







The



LINK

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SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



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Morning Prayer

Courtesy The Unity School of Christianity.

Lord, in the quiet of this morning hour
I come to Thee for peace, for wisdom, power
To view the world today through love-filled eyes;
Be patient, understanding, gentle, wise;
To see beyond what seems to be, and know
Thy children as Thou knowest them; and so
Naught but the good in anyone behold;
Make deaf my ears to slander that is told;
Silence my tongue to aught that is unkind;
Let only thoughts that bless dwell in my mind.
Let me so kindly be, so full of cheer,
That all I meet may feel Thy presence near.
O clothe me in Thy beauty, this I pray,
Let me reveal Thee, Lord, through all the day.

—Ella Syfers Schenck.

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BLACK MARKETEER

By Frederick Hall

NO, ma'm, all the way up from the Normandy beaches to the Rhine, I never got a scratch—not to count: nothing ever came over with my number on it, though our outfit saw plenty of action. Oh, sure, I was in tight places all right. The worst? I'll never forget it and—I wouldn't exactly want it broadcast, but I don't mind telling it to you. It happened so long ago or—Not so long ago either, when you come to think of it, but so much has happened since then and today everything looks so different. Sometimes it seems like it all happened to another fellow and—Well, in a way, it did.

You see this hot spot of mine wasn't during the war. It came afterwards, months afterwards, when everything was supposed to be peaceful and was peaceful—too peaceful. The worst thing for a soldier isn't action: don't ever let anybody tell you it is. It's monotony: one day just like another, day after day, nothing to do, nothing worth doing. No place to go! Sometimes I don't wonder so many fellows went to the devil: sometimes I wonder more of 'em didn't.

It was right in the middle of our worst spell that Juke Zaeske got hold of me. Afterwards, I found out he'd dragged in a bunch of other fellows, who didn't really know what it was all about. But

not me—I wasn't that dumb. In the first place, I knew Juke, knew that anything he was mixed up in— Why, that bird was too crooked to sleep in a round-house. And this deal! I could see in two minutes it was crooked as h—. You got to excuse me, ma'm, but, when I get to telling army stories, the cuss words just come—leave 'em out and they don't seem like army stories. But I'll try.

We talked a time or two and I didn't say yes or no, till one day, when I was low, Oh! way low, he came and said he had a job for me that night and I told him O.K., I'd take it. He gave me my orders, and some fake papers, and some insignia that he said might come in handy. Just pin those bars on my shoulders and I was a captain.

A sentry challenged me, as I was leaving camp and I stopped. In the army, you get used to doing what you're told to do. I talked to him a minute and right away I saw he was one of these Dumb Doras who would swallow any-

thing. I got by all right and went slogging down the road, feeling pretty good.

On either side, the country was all cut up into little fields, divided by ditches and hedges (no fences) and there were no farm houses. In that part of the world, their farm houses are in little villages, built wall to wall. I expect that in the old days it was for protection and during the war, and even yet, it wasn't such a bad idea. The night was just right for our kind of business: no moon, low hung clouds, a threat of rain.

My objective was a rough, stone watering trough, where our trucks generally stopped to fill their radiators. When I got there, I went a little way up the hill and dropped down in a clump of bushes, my back against a tree and my automatic in my hand, though I'd made up my mind not to use that, unless it was a case of life or death. If things were like Juke had planned, three other men were hid somewhere near but I didn't look for them. Fact is, I didn't know who they were and they didn't know who I was. Juke thought it was better that way and I guess it was.

In maybe ten minutes, far down the road, I saw Ole's truck coming. He had his lights on: we could use lights then. At first, I thought he was going right on past but he stopped, got out and, just as he was checking his water, the three jumped him. Ole being husky put up a good fight, but he didn't have a ghost of a show against the three of them. They didn't even have to belt him over the head and knock him out and I was glad of that, because I liked Ole and didn't want him hurt. Their jeep was hidden in a clump of trees. They chucked him into it. One of them whistled. I whistled. Then they were off.

I finished up Ole's job of filling the radiator, got in and started. I'd driven the same kind of truck—oh, maybe five

thousand miles; that part was easy. What my load was I didn't know—for sure; but I guessed it was cigarettes. What I *did* know was where to take it. I'd been stationed in the town and knew all the streets. I even knew this particular courtyard. If the house on the corner had a flowerpot with a red flower in the window, I was to leave the truck in the courtyard—just leave it—that was all.

