cooking this way has a "roughing it" flavor that appeals to many. Food cooked over an open fire may not be the most thoroughly cooked in the world but it has an appeal of its own that cannot be duplicated.

A family on its first camping trip can usually be spotted immediately in a campground by the great surplus of cooking utensils and camping paraphernalia it is carrying. Make a list of what you think you will need on your trip. If possible, begin this list months before your starting date. Whenever you think of something you will need, add it to the list. Then, just before you go, check the list carefully. There may be things listed that you can do without. If so, eliminate them. By all means, after you come home from your trip, check the list again. Add the things that you needed and didn't have. Scratch off the things that you took and didn't need. Keep the list and the next time you prepare for a camping trip, get it out. You'll find that half the worry of getting ready for the trip is eliminated by that list.

IN our traveling, we always camp in designated campgrounds. We never camp along the side of the road or just "any place where we're out of the way." Whenever you hear of any camper being molested, it is almost always one who has camped off by himself away from an established campground. We have found that a campground is about the freest of theft and pilfering of any place we ever go. In town, especially a strange town, we always lock our car when we leave it. Many times in a campground we don't lock up even when we're going to be gone on a long hike of half a day or more. And we have never lost anything in a campground. I don't believe that those who steal just never go camp-

ing. Perhaps it is the fact that their equipment is also exposed to theft that keeps them from touching the belongings of others. At any rate, we feel safe and our belongings secure when we are in an established campground.

When we can't reach a campground at night, we go to town and stay in an over-night trailer park. Since we sleep in our car and have no tent to pitch, we seldom have any trouble finding a trailer park that will accept us. Many trailer parks and even some motels now have campsites on their grounds where a camper can pitch his tent. This practice is growing rapidly. The charge usually ranges from 50 cents to a dollar and a-half a night.

More and more people who thought they couldn't possibly travel because they couldn't afford it are camping their way through this great country every season and enjoying it more than they would if they were living in the so-called luxury of motels and restaurants. They are discovering more about the country, too, because they are living right in it. Best of all, they are doing it on 35 to 40 per cent less than the cost of "ordinary" travel.

The greatest sights this country has to offer are not man-made. They are God's great outdoors. And those sights cannot be seen and appreciated from the windows of restaurants and motels. Take the roads to the campgrounds, make your bed under the trees, and truly marvel at the wonders of God's handiwork. ■ ■

Learn how to take care of money.

Honor Your Father and Your Mother

By David A. MacLennan

THE fifth commandment says: "Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land which the Lord your God gives you" (Ex. 20:12).

When that commandment was given to the Israelites, their leaders were convinced that unless the life of all the people was rooted in a strong and wholesome family life the Hebrews could not survive. They knew that a vigorous domestic life could not exist unless children of all ages respected their parents and provided them with everything necessary for a full life when the parents were no longer able to provide for themselves.

DOES THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT APPLY TODAY?

But what about today? To many moderns this commandment is old-fashioned and unrealistic. Many intelligent persons have raised the question: "Why honor our parents when they have been less than honorable in their attitudes and actions toward their children?" They would perhaps suggest this revision of the fifth commandment: "You shall be the kind of parents your children can honor."

It is tragically true that many juvenile delinquents are produced by adult delinquents. This is true of parents in the lower economic, social, and educational categories, but it is also true among many of the so-called privileged class for they, too, neglect the character training and Christian nurture of their children. This may be why a few years ago a cynic parodied a scriptural saying and observed that many an adolescent could say, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Boy Scouts or the Girl Scouts will take me up." During the Second World War and the Korean War we spoke of "door-key

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children," this is, boys and girls who have no one at home when they return from school or play.

Today during the cold war, there are still "door-key children." Mother as well as father is gainfully employed and may see their school-age boys and girls only at breakfast and at the evening meal. Increasing participation of father and mother in community programs of recreation, study, Christian service—good in themselves and often desirable for grown-ups' development—contributes to what is virtually rejection of their children as objects of continuing deep concern and love. How often a busy father experiences guilt feelings when he realizes how much his own job requirements keep him away from the family circle! Years ago the late Edward Bok, publisher of popular magazines, told of the jolt administered to him by his young daughter. Like many a busy man in military service and in business and industrial life he was away from home much of the time. One rare evening he was home, with no homework to do. His little girl approached him shyly and then climbed into his lap and said, "Daddy, I think I could love you if I could get to know you." Our children may honor us because they perceive that we are trying to live a good life, even a life of Christian faith and obedience. But they would honor and love us more if we reduced to an irreducible minimum the "absent treatment" we often too easily assume we are compelled to give.

SMOTHER LOVE CAN BE HARMFUL

In recent years we have been made aware of the harmful effects of possessive parents. "Momism"—sometimes called "smother love"—has damaged more than one object of parental affection. In military circles and in civilian society alike many emotional cripples owe much of their trouble to a parent who "loved" them unwisely and too constantly. As the Apostle Paul made clear in his famous hymn on love (1 Corinthians 13), true love, whether from parents to child or child to parents, or one human being to another at any stage of life:

is slow to lose patience—it looks for a way of being constructive. It is not possessive: it is neither anxious to impress nor does it cherish inflated ideas of its own importance.

Love has good manners and does not pursue selfish advantage. It is not touchy. It does not keep account of evil or gloat over the wickedness of other people. . . .

Love knows no limit to its endurance, no end to its trust, no fading of its hope; it can outlast anything. . . .

(From the Phillips translation.
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Parental love at its Christian best uses reasonable discipline because extreme permissiveness may prove disastrous to the immature personality. As one wit said, "In sparing the rod, we raised up a beat generation."

BUT WHEN WE HAVE GOOD PARENTS?

How does this commandment apply today when we have parents whom we delight to honor? In the ancient society of the Israelites described in the Old Testament, children had to provide for their aging, sick, or otherwise dependent parents. Indeed, all through history our Jewish brethren have been noted for their respect for their old people. In America we will find that some of the first attractive homes for elderly persons were built and maintained by Jewish citizens. The effect of the fifth commandment has been deep and enduring for members of modern Israel.

Nevertheless, in the United States of America, as increasingly in other western democracies, the state has recognized its responsibility to provide greater security for men and women in their retirement years. A degree of social security is a fact in every civilized nation. True, there is not yet enough low-cost housing for our so-called senior citizens, but every year sees more such housing built. Moreover, military personnel and civilian employees of many companies are assured of pensions upon retirement, in addition to the government old age pension. Therefore, we may reason, parents as well as unmarried older citizens are "honored" as human beings by being treated responsibly by those whom they served and by the government of the country of which they were citizens. So we may say: "They've got all they need. Why should we worry?"

IS FINANCIAL SECURITY ENOUGH?

The question remains, Is this enough? Are there not other needs in addition to housing, food, medical care, clothing, which our fathers and mothers should have for satisfying later life? To ask the question is to answer it. Of course, man cannot live without bread and the

other material benefits bread symbolizes but he "does not live by bread *alone*." He lives by every word which proceeds from the mouth of God. Some of God's "words" are intangibles such as love, kindness, faith, hope, mental and spiritual nourishment.

Here is where we as Christians come in! Recall the story of the child without parents waiting in a children's home for adoption. She had shelter, food, clothing, schooling, intelligent supervision. But her deep need for something more made her a "difficult child." One day she was seen to write a note and then run out and put it on some shrubbery near the institution where she lived. The note was brought to the matron of the home. She read with dismay what the little "problem child" had written: "To whoever reads this—I love you!" Not only children but human beings at every stage of life need love. We honor our parents truly when we surround them with intelligent, undiscourageable love. As men and women grow older they frequently grow lonely. Contemporaries fall away. Their own children are busy making their own living, tending their own families. Grandchildren may bring immense joy to grandparents. (Someone defined a grandmother as a mother who has time!)

