





The **LINK**

*December-January*

## Greetings to All Men and Women in the Armed Services and in the Veterans Hospitals

You perhaps recall the words of St. Paul, "the spirit giveth life." It is the life-giving spirit of Christmas that provides us with God's grace and peace. It is this spirit that gives us assurance as we cross the threshold of another year, for, it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

CHAPLAIN (MAJ. GEN.) ROY H. PARKER  
Chief of Army Chaplains

World War II produced a popular song that reflected the deep desire of all, "When the Lights Go on Again All Over the World." The symbols of Christmas are rightly concentrated on light.

My greetings to all are best expressed in a prayer: "Light of Life, enlighten us, that we may reflect thy Glory and bring thy blessings to all mankind."

CHAPLAIN (REAR ADM.) STANTON W. SALISBURY  
Chief of Navy Chaplains

The Spirit of the Child of Bethlehem will live throughout this New Year only as it is exemplified by you. My Christmas and New Year wish to all members of the Armed Forces is that you will be not only good soldiers, sailors, or airmen, but also good Christians exemplifying fully the spirit of the Christ Child.

CHAPLAIN (MAJ. GEN.) CHARLES I. CARPENTER  
Chief of Air Force Chaplains

May the joy which only Christ may give be yours this Christmas Season as He finds room to live in your heart. May Christmas mean to you a rebirth of faith which will in all the coming days and years be to you a source of God's peace and strength.

A. J. MCKELWAY, DIRECTOR  
Chaplaincy Service, Veterans Administration

We try to think of you as God does—not as a cog in a vast machine, but as an individual, a person in His image and the definite object of His personal concern. So our Message is to each of you personally—"May God richly bless you at this Christmas season and throughout the New Year!"

BISHOP CHARLES WESLEY FLINT, CHAIRMAN  
General Commission on Chaplains

# THE LINK



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Thomas A. Rymer, Editor

Laura A. Gibbs, Managing Editor

Address all communications to 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington 2, D. C.





**Dan McGrew** ("And the Same to You, Skipper," page 3) saw 36 months of Navy duty at San Diego and Pearl Harbor. "At these noisy, busy bases," he writes, "I saw and heard homesickness, boredom, and then victory, swearing some day I would write of what I saw and felt. 'Skipper' is one of the results of that vow." Having graduated from Marietta College in Ohio last June, he is currently athletic publicity director for this college, but says his goal is a newspaper spot, "preferably in San Diego, where I can once again see the sea and watch those beautiful destroyers—and be home for Christmas."

**Hal Eustace** ("News Hound," page 7) is Assistant Public Information Officer for the Airways and Air Communications Service headquarters at Andrews Air Force Base. The story of Arno and the "mal-assigned" Schaferhund was written for the amusement of the men in his outfit while Captain Eustace was overseas. He has a photograph of Arno which we wanted to print for you, but unfortunately it is still in his trunk, which, perhaps familiarly, has not yet caught up with him. We think you'll find this entertaining story in your "language," and hope we'll be able to bring you more from the same author.

The name of **Esse B. Hamot** ("Boomerang," page 13) fools people into thinking she's a man, and rhymes with Jesse. Miss Hamot attended a college in Nebraska and Columbia University, earned a trip to Europe, and has sold

fiction to a variety of magazines, including "American" and "Harper's." One of these is included in a college English textbook, and will no doubt go on edifying students for years to come.

**Agnes Rehder** ("All in a Day," page 24) broke into print "very gradually," she says, after quite a few years of plugging away without visible success. Her writing has appeared in "Family Digest," "Child Life," and some religious publications. We're glad she kept at it and feel she's well on the way to her goal of being "in the Big League." Meanwhile she classifies herself as a "spare-time writer. The major part of every day is devoted to the Waterfront Employers of Oregon and the Columbia River District who are good enough to keep someone who has a tendency to daydream employed as a secretary." The world needs some dreamers, Agnes!

The name of **Vincent Edwards** ("The Story of 'A Christmas Carol,'" page 31) has appeared from time to time in "The Link" with his writing on historical subjects. This field is one of his favorites, and we hope many of our readers will share his enthusiasm for it.

**George R. Flamm** ("A Morning with Head-Hunters," page 33) served 28 months in Assam, India, where this true story occurred. Mr. Flamm is now Chief of Special Services at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Boise, Idaho. "It is a very interesting job," he writes, "and worth while. We at this hospital feel that any activity that takes a patient's mind off his troubles, illness and worries is good medicine." His hobbies of writing and cartooning are in line with this spirit. His work has appeared in more than 60 magazines and has doubtless brought good cheer to many people, sick or well.



# "and the SAME to you, SKIPPER!"

By DAN MCGREW



The **USS Baldwin** was finding the Pacific not-so-pacific that day of December 24, 1942. Listing heavily with every roll of an angry sea, the small destroyer felt her way cautiously through waters that only days before had borne the ships of heavy Japanese task forces.

It was the **Baldwin's** job to patrol those waters. The victory our Navy had won from the Jap Navy only a few days previous was not a conclusive one. The Nips had merely scattered to await revenge. Patrol duty was risky business.

But that night we, the crew of the **Baldwin**, were not thinking of enemy cruisers or arching salvos from 12-inch rifles. It was Christmas Eve—not a time for thoughts of war, but a time for thoughts of homes and wives and mothers and kids—and Christmas.

It certainly didn't seem like Christmas that night. How could it, in the middle of an ocean and miles deep in enemy territory?

The night was warm, a little sticky

up on the bridge and down below in the **Baldwin's** throbbing engine-room. There was no snow to remind us of Christmas back home in Ohio and Texas and Michigan and Oregon. No snow, nor any pine trees to trim with tinsel and admire from a cozy chair. Nor any gifts, either. The fellows would have thought it childish to exchange presents with shipmates.

So there was nothing more tangible than a calendar to remind us of Christmas. But for some reason we knew it was Christmas Eve, anyway. Our memories of other Christmas Eves told us so, and we fondled those memories like fragile pieces of lace—but alone.

Inside the galley of the **Baldwin** part of her off-duty crew sat gathered around chow tables. Supper was cleared away. Ordinarily card games and books and magazines littered the tables after the evening meal, but these usual diversions were not in evidence that night. No card-playing or talking, none of the

horseplay that lightened the minds of scared and homesick men and boys. Each man sat quietly and said nothing. Minds were thousands of miles away.

Lou Grinelli, our garrulous, effervescent boatswain, was at one corner of a table. It was the first time we had seen him soundless. We were probably the first ever to see him without a smile. But it wasn't hard to figure why Lou gazed disconsolately at the fibre in the table before him. All of us felt the same loneliness, the same deep, anguishing homesickness that was written all over his face.

We puffed on cigarettes and fingered match folders and said nothing.

"At ease, men."

Commander Harley ("Long John") Johnson, skipper of the **Baldwin**, spoke the words as softly as he had opened the hatch door and stepped into the galley. We relaxed back onto the benches after hurriedly starting to rise out of respect to the skipper. Silently we again thanked the Navy Bureau for handing us a leader who had no Captain Bligh-ishness about him.

Commander Harley Johnson—about 35, class of '32 at the University of Pennsylvania, All-America end, construction engineer, husband of his hometown sweetheart, the father of two healthy boys. He had a Gary Cooper look—lanky, weathered, common. Our admiration for him bordered on worship. Sometimes we considered having him as a skipper too lucky too last.

All of us watched him as he eased himself down to the bench alongside Grinelli. He had noticed the hushed atmosphere, plainly evident and surprisingly out of the ordinary on our ship.

"Why so serious, Grinelli?" he asked.

Lou smiled his answer to Commander Johnson. "I was just thinking, Sir, about

my mother. She and I always went to Christmas Mass together."

The skipper lit a cigarette. Months of Pacific sun burning the **Baldwin's** bridge had turned his skin to bronzed-tinted leather.

"And you, Jacoby, is this your first Christmas away from home, too?"

Seaman Alexander Jacoby, 18, beardless, answered quickly. "Yes, Sir. And it isn't much fun, either."

We all laughed a little, I guess. Commander Johnson did too, but I noticed there was no humor in his eyes. Responsibilities clouded his face.

Fred Wojcik, our balding quartermaster and a steadying hand to all the crew, told the skipper from the southwestern corner of his mouth, "Captain, the whole bunch of us are so homesick we can taste the salt in it. I've been in the Navy for eight years and I always feel bad when Christmas rolls around. Most of these kids feel near to bustin', but they're holdin' back. I'm proud of 'em."

"Yes, Wojcik," the skipper said, "I'm proud of them, too, every man on this ship. I have a fine crew." He paused a moment, and went on. "Fellows, I know what is on your minds. All of you are thinking about your homes tonight. Tonight in particular, all over the Navy, and the world for that matter, men just like you are trying to put themselves back home with their minds. And it's right that you should. If you don't have the liberty to do that, then what we are doing out here is useless."

"Doc" Simms, our lean-faced pharmacist's mate, spoke up. "I was thinking of that just before you came in, Sir. And I've always felt that God's goodness deserves sacrifices on our part. That's another reason we're out here, I believe."

The next to enter the conversation was burly, tomato-faced "Kansas" Leesburg. "I don't know what God and religion have to do with this. I'm not the religious type, myself, but just between us, darned if I don't feel in the need of something like it tonight. If I was back in Kansas you can bet I'd be in church. Funny, isn't it? I never felt that way before."

"No, it isn't funny," Commander Johnson broke in, "because almost everyone at some time or other feels the need of God in his life.

"Christmas seems to bring out a fact that we should realize every day of the year—that our whole existence revolves around whatever God or form of God we believe in. Living without seeing Him in our lives is like trying to steer a course without charts or a compass. Maybe you can find your way, but chances are you'll run your ship on the rocks."

He paused again, looked down at his feet, and then talked with measured words.

"Grinelli, you're Catholic. Christmas Mass with your mother is very important to you, or else you wouldn't have been thinking of that when I came in here.

"Jacoby, I may be wrong, but I'll bet an appointment to Annapolis that you went to church after you opened your presents on Christmas morning."

Young Jacoby nodded a smiling affirmative.

"Wojcik, Marto, Leesburg, McIntyre, all of you—it's the same thing for every mother's son of us. Whatever our

religion, wherever our home, whatever our station in life, we all sense what God means to our lives, whether we admit it or not. And Christmas at home typifies the **way** we feel about our gratitude to Him. Out here, Christmas seems unreal. But we still know the meaning of Christmas, and that's what is important. A lot of people forget that."

The skipper was searching for his words now, careful to keep his responsibilities and cares to himself.

"This war is coloring a lot of our thinking, our attitudes. We're learning that fear isn't something to be afraid of any more. We're growing up, all of us, in one sense or another. Back of the realities of war—and of the war we've faced on this ship—is a greater reality than one of national righteousness. The reality I mean is the one we're learning through just such moments as these. Together or alone, we reflect our thoughts of Him all the time. Christmas—this Christmas—is a pause to find where we stand with Him."

Commander Johnson slowly stood up. He seemed a little hesitant to say more. But finally he added, "Tomorrow morning I'm going to read a few Bible verses at the officers' mess. If you men would like me to come down here and read them, I'd be mighty pleased to do it."

A chorus of "Yes, sirs" answered his offer. The skipper thanked us and stepped out onto the weather deck. He closed the hatch door, then reopened it, and leaned his head around the edge.

"Good night, fellows—and Merry Christmas!"



Heap on more wood! The wind is chill. But, let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still.—*Sir Walter Scott*



# LINK LINES

## By the Editor

### Happiness

Christmas this year will find many of our readers far from the places and persons they most cherish. For some this will be the first time. For most it is not by choice. For all it is fortunate that Christmas is not a place, nor a person, but a spirit within of happiness in doing for others.

Joseph and Mary were a long way from home on that first Christmas when their Child was born in a Bethlehem stable. Neither for them was this by choice. They had gone by Caesar's order to register for the paying of taxes. They were a long way from home when they fled into Egypt to save their Child's life.

The Bible story does not reveal the hardship and privations of those harried and weary days. We know that much of what we take for granted was not available to Joseph and Mary. For them there were no regular pay days, no barracks for shelter, no clothing allowance, no mess attendants to serve their meals, no doctors and hospitals for their needs, no entertainments, and no promise of transportation home when their enforced stay in a foreign land was ended. They did have this: Work to do to provide for their Child, and the chance to forget themselves in thoughts of another.

Herein lies the secret of happiness at Christmas and at any other time. For happiness is a shy miss who flees when pursued but comes to brighten our days when we forget ourselves in doing for others.

Much will be done to make the Christmas season a happy one for men and women in the defense forces and in veterans hospitals. All of this, however, will bring small satisfaction compared to the joy each may find in doing something for another.

Through the years groups of American service personnel have brought Christmas cheer to the children of the community. It will be so this year in Germany, Austria, Panama, Alaska, Japan, and other faraway places. Food for needy families, toys for their children, resultant awareness and appreciation of American generosity and good will, are proven antidote to homesickness and a loadstone to happiness.

May the Yuletide for each one of you be bright with the joy you make for others in remembrance of the first Christmas Day.

### Ambassadors

Few of us fully recognize the important role of service men and women as unofficial American ambassadors to foreign countries.

Our high State officials are seen by few of the native people, and probably seldom are they recognized. In contrast, on the streets of occupied countries are hundreds of service people in uniforms easily identified. Any native can say, "There goes an American." What he thinks of America and Americans is largely determined by what he sees of this foreigner in his land.

"There goes an American" can be spoken with admiration, with distrust, or with contempt, according to impressions made by the attitude and conduct of our troops off duty. Each service man and woman is America to people of other lands. In this disordered world we can think of no greater privilege, of no greater responsibility.

# NEWS HOUND

By Hpl L. EUSTACE



TULLN AF BASE, Russian Zone, Austria. . . . Back at Lackland Indoctrination Center I told a nosy classification man that I had read a book once, and I guess that was when they festooned me with a secondary MOS (Military Occupation Specialty) of 274 (Public Information Specialist) in addition to my primary 521 (Basic Soldier).

I'm happy five-twenty-one-ing here on Col. "Buz" Sawyer's base, until the 274 business crops up again. I'm under the impression that a 274 is a sort of helper to an able-bodied 521, but No!

"Private Crayton," says the Captain (he knows I'm a corporal, and that my name is Leighton-Lee), "I'll have to delete your 274 if you don't start producing."

"But, Sir," I protested, "you know that my Austrians do more work than any other labor gang on this base."