Then, with my fake papers, plenty of money and a dozen cartons of cigarettes, I was off for one grand ten days' bust. And hadn't I earned it! I remembered the dust and the mud that I'd been through, the holes I'd slept in—or tried to sleep in. The times I'd been so cold that my teeth chattered or so hot it seemed like I was burning up. The miles I'd slogged it along, when it didn't seem to me I could stagger another step. And the dirt—always the dirt! When I was a kid, living with my grandmother, bath tubs weren't exactly regulation, like I suppose they were in Shorty Egan's house, but during that spell of fighting, why, there were days when I'd have paid ten dollars for a bath. I can't tell you, ma'm, not in decent language I can't, how dirty we got. Our skin—Oh, well, what's the use. What I mean is, I felt as if those ten days belonged to me.

After the ten days—Somehow I just didn't think that far ahead.

As I say, I was feeling mighty cheerful, because it looked to me like all the hard part was over now. Just keep rolling over a road that I'd travelled fifty times. Then that flower in the window and by morning I ought to have my truck safe parked in that courtyard and be off for the life of Riley.

For the first dozen miles, I was on Ole's road, only going the other way. All the time, day and night, our trucks were on it. I kept my lights on. Nobody

likely to stop me or ask anything. If they did, I'd flash those papers. But when I got to Sauerkraut Hill (that was one of our names), and turned onto the road where our trucks weren't supposed to be, I cut my lights, went slower and kept a sharp lookout. Here my papers wouldn't help so much. I pinned on my captain's bars, just in case, and decided, if I was signalled to sail right along.

Well, I didn't. Like I say, in the army you do what you're told to; it gets to be second nature. When I saw that electric torch, before I thought, I started to slow down and, next thing I knew, a fellow was in the seat beside me.

"Hello, Bing," he said.

You see, I can't tell *Taps* from *God Bless America*, so naturally my nickname is Bing Crosby.

"Hello, Shorty," I said.

He was alone. I was glad of that but, believe you me! I was sore. This was something I hadn't counted on. I didn't like it and I didn't know what to do about it. There wasn't an M.P. in uniform I wouldn't sooner have seen than Shorty Egan. You see, he was my friend; I don't know but my best friend. He'd even. . . . Why, that first day on the beaches, when I got into water deeper than I thought it was, if he hadn't grabbed me and hung on 'til it like to have pulled his arm out of the socket, I don't know but I'd have been a casualty.

"What you doing here?" I asked him.

"Secret mission," he said. "You too?"

"Me too," I told him, playing for time.

"I see it's got you something."

He reached over and tapped the bars on my shoulder and it felt like I'd been jabbed with a hot poker. If only I'd had sense enough to keep them in my pocket.

"Shorty," I said, "you better get out."

"It's raining," he said.

"It is *not* raining."

If I could, I wanted to get myself good and mad; it didn't make any difference what about.

"You're right," he said. "Not raining yet. Looks like it might though, any minute."

We drove maybe a mile without a word. Then I said,

"You know I could *throw* you out."

"Sure, I know! Shoot me too with that automatic!"

Well, that was another thing I hadn't wanted him to see.

"Bing," he went on. "want me to tell you something?"

"No," I said, "I don't."

"All right, I will. If you ask me, you're makin' one dashed fool of yourself."

Only he didn't say "dashed." It was another word.

"I'm *not* asking you," I said, "and what I'm doing is my own business. I like you, Shorty, you know that. I don't want any row with you. But I want you to get out and go sell your papers, or whatever it is you're doing."

"I'll make you a proposition, Bing." As easy about it as you please. "Let me ride with you as far as Dutch Flat." (Another of our names.) "If, when we're there, you still want me to get out—O.K. I will."

"What you going for?" I asked him.

"That's *my* business. And one thing more," he went on. "You and I have had a good many talks. If I take this ride with you, we'll have one more."

I thought a minute and I knew that, one way, he had me; come right down to it, I couldn't sock him and he knew it.

"I'll take you as far as Dutch Flat," I told him. "And I can't stop your talking. I never could."

He started in and, if he'd bawled me out, I could have taken it I've been

bawled out by experts. But Shorty's a wise guy and, the way he began, you'd have thought it was the story of the division. Things that had happened during our first days! Our training! The crossing! Our days in England! The landing in Normandy and all that! He rambled on and on, told me personal things I wouldn't bother to tell you, things I'd done myself and, when he had me all steamed up and interested, he hauled off and let me have it.