If we would honor our parents when we no longer need them to provide for us, let us use our imaginations to give them expressions of our love and care. Not only on Mother's Day or Father's Day but all through the year we can keep open lines of communication no matter how far we may be removed from them in space. Best of all is to live the kind of responsible, Christian life that will make them know that their efforts to bring us up to be useful, loyal Christian citizens were not wasted. Paul gives us a balanced view in Ephesians 6:1-4. There he declares that children have responsibility to and for their parents, and parents have responsibility for and to their children.

Is there any better way to discharge our mutual responsibility than by centering it in our loyalty to "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," the one "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named?" (Eph. 3:14, 15, KJV). A noted theologian was once asked why he believed in God. Unexpected was his reply: "Because my mother taught me." Christian homes and Christian parents are not only the life-blood of the church, but the foundation of any strong nation.

Rosalind Street well says: "Out in life, sweet, reasonable consistent Christian living in the home has more influence than any or all of our lecturing and scolding. 'Methods' have temporary value; but example gives permanent trend to the lives of our sons and daughters."

THIS COMMANDMENT GOES BEYOND FAMILY LOYALTY

It is not farfetched to claim that the fifth commandment teaches more than that we should honor our own parents, notwithstanding that primary emphasis. We are no longer living in the kind of patriarchal family system of the ancient Near East. But the biblical emphasis remains strong. As any man or woman in military service should know, no person is an isolated individual unit. We are members of an outfit, a community, a nation. What have we that we have not received from those who preceded us? Our world did not begin this morning! This is not the Year One. All that we are and have comes in large part from what we call our heritage. Brave men and women purchased our freedom and independence from tyrants with their blood. With a great price our spiritual liberty and Christian faith was bought for us and for our successors. Wrote a scholarly Christian: "We are what we are because we enter into a legacy and a heritage which we have not created." Here are the basic units of our common life: home, church, community. We must not take them for granted or give only a verbal salute to their importance. We are debtors to all three.

The fifth commandment calls us to remember all that we owe to our parents and other ancestors, to our teachers and statesmen, to those who made our laws and to all who have upheld them, to the guardians of our nation's freedom and security. We honor our parents when we honor and respect those who preceded us as soldiers of Christ and of the common good. Those in authority over us, who exercise their authority under God and in loyalty to him, deserve our honor and loyalty today. Does anyone need to have this spelled out? We honor and respect our parents, our trusted leaders, our heritage, and the Lord whose we are as we live the life of loyal, serviceable Christian church members and citizens. As Christians who acknowledge One who died for all mankind, our obligation to honor and uphold the best includes the best in the heritage and culture of other nations. Far from being out-of-date this commandment is as relevant as today's news. ■ ■

An old motto: "Christ is the head of this home; the unseen guest at every meal; the silent listener to every conversation."

Tranquility at home, like peace among nations, rarely happens by accident. You have to work at both with determination, intelligence, and understanding.—*House and Garden*.

The Banner of Freedom

By Richard Barnes



JUNE 14, 1964, will mark the 187th anniversary of the Stars and Stripes, for it was on that date in 1777 that the Continental Congress adopted the resolution creating the flag of the United States. Since 1916, when President Woodrow Wilson signed a Flag Day proclamation, June 14 has been celebrated as the day when the people of the United States give special honor and recognition to the Star-Spangled Banner.

The precise origin of the first American flag is unknown, although there are numerous legends about it handed down by our ancestors. Probably the most widely known is the Betsy Ross story.

In June, 1776, it is said that George Washington, George Ross, and Robert Morris, visited the home of a Philadelphia seamstress, Betsy

Ross, to commission her to make the first American flag. The committee went over with her the various designs for the flag which had been suggested.

Modern historians claim there are too many discrepancies in this old tale and that the Betsy Ross story is pure fantasy. The Philadelphia home of Betsy Ross, however, is still pointed out to tourists as the birthplace of our national flag.

Americans credited with making the first U.S. flag are: John Paul Jones, George Washington, Sam Reid, Francis Hopkinson, Benjamin Franklin, and still others. From letters and records on file, experts admit that Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey, may have played a significant part in choosing the design of the first national flag.

We know that Benjamin Franklin did design a number of flags for the military companies organized in 1747. General George Washington assumed command of the colonial forces at Cambridge, January 2, 1766, and the "Grand Union" flag was raised. This flag consisted of thirteen red-and-white stripes with a British Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner. John Paul Jones flew a yellow pennant on his flagship, that displayed a coiled rattlesnake in the center with the words, "Don't Tread On Me."

In 1818, Congress realized that a new flag must be designed and a hero of the War of 1812, Captain Sam Reid, was chosen to produce a lasting and workable design for our flag. As each new state was added to the growing nation, additional stars and stripes were added to the flag, making it a monstrosity in size.

Captain Reid worked out dozens of different designs, and finally had his wife make a model that he hoped would meet with approval. It had the thirteen stripes for the original thirteen states, and a blue field to which a star for each new state could be added. This design was approved by Congress, and on April 4, 1818, President Monroe signed an act making this flag the official flag of the United States. On April 13, 1818, this flag was hoisted above the nation's Capitol, and while many stars have been added to its blue field since that date, the design remains the same.

It is a beautiful flag and makes your blood tingle when it is hoisted.

IN 1861, the Confederate Congress also chose a national flag, approving a design called the Stars and Bars. This flag had a blue square in the upper left-hand corner, on which thirteen stars (for the thirteen states of the Confederacy) were arranged in a circle. The rest of the flag was taken up by three horizontal bars of red, white, and blue.

During the battle of Bull Run, Confederate General Beauregard watched a body of troops appear in the distance. He had his men hold their fire. The approaching troops carried a flag but, due to lack of breeze, the banner drooped and for a few tense moments there was doubt if the troops carried the Stars and Bars or the Stars and Stripes. A sudden puff of wind revealed the flag to be the Stars and Bars.

This incident caused General Beauregard to demand that Southern troops carry a more distinctive flag. A new design was created by Congressman William Miles, General Joe Johnston, and General Beauregard. The flag that they designed is familiar to most Americans today. The square red flag with a diagonal cross of blue, with white stars and white edging.

Confederate regiments went into battle with this distinctive flag and carried it on up to Appomattox. While the Southern flag never did receive official recognition, most people, including those in the South, thought it was the official Confederate flag. The souvenir Confederate flag that can be purchased today is actually only the personal battle-banner of General Beauregard.

The Star-Spangled Banner of the United States is a symbol of the ideals, traditions, and the free institutions of our nation, not only to millions of Americans, but to millions of people in distant lands the world over.

Throughout the years, school-children in America have recited the simple but stirring words written by H. H. Bennett:

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

These lines are echoed silently in the hearts of all Americans when viewing the Star-Spangled Banner, whether in the church, schoolroom, or waving proudly at the head of a parade, fluttering in the breeze at Arlington Cemetery, or floating majestically from a capitol dome.

Our national flag is a beautiful banner of hope, that holds a promise for the future to all Americans—of freedom, equality in the sight of God, equality before the law, and equality in our rights to opportunity. May the Star-Spangled Banner forever wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. ■ ■

Instant Marriage

By George S. Wilson

IN these modern days of instant coffee, instant soup, and prepared cake mixes we seldom make things from scratch. We like the short cuts.

We have even tried instant marriage. The result has not been successful. Instant marriage leads too often to instant divorce.

Love at first sight is a romantic myth. It is highly applauded in the movies and novels. But, friend, when you see her for the first time and your eyeballs pop and your heart goes "boing," stop and ask yourself, Is this love? It may be love's beginning, but you will need to know a lot more about each other before you make a lifetime contract that means sharing a checkbook and a bed. ■ ■

NEED FOR TWO JUDGMENTS

There was once a military person who was always at chapel but unfortunately always late. Someone said, "There will have to be two judgment days. This fellow would not get there the first day."—J. I. Cossey in *Arkansas Baptist*.



In the Clutches

By Graham G. Lacy, Jr.