"Yes, yes," he tut-tuts, "but 274's write stuff—news and such. You'll have to gin us out a few releases, or I'll have

to abrogate your secondary. Let's see you go out and write a most powerful piece." Did you catch that **powerful**? He's from Virginia.

Well, how about that? Here I am an American correspondent in the Rusky zone, and I didn't even know it.

I figure I need the tools of the trade, and there's no need of going second-class this soon after pay call, so I traipse down to the PX and squander a nickel on a pencil, and two-bits on a notebook. I have trouble finding a notebook that will fit inside my hip pocket. Everybody knows what happens to corporals who go around with things sticking out of their pockets.

I put on my best uniform, shine my brogans, jut my jaw out at a Richard Harding Davis angle, and fare forth in search of news or something like it.

Everybody's very cordial (that's the kind of base Col. "Buz" runs) but they are at a loss when I fire my red-hot sales talk at them: "Gimme some news."

"Like what?" most of them ask vaguely.

"You know—man bites dog—and stuff like that," I answer in a professional tone.

Then their eyes light up and they say: "Haven't heard of any EM (enlisted man) or O (officer) putting the bite on a pooch, but did you hear what the Schaferhund (sheep dog) did to Arno, the boxer?"

I gently explain that we gentlemen of the Fourth Estate do not consider a dog fight sufficiently informative to grace the printed page.

But everywhere I go, people keep trying to tell me about how the Schaferhund turned the tables on that ram-bunctious boxer.

Somewhat discombobulated (see what happens when they leave the thesaurus out where corporals can get at it?) I wander down toward the Danube, which flows past this air field. A couple of Russian gunboats chuff leisurely by, heading for their near-by base in the suburbs of Vienna. That gives me an idea. Maybe I could write a story about the capture of Tulln. It's probably the only air field in the world which was captured by the Navy—Russian Navy, that is. It's a fact. The bitsy battlewagons came up the Blue Danube and chased the Luftwaffe off of Tulln air field. The supermen set a few buildings afire, and took off like a man who's been given the hot foot with a welding torch. There's only one slight defect with this story: it's about three years old.

Then I think about this Austrian frau who had been a test pilot before the war. The Austrians are training a batch of air communications personnel here, and the instruction is being done by one of our better outfits—Airways and Air

Communications Service. This gal (she's muscle-bound but not between the ears) is in training to become a radio control tower operator.

I ankle down to AACS to ask Lt. Yoke (some say his name is Stephen Yokopenic, but it doesn't sound very likely to me) about this soprano CT op. Lt. Yoke has been in a dither for a week, expecting to become a father any second.

"I sure hope everything is all right, Lt. Yoke," I open gently.

"Thanks, Corporal Leighton-Lee (you see, Yoke knows my name and rank), "but just skip it. There's no need in both of us worrying about this thing."

I tell him I'm after news and ask: "What's the poop on Powerful Katrinka, the CT op?"

"Ach, what a shame!" Lt. Yoke exclaims, "and she was one of our most apt pupils, too."

"Was, Sir?" I ask weakly, as I see the bottom falling out of another story.

"Yes. She was withdrawn from school when they caught her trying to pick up a fast schilling or two in the schwarz (black) market."

"But I know another story, though," he volunteers. "Have you heard about Arno and the Schaferhund?"

"Yes Sir, Lt. Yoke—that's all I'm hearing about, and I think I know too much about it already."

"O.K.," he says, letting me down easy, "how about taking a hop with me sometime?" Lt. Yoke is a pilot up from the ranks. I give him my phone number so he can call me the next time he flies. If you don't think he'll do it, you just don't know Lt. Yoke. If I had a communications MOS, I'd sure try to get into his outfit.

Nuts. I'm exactly nowhere, and my



dangling secondary is about to be abrogated if I don't come up with a powerful story. I think hard, and I remember Miss Kathy, the Special Services girl. She'd break a leg trying to help an honest Joe. I don't know why it is, but every time I go to see Miss Kathy I wind up over in a corner writing an ever-loving letter to my stepmother. Just between us I don't care much for my stepmother, either.

On two-inch heels, Miss Kathy comes up to about your wish bone. That's why we call her "Little-Princess-Standing-in-a-Well." Everybody is always greeting her with: "Kathy, why don't you get out of that hole?" She makes out like she's furious, but she's really enjoying it as much as the rest of us.

The other day, S/Sgt. John Brannon (he's that eager-beaver in the AACSG ground-air station) knocked together an eight-foot pair of stilts. He wrapped them up nice, and presented them to Miss Kathy very formally in front of a bunch of guys down at the service club. When she unwrapped them and saw what they were, she lit in after him, flailing right and left with one of the stilts. She was more vigorous than accurate. Busted two mustard pots and a bottle of catsup. It was a half hour



*When she unwrapped them and saw what they were, she lit in after him, flailing right and left with one of the stilts.*

before she would let him back in the club.

Well, I hunt up the Princess and ask her the secret of why her service club is so popular. "Nothing to it," the Princess says. "We just keep the good Joes happy, and turn the damper down on an occasional wiseheimer. Don't write anything about me—write something about the boys." Then she goes starry-eyed and says: "They're wonderful."

And do you know, I think she meant it, too. It's a good thing she doesn't know those jaspers as well as I do.

Trying hard to be helpful, she asks: "Have you heard about the Schaferhund and Arno?"

### **That does it!**

**Mr. Editor,** it may not be news, but that dog fight is the most talked-about thing on this base.

Arno is a big, brown boxer that hangs out up at the officer's club. Arno's very smart and he's strikingly handsome in a gruesome sort of way.

The Schaferhund is a lanky, sour-pussed shepherd that seems down on the world. I know what's eating him—he hasn't any schafe (sheep). I saw him the other day looking through the fence as a couple of schafe went by down the road. He's whimpering with excitement, his tail is gyrating like the rear rotor on a helicopter, and he's grinning like a jackass eating briar. There's nothing wrong with that hound except that he isn't working in his primary MOS. It's a clear case of what they call "mal-assignment" up in the personnel office.

The Schaferhund makes the service club his headquarters. Like most Austrian dogs, he's kept muzzled. With his wire mask on, he looks like a canine Mickey Cochrane.

But Arno is friendly enough, and

he doesn't have to wear a muzzle for some reason. Maybe it's a case of RHIP (rank has its privileges)—I don't know. Arno leaves the Schaferhund strictly alone when the hund's muzzle is off. But, boy, oh boy, you should see the fun Arno has when he catches the Schaferhund muzzled. The hund doesn't give any ground, but he gets all the worst of it. Arno bounds gaily hither, thither, and yon, nipping out a tuft of the hund's hair every now and then. The Schaferhund sounds awful, but he can't lay a fang on Arno. It's a big joke, and maybe you think Arno isn't playing it for all the laughs.

The other day it happens again. Arno is taking it big.

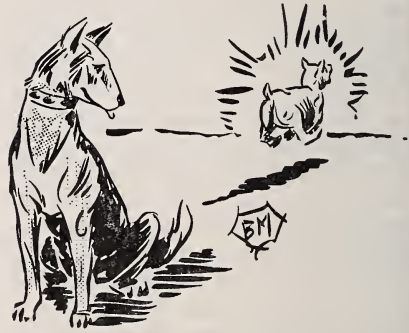
Something snaps. The hund's muzzle comes off.

All hell breaks loose. Before Arno gets hep, he's the most chewed-up dog you ever saw. Arno shifts into high, and heads ky-yii-yii-ing for the officer's club. The Schaferhund's after him like a flash. He slashes a few more gashes on Arno's derriere. Arno pours on more coal, and he looks like a brown blur streaking for the officer's club.

The Schaferhund stops and turns around, scornfully ignoring Arno. Head high, tail rigid as a poker, and with a

low rumble in his throat, the hund is a perfect picture of avenged canine dignity. He canters leisurely back to the service club. Arno is down in the bowels of the cellar at the officer's club.

I'm dickering with an Austrian now for a couple or three schafe, so I can put the hund back to work in his primary. Then I'm going to take his muzzle off, and I'll bet you that he won't let that Arno get within a mile and a quarter of his woolies.



Mr. Editor, I know that a story ought to tell all of the truth, but if ethics permit, leave this part out: I'm the guy who cut the straps on the Schaferhund's muzzle so it would fall off when Arno came nosing around.

### *Appreciation*

To Mr. Delmar L. Dyreson, who for three years was editor of THE LINK, and to the individuals, church denominations, and religious agencies whose financial support makes this magazine possible, we would express our gratitude.

We publish THE LINK for the enjoyment of men and women in the armed forces and in veterans' hospitals. Many have shared in its production. Each has been encouraged by the evidence of readers' appreciation. All of us hope that future issues will continue to bring you entertainment, information, and inspiration.

# The Christmas Seal

By Joseph Charles Salak

THIS month commemorates the forty-third birthday of Christmas Seals, those brightly colored bits of paper—the people's weapon in the fight against tuberculosis—now as much a part of Christmas as holly, jingling bells and carols.

Although the Christmas Seal, with its double-barred cross of health and happiness, was first introduced to combat tuberculosis in this country in 1907 and has produced more than \$225,700,000 since then, it was originally introduced in Denmark forty-five years ago.

Einar Hølbell, a Danish postmaster, observed the joy that small gifts brought to children at Christmas. He reasoned that small donations of money might be equally effective as a means of bringing health to children suffering from tuberculosis. It was through his influence that Christmas Seals were introduced in Denmark, and in 1904 more than four million were sold.

In the meantime Jacob Riis, also a Dane, had come to America when he was nineteen. For ten years he lived in the slum sections of New York and knew from experience the conditions which cause poverty and disease. Years later, on Christmas Day, he received a package from Denmark bearing a series of eight bright Christmas Seals. Each Seal pledged a penny to help those sick with tuberculosis. The thought of those Seals and their work burned deep in his mind, for he had lost six of his brothers to the white plague, as tuberculosis was then called.

Riis, a newspaperman, recognized

an important story in the Seals, and he went to Denmark for details on the organization behind them. Upon his return he wrote an article about Christmas Seals which attracted the attention of Miss Emily Bissell, a social worker, who was trying to raise \$3,000 to maintain an open-air shack for tuberculous

## Buy Christmas Seals



## Help Stamp Out TB

patients in Brandywine, Delaware. Deciding to use Christmas Seals as a means of raising this money, with the help of a co-worker she organized and put on the first Christmas Seal sale in America. This initial venture netted Miss Bissell the \$3,000 needed and provided the impetus which has since made the Christmas Seal drive as much a part of Christmas as Old Chris himself. In fact, Santa Claus up to 1942 made twelve personal appearances on the Seals.

In comparison to the \$3,000 realized from the first drive, the \$225,700,000 which has since been received emphatically reflects that the yuletide season of giving is not merely publicized sentiment.

Clinics and sanitariums were financed, educational programs sponsored, and the fight to prevent the spread of the dreaded tuberculosis germ gained rapid



momentum. Today there are 3,000 associations affiliated with the National Tuberculosis Association battling relentlessly to eradicate the disease.

In the forty-two years that Christmas Seals have served as the people's ammunition in this battle against tuberculosis, the lives of four million Ameri-

cans have been saved from this dread disease. And though the Christmas Seal is an attack on a vicious killer, it has always appeared as a gay, happy and cheerful emblem of hope, comfort and relief, a perpetual reminder that it was helping to save lives and repeating the role of saviour over and over again.

### *Pasteur's Challenge to Youth*

BY JAMES ALDREDGE

The great theater of the Sorbonne in Paris probably never held a more distinguished company than on the morning of December 27, 1892. Crowding the place to the doors, world-famous scholars and scientists had come from all over Europe to pay tribute to Louis Pasteur on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

At exactly half past ten, as the Republican Guard band struck up a triumphal march, President Carnot escorted the noted humanitarian to a table in the center of the crowded amphitheater. There have been few living scientists whose anniversaries have brought forth such a spontaneous demonstration of esteem and affection. One after another, the eminent men of France, representatives of the government, famous academicians, and celebrated doctors and scholars from abroad, rose to deliver their greetings.

When the time came for Pasteur to reply he took but brief notice of these famous people. After thanking them and paying them his respects, he turned to the crowded top gallery where sat the young medical students, their faces fused in a solid mass. A hush so quiet that a pin-drop might have been heard rested over the great audience as Pasteur's words rose clearly toward them.

"Whatever your career may be," he spoke, "do not let yourselves become tainted by a deprecating and barren skepticism. Do not let yourselves be discouraged by the sadness of certain hours which pass over nations. Live in the serene peace of laboratories and libraries. Say to yourselves first: 'What have I done for my instruction?' and, as you gradually advance, 'What have I done for my country?' until the time comes when you have the immense happiness of thinking that you may have contributed in some way to the progress and good of humanity. But whether our efforts are or are not favored by life, let us be able to say when we come near the great goal, 'I have done what I could.'"

# BOOMERANG

By ESSE HAMOT



*Just then the doorbell pealed—three short rings and a long one.*

LAURA HEMING threw down the Beauvais paper. All week she had searched the personal columns without success. Now it was Saturday, the last—

The doorbell pealed in the evening stillness and she sat rigid, scarcely breathing. When the first ring led to a second, and a third followed, she became electric with excitement—no longer a supposed English governess vacationing in Beauvais, but the vivid young Frenchwoman she was in reality—Madeleine Guizot of the Secret Service. And Madeleine Guizot looking for the man she loved.

It had seemed endless—this furlough, this hoping and waiting for Nicolas. She had boasted she was completely cold to men, but Nicolas Rosu, the youthful Roumanian co-worker she had met in Rome, had shown her she was human, was a woman, something no number in the Secret Service had a right to be.

Upon his refusal when she begged him to come to see her in Beauvais, the sun had gone dark. He had said he was very busy on work which within a few days might win him a significant assignment, but she felt in his courteous refusal a coldness that was personal. It was definite, pronounced. It was galling. It called for retaliation.

She had had her revenge before leaving Paris on her furlough. On stationery from a hotel she had never entered, she had typed a letter to the **Brigade de Sureté**, suggested that Nicolas Rosu—giving his number—be watched. He had

no finesse, no ability to dissemble, she wrote; also, he talked. Her accusations would be water in the petrol, lose him all chance of the coveted assignment, perhaps lose him his place in the Service.

But the day after her arrival in Beauvais she would have given anything to recall that letter, for Nicolas had reconsidered his refusal and telephoned he would see or communicate with her during the coming week.