"Don't you see, Bing? You can't spoil a record like that. You can't disgrace yourself and all of us, the way Les Marker did."

That's a story that every time I think of it makes me sick. Les Marker was one of our sergeants, one of the first men to get ashore, a h— I mean, he was an *awful* nice fellow. Only he couldn't let the booze alone. One night he got tanked up and the chap he shot was a friend of his, had a wife and baby back home—! Les would have shot himself, if they'd let him.

"Shorty!" I said. "You're crazy. I ain't doing what Les did."

"No but they could court-martial you for what you are doing. You know that. Impersonating an officer is serious business and you know there's more to it than that. Bing, you've made a wonderful record. You can't go and spoil it."

I thought a minute and then I started telling him things that I'd thought a thousand times, but never told anybody in my life before.

"Shorty," I said, "your father's a senator, ain't he?"

"A *state* senator."

"Well, anyhow, he's a *senator*. Your mother graduated from college. One of your grandfathers was a preacher, the other was a professor and wrote books."

"I don't know where you got all this," he said, "but it's true. So what?"

"Just this," I told him. "My father? I don't know who he was—except that he was no good. I won't say anything against my mother but her troubles kind of got her and, before she died, she was drinking a lot more than any woman ought to. My grandmother brought me up—what bringing up I had. I tell you, Shorty, you can't expect anything good to come out of my kind. You just don't make a silk purse out of sows' ears. I wasn't started right."

He didn't duck; he came right back at me.

"The army gave you a fair start, like it did thousands of other men. What did anybody in our outfit know or care about your folks? Or mine? They took us for what we were—ourselves. And they found you pretty good stuff. You know they did. Some of the best men in the outfit have been your friends."

And that was true. I couldn't deny it. A lot of them had been mighty good friends and at the top of the list was Shorty himself.

"Your grandmother all right?"

"She was a good woman," I told him.

"I don't believe she ever went to school three years in her whole life."

"Some better than Abraham Lincoln at that."

He laughed softly to himself.

"So that's your alibi—ancestry. Well, let me tell you a story. Once I happened to be in the town where my great-great-great-grandfather is buried and I hunted up his grave. You see, I'd heard about him. The old boy was deacon for I don't know how many years in a little New England town and it looks like being a deacon was an important thing in those days because they had it carved on his tombstone: "Dea. Adoniram Cosgrove." He was mother's side of the family. Then something, I don't

(Continued on page 8)

How to be Happy Though Married...



By **RAYMOND E. MUSSER**

IF you are determined to invite a barrage by testing each phrase of the marriage covenant, you'd better dig and equip a foxhole out back of the bungalow, for, Brother, you're going to need it. 'Twill soon be too hot for you inside.

Note: Civilian nomenclature for it is "in the doghouse."

But wait a minute—in a half-darkened church with candles a-twinkling and white roses perfuming the air, with an undertone of quiet organ playing "O Perfect Love," you knelt at the altar and the preacher prayed over you two this blessing: "Send Thy blessing upon this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name; that they may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant between them made, and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to Thy laws. Look graciously upon them, that they may love, honor, and cherish each other, and so live together in faithfulness and patience, in wisdom and in godliness, that

their home may be a haven of blessing and a place of peace."

How can a man tighten these tender ties in a land where the divorce rate has already passed thirty-one per cent? How can one take out insurance against marital unhappiness?

For instance, let's talk about food. Frankly, for a couple of months she'll starve you to death unless you subsidize your rations on the sly, or she'll keep you with colic unless you have the digestive system of a billy goat. But she'll learn; you must be a patient guinea pig during her basic training. Didn't you have the experience of army cooks practicing on you? Compliment her salads, chew her steaks, gobble her pastries. When you sit down to her first meals repeat softly after Julius Caesar: "I came, I saw, I conquered." Her first apple dumpling will be a fair facsimile of a hand grenade, but you ate C-ration biscuits, didn't you? Some day when you are fearful of caving in like a dugout from hunger, she'll dish you up a pineapple salad and two saltines:

but didn't you do on a Ration D for a whole meal, a time or two? Aw, Jackson, be a sport! Why blow your top and get chased out into the foxhole?