IT'S never hard to find a man who will tell you that women are at the root of all our present-day chaos. For instance, Groucho Marx, on his quiz program "You Bet Your Life," recently turned up an association of men sworn to declare that America has been "on the skids" ever since women won the vote. Now I have never been one to give credit to such a declaration, but I have recent-

ly given much time to considering where America would be if women had never gotten drivers' licenses.

The occasion for such pondering arose about a year ago out of a quite ordinary luncheon engagement with a feminine acquaintance of mine by the name of Julia Walker. Julia is a secretary in one of Washington's large downtown banks, and we have known each other since high school

Julia didn't have any car-sense so her instructor was in for a very shattering experience

days. After the conversation had flitted from the weather, to the world situation, to the whereabouts and how-comes of mutual friends, Julia began telling me of her aspiration to secure a driver's permit. Apparently the pedestrian habit was becoming quite tiresome because she explained that she had resorted to asking her Aunt Effie for instructions. Now Aunt Effie was well-known to me for her erratic behavior in traffic, and I was not at all surprised to hear Julia say, "Really, I just can't learn a thing from her. Why, with her constant jabbering and my jumpiness I get worse instead of better. What I need is a firm, experienced masculine hand to guide me. I think men are the best teachers anyway, don't you?"

Right then I should have heard a little warning bell, but either the company was too charming or I was in one of my more genial moods because I stepped right into the gentle trap.

"I think you're right about one thing, Julia. You would do well to get someone outside your immediate family to help you. In fact, I'd be glad to volunteer my services, such as they are, but my car has the standard transmission. I don't suppose you'd want that, would you?"

"Oh, my goodness; don't be silly," she answered immediately. "Why, if I learned on the standard transmission I'd know how to drive both kinds. Don't you think that's best?"

"You do have a point there," I said, "and, actually, it's not that hard to get onto. All you need to do is develop a little co-ordination between your left foot and your right. Why don't we make a date for some afternoon next week, and I'll see what I can do with you?"

WELL, that was how it happened. Of course, she accepted eagerly, and I found myself cast in the role of driving instructor for that coming Sunday afternoon. I planned to take her out to the edge of town to one of the large parking lots used by the Maryland commuters on their way into Washington during the week.

I was hoping the lot would be virtually deserted on a Sunday, and I was not disappointed. Much to my relief, the area was completely empty when we arrived.

As I pulled over to one side and parked, I began to have my first strong misgivings about showing Julia the intricacies of driving the "stick-shift" car—especially when that car happened to be mine. It was not a new car, nor was it particularly outstanding in any phase of automotive performance; but I had grown quite fond of it over the two years since I had bought it, and I was suddenly leery of surrendering it into the eager hands of someone as skittish as Julia.

I glanced over at her and was somewhat relieved to see a look of

diffidence on her face. Perhaps that meant she was at least slightly conscious of the meaning of my recent silence; anyway, I hoped so. Without further delay I smiled a superior sort of smile and began my instruction.

Throughout my spiel I emphasized the need for smooth clutch-accelerator action. Julia's eyes soon told me that she had stopped listening long before, but I repeated everything for the fourth time just to make sure I had included it all. Finally, realizing that I could stall no longer, I stepped out of the car.

"I'll come around and get in your door," I said tensely. "You slide over and get the seat adjusted."

As I circled the car, I saw Julia reach for the ignition. Instinctively I felt something was wrong.

"Wait," I yelled, but I was too late. Julia turned the key, and the car lunged forward. "Push in the clutch!" were the first words out of my mouth, but Julia appeared to have frozen in one position because the car continued to jerk forward spasmodically. After two or three more shouts and a couple of bucks more, Julia came to life enough to remove her hand from the key. As the car rolled to a halt, I wiped the nervous perspiration from my palms and took a cursory glance at the car to assure myself that it was still in one piece. I opened the door and slid in next to Julia. She was sitting in a semi-crouch with both hands firmly affixed to the wheel as though fearing another mechanical fit.

I was somewhat shaken by the experience, but not enough to give up

—not yet. I resolved to make a success of the afternoon, and, after drawing three deep breaths, I said, "Now don't let it bother you. There's no harm done. Anyway, now you know how important it is to use the clutch properly. Let's go over the details again."

As I talked, I could see her relaxing. I hoped that she would be the better for the recent episode and that she would pay a little more attention to what I had to say this time. I was about to repeat myself for the umpteenth time when she held up her hand to stop me.

"I've got it this time," she assured me. "I'll do better; just watch!"

Before I could object—or brace myself—she confidently reached for the ignition. This time, though, she held the clutch firmly against the floorboard with her left foot. The engine turned over immediately, much to my relief, and began idling smoothly. We looked at each other and smiled. Then it happened! Julia depressed the accelerator about three times too far and released the clutch as though she were standing on a snake. The previous performance was quickly forgotten in the face of this present crisis. This time the car seemed determined to make clear that it was most displeased with its new role as a training vehicle. Again demonstrating its untamed spirit, it sprang forward kangaroo-fashion emitting clouds of smoke and throbbing thuds of protest. Not only did it jerk to the front, but it shook from side to side as well. As I held on tightly for protection of life and limb, I could hear the clutch below

slipping and knocking as though ready to burst.

"Push in the clutch," I yelled, but only her right foot seemed capable of taking orders; and, as she depressed the accelerator further, the pitching and rolling increased in intensity. I at last managed to turn off the ignition and choked on a mouthful of smoke-filled air. For the life of me I couldn't think of a thing casual or reassuring to say, so I sat and stared at my hands, wondering how I always managed to be at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Julia finally broke the silence. "You're furious at me, aren't you?"

"No."

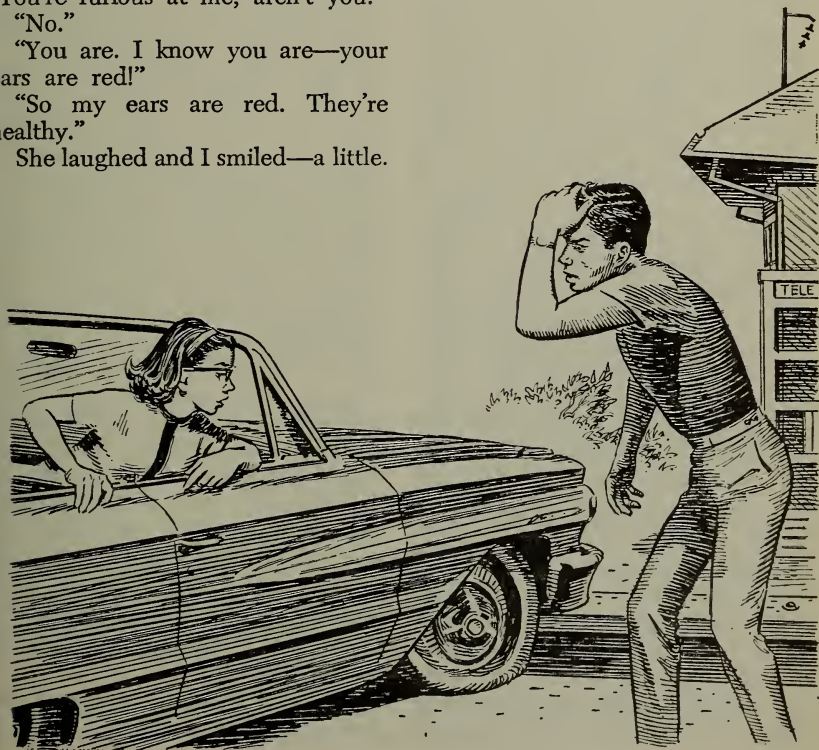
"You are. I know you are—your ears are red!"

"So my ears are red. They're healthy."

She laughed and I smiled—a little.

"I'm so sorry," she purred apologetically. "I guess I'm not cut out to drive one of these stick-shift cars after all. I'm just not a good student, am I?"