The doorbell stopped—the bell that had pealed only three short rings instead of three short ones and a long one. She stood with her hand clenched against her mouth, her heart leaden. This was not Nicolas. And the week was up tonight—that **coming week** of his promise.

Someone knocked at her door. "Two people arrive, **Mademoiselle**," her proprietaire announced. "An English lady and her son. I tell zem you are here only to rest, but—"

"Did you ask the name?"

"Hall. Meeses Olivair Hall. Her husband ees the rector at—"

Anyone would be welcome now—help pass the time, the terrible, endless time ahead. "Ask them to come up," she said.

The two came in—a middle-aged, ruddy-faced Englishwoman with a serious-looking son. "Thank you, Miss Heming; it's awf'ly kind of you to see us." She introduced herself, her son. "I did so want to talk with you about my daughter Phyllis. She has a foolish idea in her head and I feel you are exactly the right person to get it out!"

She was smiling at Madeleine but the girl did not smile in return. She was studying the woman before her with the almost automatic appraisal of the trained Secret Service operator. **Heavy brows, darker than her thick gray hair; rimless nose-glasses; baggy tweed suit and**

**wrinkled scarf; felt hat worn at the wrong angle; shabby gloves, not too clean.** She could at least wash her gloves, the French in her chided. And of course she wore flat-heeled shoes to make her feet look the way British women's feet always looked—as ugly as possible. She needed powder, naturally: no make-up at all. She had a slight birthmark over one temple and upper cheek: make-up would have obliterated that completely if carefully applied. So dowdy—the British. Thank heaven **she** was French.

"Phyllis has the amusing conviction," Mrs. Hall was hurrying on in her pleasant English voice, "that because she can act she is good material for the Secret Service. She really is fair at theatricals, and the last holidays she worked in a London shop spotting sales-ladies who cheat—don't enter every sale in their cashbooks. Her brothers have taught her to fence and shoot, and of course she rides and plays tennis, swims and golfs. She's taking up jiu-jitsu now because she heard it was required in the Service!" The mother laughed, then hurried on, not noticing that Madeleine was trying to interrupt: "She speaks French and German and insists she could easily pick up two more languages. But of course her father and I—"

"My dear madam, why do you come to me about the matter?" Madeleine got in her question regardless of courtesy. Her carefully controlled voice with its slight British inflection sounded like thunder in her own ears. She had visited the Gobelin **manufacture**, the cathedral, the shops. She had talked to several persons, naturally. But with concealment first nature for so long, she could not possibly have revealed the fact of her connection with the Service. How, then—?

"I am only a governess taking a rest,"



she went on quietly. "I could have no possible influence with your daughter."

Mrs. Hall stared. "But someone—very confidentially, of course, and I give you my word I shall not betray the fact—someone told me that you were a member of the Service. I am visiting my son here in Beauvais and I was so delighted when I heard, because that gave me someone to—"

"You were misinformed. Arithmetic and history are my principal interests and the cinema my one relaxation." Madeleine's voice was courteous, but there was finality in every word. Her guests felt it and rose. "Then I do beg your pardon, Miss Heming. It was decent of you to see us at all, but under such blundering circumst'nces, it was doubly kind," Mrs. Hall said apologetically as she took her wrinkled tweeds and her silent son out of the room.

Madeleine, cursing, turned the key in the door and dashed to her traveling bag. **Someone—the proprietaire** or the **femme de charge**—had been spying in her suite!

She unlocked her bag with a key in the locket she wore. She unlocked the shallow portfolio built under its smart plaid lining. Papers, passports—everything was as usual. How—

Just then the doorbell pealed—three short rings and a long one. **Nicolas—Nicholas had come after all!**

She pushed the bag under the bed and ran to the door.

It was not Nicolas. It was Pierre Flanneau, solemn and bearded, one of the department heads under whom she worked. "I was in your neighborhood, so stopped," he announced. "I hope you have had a good rest?"

"**Oui, merci beaucoup, monsieur,**" she said, her chagrin suddenly changing to hope. Such an honor as a call from a department head! Had he been so impressed with her record that he—

His eyes were opaque, veiled. "Nicolas Rosu sails tonight on a long and important mission. I break a rule to tell you because, being his friend, you will rejoice."

She moistened dry lips. "I—I am—most—happy."

"He makes a good rector's wife, does he not?" There was an instant of silence—silence that roared. "We received—shall I say a hint?—that he had no **finesse**, an art which in our profession must often include disguise, of course. At his own request, I allowed him to prove himself. His work here tonight won him the post over two others." He rose, and his face, though expressionless, seemed to smile. "Both your English callers noted that you are not sufficiently rested, **mademoiselle**, to be at your best. A slightly longer furlough might be wise: perhaps two months without pay?"

### *This Month's Cover*

The Christmas package which you see photographed on the covers of this issue was really and truly a copy of **The Link**, wrapped by the gifted hands of Patsy S. Marshall, who as Circulation Manager figuratively wraps all of the 60,000 copies of **The Link** that go out to our readers. Within the covers of this Christmas "package" Mrs. Marshall and the staff of **The Link** hope you will find the warmth and joy of this happy season. We hope you will find enjoyment within the covers of every **Link** throughout the New Year! (Del Ankers photo)

# Dis Chords

## News of the Latest Recordings

### Popular

"Miss Liberty" album—with the cast of this smash Broadway hit, and orchestra and chorus under the direction of Jay Blackton, Columbia (six ten-inch conventional records or one twelve-inch LP). Included in this collection of music by Irving Berlin for the show written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by Moss Hart are "I'd Like My Picture Took . . . The Most Expensive Statue in the World . . . Little Fish in a Big Pond . . . Let's Take an Old-fashioned Walk . . . Homework . . . Paris Wakes Up and Smiles . . . Only for Americans . . . (Just One Way to Say) I Love You . . . You Can Have Him . . . The Policeman's Ball . . . Falling Out of Love Can Be Fun . . . Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor." Some of the artists are Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, Mary McCarty and Ethel Griffies. You'll be humming these tunes!

"Tuxedo Junction (Parts 1 and 2)—Harry James and his Septet, Columbia (both ten-inch conventional and seven-inch Microgroove records). Harry James and his Septet come through with flying colors in their debut. The recording opens with the group in unison and then breaks into outstanding solos jiving to an unusual close. Harry and his boys really give it their all—Carl behind that trombone, Rosa and Smith with the saxes, Timbrel on the guitar, Mihelick (bass), Macklin on the drums and McDonald at the piano. This exciting performance is Harry James tootin' to a new triumph!

A sprightly new Cliffie Stone album of square dances has been recorded by Capitol. It includes four ten-inch records, one side being devoted to square dance instructions and the remaining seven sides to toe-tickling dance tunes. They are obtainable with or without calls.

### Classical

"Don Cossack Concert"—Don Cossack Chorus under the direction of Serge Jaroff, Columbia (LP). This concert by the internationally famous singers includes some of the finest examples of Russian liturgical, folk, and operatic music. In the latter category, the Cossacks sing "Song of the Indian Guest" (popularly known as the famous "Song of India"), an excerpt from Rimsky-Korsakov's fantasy opera *Sadko*. From the music of faith, which the superb chorus knows how to sing with great beauty, are included "The Lord's Prayer . . . Holy God . . . Blessed Art Thou, O Lord." From Russian folk music there are "The Sailors . . . On Saturday . . . The Twelve Robbers"—all characteristically dramatic and melodious Russian songs of the people.

"Music of Lecuona"—Robin Hood Dell Orchestra of Philadelphia, conducted by Morton Gould, Columbia (ten-inch). "Malaguena . . . La Comparsa . . . Andalucía . . . Jungle Drums" are the spirited Cuban melodies arranged by Morton Gould, the gifted young composer and conductor.—L. G.



DECEMBER in Morocco is the height of the rainy season. Our temporary home was in Casablanca's beautiful Central Park. Beautiful to look upon from the comfort of an apartment, delightful for strolling amid the flower beds and the palms, but ugly, very ugly, viewed from our pup tent as we watched the rain inch its way up around barracks bags, seep through our blankets and drip off our helmets into the unappetizing C-rations we forced ourselves to eat. That was the stage setting in 1942 for our first dismal Christmas overseas.

With that great day coming nearer, my buddy and I were gloomily waiting our turns in a barber shop. An attractive, well-groomed woman paused on her way out of the shop to ask with a friendly smile, "How do you like Casablanca?"

"How do you like Casablanca?" The voice was from heaven, speaking the first real English we'd heard in North Africa.

Rallying from the initial shock, which happily served to keep our thoughts about Casablanca unspoken, Roy and I introduced ourselves. Mrs. Brix, Danish by birth, spoke English, German and French as well as her native tongue. Roy

parried with a bit of Swedish dialogue. Laughingly, Mrs. Brix returned it. Then she continued in English: "We are having a few guests for Christmas dinner. Would you like to join us?"

We certainly would!

She handed us her card and gracefully stepped through the doorway. She turned, smiling, "I shall expect you Christmas Eve."

Two homesick Americans, forgetting the pup tents and the rain, avidly read the magic words: "Madame Brix, Villa El Farhar, Avenue Lucile Saint, Anfa, Casablanca." We began counting the hours until Christmas Eve.

There is only a brief period of twilight in the North African winter. Roy and I, as spic and span as we could make ourselves, set out for the villa just as the sun was going down in a brilliant December sunset. We watched as it slipped behind the rim of the stormy Atlantic and darkness drifted over the hills of Anfa, blotting out the city below. As we passed through the gates of Villa El Farhar an ocean gale knifed the double row of palm trees until their long, stiff fingers lashed noisily at the sky.

Mr. and Mrs. Brix greeted us in the reception hall with all the old-time hospitality of a Currier and Ives print transferred to a Moroccan setting. They led us up a graceful stairway to a charming second-floor living room, where we met their two young daughters.

Meta was a willowy, flaxen-haired girl of thirteen, already as poised and regal as her mother. Bierta, an eight-year-old towhead bubbling with excess energy, her blue eyes flashing, giggled on the slightest provocation.

Roy and I sank blissfully into the deep chairs while Mr. Brix served French wine and Meta followed with a tray of small wine cakes.



Presently the other guests arrived. There was the couple who ran the barber shop, Paul Ahtius, who spoke only French, and his Swedish wife, Anna, who attempted it, though badly. There was Renii, the caretaker of the Brix's farm in Fedala, fourteen miles up the coast, who clicked his heels and bowed stiffly from the waist in typical Continental manner.

The language problem loomed like a formidable barrier to the holiday spirit, but Mr. Brix, who spoke only French, rose to the occasion with round after round of vermouth.

I grinned at Roy. "Vermouth makes a very fine teacher of languages! Before the night is over I'll be speaking French, Swedish, Danish—just you name it and I'll speak it!"

When we went in to dinner Mrs. Brix said, "We are going to have a real Danish Christmas dinner. I do not care for it at all, but it is Christmas and we must do it up the way it is supposed to be done!" She laughed gaily.

The table was festive with candle light and freshly cut geraniums and African violets. Large symbolic V's, cut from red and green crepe paper, decorated each end of the table.

An Arab couple served the dinner. The man, his white robe rustling, brought a huge bowl of Danish rice pudding to begin the meal. That Arab, by the way, wore the first really white robe either Roy or I had seen in North Africa. His wife followed, bearing a lone almond on a silver plate.

Mrs. Brix smiled at our bewilderment.

"We drop the almond into the pudding," she explained, "and stir it thoroughly. Then we serve everyone until the pudding is gone. Whoever finds the almond must not say that he or she has it, nor must it be eaten. At the end

of the pudding course whoever produces the almond receives a present!"

When the last of the pudding was eaten, Mrs. Brix looked hopefully at Roy and me. "Which of you boys has the almond?"

Neither one of us had it.

We looked around the table. Meta swallowed painfully. When she got her breath she exclaimed: "It slipped down before I could stop it, Mama!"

Mrs. Brix's smile held approval for her daughter's forfeiture. "We will let Art and Roy draw for the prize," she decided. Meta's present, a fine Moroccan leather franc purse, went to Roy with a round of applause.

The elderly Arab couple moved silently and skillfully around the table with their silver platters of roast duck, Danish dressing, and vegetables.

We were amazed at dessert—cake with real icing, a delicacy unheard of in war-time Africa. Later, in the living room, Meta made the rounds with fudge which savored of prewar quality. Since conversation was none too easy in the face of our language differences, Mrs. Brix suggested the universal language of music.

The group joined hands around a genuine glittering Christmas tree in the center of the room. I accompanied them at the piano. "Silent Night" came out in four languages! Mrs. Ahtius sang in Swedish, Mrs. Brix in Danish, Renii, Mr. Brix, the girls, and Mr. Ahtius in French, Roy and I in English. The international chorus swelled louder and louder as the guests marched round and round.

It was a glorious evening. I forgot the cold ground and damp blankets in Casablanca's Central Park. When the clock struck midnight I remembered and thought of Cinderella. We bid our friends good night and, glowing with

gratitude, passed through the gate and down the row of palms, still noisy in the sharp Atlantic gale.

"Roy," I asked, "Did you ever wish you had a fairy godmother?"

"Sure, sure," he agreed, "I thought I had when the vermouth was passed! What's bothering you?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking. We had a wonderful Christmas Eve. We've

seen that people are pretty much the same all over the world, regardless of language. Most of them want to be friendly, to understand each other."

"I was also thinking that if my fairy godmother had dropped into that cosmopolitan gathering and said, 'My boy, you may spend tonight in any place in the world you wish,' I would have whispered, 'Home.'"

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### *Music Hath Charms*

BY HAROLD WINERIP

The power of music was never better demonstrated than at Noumea, New Caledonia, back in 1942, when a band concert halted an incipient revolution.

At that time the American Division was stationed at New Caledonia, the only American outfit there, and its band was scheduled for a concert at a Noumea park one afternoon. But that was a period when the Vichy French were behaving in a most troublesome manner toward the American and Free French forces. They kidnaped the Free French governor, held him under guard on a yacht in Noumea Harbor, became involved in incidents with U.S. troops, and paraded through the streets with signs stating, "Down with the U.S.A. and DeGaulle! Vive Petain!"

The Americans retorted with a show of arms strength, parading through the streets with half-tracks, motorized infantry, foot soldiers, and tanks. But with Jap and German triumphs then prevalent on all fronts, the Vichy were unimpressed, and the situation got tighter and more tense by the minute. Seeking to avoid rather than invite trouble under such dark circumstances, Gen. Alexander Patch issued an order directing his toops to keep off the streets.