Yet, if you're gonna be a heel and act uncouth when she is serving a polished dinner to company, or expose yourself to mortar fire by pushing back from what she serves you, you'd better get some straw in that foxhole out back.

Definitely, you stick your neck out when you thoughtlessly bring in a buddy, unannounced. Maybe she did the wash and then decided to iron, too; or she had let the house go untidied in order to do some sewing; or perchance she had decided to choose that day to be lazy. Then you come home grinning in self-consciousness. . . . She can't say a thing, because your friend is there; but what she thinks carries a potential equal to an unexploded time-bomb. She'll go off later, and you'll get shell shock.

Or the opposite is as inexcusable—the sneaking off with a chum for a hamburger and duckpins while she waits supper for you.

Joe, you say you want to know how to stay married and like it? Then don't tamper with atomic energy by aggravating your wife!

IN A SHELTER

On the other hand, the two enduring foundations of a happy home are love and loyalty.

The love-analysts are prophesying that seventy-five per cent of our war marriages will end in divorce; we GIs, they say, have gone pop-eyed over pin-up pulchritude until we can't take it when we return to our garden variety of girls, when we come back home to Susie in the flesh. Really, that is no fantastic figure, for in my own city of seventy-five thousand souls the 1946 score was

fifty per cent—that is, one divorce for every two marriages.

Want a recipe to guarantee it won't happen to you? Then build on these two above-mentioned foundation pillars.

LOVE

Love must be genuine and constant. If you are practicing "How to Win Friends and Influence People" page by page, be sure she doesn't find the book. It's too shallow, Mate. Did you know that book's author was divorced by his wife? If your love for each other is real you can stand up under a little combat now and then, which combat is to be expected when two personalities are trying to live together twenty-four hours a day under one roof.

LOYALTY

And you must be loyal, one hundred per cent. Just as "no man who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the Kingdom of God," equally so no bridegroom who is eternally watching the passing parade wondering if he couldn't have done better than Susie is able to build a home that is a place of peace. Listen, Jo: the geisha girl in your office has nothing to do in life but generate glamor to snag a man; if you allow her to infatuate you, then you are disloyal, and the termites are turned loose in the foundations of your dream of a happy haven called home. Watch out for that two-timing wife who tells you bit by bit of her dissatisfaction with her own hubbie. Mac, you are not called upon to help satisfy these frustrated *frauen*, American issue. Don't cheat on Susie! Stick to" her "for better, for worse," as you pledged before God. Your teeth and hair will be coming out before long. . . .

When life gets rough, share your problems with her. Lay out your finan-

cial difficulties before her; she'll gladly cooperate. Talk over the dilemmas of shop or store, for she can give you unbiased advice. Make her a partner in your troubles.

Above all, keep a spiritual contact. This *rapport* can be kept, for instance by a simultaneous prayer of thirty seconds for each other at high noon each day. Remember the old school basketball prayer when the five of you joined hands and put your sweaty heads together before you went into the extra period to break the tie? Have you forgotten your patrol prayer when another quintet to which you belonged divided to crawl on

your bellies through barbed wire? Try it again. This is even a more important mission! A baby is God's best fusion of two separate souls that want to be "as one." Champion of all happiness-creators is the Church: sit together each Sunday in her sanctuary, feel the heart-warming of her worship, heed the instruction of her teachers, feast on the ministrations of her clergy. Make together a contact with God, and no man can tear you asunder.

You ask how to be happy though married? The truth is, marriage is the guarantee of happiness, if you will play the game of life by the rules.

THE BLACK MARKETEEER *(Continued from page 5)*

know what, set me to figuring and I found there were 31 other men, just as much related to me as he was. Did you know that every mother's son of us has got 32 of that kind of grandfathers? Work it out for yourself: 2 grandfathers, 4 great-grandfathers, 8, 16, 32. Go on farther, 64, 128! All models? They *were* not. In your 32, weren't there some to be proud of? Of course there were, and a man can take his choice, live up to one bunch or down to the other.

"And there's a lot more to it than *that*. Some day you'll have a home and a family. Sure, I know, you got no girl now but all the chances are some day you'll have a wife and family. Most men do. Well, you've done something to make your son proud of you. If you don't think so, give me a chance at him some day—I'll tell him. Don't go and spoil it all by this fool thing."

He laced me up one side and down the other. Then all at once (I hadn't realized it) he said,

"Here we are—Dutch Flat. Well?"