There, she had done it again. She'd appealed to my special soft spot—my masculine pride. Consequently, I answered in typical male fashion by saying, "Oh, now, don't get too discouraged. It happens to everyone the first time out. You just have to remember to use both feet together."



SHE again promised to do better, and I began emphasizing the highlights of proper clutch control. After several dry runs, during which Julia practiced releasing the clutch slowly and applying the gas in like fashion, I gave her the O. K. to try again for the third time. She very carefully pushed the clutch in. As carefully she turned the switch, and the engine caught on faithfully. As she prepared to release the clutch, I found myself breathless. Slowly, ever so slowly, she disengaged the clutch, and with perfect precision she applied the proper amount of gas. The car inched forward with scarcely a tremor. Elated by her success, Julia shifted from first to second and from second into high with the same sureness of motion. I even relaxed enough to grin with her, and then I ordered her to stop and try it again. Again and again she repeated the feat without a hitch. I began to feel at ease enough to cross my legs to demonstrate my confidence in her.

By this time I was content to let her drive around and around the lot. Its irregular layout presented numerous opportunities for right- and left-hand turns of varying degrees. As she drove, I could see that she was gradually relaxing, too. I knew any nervousness she might have felt had passed when she began gazing around and pointing out the new fall color in the trees. I felt that I should instruct her in the virtue of keeping her eyes on the road, but in light of the desertedness of the lot and the need for her to feel comfortable behind the wheel I didn't object to letting her drive and gaze

simultaneously. I even unwound to the point where I didn't feel as though I had to watch Julia's every move. I was certain she was in no danger of hitting anything, so I unbent a little more, recrossed my legs, and started observing a few of the landmarks that Julia was charting.

This proved to be a costly error. I should have sensed that something was wrong when she failed to make some sort of turn for an extended period of time, but her new-found ease was contagious, and I was taken completely by surprise when I looked up to see us heading straight for the curbing at the edge of the lot. We were closer than twenty-five feet when I yelled, "Hit the brake!"

Julia alerted herself instantaneously; but, as fate would have it, her now well-trained left foot automatically reached for the clutch. Before anything else could be done the car rammed into the curbing at a slight angle. My mouth was open to utter something—doubtlessly profound—when the sound of rapidly escaping air sealed my lips. I jumped out beside the car just in time to watch the right front tire ease the bumper down onto the curb. I was too stunned to speak. Not only was the tire ruined and the wheel alignment muddled, but the car was so far onto the curb that I couldn't get the jack under it to change the tire. As I stared at the plight of my beloved car, Julia stuck her head uncertainly out of the window.

"Maybe I should stick to automatics after all," she said.

"That," I growled, "would be the least you could do!" ■ ■

A Declaration of Dependence

By James W. Hoffman

AFTER several visits to East Berlin I remarked that I had never seen a city with so many policemen. But I had noticed only half of them, a West Berliner told me; the other half are in plain clothes, many of them working as cab drivers, waiters, or hotel attendants.

It occurred to me that in recent history all the governments which countermanded the authority of God needed huge forces of law enforcement, uniformed and secret police. Then a disturbing thought needled at me: Had I, an American, much right to look down my nose complacently at East Berlin?

Back home there were two persistent complaints about our police—(1) they were becoming high-handed and brutal; (2) there weren't enough of them, especially in our big cities. And there is good reason behind both complaints. For the first, policemen faced with the rising flood of crime and public disorder get panicky and sometimes lose sight of the

civilized restraints of their training. For the other, there are business and commercial parts (not slums) of my own city where my wife cannot safely travel by public transportation or on foot. And I have stayed in a number of American cities where no prudent man carries more money than he will need before returning to his hotel.

Some comparisons with Western Europe are not flattering to America. London and New York are cities of comparable size; yet New York has sixteen times as many crimes of violence as London, in spite of the fact that New York policemen carry guns, while the London bobbies do not. In Mediterranean cities attractive women may be good-naturedly pinched, but they will not be mugged or raped. We have more cars and better bathrooms than the Europeans, but they have this advantage over us—they are freer than we to move about their own cities in safety.

Mr. Hoffman is an editor on the staff of Presbyterian Life, United Presbyterian U.S.A. magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.

Freedom in Jeopardy?

The fact is that after 188 years of American independence, freedom is in trouble. Hundreds of public officials, educators, editors, and others who keep a professional eye on the national scene are worried about the future of a country where so many citizens interpret liberty as the freedom to cheat Internal Revenue, or the right to a high school diploma without studying, or the prerogative of driving ninety miles an hour when no squad car is in sight. If our nation is to retain its greatness, we must take time out to reconsider the true meaning of freedom, and chart our course accordingly.

Liberty is *not* the absence of compulsion or restraint, as anyone who gave a second thought to the matter would realize. If everyone were free in this sense, no one would be safe. The pursuit of happiness may be an inalienable right, but we must limit those whose happiness consists in destroying other people's property. There are many such limitations which civilized people place on themselves and others.

It's a Free Country, But . . .

And there is another kind of curtailment of freedom built into the very nature of things. I am perfectly free to drink a fifth of whiskey this evening; but if I do, I will not be free to feel at my best tomorrow morning. My bachelor friend is free to go where he likes and stay as long as he pleases; but he is not free, as I am, to go home to a wife and children. If I want to be free to

spend my money on my children's education, I must relinquish the freedom to spend it on foreign travel.

These examples may seem absurdly obvious, yet there seem to be millions among us who have not yet learned that you can't have your cake and eat it too. British Christian layman G. K. Chesterton once disposed of crackpot thinking about freedom by pointing out that an artist who held himself free to paint a giraffe with a short neck would find that he was not free to paint a giraffe.

The outcome of these second thoughts on freedom is that our liberty consists of our power to choose which restraints and compulsions we will accept and live by. We value democracy because it affords to individuals and to voluntary organizations the widest possible range of choices. (Christians and churches, for example, have a strictly limited field of choice in a dictatorship).

We Decide the Future

But democracy itself is at the mercy of the kind of choices we make. If too many of us make too many foolish, dishonest, or selfish choices, democracy will decline, giving place to a regime that will hold society together by force and terror. Even this would be only a stopgap move. If our knowledge of history is any guide to the future, a people that becomes corrupt and irresponsible is doomed to sink to a subordinate place, if not to disappear entirely from the world scene.

All these things our Judeo-Christian tradition has known for a very

long time. One of the earliest chapters of the Bible, Deuteronomy 29, is a stern warning of the fate to befall Israel if she "forsook the covenant of the Lord," and "served other gods." Thousands of years later a hymn writer implored America to "confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law."

Christian freedom is strange and paradoxical. Paul speaks of himself as "a prisoner of Christ," but again writes of "the glorious liberty of the children of God." In Christianity we are always hearing about submitting our own wills to the will of God; but we also hear, "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom."

Perhaps Christian freedom must be experienced to be understood. But even at the beginning we can see a little of what is meant. For if God is the Creator and Ruler of everything, with perfect wisdom and limitless knowledge, then we will be drawing square circles before we ever find a situation in which his judgment is wrong and ours right. If we are not following Him, we must be going in the wrong direction. To recover our liberty, we must retrace our steps. President Woodrow Wilson wrote that the will of God, "if we will but obey it, shall make us free, lifting us to the plane where duty shall seem happiness, obedience liberty, life the fulfillment of the law." This strange truth, experienced in some degree by all Christians, is described in a hymn:

Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,

And I shall conqueror be. . . .
My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine. . . .

Christianity and Government

Americans have always believed that the government exists to serve the individual, not the other way around. That is why the military is under civil authority, and why we have always been wary of entrusting too much power to a single branch of government. But only the Christian idea of the boundless importance of the individual soul has made such democratic principles possible. Every brand of tyranny downgrades the individual person, valuing him only as he is useful to the state. That is why dictatorships, whether of the left or the right politically, always must muzzle or distort the Christian faith.