The chief warrant officer in charge of the American band was in a dilemma. The original, direct order was for him to give the band concert; the later order confined troops to camp. But the first directive had never itself been specifically revoked; so, on the scheduled day, armed with a .45, the only weapon in the entire band, he dubiously led his men through the hostile streets to the park.

The Petain adherents hooted, spat, waved fists, and threatened. They followed the Americans to the Noumea park and belligerently milled around with their anti-democratic signs as the GI musicians prepared their instruments.

Amid jeers and catcalls, the band broke into its first selection, a piece about the French River Meuse called "Sambe et Meuse." This lowered the resistance of the surprised Petain followers to some extent, but it was the next number that actually did the trick. As the thrilling strains of "La Marseillaise" emanated from these heretofore hated Americans, the Vichy stood stiffly at attention, then cheered wildly. Subsequently they relaxed and sat down to enjoy the concert—and for the duration of the war there was never again any serious trouble from them.

# Orchids Are Easy . . .

BY JON CHINEN

"IT'S impossible!" my friends laughed when I told them I was planning to raise orchids in my room at Schick General Hospital, Clinton, Iowa, where I was a patient in 1944 and 1945. "During the winter, it's too cold here!"

It was early November then, and the cold weather had already set in.

"I'll try, anyway," I said. "I'll prove to you that orchids can be raised anywhere in the United States."

I had had previous experience in raising orchids and knew that to succeed in the venture I had to have the correct amount of light and heat, and the proper atmospheric moisture. The ideal thing was to have a large greenhouse. But this was not feasible under the circumstances, so I decided to build a miniature greenhouse.

First, I bought a large secondhand aquarium for \$5.00. Inside the aquarium I laid some damp moss at the base; then built a metal support, about two inches high, to support my orchid plants. Next, I made a glass lid to control the ventilation; then I placed the new greenhouse near the radiator to help keep the air inside the case at approximately 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

Because my room had a window only on the east side, every afternoon I had to move my greenhouse to a window where I could catch the rays of the afternoon sun. But all my efforts were worth while, for the two **Cattleya** plants my brother had given me as a gift survived the winter of 1944 and, in the fall of 1945, produced four large, beautiful flowers which I sold for \$5.00 each.

This experiment led me to an orchid-raising hobby which is now partially supporting me through law school.

Anyone can try this hobby, which can be developed into a profitable avocation or a thriving business. It makes no difference whether one lives in the city or the country, in the East, the West, the North or South. Except for the Arctic regions and some arid deserts, different species of orchids are found growing wild all over the world.

A greenhouse is an advantage, but it is not absolutely necessary. Any type of building may be used, even a "lean-to" type against a house or garage. In Southern California, I used a "lean-to" against an old garage and succeeded in raising **Vanda Miss Joaquim**. The main thing is be able to control to a reasonable extent the atmospheric moisture, the light, and the heat in the building, because these are the specific conditions important to particular orchid plants.

In Hawaii, where I lived for many years, I succeeded in raising **Vanda Miss Joaquim** out in the full sun. Because the climate of Hawaii is suited to the cultural requirements of this **Vanda** orchid, all I did was to prepare a well-drained bed for the plants, composed of volcanic cinders, charcoal, tree fern cuttings and chicken manure. I watered the plants only once a day during the dry season, and watched for insects.

The first step for a beginner is to study his own environment—the average temperature, the amount of sunlight available, and the atmospheric moisture. Then he should choose those species of orchids most suited to his environment.



In cooler climates, **Cattleya** and **Calanthes**, which require a night temperature of 55 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, will be a good try. In warmer climates, the **Vanda** orchids, requiring a night temperature of 65 to 70 degrees, will be suitable.

The next step is to decide where to grow the orchids. Experiments have

species of orchid one desires to raise. Heat from a steam pipe or hot water may be used to keep the temperature at the proper level.

Orchids require light for best growth, but the light must not be too strong. In their native habitat the plants receive their light filtered through the thick leaves of the huge trees that tower above



*Orchid plants, taken at the author's former home in Honolulu.*

shown that orchids can be grown in any room of an ordinary dwelling house, or even in an air-conditioned business office. But these methods require extra and special care for success.

The best thing is to build a tiny greenhouse, or to use an old plant-house. Even an old chicken coop could be converted and successfully used. The house should run north and south, so that the plants can have the full benefit of the morning and afternoon sun rays. Then one must learn to control the temperature in the house, to maintain the temperature best suited to the

them. Thus, it is desirable to use some form of shade, made from canvas, grass or bamboos joined together, to cut down the intensity of the sun's rays during the middle of the day.

Careful watching of the plants enables one to determine whether they are receiving the proper amount of light. If the leaves become yellowish, that indicates insufficient light. Should the plants start to shrivel, the sun's rays are too strong.

Because nearly all orchids need lots of air, they should be planted in containers that allow full air circulation. It is best

to place these receptacles in elevated positions, not only for better air circulation but for prevention of stagnation around the root areas. Some plants, such as the **Vandas**, do very well suspended in the air by wires.

For potting material one must use osmundine or orchid peat, sphagnum moss, charcoal and crocks. Tree fern fiber may be used as a substitute for osmundine. All of these may be purchased at any plant store.

One must be sure that the water given the plants is not too alkaline. A good source is rain water. Overwatering is to be avoided for the plants need plenty of air at the roots, too. This is especially important when they are in a dormant or resting stage.

Orchids require some fertilizer. Organic compounds are preferred by most orchid raisers, but I have had good success by using chicken manure. There are some who have succeeded with cow manure.

The chief insect foes of orchid plants are scales, thrips, weevils, and snails.

Keeping the house clean and spraying with insecticide once a week is a good preventive. Instead of trying to mix one's own spray, it is advisable to purchase it from a reliable store.

A beginner may start on this hobby by planting seeds, but it is advantageous to buy one or two growing plants. Seedlings two or three years old may be purchased for about a dollar, while plants ready to bloom in a year or two will average around \$5.00 to \$10.00, depending upon the species. One must be very careful not to harm the roots of seedlings when transplanting them to a larger pot.

There is one last caution. A beginner should not get more plants than he can adequately care for. Two or three are sufficient for a start, and they should be of the same species.

A little patience, a little ingenuity, and willingness to work will bring success to anyone who tries his hand at orchid-raising. And one may later develop this hobby into a thriving business.



### *It's Not in Santa's Bag!*

Santa's a big-hearted fellow, but there are some things not even he can bring. The greatest gift that we enjoy today—we in the United States—is something neither Santa Claus nor anyone else could give us: our American heritage.

Nobody **gave** us the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights. Nobody **gave** us the right to worship as we choose, to speak our minds, to read and write the truth without censorship . . .

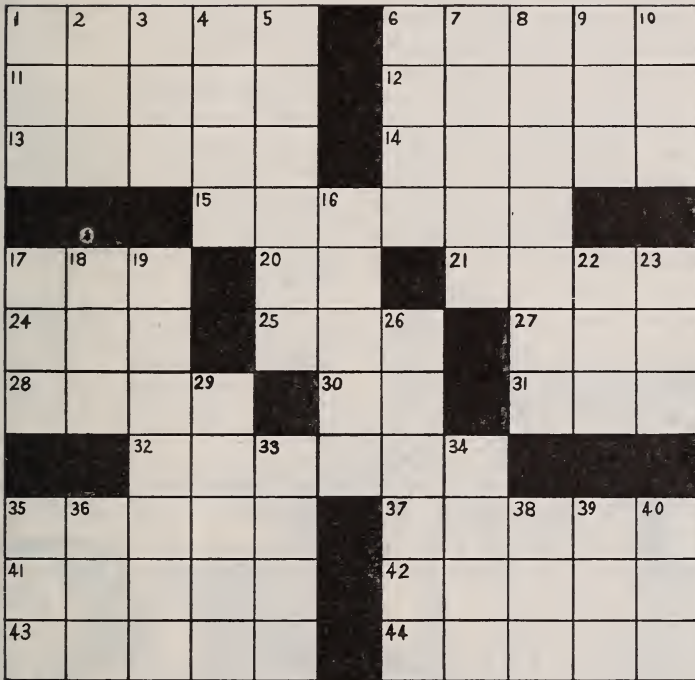
Freedom was **earned** by Americans—paid for with vigilance . . . sacrifice . . . often with lives.

To keep this precious heritage we must keep on working for it—working together, Americans of every race and creed; voting in elections, taking part in community affairs, fighting racial and religious prejudice, protecting our neighbors' rights as our own . . .

Freedom is **everybody's** job!

# CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

By A. F. Schroeder, Jr.



## ACROSS

1. First word of greeting
6. River in Texas
11. Inner satellite of Uranus
12. Mexican timber tree
13. Artificial
14. Lassoed
15. American lawyer
17. Downfall of Cleopatra
20. Ebenezer (Abbr.)
21. Short jacket
24. Turmeric
25. Ship's diary
27. Hail!
28. Spar
30. Home of Abraham
31. Don't do this on guard duty

32. Part of grammar
35. Depress (Antiq.)
37. Pollute
41. The battle -----
42. ----- Claus
43. Be this on guard duty
44. Compound ether

## DOWN

1. Plan of terrain
2. Period of time
3. French dish
4. Nerve cluster
5. Common form of spirit-level
6. Young salmon
7. Show sentiment
8. Anchor hoist
9. Open (poetic)

10. Downhearted
16. Put ship on opposite tack
17. Furnish with guns
18. Place to sail
19. Trip aboard vessel
22. Eggs
23. Catnip
26. French Admiral
29. 10th U.S. President
33. Crow's -----
34. Second word of greeting
35. Macaw
36. Vale (Fr.)
38. Within (Comb. form)
39. Ancient mischief-maker
40. Judgment seat

(Solution on page 36)



**J**OE's Coffee and Doughnut Shop was the square, whitewashed building at the very edge of Beaver Airport. They all dropped into Joe's—the mechanics and hangar men regularly, the instrument technicians and transport pilots as frequently as their schedules permitted.

Joe was the big fellow usually slouched over the counter—dark, speculative eyes staring out of the window toward the runway where a passenger liner might be taxiing toward the hangars, the sun glinting against its cowlings and against the silvered tips

of its wings. The same batter-smearred white apron was always slung across his paunch, and above it he wore a dress shirt which had seen its dressiest days no less than five years ago. The limp collar revealed a virile mass of soft, dark hair.

But no one walking into the popular coffee and doughnut shop on this particular Thursday in early October would have found Joe slouched over the counter. For he was arguing emphatically with two men, his dark eyes snapping like a temperamental prima donna's.

"Ten thousand and not a penny less!" Though Joe's rumbling voice virtually rattled the windows in their casings, one could tell he had it under control. "I put in all new fixtures last spring.



Those chromium tables and chairs—do you think I got them for a song? No! The way prices are now, they set me back close to three hundred."

The man in the middle—the one in the brown, pin-striped suit, only a quarter of his hand-painted tie visible above the double-breasted coat—turned inquiringly to the short, heavily built man beside him.

"Well, maybe we should talk it over some more, Mr. Bellows. When we arrived at the offer of eight thousand we weren't taking into consideration, of course, that Joe had fixed up the place last spring."

Mr. Bellows, it seemed, wasn't paying the slightest attention. He was glaring at Joe.

"You must think, man, that I have no head for business." The words were dipped in sarcasm. "If that battered furniture cost three hundred I'll eat my hat. More like it if you bought the

lot at an auction for an even hundred."

"Ten thousand. That's my price," Joe repeated obdurately. His steady scowl flinched not the barest fraction of an inch away from the other's eyes.

The man in the brown pin-stripe shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "Bring two more cups of coffee over to the table, Joe. Mr. Bellows and I have to do some more talking." It had been going on since early that morning. Every time Mr. Bellows and Joe argued themselves into an impasse Mr. Gates, the realtor, ordered more coffee. Peace and quiet would then reign inside the shop for sometimes as long as an hour while the two men talked in whispered tones, only to come forth with another bid which availed nothing but Joe's increased irritation.

The telephone rang and Joe answered. Again it was his wife, Mattie.

"Has Mr. Bellows agreed to our price yet?" she asked breathlessly.

"No—no, Mattie. I'll call you if he ever gets there," Joe muttered wearily.



"Do you have to keep calling every five minutes?"

"Why don't you tell him about all the new fix. . ."

"I have, Mattie, I have. I'll call you if he ever decides to sign. Now don't call any more, huh?"

Joe hung up. He wished he could share Mattie's enthusiasm over the prospect of selling out. This shop had proved a real money-maker in the last five years. So lucrative, in fact, that it had enabled him to put aside a comfortable sum in the savings bank. It was time, so Mattie contended, for him to move into something more high-class. Something like that uptown restaurant she had picked out which catered to people with prominent social standing. He wondered how it would feel to work all day long dressed up like the best man at a wedding.

He was going to miss seeing his customers. He liked especially talking to the co-pilots and stewardesses just back from a flight. They always had little stories to tell—incidents that had occurred among the passengers during the flight or stopover. Sometimes the tales were humorous, sometimes they held a note of pathos.

Most of the pilots and co-pilots were young—like the one seated over there at the corner table. Joe studied the young fellow surreptitiously. Nice-looking. A strong jaw and clear, straightforward eyes. He wore his pilot's uniform with a certain conscious pride. Joe had learned to catalog the various air-line employees. He'd bet any money that the boy was just back from his very first flight and feeling mighty proud of it, too.

But that girl with him—she was dressed almost ostentatiously in a burgundy suit and feathered hat, her slender face surrounded by a cloud of tulle. A

lynx stole was draped carelessly across her shoulders. Joe recognized that determined glint in her eye. He'd often seen one like it in Mattie's.

Leaning forward, she was talking rapidly, earnestly. Joe could almost hear her words ruthlessly crushing to bits that jubilation invariable in a young pilot after his first flight. The girl, Joe knew all too well, was trying to make the young fellow see reason. It was too bad. Why did women have to be such reasonable creatures?

Joe glanced up just as Mary Lyle came through the door with that lithe, easy swing of hers. She flashed Joe a smile and paused at the corner table. The blue stewardess' uniform concealed none of the contours of her trim, graceful figure. She wasn't beautiful, but her wide, smiling eyes and the inner animation which glowed on her face lent her a loveliness all the more eye-catching. If Joe had had a daughter, he would have wanted her to be exactly like Mary.

Out of the corner of his eye Joe saw Mr. Gates and Bellows bearing down on him.

"Mr. Bellows has generously conceded to pay as much as \$9,500," announced Mr. Gates. He rubbed his hands briskly together, beaming upon the stony countenances of his two clients.