I took a long breath.

"You win," I said.

All the way back, we said hardly a word but I was thinking plenty. When we got to that stone watering trough, he said,

"Suppose you let me drive this truck in?"

"Whatever you say," I told him.

I handed him those captain's bars and my fake papers. He gave me a pass that got me in. Now how did he happen to have *that*?

Well, that's my story. Just that close I came to making a mess of everything; because that was the night they swooped down on Juke's gang and, if I'd gone on from Dutch Flat, I'd have been in the net too. I asked Shorty one time how he fixed things with the higher-ups so he could waylay me like that. He never told me, but he must have had some drag.

And now—! Well, I *am* married, and I *have* got a kid that I hope some day won't be ashamed of his dad. And instead of running with the gang I used to, here I am in school. School! Can you beat it?

Tolerance Must Be Real

By FERRIS M. WEDDLE

BEFORE my entry into the Army, I did not appreciate America, because I did not know its people. I rather smugly considered myself tolerant of those outside my own race and nationality. Only after several months of service did I come to realize just how shallow and ineffective my particular brand of tolerance was in actuality. I had often talked tolerance, but I did not *act* it. Deep down inside there was no mellow feeling of satisfaction.

Paul Morales was a steppingstone that brought the real meaning of tolerance to me. Paul was a Mexican, and one of the best liked men in my outfit. I had been reared among Mexican people in the southwest, and from early childhood had been fed stories about them, which I believed and which set them apart from those with paler skins. I sat beside them in classrooms, without much displeasure, *yet* in the back of my mind was always the persistent thought that I was *superior*.

To my shame I made a show of being tolerant toward him, and if Paul sensed this rather condescending attitude, he said nothing. He was friendly, thoughtful, and kind. Finally, I realized that I liked him for the person he was, and not because I felt it my duty to be tolerant! This realization was an honest one, and the gates inside my heart and mind, opened to the greenness of pastures I had never known about.

Charlie Woback helped me untangle myself, too. An Indian, Charlie, certainly let me down. You see even though I had seen many Indians, they had always been more or less of a curiosity, and objects of sometimes unkind ridi-

cule. Charlie didn't sit on floors, and glower at the "palefaces." He was an all around fellow, always laughing and talking. Above all he was the living exponent of a free American—free to make his life as he so desired to. Perhaps, his philosophy of life, his ambitions, his viewpoints were different from mine, but this should not set him apart in a free land!

Then there was Sam Silvers, a Jew. Jewish people, too, had been on my near tabu list, because I had believed the many untrue stories about them, about their sharp business deals. Now, because I liked Sam, I began to understand him. More important I learned to respect him and others of his race.

Slowly, I was trying to digest and formulate these many confusing thoughts and experiences. At last I knew that ignorance was the root of the whole problem of intolerance; just as ignorance was the root of my own selfish, false form of tolerance as it had been in the beginning of this adventure of meeting America. I truly wanted to be tolerant, yet I did not have the interest to gain knowledge whereby it would be possible, and whereby it would be a *real* tolerance.

The answer was to dig beneath the surface, leave the mind comfortably blank, and receptive to new ideas, and thoughts; receptive to new depths of feeling. In the Army one had ample opportunity to do this, for in my company alone we had over twenty different nationalities and races at one time! A truly golden opportunity was thrust into life, and I made the most of it. The last vestige of hypocrisy disappeared, and a keener awareness of the American dream

of equality for all was a new treasure for me. It was a tangy, heart lifting experience, removing me from my narrow prison of ignorance and false tolerance. For this I shall always be grateful to the Army.

Came the day when home and civilian life was a near possibility. A train was speeding me toward the warmth of loved ones; the very air had a pungent feeling of freedom. Until I saw the signs in a little Texas town where we stopped over a few hours.

Signs on public restaurants that read: "We do not serve colored trade."

Dazed for a second, I did not quite understand. You see, I had forgotten that such degrading practices exist in America. A lonely man is apt to forget many blemishes on his homeland, and even do a little embellishing. But here was a blemish—plain and ugly.

Someone stopped near me, and I glanced up into the unsmiling face of a young colored soldier. I felt a writhing shame inside, and had an inane desire to turn and offer an apology. For, you see, he had several medals which a soldier gets only because of extreme bravery.

"Do you know of some place where I could eat?" he asked me slowly.