Thus Christianity has conferred on us the priceless gift of freedom. But it has given us also the duty to behave responsibly. A nation of hoodlums would either starve (because soon there would be nothing left to steal) or be taken over by a neighboring country (because they could not defend themselves against organized attack). Our independence of domination by men hangs on our dependence on God and obedience to his will. This nation is free, strong, and prosperous only because of the Creator's gifts of resources, intellect, and grace. If in pride and disobedience we squander these, no power on earth can save us. ■ ■

Sign in a travel agency: PLEASE GO AWAY.—Jack Herbert.

"Home on the Range"

By Charles Ludwig

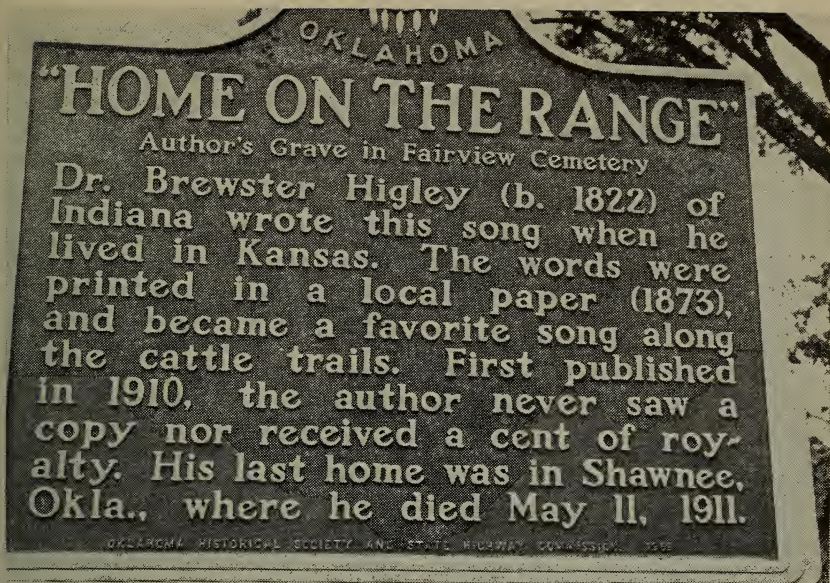
FEW songs have been as successful as the fantastically famous "Home on the Range." But its author, Dr. Brewster Higley, never saw a single printed copy; nor did he ever receive a penny in royalty. When it was dominating the airways in the mid-thirties, Dr. Brewster's body was

lying unhonored in a Shawnee, Oklahoma, cemetery.

At the peak of its popularity, it was enjoyed around the world. When anxious reporters asked Admiral Richard E. Byrd how he had endured his six-month stay at the South Pole, he replied: "For entertainment

This is the log cabin where Dr. Brewster Higley lived when he wrote "Home on the Range," in the 1870s. Cabin is located on Beaver Creek about fourteen miles from Smith Center, Kansas.





Marker by the cemetery in Shawnee, Oklahoma, where Dr. Brewster Higley was buried in 1911, almost forty years after he had written the song.

I took with me an old-style Edison phonograph and a few records. After I had read my instruments and written my report for each day during the early months of the stay, I gave myself daily concerts, always playing the song that tells about the land of sunshine where the sky is not cloudy all day. Later, when the cold grew more intense, my phonograph, operated by a spring, froze up and wouldn't go, so I found myself breaking the loneliness by singing, 'Home on the Range' against the bleak darkness of the South Pole."

In 1947, "Home on the Range" was made the official state song of Kansas; and today, the cabin on the

Beaver, where Dr. Higley lived when he wrote the song, has been restored and is being visited by an increasing number of tourists.

But what is the story of this man who stirred the world and, although he lived to be eighty-nine, never knew of his success?

DR. Brewster Higley was born in Rutland, Ohio, on November 30, 1823. He began to study medicine at eighteen and received his medical degree at LaPorte, Indiana, on February 22, 1849. He practiced medicine in Pomeroy, Ohio, and, then moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he taught in the state school.

Being unhappy in the East, he moved to Kansas in 1871. There, he homesteaded on the bank of the tiny Beaver Creek. At that time, this was virgin country filled with deer, buffalo, and antelope. He continued to practice medicine and became very popular with his patients. When the time came to build his cabin on July 4, some twenty of his neighbors turned out to place the logs in position.

This was a popular thing to do on the frontier and they had a great time. "At noon, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Clemanns drove into the yard with a dinner of 'buffalo roast, brown gravy, new peas, new potatoes, green beans, ripe muskmelon, and rhubarb pie.'"

Dr. Higley was supremely happy in this tiny oblong cabin. His friends were simple people and he loved them. In the evenings he liked to sit outside on a stump and watch the sun go down while the deer and the antelope played on the rolling plains in front of him.

ONE afternoon, he sat on the stump, hoping that a deer would come close enough to shoot to provide a fresh supply of meat. When none came, he got a couple of sheets of foolscap and quickly wrote some verses, the first one of which was:

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo
 roam,
Where the deer and the antelope
 play,
Where never is heard a discouraging
 word
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

He titled the poem "My Western Home," placed the manuscript between two books and promptly forgot about it. Then in the spring of 1873, a friend, Trube Reese of Smith Center, hurried over to the Higley cabin with John Champlain who had been shot in the foot. After the doctor had treated him and they had had a good meal, Reese casually pulled out a book to read and the forgotten poem fluttered to the floor. He scooped it up and began to read. Then he said, "Why, Doc, that's plumb good! You ought to have it put in the paper."

Encouraged, Higley submitted it to a frontier newspaper, *The Smith County Pioneer*, where it was published under the title, "Western Home." Then he showed it to his friend, Dan Kelly, a member of the Harlan Brothers Orchestra. As Kelly drove home in his wagon that evening, he began to hum a tune that might fit the words. Next he wrote the melody down on some wrapping paper.

He was courting Lulu Harlan at the time, and perfected the tune on a guitar while he played it to her. Judge Harlan, the father, thought it was great. Soon the orchestra was playing it and it began to take hold. The buffalo hunters picked it up and spread it from campfire to campfire under the romantic name, "On the Buffalo Range." It was well liked and became popular.

But just as it was reaching its top in popularity, the buffalo range became sorely depleted; and the big hunt moved to Texas. But the song, along with Dan Kelley, also moved

south. Here again it grew in popularity. The cowboys liked to sing it as they bedded the cattle and prepared their meals over the dancing fires of the range.

Soon its fame was enormously increased by the rich voice of Pierce Rose, a wandering cowpoke who had often been told that he should sing on Broadway. Then it was picked up by a well-known minstrel, Negro Doug, who sang it from place to place for a shower of dimes and nickles.

Soon, however, as most songs do, it began to fade. The ones who had popularized it were dying or moving away. By 1900, it was nearly a thing of the past.

Then in 1908, John A. Lomax, formerly of the University of Texas, who made a hobby of collecting folk songs, discovered a Negro cook in San Antonio, Texas. This cook, who had worked on the camp trails for twenty years, had an amazing memory. Among other things, he remembered words and music of the song now called "Home on the Range."

With a little prodding—the first time Lomax found him, he was sleeping under a tree—he recorded the song onto a record. Lomax then had the music written and in 1910 published it in his well-known book, *Songs of the Cattle Trail*.

The book preserved the song, but it didn't revive its popularity. It remained practically unsung until 1917. That year, the University of Texas Glee Club used it with the featured voice of John Boles. This gave it a lift that spread it to several western states.

BUT again it sank into obscurity. The music publishers shrugged it off as something of the past. It just didn't have the staying qualities of a great song! But just as it was about to be buried, President Roosevelt was late to a press conference.

As he limped in to face the newsmen on that eventful day in 1933, he found them singing, "Home on the Range." When they stopped at his entry, he asked them to continue. And then he asked them to sing it again, declaring that it was his favorite. This did the trick. Soon it was on every radio station in the country.

By this time, Dr. Brewster Higley had been dead for twenty-two years!