Joe flicked an imaginary speck from the counter. He carefully folded his arms. "Mr. Bellows doesn't have to waste his generosity on me," he said.

"What? Why, what do you mean?" stammered Mr. Gates, the complacent smile fading from his face.

"I mean no, I won't take \$9,500. My price is \$10,000."

"That's my final offer," warned Mr. Bellows, dark brows drawing into a scowl.

"You're sure you won't accept \$9,500?" asked Mr. Gates.



The telephone rang and Joe, without bothering to answer, turned and walked away.

It was Mattie. "Any luck yet?" she asked tersely.

"Still dickering," returned Joe with matching terseness.

"Oh," disappointedly. "Well, tell them about having the place shingled three years ago."

"It wouldn't do any good," Joe replied indulgently. "I'll phone you later."

He returned to the counter, noting with relief that Bellows and Gates were back at their table. He carried over two more cups of coffee.

He turned his attention once more then to the corner table where Mary had joined the young pair. It apparently hadn't been upon the other girl's invitation. For she was still talking a blue streak, rudely ignoring Mary's presence. Indignation seethed through Joe. When Mary looked his way he beckoned to her. With obvious relief she excused herself from the table and hurried over to him.

"Hello, Mary. Want some coffee and a cinnamon doughnut?"

"Please, Joe. I think I'll have it here at the counter." Her lips curved in a brief smile.

"I'll take it over to the table."

"No, Joe."

"That's the young man's fiancée, eh?"

Mary nodded wordlessly.

"And she's trying to talk him into giving up flying?" Joe continued. "Probably wants him to go into her father's pickle business."

Mary glanced at him swiftly. "Why, Joe, how did you know—I mean about her wanting Lloyd to give up flying and go into her father's mortgage and loan office?"

He patted the girl's hand. "Joe's had a little more experience with human

nature than you have, that's all. Now, for instance, I know you and the young man just made a flight together. You like this Lloyd—I know that too."

Mary flushed and nervously fingered the handle of her cup. "He's engaged to her. He doesn't even know I exist."

"That's because you haven't tried to make him know it. The woman—she has to do her share too."

"What's the use? He's engaged."

Joe opened his mouth for further remonstrance, but seeing the pilot and his fiancée approach the counter, he clamped it shut.

"How much?" asked the young man, thrusting his hand into his pocket.

"Fifty cents."

Joe waited while the young fellow fumbled through his pockets, opened a coin purse and billfold which were obviously empty. "Gosh, I guess I'm out of funds," he declared in an embarrassed voice. "I—I didn't—"

A silver half dollar scudded across the counter. "I wouldn't want to see you wash dishes," Mary laughed.

Joe was on the verge of shoving it back, saying he'd trust the pilot for the money, but the look on the boy's face made him hesitate. It was a look he'd



"There goes another one of those hot rods!"

turned on Mary—the appreciation in his eyes had a dual significance.

He didn't say anything for a few moments. Then he said simply, "Thanks, Mary. Could—Mary, would you let me drive you home?"

The girl's surprised eyes flew to his face, fluttered uncertainly toward the girl in the burgundy suit standing nearby. "Why—I don't—"

The boy grasped her arm lightly. "I'd like to."

"Are you going to let her pay for it?" His fiancée's tone was weighted with scorn. "Where's your pride?"

It was on the tip of Joe's tongue to say the boy had pride, plenty of it, that it was she, not Mary, who was trying to plow it under.

"It's merely a loan," Mary replied equably. She turned from the counter to Lloyd. "I live way out on 103rd."

Lloyd said nothing, but his hold on the girl's arm tightened.

Joe leaned elbows on the counter and watched the trio depart. It was just such episodes, he realized, which put the sparkle in days ostensibly filled with the mere serving of coffee and doughnuts. He'd certainly like to stick around and watch the developments in this particular drama.

He stared thoughtfully out of the window for a few minutes. A huge airliner was taking off. Like a gigantic, silver bird it soared upward, banked sharply into a turn and disappeared over the tree-tops to the north.

Joe was conscious of a growing con-

viction that he would never be happy anywhere else—not even if he owned the swankiest restaurant in town. What good was a fortune if one were unhappy? It was strange. He'd thought it was their idea—Mattie's and his—this selling out and buying a nicer place. Now it suddenly hit him that the idea had originally been Mattie's. She'd been running the show, now that he came to think of it, ever since they'd been married. It was about time he took over the leading role.

Joe held his breath. Gates and Bellows were headed toward the counter. He knew he couldn't back down on his word. Not after the vehemence with which he'd told them he'd sell for \$10,000. **If Bellows offered \$10,000 he'd have to sell.**

Mr. Gates' face was a study in suppressed emotion as he came up to the counter. "Mr. Bellows," he said sharply, "finds that he is no longer interested in making a deal." His tone had an I-told-you-so ring to it.

A happy grin broke across Joe's somber face. "But that's fine—that's wonderful!" he exclaimed, bestowing an ingratiating smile upon Mr. Bellows. "I'm glad to see you have a sound business head, my friend. Ten thousand was far too much to pay, I agree."

In stupefaction, the two men stared at Joe. Until the peal of the telephone broke the silence.

Suddenly the smile disappeared from Joe's face. He turned and grimly strode over to the instrument.

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Christmas shopping? Here's an easy way to do it by mail: Send \$1.50 to The Link, Circulation Department, 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington 2, D. C., for a gift that keeps coming throughout the year to a member of your circle of family and friends.

# Basketball: Great American Game

BY HENRY MORRIS

**B**ASKETBALL is the favorite American spectator sport. It is also played by more people yearly than are football and baseball combined.

Invented by Dr. James Naismith at the Springfield, Mass., Y.M.C.A. College in 1892 and first played with a soccer ball and peach baskets nailed on poles, basketball has seen many styles and systems through the years. These eventually evolved, with minor variations, into the two offensive techniques that are in use today—the fast-break or “running” game and the set-formation or “slow-down” style.

The fast-break style of offense is sometimes referred to as “fire department” basketball. It consists of getting the ball into scoring territory as soon as possible and shooting as soon as opportunity permits. The fast break stresses long passes, fast running and dribbling, and the ability to shoot and pass while on the run.

The set formation—deliberate style was first used by the early eastern professional teams. It is mechanical basketball in which players are drilled in a pattern of set plays. This type of game features short, snappy passes, pivots, reverses, and wonderful ball-handling with a view to retaining possession of the ball until a clean-cut chance to score presents itself.



The fast-break type of basketball is more interesting to watch from the spectator's viewpoint. As executed by such college teams as Rhode Island State, Illinois, St. Louis and Bradley Tech, it is usually full of action, color and high scores. However, fast-breaking teams usually neglect defense, and when they have an off. night with

their passes and shots they can look very bad indeed.

The deliberate style is conservative and cautious but still interesting to those who like perfection. The passing and ball-handling of some of the teams is a wonder to behold. Such a famous professional team as the Baltimore Bullets draws large crowds because of its polished play, even though many of the players on the club have passed their prime. In college ranks, the slow-down game is best exemplified by Oklahoma A and M, Minnesota, Kansas, and Siena. In fact, the Aggies defeated St. Louis University's great team four times in the last two years by using this type of game.

There are also two kinds of defense in basketball today—the zone, and the man-to-man. In the latter style each player is assigned the job of guarding one particular member of the opposing club. In the zone defense, the player guards some particular area in defen-

sive territory. Both types of defense can be very successful, depending on the ability of the players using them.

The history of basketball is filled with the deeds of many great players, and the 1948-49 season was no exception. Perhaps the greatest player to wear court togs last year was George Mikan, 6-foot 11-inch center of the Minneapolis Lakers' pro team. Mikan, a product of De Paul University in Chicago, scored 2,001 points during the Basketball Association of America season to lead his nearest competitors by a wide margin. In the final game of the play-offs with the Washington Capitols, Mikan, although playing with a sprained wrist, tallied 29 points to lead his club to victory.

Individual college championships this past season were won by San Francisco University and Kentucky. San Francisco, after an average season, came east to take the National Invitation tournament in New York, beating Loyola of Chicago in the finals. Kentucky, one of the truly great teams of basketball history, had an awesome 32-2 seasonal record. The Wildcats captured the Eastern N.C.A.A. tournament; defeated Oklahoma A and M, the western N.C.A.A. winner at Seattle, Washington; and ended up by placing three men—center Alex Groza, forward Wah Wah Jones,

and guard Ralph Beard on the honorary all-American basketball team.

Other great players to make the headlines in college ranks last year were Charlie Share of Bowling Green, Paul Unruh of Bradley, Jack Kerris of Loyola (who next year will be seen with the Tri-Cities club of the National professional league), Slater Martin of Texas, Don Lofgran of San Francisco, Dick McGuire of St. John's, Vern Gardner of Utah, Bill Erickson of Illinois, Tony Lavelli of Yale, Vic Barnhorst of Notre Dame, and Vern Mickleson of Hamline.

In the pro ranks, and right behind Mikan, were Jack Nichols and Bones McKenney of Washington, Carl Braun of the New York Knickerbockers, Jim Pollard of Minneapolis, Bob Davies of the Rochester Royals, Andy Phillip and Gene Vance of the Chicago Stags, and Johnny Logan of St. Louis.

In the amateur independent ranks the best court team during 1948-49 was the Phillips 66 Oilers of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Paced by 7-foot Bob Kurland and featuring a lineup of former mid-west court stars, the Oilers beat such college clubs as Baylor, Hamline and Cincinnati, as well as everything in the independent class. Other strong amateur outfits were the Oakland (Calif.) Bitters, the Denver Chevrolets, and the Goodyear Tires of Akron, Ohio.

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**A Handy Illustrated Guide to Basketball**, a new pocket-size book recently published by Garden City Publishing Company, Inc., contains 200 action drawings by Samuel Nisenson, who also edited this 35¢ Perma-book. Subjects discussed are how to play, official rules, famous coaches and players, how to watch a basketball game, strategy, and basic offensive and defensive plays. Also brought out by Garden City and illustrated by Samuel Nisenson is the new **Champions' Book of Sports**, edited by Louis R. Oshins, formerly coach and director of the Brooklyn College Athletics. Facts, stories, rules, and instructions on golf, softball, skiing, swimming, track and field, and hockey are included.



# The Story of "A Christmas Carol"

BY VINCENT EDWARDS

HAVE you read it?"

"Yes, God bless him, I have!"

That question and that fervent answer were on everybody's lips one hundred and six years ago this Christmas season. The cause—no doubt you've guessed it—was the publication of Charles Dickens' ageless classic, **A Christmas Carol!**

When the little volume first appeared on the London bookstalls there were delighted comments from many readers. Famous folk praised it quite as freely as the hoi polloi. Thomas Hood, the poet, declared that the author must have been inspired when he created Scrooge and the Three Spirits and the Cratchits—not forgetting Tiny Tim—out of thin air. As for Thackeray, Dickens' great rival, no one recommended the book more wholeheartedly than this genial critic.

This whimsical tale and its characters have taken a deep hold upon mankind. Robert Louis Stevenson, who did not care for Dickens' exaggeration and sentimentality, was forced to admit of the book: "But oh, it is good—and I feel so good after it, and would do anything, yes, and shall do everything to make the world a little better." More than one hundred years after it was first published, **A Christmas Carol** remains a best seller, and has been translated into nearly every language. It is favorite Christmas reading in America.

In the holiday season, when interest in the story is always renewed, it is natural that there should be keen curiosity about the origin of this famous work. How did it come to be written? Where was the author at the time?

What moved him to tell the affecting story of Scrooge and his change of heart?

The year was 1843—early October. Dickens was only lately back from his first trip to America and was hard at work on a new novel, **Martin Chuzzlewit**, a story which could hardly be said to compliment his friends across the Atlantic. But as Christmas neared, the writer found himself once more bubbling over with the spirit of gladness and cheer that he always associated with the Yuletide.

Dickens lived for Christmas—make no mistake about that! Its gaiety and gift-giving enraptured him. Already he had written other tales about the joyous season. Now, when he was deep in a long work about a character of inhuman greed, he wanted to do a shorter piece on a contrasting set of people—a story, in short, that would put the whole world in the happy spirit of Christmas. That was how **A Christmas Carol** was born.

The idea for the plot came to Dickens in Manchester, where he had gone with Richard Cobden and Disraeli to open the city's new Athenaeum. But the writing of the "little Carol," as the author affectionately called it, did not start until his return to London. It was at his home at 1 Devonshire Terrace that the immortal classic was penned, the story taking five or six weeks to complete.

As a writer Dickens drove himself with furious energy. **A Christmas Carol** was no exception. He carried it forward under high pressure, for he wrote to his friend, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, "I

never left home before the owls went out, and led quite a solitary life." The story possessed him completely. The novelist lived close to all his characters, and over this new gallery of "brain children" their doting creator went quite daft. We have Dickens' word from a letter to another friend that he "wept, and laughed, and wept again" and was excited "in the most extraordinary manner" in the composition.

For relaxation, he took long walks about London late at night—"many a time," as he confessed, "when all the sober folks had gone to bed." As he wandered about the black streets, the story and its characters filled his thoughts. What a picture for the imagination is that solitary figure, moving about the great city, carrying with him the tale and the creatures of his imagination who were to bring endless delight to unborn generations of readers!

Those walks had other results, too. No writer was more familiar with London in all weathers than our author. Did ever anyone give a more vivid picture of a London fog? Here is the description in the **Carol**: "The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already; it had not been light all day; and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms."

At last, shortly before Christmas, 1843, the story was given to the world. It was a small volume of 162 pages, brightened by four colored illustrations and four woodcuts by John Leech. It was a hit from the outset. Once readers got hold of it, they could not let it go. All through the holiday season letters poured in upon Dickens from delighted folks who told of how it had been read aloud no end, and was "kept on a little shelf by itself." Six thousand copies were sold the first day, and fifteen thousand more in no time.

Of the scores of prominent persons who praised the book and wrote their congratulations to Dickens, none was more fervid than Thackeray. In his review of **A Christmas Carol** for **Fraser's Magazine**, the author of **Vanity Fair** told in detail of the effect of this work upon readers: "A Scotch philosopher, who does not keep Christmas, on reading the book sent out for a turkey, and asked two friends to dine—this is a fact! Many men were known to sit down after perusing it, and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fullness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas." Thackeray wound up his paeon of praise as follows: "As for Tiny Tim, there is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, 'God bless him!' What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!"