I shook my head. "Let's see if we can find one," I suggested.

On an off street we found a hole of a restaurant without the mark of intolerance, and went in. The place was jammed with soldiers, and when a surly faced waiter appeared he glowered at my companion.

"We don't serve niggers, buddy," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mister. You don't have a sign up." The colored soldier started to rise.

Without conscious thought my hand reached out and detained him, and a hazy

feeling of reality came over me. It was like awakening from a deeply satisfactory dream, into harsh awareness of something unpleasant.

"Take a look at the medals, will you?" I suggested. "He's a soldier, and he's hungry."

"I don't make the rules, soldier," the waiter said sullenly. "A lot of people won't eat here if we serve colored people."

I looked at the others in the restaurant, who were listening. "Any objections, fellas?"

There was a general shaking of heads. One burly sergeant spoke up. "His kind were good enough to fight and die for America. I guess he's good enough to eat in a public place. In fact there shouldn't be any question about it."

So, the colored soldier ate his meal.

I am a civilian now, but I am still battling verbally and mentally. There is a difference, now, though. You see, I can answer those foolish accusations—because I lived for over three years with the many different people who make up this land; people who are the backbone of our greatness. I know that the color of the skin, or the way an eye is placed in the head, has nothing to do with what is inside that person. It does not change the color of the blood. That blood is red, and when it is mixed on a battlefield, there is no difference.

I have always liked the sound of the word—AMERICAN. It has a peculiar cadence of its own, and it seems to whisper words like freedom, equality and peace. Only sometimes there isn't the freedom there should be. However, in the heart of each of us should linger the hope that someday this freedom will be more than a dream. If we work for it, and have faith in it, this dream will materialize in all its beauty.

Victorious DEFEAT

By HENRY P. CHAPMAN



HE was whitewashing the interior of a dirty, cobwebbed stable a few miles east of the city of Foggia, in Italy, when I first saw him. The American 97th Heavy Bombardment Group was moving in from Africa and planned to use the former horse-hanger for an Intelligence Office, so all was rush-rush. The dim reflection of a single electric light bulb cast his dark Italian features against the milky, white-washed wall and moulded him into a thin, animated silhouette that danced like a marionette as he splashed on the lime and water concoction, with a huge brush made of old rags. Stray splashes of the snow-colored stuff patterned his U. S. Army coveralls and his face and black hair with a motif of multi-sized white dots. On the back of his G.I. fatigues the word I-T-A-L-Y was painted in large, yellow, amateurish letters.

He never turned from his work to see who had entered the old nag-nook, as enlisted men and officers—who in civilian life were indubitably stanch members of the Sidewalk Superintendents' League—strolled in to size up the situation. Except for the giant letters sprawling on the back of his clothes, which was how all the Italians working for our outfit were identified, and the fact that

he was actually working, he looked like any of the GIs who wandered in.

About four weeks later he was made boss of all the other Italian laborers on our base. He was a conscientious worker, well worth the 85 lire (85 cents), plus one meal, per day which our organization was paying him. Most of the other workers would swarm into our camp, ostensibly looking for work, but their prime interest was the one American meal they would be allowed to eat in camp as part of their daily wage. The 65 lire they earned for a day's work was only cigarette money . . . in a land where cigarettes were as scarce as love letters to Hitler.

He came into the Intelligence Office one sun-spanking day to see how much lumber would be needed to build the target map files which the Colonel wanted put up. As he measured and figured we got to talking about different things. Half of the conversation was in English and the other half in Italian . . . whenever we both got stuck for the proper words we pushed the conversation along with gusty pantomime.

As our talk progressed, a thin shaft of enlightenment penetrated the foggy dew of my thoughts. I began to understand why he always worked so diligently, almost as if he feared that someone would snatch his work from him if he hesitated even for a moment.

Later, when I was alone in the dim and damp uncomfortableness of my tent, our conversation echoed itself in my mind, word for word. Suddenly my echo was drowned out by his. But now it was different . . . hollow and pleading and in Italian . . . it seemed to be coming from somewhere afar. I listened as my thoughts translated the words:

Antonio Salvatori was a soldier in Mussolini's *glorious* Army and it was that caliber of damning kudos that marched in cadence with Antonio through all the great defeats the Italian Army was blasted with. His kindergarten initiation into the classes of war came when the Great Chin's straw-stuffed Might marched into tiny Albania and had the stuffin' kicked out of it.