A year later the music world was rocked by a half-million dollar suit filed by William and Mary Goodwin of Tempe, Arizona. They claimed the smash-hit was an infringement on their song, *My Arizona Home*, which they had copyrighted in 1905.

In desperation, The Music Publishers Association employed a crack New York Attorney, Samuel Moanfeldt, to defend them. Because of the suit—it seemed they had an airtight case—the song was taken off the air and the publishers quit printing it.

Moanfeldt took off three months in order to find its real origin. His search took him through several states, and finally led him to Kansas. In Kansas he found Trube Reese who related how he had found the poem in Higley's cabin in 1873. Then he found Clarence Harlan, a former member of the little frontier orchestra that had played the tune

way back in the very beginning.

Cal was eighty-six and nearly blind, but he got out his old guitar and played and sang the original song from memory. Moanfeldt recorded the solo. This, along with a number of affidavits from Smith Center oldsters, caused the suit to be dropped in 1936.

Today there is no doubt about the authorship. But Shawnee, Oklahoma, did not know that their cemetery held such a famous man until 1946. Homer Croy, the author, is the one who uncovered this fact which was greeted with joyful headlines in the Shawnee papers.

Most of the song today is just as the doctor wrote it. However, there is one significant change. Higley's version was: "Where *never* is heard a discouraging word." The modern version has substituted the word "sel-dom" for never.

Dr. Brewster Higley was an optimist! ■ ■



"The name of the sender? John Smith."

Daily Bible Readings

JUNE

DAY	READING
1	Acts 11:1-18
2	Acts 11:19-30
3	Acts 12:1-25
4	Acts 13:1-12
5	Acts 13:13-52
6	Acts 14:1-23
7 Sunday	Acts 15:1-29
8	Acts 15:30-41
9	Acts 16:1-10
10	Acts 16:11-40
11	Acts 17:1-9
12	Acts 17:10-15
13	Acts 17:16-34
14 Sunday	Acts 18:1-21
15	Acts 18:22-28
16	Acts 19:1-22
17	Acts 19:23-41
18	Acts 20:1-12
19	Acts 20:13-38
20	Acts 21:1-16
21 Sunday	Acts 21:17-36
22	Acts 21:37-22:16
23	Acts 22:17-29
24	Acts 22:30-23:22
25	Acts 23:23-35
26	Acts 24:1-27
27	Acts 25:1-27
28 Sunday	Acts 26:1-32
29	Acts 27:1-44
30	Acts 28:1-30

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 20-26, Dale Whitney; pages 50, 51, Charles Ludwig; page 59, U.S. Air Force; page 60, U.S. Navy; page 61, Pick Hotels.

Poise is the ability to be ill at ease conspicuously.—Arnold Glasow, *Quote*.

Make Up Your Mind!

By Mahalia Jackson

I'D like to tell everyone that God's got the whole world in his hand. I'd like to tell everyone that God can take nothing and make something out of it. If, for example, I have accomplished anything, it is nothing but the grace of God that has brought me this far: all the way from the backwoods of Louisiana to the great streets of Paris, to Carnegie Hall in New York, Albert Hall in London, the State Opera House in Vienna. God has sent me all over the world just singing the simple songs of the South. That's why I love to sing, "He's Got the Whole World in His Hand."

Anything you want, anything you want to be, anything you want to do, God is able to lift you up. But you have to have one thing—you have to have a *made-up mind*. You don't straddle the fence serving God; we must put our all on the altar and let God abide. In my own life, in the early desperate days in New Orleans and Chicago, I learned to lean on the Word of God. I still read the Bible every day and ask God to give

me the understanding of his Word. For God says in the Bible, "See Me; learn of Me." This constant inspiration comes only through divine power and divine guidance. You can't get that unless you commune with God in prayer, meditation, and reading his Word. That is why I seek him daily to know him and his will for me.

To me, the first gospel song was sung by the angels at the birth of Jesus, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." It has been that way with me ever since I started singing as a child in our New Orleans shack between the railroad tracks and the levee. New Orleans was full of music then—jazz, ragtime, and the blues—and although I don't sing the blues anymore myself, I heard all the marching brass bands, the showboat music on the Mississippi, the great jazz orchestras of King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and "Jelly Roll" Morton, and learned to love their powerful beat. But I loved to sing all the more in the choir of our hard-shell Baptist church, where my papa used

to preach after his week's work on the river docks and where I could raise my big voice in "I'm so glad Jesus lifted me." All around me I could hear a real jubilant expression, the feet tapping and the hands clapping. Even today I feel that same bounce when I sing. Like the psalmist said in the Bible, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord," that's me!

I've been singing now for nearly forty years, and most of that time I've been singing for my supper as well as for the Lord. I've never had a music lesson and I still can't read a note, but I say this from the heart—a gospel song must do something for me as well as for the audience, or I can't sing it. When I'm singing at concerts, sometimes I whisper, sometimes I shout and drive the rhythm real hard. Sometimes when I'm singing inspirational songs like "Just as I Am," or "How Great Thou Art," I get down on my knees and sing with the folks and keep right on singing afterward in my dressing room until I've expressed all that I feel inside of me.

SO, using the gift God gave me, singing the old spiritual songs for people everywhere has been a great personal help for me. Not to become just an entertainer or a star, but to help give people faith—that is the most important thing I can do. Gospel songs are the songs of hope and faith. Thus, I have been lifted up by singing; I have been brought through many trials by singing. Personally, I like to sing before live audiences because I can sing directly to them, I can pick up their vibra-

tions and feel the Spirit of God communicating with me. Sometimes I have been criticized for not using a prepared program for my concerts, but I like to walk out on the stage and let the Holy Spirit guide me. Sometimes when I plan to sing one group of selections, the Spirit tells me to sing something else. Because I know God's got the whole world in his hand, I know there is a reason he wants me to sing certain songs. It is when I feel directly led that I am best able to project God's Spirit into my concerts.

Many people tell me they have been healed through hearing me sing these gospel songs—many tell me they have been saved. Naturally, I'm so grateful for that. You can't reach or uplift people in this way through a mechanical medium such as radio or records or television. Singing directly to a live audience is the only way.

At this time in history so many people are longing for spiritual help. There never was a time when Christians needed to be more Christian than now. They need to feel themselves lifted up in the Lord. Because there are so many people today really needing the Holy Spirit in their lives, they would like to know that God uses us. They would like to know the power God has given us. They would like to know God's got the whole world in his hands. And all we have to have is a made-up mind!

So, if the Lord will let me, I'm going to become an evangelist so I can reach many more people. I'm planning now to build a big evangelistic temple in Chicago and get up

a group of fine gospel singers who have the real beat, to help me express to so many people the happiness and strength that can come from the Lord. I want my temple non-segregated and non-denominational—even though I'm a hard-shell Baptist—and to have our services televised nationally, with or without sponsors, so that people all over the country can hear our singing.

I want to have all kinds of classes connected with the temple to help the many talented singers and musicians, to give them another path of study besides commercial show business where there are so many sinful temptations and frustrations. Some of the young colored people with great talent get hurt badly by discrimination and the doors that are locked to them. It breaks their spirit. It saddens my heart when they come to me and say, "Mahalia, please help us." I say, "I'm trying to, honey. I'm going to. Just give me a little time. I just got my toe in the door after thirty years of trying. It takes time to be delivered by the Lord."

I want to prove to young people that they can take what they've got and go to great heights if they believe in themselves and have faith in God. I say to them, "The Lord took me, and I was nothing, and he put me up. It can happen to you, too. If the Lord can bring me this far—take me out of the washtubs and off my knees scrubbing other people's floors—then he can do as much and more for others." ■ ■

A fool never changes his mind.

UNITED INTERFAITH READING PROGRAM

A united interfaith reading program, in support of great causes, is being advocated in articles, speeches, letters, and conversation by Dr. Stanley I. Stuber, director of Association Press, New York City.

In brief, his plan is to have various denominations and religious organizations cooperate in stressing the need for an informed laity and also make available source material to accomplish this end.