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Just for a few hours on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the stupid, harsh mechanism of the world runs down, and we permit ourselves to live according to untrammelled common sense, the unconquerable efficiency of good will.

—Christopher Morley in *Sunshine*

# A Morning with Head-Hunters

BY GEORGE R. FLAMM

The Hindu forester and I followed the Nagas up the jungle path. The head-hunters were walking in single file. They were brown and naked except for a skimpy loin cloth. Their leg muscles rippled smoothly as they walked. There were about twenty in the party. Flowers or sticks were laced through the lobes of their ears.

Two young bucks led the procession. One had a rifle, the other a shotgun, I had loaned them. We were hunting for barking deer.

The forester and I, at the end of the line, found the Nagas setting a fast pace, but I am a good walker and had no doubt that I could keep up with them. I was pretty thrilled about the whole thing.

Suddenly the two men up front stopped in a clearing. Those following, on reaching them, also stopped. They made a group around the leaders, who were carefully examining another trail that had joined the path we were taking. They talked in excited whispers. After a few moments the two with the firearms left the group and started down the new trail. The others made no effort to follow, but I high-tailed it after them. The forester followed me.

The trail was very narrow, walled in with ferns and heavy leaves. It was almost a tunnel of foliage. The Nagas glanced furtively about them, although it was impossible to see more than a few feet into the jungle growth. They bounced ahead of us, barefooted, almost at a run. Lithe and springy, they made practically no noise. The forester and

I, however, made plenty. His shoes were too big for him and I was clumsy, compared to the Nagas. We rushed down the trail breaking sticks as we crashed ahead. I felt sure I could keep up with the Nagas, but quickly changed my mind. They were soon so far ahead that we couldn't see or hear them. It was as if they had melted into the foliage.

We kept hoping that the Nagas would take a rest and wait for us, but the Nagas are an independent people and they probably didn't give a thought to two tenderfeet, because we never did catch up with them.

Panting for breath, we stopped at a clearing and discussed whether we should keep on going or retrace our steps. Just then, a little wizened, dried-up fellow came down the trail from the same direction from which we had just come. He wore a short jacket without sleeves, and he wore very little else! He had not been with the original party. He talked softly to the forester.

"He is the chief and says not to follow farther," the forester told me.

You may wonder how I came to be with a group of head-hunters. I was vacationing in Jaypur. This little village is located in Jaypur District in the province of Assam, India. Frank Buck, I had been told, was in this district many years before when he was obtaining material for his "Bring 'Em Back Alive" movies. So while in Assam I decided to go into that district myself.

I spent all of my time with Indians. There was one Englishman near Jaypur,



running a tea plantation, but I was not interested in him. I wanted to find out how the Assamese, who were not in direct contact with foreigners, live.

I had made friends with the Indian forester in Jaypur. One day he told me that a group of Nagas were working in the jungle for him, clearing out trees for lumber. They had heard about me, an American, and wanted to know if they could borrow my rifle and shotgun. They were short of supplies and barking deer were plentiful. The week before they had stalked a deer, cornered it, and killed it with sharpened bamboo poles. Now they needed meat again.

Would I do them a favor? Would I! I had heard so much about the Nagas, the cheerful little head-hunters of Assam. Here was my chance to meet them.

"I'll let them take the pieces," I answered the forester, "if they will let me go with them."

And that is how I happened to be on this hunting trip. The forester and I arrived at the camp very early. The Nagas were waiting for us. I turned over my rifle and shotgun. I showed the fellow who took the shotgun the safety catch and warned him, through the forester, to keep the catch on until he was ready to shoot. They had had very little experience with firearms, perhaps none, the forester had told me, since they were not allowed to own them. I did not want to be responsible for an accident.

Now we found ourselves alone with the chief of the Naga tribe. He was a wiry little fellow. His hair, like that of the others, had been shaved halfway up the sides and halfway up the skull from the front, which made it appear as if he had a very high forehead. How-

ever, where most of the Nagas' hair had been trimmed short like a GI haircut, he had allowed his to grow long in the back. It was combed straight back and tied in a knot.

Where the others were clean-shaven, he had a few straggly wisps of hair for a beard and a feather of a moustache. Strangest was the sideburn he sported on the left side of his face. Starting below the ear, this sideburn had grown out somewhat like a goatee. The bottom, turned white, was at least two inches away from his face. The other side of his face was clean-shaven. Here was a man with two beards, one on the chin and one on the left cheek.

Unlike the others, the chief had no flowers or sticks in the lobes of his ears. The coat he wore, the forester told me, denoted rank.

His name was Taykun (my spelling) and he claimed to be 70 years old. The name of his village was Bordorie (also my spelling, and pronounced Bor-dore-ah.) Bordorie, he said, was two days' walk from where we were, and it was in the hills. Taykun was very pleasant to us. He took a large knife and cut down some kind of jungle plant with leaves at least two feet wide. He arranged the leaves very neatly on the ground and motioned for us to sit down.

I opened my rations and gave Taykun half of a fruit bar and the forester the other half. A can of pork and egg loaf I divided between Taykun and myself. The forester was a Hindu and refused to touch it since it contained meat. He told me that he would not eat fowl nor animal, and that he did not even eat eggs because they contained the germ of life. Actually, according to his religion, he was committing a great sin by eating the fruit bar because it had been touched by the hands of an inferior person.



I gave Taykun a package of cigarettes, some gum and sugar cubes. He pointed to the little key that had been used to open the meat loaf can.

"He says he wants to wear the key around his neck to keep away evil spirits," the forester explained.

Each time I gave him something Taykun would put his hands to his forehead like a Hindu, and say, "**Bahoot salaam.**" "He is being polite," the forester informed me. "He does not speak Hindustani. He has learned those words and speaks them because he thinks you will like them."

After we had enjoyed our skimpy lunch, Taykun took out his knife again and hit rapidly on a stick, covering a twelve-inch area with marks. Then he placed his finger on each mark, one after another, repeating the following words: "**Tung, mung; tung, mung; tung, mung . . .**"

"What is he doing?" I asked the forester, who, after a brief consultation with the Naga, replied: "He is trying to find out whether his hunters will be successful or not."

If the Naga chief stopped on the word **tung** the hunters would be successful; if he stopped on **mung** they would fail. It was similar to our "she loves me, she loves me not" game.

Taykun stopped on **mung**. He frowned. He took another stick, made some marks on it, and then he **tunged** and he **munged** and this time he stopped on **tung**. He smiled, showing teeth that had been painted black.

I had noticed that the Nagas' chests, necks, backs and arms were tattooed with simple but fascinating designs. Some had an eye tattooed on each nipple. Others carried a design on the upper part of each arm. Some had one stripe, others two or three, while a few had

four or five. Taykun's stripes outnumbered all the others. They covered his arms from his elbows to his shoulders. Nearly all the Nagas wore a necklace-like design on throat and chest, with the same pattern repeated on their backs.

What did these markings mean? Did they have any religious or tribal or superstitious significance?

Taykun advised us that the designs had been made by scratching the skin and filling the wounds with coal dust, that the throat piece was purely decorative, and that the eyes around the nipples were to keep away evil spirits. But the stripes on the arm! They were something else! Every time a Naga from Taykun's village killed an enemy and collected a head, he tattooed a fresh mark on his arm.

Friendly, meek, courteous, smiling Taykun had more stripes on his arm than any of the others! I was sitting next to a killer. Because of his revered age, and because of his outstanding



"—And then he threatened to send me back to the States if I was late for duty again."

prowess as a killer, he had been made chief of his people. Anyway, that is the way I figured it out. No wonder he was allowed to wear a jacket and two beards.

As the three of us sat there we heard a barking deer in the distance. A barking deer sounds very much like a dog. Two hours had slipped by, two interesting hours for me, but the hunters had not returned and we had not heard a shot. Taykun began growing fidgety, and finally he got up and took a small leaf which he placed between his thumbs, lifted the leaf to his lips, and whistled like a bird. He paused a moment, then whistled again. The bird call echoed back through the jungle. The hunters had caught the signal.

We followed the trail back to the main path. The waiting Nagas were still there, and with them the two hunters, very unhappy because they did not have a deer. They had followed two down a trail and had finally closed in on them. When the hunter with the

shotgun had flipped back the safety catch as I had instructed, the faint click had frightened them away.

They reported this to Taykun with a shamed look on their faces. Taykun made a *tch! tch!* with his tongue, then turned to us.

"He says he is disgraced," said the forester, "that he has lost his reputation."

There are several Naga tribes. Like our American Indians, some are very different from others. But all have the common custom of head-hunting. They are at constant warfare with one another, and they spend a great deal of time collecting human heads. An unusual hobby, to say the least! It is a life-and-death game, much more sporting than the mass murder and crucifixion of truth in so-called civilized warfare. I am not upholding the head-hunters' curious practice, but I do not shudder at it. These tribes have been fighting for hundreds of years but in all that time all the tribes put together have probably killed fewer people than one atomic bomb.

I have said that all Nagas are head-hunters. There are a few exceptions. Where the American Baptist Mission has had a chance to work with them or where they have been in close contact with Hinduism, as practiced by the Nepali settler or their Assamese neighbors, they have given up the custom. This is a very recent development. Most Naga tribes, however, are still isolated from outside contacts and remain head-hunters.

I can say the ones I met are very fine people. They are generous and courteous and human, especially when they feel that you do not look down upon them and are not there to exploit them.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

(Puzzle on page 23)

1	M	2	E	3	R	4	R	5	Y		6	P	7	E	8	C	9	O	10	S	
11	A	R	I	E	L						12	A	M	A	P	A					
13	P	A	S	T	E						14	R	O	P	E	D					
				15	E	V	A	R	T	S											
17	A	18	S	19	P						20	E	B		21	E	T	22	O	23	N
24	R	E	A								25	L	O	G				27	A	V	E
28	M	A	S	T							29	U	R					31	N	A	P
				32	S	Y	N	T	A	X											
35	A	36	V	A	L	E					37	S	M	38	E	39	A	40	R		
41	R	A	G	E	S						42	S	A	N	T	A					
43	A	L	E	R	T						44	E	S	T	E	R					

# BATTLING THE BREEZE

A  
Department  
of Free  
Speech and  
Uncensored  
Opinion



## FAN MAIL

While I have been overseas I have been a steady reader of your publication **The Link** and many times have looked to it for a guiding hand to good reading. I would also like to tell you about the very good job it is doing in carrying the Christian news to Christians overseas. I thank you.

*Cpl. Guadalupe F. Casillas  
Hq. & Hq. Sqdn., 49th Ftr. Wg.  
Misawa Air Force Base, APO 919  
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.*

••

Have just finished reading the August issue of **The Link**. I really cannot tell which of the articles I liked the best as they are all exceptional.

The article "What Does the Coast Guard Do?" is a fine piece of writing and we of the Coast Guard are glad to see it published.

I, personally, am glad to see articles like "The Way of a Man with a Maid." Maybe some day it will fall in the hands of someone who will take heed.

"A Knock on a Nurnberg Door," "Paddle Your Own Canoe," and "The Big Show" were interesting reading. I enjoy paddling a canoe and noted that Mr. Redmond left out one point of interest which I think should have been mentioned. It is possible to paddle a straight line by having the man in the

stern only keep the paddle on one side and at the end of the stroke give it either a slight outward or inward twist as necessary to turn the bow.

I find some helpful suggestions and material for my services out at sea when we are on weather patrol.

*John H. Forbing, SK1  
USCGC Bering Strait (WAVP-382)  
c/o Commander, 13th CGD  
New World Life Bldg.  
Seattle, Wash.*

[Editor's note: Will not some more of you **Link** readers tell us your preferences in stories and articles?]

••

The following letter was addressed to the Rev. Robert C. Lintner, author of our "Topic Talks":

It was during my hospitalization in the 147th General Hospital that I really enjoyed your "Topic Talks." Because I was flat on my back, I wasn't able to attend church services. Thus, along with the other bedridden patients, I read and studied your "Topic Talks." To **The Link** and to your "Topic Talks" I owe the recovery of my health. They kept me fighting and hoping when everything seemed so dark.

May God bless you—always.

*Jon J. Chinen  
323 Packard Street  
Ann Arbor, Michigan*



## FOR THE WEEK OF DECEMBER 4-10

Subject for group discussion or private study:

### PRAYER IS NO BARGAIN!

1. How often should we pray? (1 Thess. 5:17)
  2. Discuss prayer as communion with God. (Luke 11:2)
  3. How practical is prayer? (Matt. 18:19; John 15:7)
- 

I think it was Bishop John A. Subhan of the Methodist Church in India who said: "Prayer is not a bargain with God. It is a fellowship of a son with a father." This is a wise understanding of the true essence of prayer. And yet how many times we have prayed as if we were trying to strike a bargain with God!

Perhaps you prayed one day: "O God, if thou wilt do thus and so, I will do thus and thus." If so, was your prayer answered? If **you** were God, would you stoop to answer such a prayer? If you were an earthly king and a subject came to you with such words, what would you do? Let's not stoop to dishonor God by acting as if we were trying to bicker with a second-rate merchant across the counter!

There is a better way—to think of prayer as a time of communion, priceless fellowship of the most sacred kind, between God and the child who bears His image.

Socrates, centuries ago, must have been striving to possess such a priceless enjoyment of divine fellowship when he prayed: "I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within." And one can't be beautiful within unless some of the beauty shines through and lights his face. That person has reached out

after God and has all but touched Him!

Victor Hugo was far beyond the bargain-counter phase of prayer when he wrote: "Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees."

How often is your soul **on its knees**? Have you ever come from such a moment without feeling that God had done vastly more for you than to give you **things**?

We should never allow prayer to be a kind of afterthought—a place to seek when we can think of nothing better.

George Macdonald has these words for us at this point: "How often we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource! We go to Him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but into the desired haven." Not a bargain-counter but a place of close, empowering fellowship!

Never pray as if you were important enough to bicker or bargain with God! That would dishonor Him!

Always pray as if you loved God as a Father and were seeking to know Him better—and as if you knew He loved you so much that He would give you what you need the most!



# FOR THE WEEK OF DECEMBER 11-17

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## YOUR BEST BOOK!

1. Why should we study the Bible? (John 5:39)
  2. How can the Bible save us from error? (Matthew 22:29)
  3. What underlies the Bible? (II Tim. 3:16, 17)
- 

Today is Universal Bible Sunday. It reminds us of the greatness and the timelessness of the Bible. We are challenged to use it more and more!

Sir Isaac Newton, one of the great scientists of history, left us these words: "No sciences are better attested than the religion of the Bible." His words should impress us with the timeless qualities in this library of religious truth and inspiration.

Joseph Cook thought so highly of this Book of Books that he wrote: "Do you know a book that you are willing to put under your head for a pillow when you lie dying? That is the book you want to study while you are living. There is but one such book in the world. The Bible."

It was a very practical statesman, Daniel Webster, who left us these sobering words: "If religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation."

Would you say we have given sufficient heed to his words? Do you think the craze for the comics is cutting into the interest of children in the Bible? What will be the results?

The American Bible Society has done a vast piece of work in helping to put the Bible into the hands of an almost

countless multitude, in this country and in distant lands. Other similar agencies have shared in its glorious work. The results, in many ways and in many lands, will be far beyond any one man's ability to catalog, much less to evaluate. But we should be grateful for their service to religion and to humanity, and we should be glad to help them if possible in their far-flung ministry. They are helping to make the world better!

So vast has been the influence of the Bible, and so essential to our human betterment, that William H. Seward gave us this testimony that seems to be even more significant in these fateful days when we hover fearfully before the threat of atomic warfare: "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible."

The Bible, if all nations would but follow its precepts and its light, could help us to preserve our civilization from serious disintegration and point all nations to God, who willeth and worketh peace for all who will have it.

How much does the Bible mean to **you** today? What will you try to make it mean tomorrow?

What will you do to make it more real and more vital to our America—and to our world?

# FOR THE WEEK OF DECEMBER 18-24

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## CAN WE BUY HAPPINESS?

1. Why did Jesus stress the importance of giving? (Acts 20:35)
2. Why does God approve of liberality? (II Cor. 9:7)
3. How are happiness and religion related? (Psalms 100:2; 144:15)

Do you think money is necessary in our search for happiness? Is anything else more important to happiness? What?

We should remember these words of George Horace Lorimer: "It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy."

Many people can tell you, out of their experience, that money alone can't buy happiness!

What are some other things that can help us to secure happiness?

Jesus regarded generosity as a way to secure happiness. Why does generosity benefit us? Haven't you found that a gift of something actually brought you more than if you had sold it for cash?

Avarice may defeat its own ends. Said Zeno: "The avaricious man is like the barren sandy ground of the desert which sucks in all the rain and dew with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others."

Happiness often follows the effort to make others happy. Service is a passport to enjoyment. Goldsmith wrote: "Like the bee, we should make our **industry** our amusement."

Tryon Edwards had these golden words for us: "Happiness is like manna;

it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we got to go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it is rained down from Heaven, at our very doors."

Too often we think happiness is getting everything we want out of life, just when we want it. But an anonymous writer has given us these words: "A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify men for usefulness and happiness." Candy tastes sweeter if we have just eaten something bitter!

Said William Dean Howells: "I have come to see life, not as a chase of forever impossible personal happiness, but as a field of endeavor toward the happiness of the whole human family. There is no other success. I know indeed of nothing more subtly satisfying and cheering than a knowledge of the real good will and appreciation of others. Such happiness does not come with money; nor does it flow from a fine physical state. It cannot be bought. But it is the keenest joy, after all, and the toiler's truest and best reward."

Those splendid words are a challenge to all of us who value our well-being and the happiness of others about us!

Happiness can't be **bought!**

It can be **earned!**

# FOR THE WEEK OF DECEMBER 25-31

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## WHAT SHALL WE MAKE OF CHRISTMAS?

1. How should we reflect the spirit of the angels' anthem? (Luke 2:14)
  2. What are our best gifts to Christ? (Matthew 2:11)
  3. Why should Christmas inspire us to love others? (I John 4:11)
- 

What can we do to make Christmas more permanent in our lives? How can we take its spirit and set it to work in our lives day by day, to carry some of the radiance and joy and helpfulness of Christmas into our work and our recreation and our plans for the future?

I think it was Dean Farrar who wrote: "A life spent in brushing clothes, and washing crockery, and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet; a life spent at the clerk's desk; a life spent in the narrow shop; a life spent in the laborer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown." That's one way to put Christmas into our work, by putting ourselves in touch with God, who alone gives life and labor their greatest dignity and their most enduring glory.

Whatever our work, we can put a bit of the spirit of Christmas into it; and unless we do this, we have not made the most and the best of our working hours and our working opportunities. Said George Macdonald: "If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God." Let's try that and see how much of

Christmas can creep into our most commonplace tasks!

In this way, we can make sure that all the true glory of Christmas—not its mere glitter and its passing glamor—can be prolonged indefinitely in our total influence upon the lives of others who touch us in any way.

It is a good thing to be able to have memories of Christmas that we can cherish as we move from one year to another and another; it is a much more worth-while experience to be able to translate the spirit of Christmas into a thousand different acts of helpfulness or words of inspiration and comfort and challenge to others. Their daily lives cry out for inspiration in the midst of humdrum tasks and commonplace interests, and it would be a shame to deny them the encouragement and help until Christmas might roll around again on the calendar!

The gifts of the magi and the infinitely more precious Gift of God should be our challenge to spread the generousities and the glory of Christmas throughout all the year!

In this way we can bring continuing honor to the Christ in whose living presence we find the best that Christmas can ever bring us!

Let's spread Christmas throughout the year!

And help others to do likewise!

# FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 1 - 7

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## FIRST THINGS FIRST!

1. How can Christian faith improve our year? (Eph. 4:20-32)
2. How can we do our best work? (1 Cor. 3:9)
3. How can religious aspiration and purpose help us? (Phil. 3:13, 14)

---

This Sunday begins a new year and it presents each of us with challenges and with opportunities because it is New Year's Day. It should lead each of us to take stock of our talents and ambitions and purposes and set some definite goals for ourselves, and then try to reach them and make this the best year we can make of it!

Nothing less should satisfy us!

Before a wise man sets his goals he should know himself quite well. It was Cervantes who said: "Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world."

Our self-improvement, in talents and in character, should be a first goal for this or any year. Geikie, a Scottish geologist, wrote: "Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choices of good and evil we have made through life." Wise and discerning words for us as we enter the first day of a new year!

Sometimes we need to remind ourselves not to look back upon past blunders and failures. Ralph Waldo Emerson counseled us sagely with these words: "Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense."

Let's walk as unencumbered as we can!

Goethe had some interesting words for us, touching our need to nurture our talents and develop our character: "Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world." The billows, high and tempestuous as they often are, bring out of us qualities that pleasant sunshine and languorous moments cannot produce.

Let's make a place in the new year for our dreams—our aspirations to be more than we were yesterday and do more of our best work than in any previous year!

It will be tremendously worth while for us!

Epictetus wrote these words of challenge that are good for the first day of any new year: "First say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do."

And don't forget what Paul wrote one day to the Christians at Philippi: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Philippians 3:13, 14)

**That** will keep us busy!



# FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 8 - 14

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## THE POISON OF MALICE

1. Why should Christians avoid malice? (Eph. 4:31, 32)
  2. What is the fruit of hatred? (Prov. 10:12)
  3. Does God punish malice? (Prov. 17:5)
- 

The great Roman philosopher Seneca once said: "Malice drinks one-half of its own poison." Do you believe that? Can you think of a more terrible indictment against holding malice in our hearts?

This reminds us that Victor Hugo said that pride robbed him of God, and envy robbed him of his neighbor, while anger robbed him of himself. Let's not sabotage our own lives by giving malice a place within the citadel of our own hearts!

A wise man long ago wrote these words: "The **discretion** of a man **deferreth** his anger; and it is his **glory** to **pass over** a transgression." (Prov. 19:11) And we can find help in another wise observation: "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." (Prov. 15:1)

From the same book of wisdom comes a statement that should cause us to think very seriously: "Hatred stirreth up **strifes**: but **love covereth all sins**." (Prov. 10:12) There, you see, is a terrific indictment of hatred; it **stirreth up** strifes—and the word is in the plural! It is a striking example of cause and effect, or seedtime and dreadful harvest. But a sure remedy is given too: "love **covereth** all sins."

A wise learner who had followed the

teachings of Jesus centuries ago wrote what at first glance may seem to be a rather gentle word, but the implications are terrific and incontrovertible: "He that hateth his brother is in **darkness**, and **walketh** in darkness, and knoweth not **whither he goeth**, because that darkness hath **blinded his eyes**." (1 John 2:11)

Those few words contain a powerful warning against hatred. He who gives himself over to hatred of his brother is no longer in the light but in the darkness, and walks in darkness, gropingly, stumblingly, not seeing where he goes, for the darkness to which he brought himself has deprived him of sight.

Malice easily dabbles in revenge, which is a matter that we should not take to ourselves, for it is unworthy of us. Seneca once said, "Revenge is an inhuman word." Bacon said of it: "In taking revenge a man is but equal to his enemy, but in passing it over he is his superior." And wise William Penn said this: "Not to be provoked is best; but if moved, never correct till the fume is spent; for every stroke our fury strikes is sure to hit ourselves at last."

Let's shun malice, for it inflicts heavy losses upon us spiritually!

It is poison!

# FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 15-21

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## FAITH AND ITS FRUITS

1. Why can faith help us in many ways? (Mark 9:23)
  2. What is faith's richest fruit? (John 3:16; Romans 5:1, 2)
  3. How can others tell if we have faith? (Matthew 7:16)
- 

Faith is one of the most ennobling and one of the most empowering elements in religion. It colors and beautifies the common things on which we build our daily lives. It gives us strength and purpose, endurance and the ability to hope, even when hope seems to be groundless.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick wrote: "It is cynicism and fear that freeze life; it is faith that thaws it out, releases it, sets it free." It indeed warms life and heartens it and strikes away many of its chains and bids it be free—and **continue** free.

This is much more far-reaching than we may realize. "Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep." That's plain talk, startling enough to jolt us into the realization that faith is not a kind of sentimental wistfulness merely, but the powerful force that gives us events that are worthy of becoming the history of mankind. And we thought Jesus was grossly overstating matters when He told us solemnly that faith would remove mountains!

One of the finest fruits of faith is spiritual discernment—the priceless ability to discern the spiritual realities of this life and of eternal life. This calls for trust in God and confidence that He

will be at our side when we deal with unseen realities that are often more important than the steel and concrete and wood that we buy and sell. This spiritual discernment gives us the assurance that God is more real than all the so-called realities of our material world.

Inner peace is another of the fruits of faith. It is priceless. It sweetens all of life, giving its possessor tranquillity and an inner radiance that he cannot hide. Perhaps that was what the Spanish writer, Cervantes, had in mind when he wrote: "He has a face like a benediction." That is a fruit of faith!

But faith can go even farther and help to produce a **life** that is a benediction. Said Phillips Brooks: "Be such a man, and live such a life, that if every man were such as you, and every life a life like yours, this earth would be God's Paradise."

Of course we know that faith's richest and ripest fruit is our salvation from our sins, through our faith in our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Thomas Carlyle once wrote: "Of all acts repentance is the most divine." If we repent and turn to Christ and ask Him to forgive all of our sins, our faith will yield us its most blessed fruit.

Have you received **that**?

# FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 22-28

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## HOW'S YOUR COURAGE?

1. Does God supply and reward courage? (Isaiah 41:10)
2. Can we have courage and strength for every need? (Phil. 4:13)
3. Why must we be brave for others also? (1 Chron. 19:13)

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Wouldn't you say that we need courage each day, just as we need daily food? Just as Jesus taught us to pray for our daily bread, should we not strive each day to build up our inner spiritual resources so that we shall have courage to meet the demands of any hour?

Shakespeare said that courage "mounteth with occasion." Have you found this to be true in your own life? And haven't you found also that you can develop **attitudes of courage** that help you to be brave when danger confronts you or adversity strikes? Perhaps this throws light on Ernest Hemingway's meaning when he said: "Courage is grace under pressure." Grace is something that you and I can develop within ourselves as truly as we develop our muscles by exercise.

Can't you remember a time when you failed to resist a temptation because you had not built up enough spiritual strength to enable you to overcome that attack upon your character? If you recall such a failure, doesn't it prod you to make every effort to build up sufficient spiritual strength to overcome **next** time? It should!

We should remember also that cowardice has grave social implications. Said the great Euripides: "Cowards do not count in battle; they are there, but not in it." How true this is in the moments

when you and I are called upon to stand up and fight in great moral issues in life. Many a man is a coward as a citizen and a voter and a community man—and as a Christian—who would be heartily ashamed of himself if he were as cowardly on a field of battle.

A young man, for instance, may feel very deeply that he should accept Christ as his own personal Saviour and join a church and try wholeheartedly to be an exemplary Christian in his own group, but he holds back because he is **afraid** of what someone may say about it—or do about it.

Have you any reason to believe he would be braver on a field of battle than in this arena of his own spirit?

Let's not be cowardly enough to turn away from Christ because some mere friend might laugh at us! Let's not refuse to take up arms in defense of some moral principle or some religious cause! Let's not be afraid to throw ourselves into the work of religion in our own group!

Said E. H. Chapin: "Not armies, not nations, have advanced the race; but here and there, in the course of ages, an individual has stood up and cast his shadow over the world." What a brave man, to **stand alone**, if need be, for God!

How's **your** courage?

# FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 29-FEBRUARY 4

*Subject for group discussion or private study:*

## THE STARS ARE THERE!

1. What is the most important thing in life? (Eccl. 12:13)
  2. How sure is God's mercy? (Psalms 103:17, 18)
  3. How shall we find eternal life? (John 3:16; 17:3)
- 

Thomas Carlyle wrote these wise words: "Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will reappear."

Religion deals with timeless realities, the most enduring things that you and I can deal with; they will abide in our sky and in our hearts, long after smoke and fog and all fleeting things shall have slipped away.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Morality without religion has no roots. It becomes a thing of custom, changeable, transient, and optional." We need religion, all of us! It is a star in our sky that shines through the fog and the mists—and is there to help and reassure us always!

And the Bible is another such star. Romaine wrote: "The longer you read the Bible, the more you like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ." It shines brighter in our sky when the night is darkest!

But religion and a knowledge of the Bible help us to shape our character into a bright star for ourselves and for others. Jeremy Taylor once said: "The best theology is rather a divine life than a

divine knowledge." A shining Christian life is wonderful proof of the validity of our religion and of the Bible!

Each of us can gain such a character by giving God first place in our lives. Ruskin wrote these very sobering words: "Any thing that makes religion a second object makes it no object. He who offers to God a second place offers Him no place." We should never forget **that**—if we wish to keep our brightest star!