Dr. Stuber maintains that laymen will not take much intelligent action along the lines of world peace, brotherhood, Christian unity, and family relations (including sex, courtship, and marriage) until they get stirred up to action by reading the right kind of books, magazines, and articles. Therefore he is attempting to undergird these great causes with a specific reading program.

"Protestants especially are not reading enough substantial religious material," Dr. Stuber says.

"Protestants should know more about Catholics, and Catholics should know more about Protestants, if the spirit of the II Vatican Council is ever to bear fruit in local communities," he added.

(Note: Dr. Stuber attended both sessions of the II Vatican Council as official guest-observer at the personal invitation of Cardinal Bea, president of the Secretariat for Promotion of Christian Unity.)

Let Us Pray

Sovereign of the Universe, God behind the stars, we come before thee to acknowledge that thou art our Creator and Keeper. Everywhere the universe shows forth thy glory and we praise thee. Thou art in the voice of the thunderstorm and the lightning and in the quiet beauty of the desert. It is in thee that we live and move and have our being. We bow before thee in wonder, in appreciation, in faith. We wait, we listen. Speak thou to our hearts for thou art not alone omnipotent divine being, thou art our heavenly father; thou hast come down to our earth and in humility thou dost walk with sinful man. And as we walk with thee we renew our allegiance to thee, our Heavenly Father. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Lord of Lords, we thank thee for the health, the talent and the ability to earn money; for in this economic system money is the staff of life. It is a measure of value and we pray that we do not measure too highly our earning capacity; but also help us not to value it too low. Help us to have enough money to sustain us; but lead us also to share with others.

There are millions of people today, Father, who are hungry for bread, hungry for an education, hungry for God. Give us the joy of participating in the miracle of money, in paying our tithe, and giving all we can to feed the hungry and to save the lost. Above all, may we be rich toward God, laying up treasures in heaven where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

God of all truth, too often we have been sucked in by the whirlpool of cynicism and skepticism. Forgive us. We have listened to those who have found no good in anything, who feel that "life is a long headache in a noisy street," who are tired of living and especially tired of doing right. Lord, we have done wrong and we strip our hearts bare before thee in confession of our sin. Save us or we perish. Restore to us faith and hope and courage. May we lean on thee and find the strength to fill life full of warmth and love and devotion. In the name of him who was love incarnate—Jesus thy Son and our Savior. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Nuclear Arms Race a Dead End

Early this year in an address to Methodists at Tampa, Fla., U.S. Senator George McGovern (S.Dak.) said: "The nuclear race is a dead end street, creates a balance of terror, and destroys the basis for peace and survival." McGovern has called for national planning to prepare the economy for reduced defense spending. He warned that "cutbacks are coming even if we make little progress in international disarmament, because there is a limit to stockpiling of weapons." He suggested a cut of defense spending by 10 per cent and the use of the money saved to build schools and hospitals and provide scholarships for worthy college students as well as to help eliminate unemployment and poverty.

Stand Behind Your Police Officials

Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy of New York City has declared "Violent crime and its ugly stepchild—hooliganism—are on the increase in New York City. . . . Arrayed against these forces are the police. . . . Yet sometimes a cry of false sympathy is raised for the criminal and the police are branded as aggressors. . . . To the public I say: You cannot have your security and reject those who bring it. There must be a return to realism, there must be a stop to the flow of crocodile tears for 'the poor boys (with knife in hand) who did not know what they were doing.' There must be full support of the police in this area, lest this city submit to the creators of violence and disorder."

Planning luncheon of Tokyo Area Protestant Women of the Chapel with supervisory chaplains. L-R: Chaplain, Lt Col, Elmer E. Wehking, 6100 Wing Chaplain; Chaplain, Lt Col, Voigt Sink, 41st Air Division Chaplain; Chaplain, Col, Roy M. Terry, Fifth Air Force Staff Chaplain; Mrs. Timothy Smith, PWOC Area President; Mrs. Marcella Hardt, PWOC Area Secretary; Mrs. Charles Posey, Area PWOC Vice-president; Chaplain, Lt Col, Ralph R. Pace, Professional Division, Staff Chaplains Office, Fifth AF.





Protestant Navy men aboard USS *Newell* hold worship services while radar picket destroyer is about 1,000 miles from Pearl Harbor. Protestant Lay Leader is Storekeeper 1/C Leomit Maalona, who is an ordained minister in his own church, the Samoan Church of Christ, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Present Stage of Christian Unity

A statement on Christian Unity adopted by the executive committee of the World Council of Churches has been sent out to the 209 Protestant, Anglican, and Orthodox churches of the WCC. It points out that churches are entering a new period in the history of the ecumenical movement. "The real crux of the ecumenical problem" remains the relationships of churches with one another. For this reason the committee reaffirms that it is essential "that the right of every church to hold and develop its own particular attitude to the problem of church unity should be fully recognized and respected." The WCC does not look for "a unity characterized by uniformity or by a single centralized administrative authority," says the statement. It urges churches and congregations to "seize the new possibilities of personal contacts, of frank conversation, of prayer together, and of cooperation in the

common tasks with fellow-Christians of whatever confession."

New Bible Anthology

Announcement has been made by the National Council of Churches of the publication of a Bible anthology called the Citizen's Bible designed for use in American classrooms "in harmony with the Supreme Court rulings." It makes use of RSV and other translations "deliberately pointing out differences between traditional readings of specific passages by Protestants, Catholics and Jews."

Get Out of the Church Buildings

A Methodist home missions leader, the Rev. Dr. Allen B. Rice of Philadelphia, has challenged the church to move out of its buildings and its security and minister to people in places of need. He said: "The church has become too tied to its physical buildings and resources. Much more than is now the case, it must move out of its security and

spend itself. . . . Unless we can increasingly extend our services and message beyond the beautiful sanctuaries where we worship, we shall not win a growing number of people."

Study of the Heart

The American Heart Association reports that since 1949 it has channeled the sum of \$90,000,000 into research on the heart. Approximately 1,500 scientists received support in their research efforts during this period.

Sexual Act Not Merely a Private Affair

President K. Ronald Bergethon of Lafayette College in an address said: "The final stages of intimacy between the sexes is never merely a private matter. It is not a private matter because it has public consequences—e.g., unwanted pregnancies, unwanted marriages, and high venereal disease rates."

Edmond A. Leach, general manager of the Belmont Plaza Hotel in New York City, invites Miss Universe delegates to the 1964-1965 New York World's Fair when they visited the city last summer. Back of Miss France is one of the special posters designed by Pick Hotels.

Studies in Adult Education

Indiana University announces a wide variety of opportunities for study and training in adult education this summer from June 19 to August 14. Among the courses offered are: "The Adult Education Program," "Adult Schools," and "Processes and Procedures in Adult Education." For further information write: Director, Bureau of Studies in Adult Education, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

Need for Young Men in the Congo

The Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y., has issued an emergency request for fifteen young single men to go to the Congo and serve the church three years.

Upper Room Citation

The Rev. Dr. Billy Graham, famous evangelist, has been selected to receive the Upper Room Citation for 1964.



The Link Calendar

JUNE is National Recreation Month. Its purpose: "To make all Americans aware of the opportunities for wise and satisfying use of free time in their own communities." Sponsor: Natl. Rec. Assn., 8 W. 8th St., New York, N.Y.

June 3-10. General Synod, Reformed Church in America. Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

June 4. Old Maid's Day. Sometimes called "Bachelor Girl's Day." To honor all bachelor girls for the good they've done for parents, sisters, brothers, and many relatives and friends.

June 5-14. Portland Rose Festival. A rose is a rose is a rose—and it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Portland is known as "The City of Roses."

June 6-13. Let's Play Golf Week. The aim is to get everybody interested in golf. But there's a definition of golf which goes like this: "Golf is the game that unnecessarily prolongs the life of a lot of useless citizens." (Pardon, all golfers.)