Our belief in immortality is another bright star in our sky! Someone once said: "Seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever? Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all? This is a miracle, and that no more."

Shakespeare wrote: "I have immortal longings in me." Of course! Nothing short of eternity can satisfy them! God made us in His image, for infinity and eternity! When mists and doubts settle about you and you don't know which way to turn, **remember that the brightest stars in life are still above you!**

**God always wills it so!**

Take courage, look upward, and pray! The mists will dissolve in good time and the stars that all the while were there will shine through the dimness with reassuring glory!

**And all the while God is with you!**



A  
BIBLE READING  
FOR  
EVERY DAY  
OF THE MONTH



BY  
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL  
(Secy., Promotion of  
Bible Use,  
American Bible  
Society)

**DECEMBER**

**THEME: The Book to Live By**

1. John 14.....**Great Comfort**
2. Psalms 8.....**Man's Greatness**
3. Revelation 21:1-7.....**A New Earth**
4. II Timothy 2.....**A Good Soldier**
5. Micah 6:1-8.....**God's Requirement**
6. Acts 17:16-34.....**A Great Speech**
7. Revelation 22:1-7.....**Faithful Words**
8. John 3:1-17.....**Whosoever Believeth**
9. I Thessalonians 5:12-28...**Be at Peace**
10. Mark 4:1-20.....**The Sower**
11. (Universal Bible Sunday)  
II Chronicles 7:11-18...**The Bible's Day**
12. John 4:1-14.....**Meeting a Woman**
13. Luke 10:25-37...**The Good Samaritan**
14. Matthew 25:31-46...**The Last Judgment**
15. Exodus 20:1-17...**The Ten Commandments**
16. Matthew 6:5-15.....**How To Pray**
17. Psalms 119:33-40.....**The Word**
18. John 1:1-14.....**In the Beginning**
19. Matthew 5:1-12.....**The Beatitudes**
20. Isaiah 9:2-7.....**The Prince of Peace**
21. Romans 8:12-39.....**Sons of God**
22. I Corinthians 15:35-58...**After Death**
23. Isaiah 40.....**Good Tidings**
24. Isaiah 53.....**The Suffering Servant**
25. Luke 2.....**The Birth of Jesus**
26. Romans 13.....**Earthly Authority**
27. Isaiah 60:18-22; 61:1-3  
**Everlasting Light**
28. Ephesians 3:14-21...**The Inward Man**
29. Joshua 1:5-9.....**Be Strong**
30. Hebrews 11.....**Things Hoped For**
31. Psalms 90.....**God Forever**

**JANUARY**

**THEME: Heirs of God**

1. Proverbs 3:1-18.....**For Years of Life**
2. Proverbs 3:19-35.....**Finding Wisdom**
3. Psalms 16.....**Clad in God**
4. Psalms 36.....**The Good and the Bad**
5. Luke 6:20-38.....**The Golden Rule**
6. Ephesians 3:8-21.....**God's Fullness**
7. Luke 6:39-49.....**Hypocrites**
8. I Corinthians 3.....**A Living Temple**
9. Romans 8:1-11.....**In the Spirit**
10. Romans 8:12-39.....**Heirs of God**
11. Jeremiah 17:5-18.....**Well Rooted**
12. John 1:19-34.....**In the Wilderness**
13. John 1:35-51.....**Come and See**
14. John 2.....**A Marriage Feast**
15. John 4:1-30.....**A Talkative Woman**
16. John 4:31-54.....**Harvest Time**
17. John 5:1-16.....**Arise**
18. John 5:17-47.....**Believing the Truth**
19. Luke 3:1-23.....**Preacher John**
20. Luke 4:1-15.....**Jesus Tempted**
21. Luke 4:16-44.....**His Home Church**
22. Luke 5:1-17.....**Successful Fishermen**
23. Luke 5:18-38.....**Follow Me**
24. Luke 6:1-19.....**On the Sabbath**
25. Acts 9:1-22.....**Real Conversion**
26. Luke 7:1-18.....**A Religious Officer**
27. Luke 7:19-35.....**Double Criticism**
28. Luke 7:36-50.....**At a Feast**
29. Isaiah 57:11-21.....**God's Forbearance**
30. Isaiah 58:1-12.....**Builders**
31. Isaiah 61.....**Called of God**



Mistress (instructing new butler):  
 "Now, how do you address a baron?"  
 Butler: "Your lordship."  
 Mistress: "And his lady?"  
 Butler: "Your ladyship."  
 Mistress: "And an admiral?"  
 Butler: "Your flagship."

—*The Dope Sheet*

Out of curiosity, a farmer had grown a crop of flax and had a tablecloth made out of the linen. Some time later, he bragged about it to a woman guest at dinner. "I grew this tablecloth myself."

"Did you really?" she exclaimed. "How did you manage it?" It was plain that she had no idea as to how tablecloths came into being. The farmer lowered his voice, mysteriously. "If you promise to keep the secret, I'll tell you."

The guest promised.

"Well," proceeded the farmer, "I planted a napkin."

—*Watchman-Examiner*

After several hours of fishing, the little girl suddenly threw down her pole and cried, "I quit!"

"What's the matter?" her father asked.

"Nothing," said the child, "except that I can't seem to get waited on."

—*Boston Globe*

Waiter: "Who told you the soup was spoiled?"

Customer: "A little swallow."

—*Exchange*

Have you heard "The Light Bulb's Under the Snow," or "Mazda's in the cold, cold ground"?

—*The Seabag*

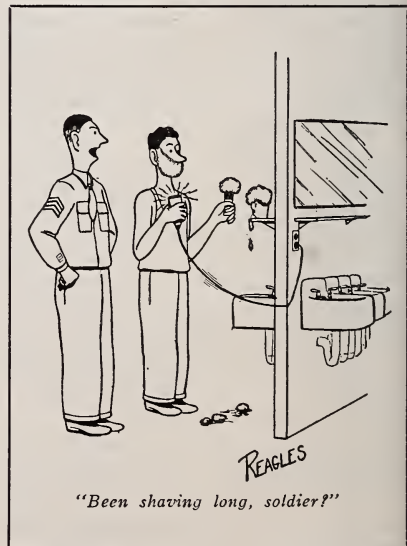
The Sunday School teacher had distributed paper and crayons to the class and had asked them to draw a picture of the Holy Family on the flight to Egypt.

Among the many original portraits was Bill's. It showed four passengers in an airplane, three with halos.

"I recognize the Holy Family, Bill," said the teacher, "but who is the fourth passenger in the plane?"

Bill looked up at her incredulously. "Don't you know? That's Pontius, the pilot."

—*Adapted from Dorothy Barron, in Catholic Digest*



## *Churches and Organizations*

Affiliated or Co-operating with

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

and the work of the

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

#### **ORGANIZATIONS:**

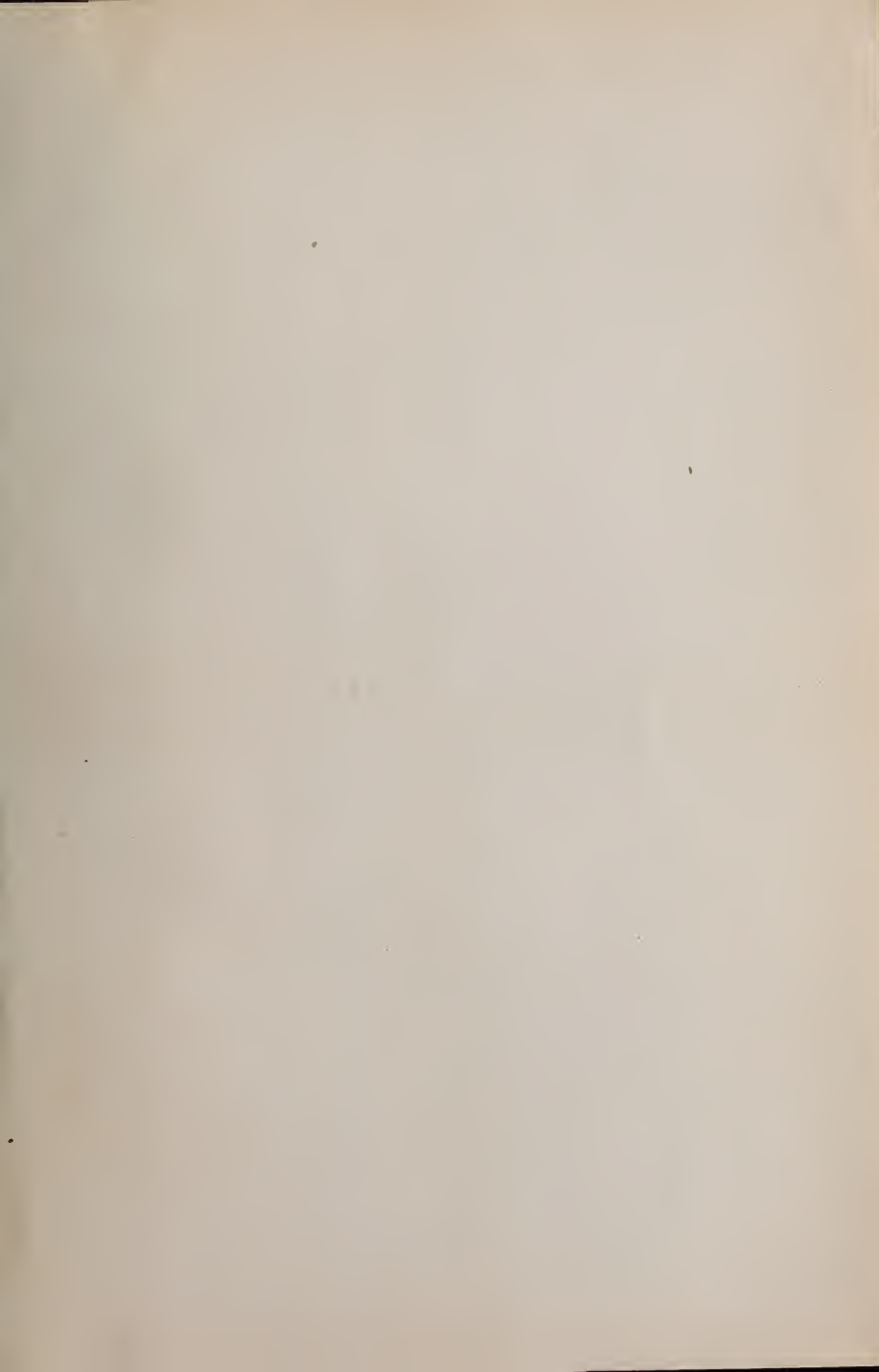
Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations  
International Council of Religious Education  
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America  
International Society of Christian Endeavor

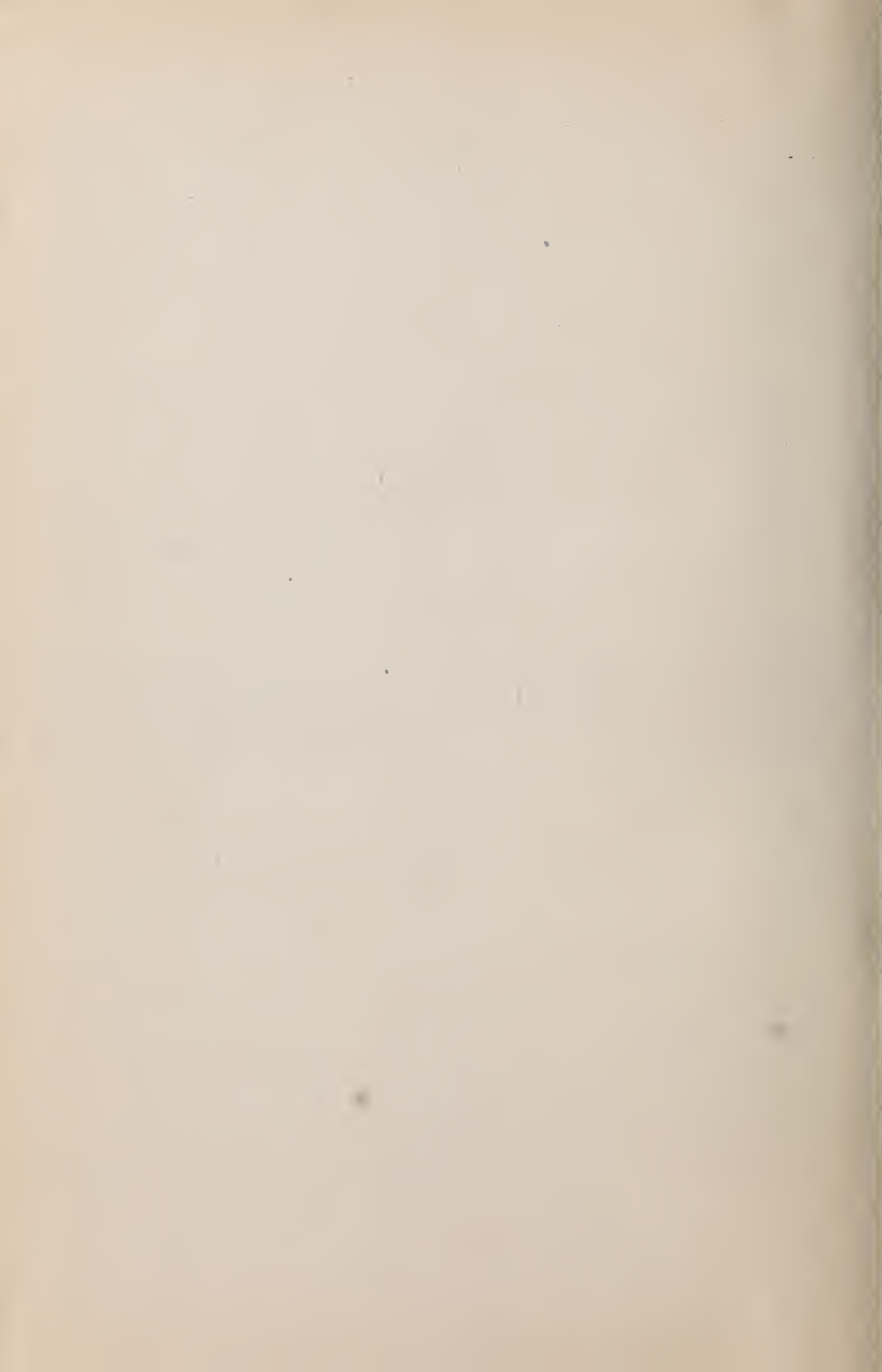
#### **CHURCHES:**

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









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