June 7. Third Sunday after Pentecost.

June 7-14. National Humor Week. Laugh, brother, laugh.

June 8-14. National Little League Baseball Week. To focus attention on the Little Leagues which serve 1,250,000 boys in twenty-five countries.

June 10. Partial eclipse of the sun. Not visible in North America.

June 11. Kamehameha Day. Hawaii. State holiday honoring eighteenth-century Hawaiian King Kamehameha I, first to rule over the islands.

June 13-14. Swiss Cheese Festival. Middlefield, Ohio.

June 14. Children's Sunday. Fourth Sunday after Pentecost. Also Flag Day. And Race Amity Day.

June 15-through Summer. Washington, D.C. Summer Jubilee.

June 17-July 5. International Trade Fair. McCormick Place, Chicago, Ill.

June 21. Father's Day. Fifth Sunday after Pentecost. Summer begins 3:57 A.M.

June 22-25. National Study Conference on Weekday Religious Education, New York, N.Y.

June 23-28. Annual Conference, Church of the Brethren. Lincoln, Neb.

June 24-25. Total eclipse of the moon. The beginning visible in Europe, Africa, southwest Asia, the Indian Ocean, most of South America, the Atlantic Ocean and Antarctica; the end visible in southwest Europe, Africa, except the northeastern part, the Atlantic Ocean, North America except the northwestern part, South America, the Southeastern part of the Pacific Ocean, and Antarctica.

June 28-July 4. National Safe Boating Week.

June 28. Independence Sunday (prior to July 4). Nature Sunday. And the sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion.

1. Does Anybody Know I'm Here? (page 10)

Bible Material: John 3:16; 1 John 4:7-12

Why does the serviceman get lonely? What can we do to overcome this feeling? How does our Christian faith help us in periods of loneliness and despair?

2. God's Portrait of a Fool (page 27)

Bible Material: Luke 12:13-21

What is the meaning of the word "fool"? What are some of the characteristics of the man God calls a fool? How does one become "rich toward God"? What is meant by the statement: "When we stop believing in a great God, we try to play God"? In what ways do we leave others out of our lives? How does one prepare for eternity?

3. Honor Your Father and Mother (page 34)

Bible Material: Exodus 20:12

Why would ancient Jews consider honoring parents essential? What duties do children owe parents? What duties do parents owe children? How can parents gain the respect of their children? What is "our spiritual heritage" and how do we preserve it? How should we honor our heritage?

4. A Declaration of Dependence (page 47)

Bible Material: Romans 13:1-14

What dangers to our country arise from our growing lawlessness? When a citizen's rights make it possible for him to encroach on his neighbor's rights, what should be done? To what extent are rights balanced by duties? What do you think of a person's use of "It's a free country," when it covers up some irresponsible action? Although he was born rich, John F. Kennedy devoted himself to a life of hard work. If he had chosen a life of leisure and pleasure-seeking, would he have been a freer man? Why or why not?

Books Are Friendly Things

Smoking and Health. U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office. Washington, D.C. 20402. 1964. \$1.25.

Report of the Advisory Committee to the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service. "Few medical questions have stirred such public interest or created more scientific debate than the tobacco-health controversy." Here are the plain, unvarnished facts showing the link between cigarette smoking and cancer and between cigarette smoking and other diseases.

King Lear by Wm. Shakespeare. Bantam Books, Inc., 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. 1964. 75 cents.

Three editors—an outstanding Shakespearean scholar, a writer-lecturer, and a stage director—combine to produce this unique edition of Shakespeare. *Lear* is only one of the series. Obscure words are defined. Stage directions are given. Critical notes are included. A chronology of Shakespeare's life is printed. This all adds up to a "scholarly, critical package."

The Black Ship by Dudley Pope. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. 1964. \$5.95.

An experienced writer about the sea, former naval correspondent for *The London Evening News*, writes in this book of life at sea during the Napoleonic War. This is the anatomy of a mutiny—the brutality of Captain Hugh Pigot which caused it, the violence itself, and its aftermath. An account of "the worst and bloodiest mutiny ever to occur in the Royal Navy."

Religion Ponders Science. Edited by Edwin P. Booth. Appleton-Century Press. 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. 1964. \$5.95.

This book is a collection of seventeen articles by a cross section of outstanding religious personalities who write on how they look at religion in this scientific world. There is no unity in the book in the sense of a definite intellectual or theological proposition. Some of the writers are liberal, some conservative; there is a Hindu thinker and a representative of Judaism, but no Catholic theologians. There is an amusing introduction, for the editor seeks to rewrite the Ten Commandments. We predict that Moses' version will last and that Mr. Booth's will be forgotten.

When You Gamble—You Risk More Than Your Money by Gordon H. Cole and Sidney Margolius. Public Affairs Pamphlets, 381 Park Ave., S., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1964. 25 cents.

Can you beat the odds? The authors say no. Gambling often leads to personal tragedies. It may start as an innocent pastime but it often leads to debts and compulsive gambling and becomes as difficult to shake off as the alcohol or the dope habit. The arguments for and against legalized gambling are presented.

HOW WELL ARE WE COVERED?

A CHAPLAIN recently wrote us about one of his enlisted men who said the “eye appeal” of THE LINK was poor, that the covers were not lively enough. We asked the chaplain—as we are now asking you—to make a study for us of THE LINK covers. Will you help us out and report on the questions below:

1. Survey a number of covers (all four covers of each issue, if possible). List these as to dates and rate them: Which ones excellent? Which ones good? Which ones poor? Which ones fair?
2. Do you prefer a cover drawn by an artist or do you prefer photographs?
3. If art work, do you prefer realistic drawings or abstract?
4. To whom should the cover appeal—to single men, to family men, or both?
5. How would you rate the following subjects for covers (rate in the order of importance): Girls, families, children, scenic, religious (such as cross, Jesus, and the like), action pictures (perhaps related to an article in the magazine).
6. What subjects (other than the above) would you like to see on the covers?
7. The process used now on the cover is duotone. It blends two colors into one. Do you like this process or not—based on the results you’ve seen?
8. Do you, or do you not, find the article blurbs in the upper right hand corner helpful?
9. How do the covers of THE LINK rate in comparison with other magazines you’ve seen?
10. Any other ideas?

(Please answer on a separate sheet of paper and mail to EDITOR, THE LINK, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.)

At Ease!



"I'm going in. If I'm not out in three hours, come in and get me."

Just as the collection plate was about to be passed one Sunday morning, a small boy was heard asking his mother, "How much for admission?" Attempting to quiet the child, the mother quickly gave him a coin while taking a dollar bill from her purse. Seconds later, the boy said: "I understand—a dollar for adults and ten cents for children."—Eva Kraus.

The officer of the day stopped a

mess orderly carrying a soup kettle out of the kitchen. "Here, you!" he snapped. "Give me a taste of that!" Obediently the orderly handed him a ladle and the officer tasted. "My goodness, man, do you call that soup?" he roared. "No, sir," replied the orderly. "That's dishwater."—*Woodmen of the World Magazine.*

A lot of silly stories have been told about messages written under postage stamps during the last war to escape the censor's eye. Here's a peach of a story on the censor man: A postscript read: "Be sure and note the message under the stamp. My whole future may depend on it." Quickly the censor steamed off the stamp. Underneath he found this: "Hard to get off, wasn't it?"—*Oral Hygiene.*

"Look at you!" shouted the sergeant indignantly, as he inspected a bunch of new recruits.

"Your ties are crooked! Your hair isn't combed! Your shoes aren't polished! Your trousers aren't pressed. . . . Suppose some country suddenly declared war?"—*Lion.*

Wife (to husband inquiring what she thought of his speech): "You didn't make the most of your opportunities."

Husband: "What opportunities?"

Wife: "Why, the opportunities you had of sitting down."—*Washington-Alaska Pharmacist.*

"Does my dog have a good pedigree? If he could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us."—*Ark. Baptist.*