After that, Salvatori's morale was patched with mendacious propaganda and he was graduated to the Russian front, from which he emerged with a Napoleonic grief and a perennial memory of the Russian winters and the fury of its people. He learned from the gory teacher, War, that medals, uniforms and pompous parades were only gaily tinted balloons which burst with a sickening poof when punctured with the reality and horrors of war. He learned that a bullet could kill an Italian as dead as a Russian or a Greek, and that those he warred against wielded bayonets whose steel was as cold and deadly as his own. Yes, Antonio Salvatori was indeed a *learned* man when the time came for him to be sent back to his own country, for a rest.

On his way back to Italy Antonio

stood in the crowded train gazing through the mud-splattered windows. His thoughts rushed eagerly on ahead of the train, to his home. He could almost feel the relaxing warmth of the sirocco flirting with his cold face. How he hated its burning touch when he was home, but now, after Russia's white hell, he wanted to run to the very heart of it and bask in its scorching embrace until the heat melted the last memory of his days and nights on the Russian battlefields. His memory inhaled the sweet waft of the white olive blossoms, then dozed in the cool shade of his favorite olive tree. He left all that behind to be a soldier; to travel in stinking troop trains and to march in mire and snow; and to kill other men who perhaps at this same time were asking, as he was, why . . . *why* . . . *WHY?*

When Antonio arrived in Italy his recompense for warring in Russia was a 48-hour *licenza* (leave), not even time enough to get home. When his time was up he was recalled and again stuffed with booming military persiflage about the glory and power of the New Order. Then he was loaded into a box car and tracked south. His train belched into the Naples station just as the air-raid warnings were screeching and wailing; dreaded Fortresses were overhead.

The raid did not last long. Neither did the station. Burning box cars, twisted rails, smashed trucks and war machinery littered the station into a steaming junk yard. Precision bombing had tied another knot in the rapidly tangling Nazi communications line. Consequently, the transportation of the troops was impossible. Antonio was among the fortunate ones who were given leave instead of helping to clear up the station.

His heart and mind weary with war, Antonio wandered aimlessly about Naples. His thoughts, whenever they

could escape the binding shackles of war, dashed away to the calmness and quiet of his homeland. Dreamingly he strolled for hours until he came to a church. He went inside. The colossalness . . . the peacefulness of it swallowed him. It had been a long time since Antonio had been inside of a church. When he put on his uniform he became a soldier . . . and soldiers, he told himself convincingly, were strong, courageous, fearless, and needed no one to lean or depend upon . . . even God! But now, *aviere* (private) Salvatori realized what a complete fool he had been . . . soldiers *more* than anyone else needed God's guidance and protection. Hours later when Antonio left the palace of prayer he felt a change within him—a change which gave new life to his war-weary soul—he had conversed with God.

Thus did Antonio spend his free days in Naples, praying and visiting the church he discovered on his first day. His mother, a pious woman, taught him early in life the value and benefits of communication with the Lord through prayer, and now Antonio was reaping the harvest of her teachings.

Repairs on the bombed station went on for almost a week. When they were completed Salvatori was once again on his way south. When the troop train arrived at Reggio, the news was whispered that the Americans had invaded Sicily. Suddenly Antonio was enveloped by the same feeling he experienced that first day in the church of Naples. Joy seeped into his tired soul and filtered through the memories of Albania and Russia . . . this, Antonio was positive, was the answer to his prayers!

Because of the invasion the entire train load of soldiers was sent immediately across the Strait of Messina and then to Catania. All through the battle of Sicily Antonio avoided direct contact

with the Americans for he vowed secretly that he would not war against them. He looked upon them as liberators, not invaders. He always managed to find work far back of the battle lines. Then, after what seemed like an eternity, the evacuation of Sicily was ordered.

His heart full of a secret joy, Antonio surreptitiously squeezed into a boat loaded with retreating Germans as they fled across the narrow and treacherous Strait of Messina—the supposed abode of the mythical monsters of classic lore, Scylla and Charybdis—back to the mainland of Italy.

American and British long-range artillery were already tossing shells into the streets of Messina, and American bombers and fighter planes were hammering “the Messina hook” where the ferry terminus, the focal point for the Sicilian exodus, was located. Everywhere the Nazi supermen showed their run-down heels to the onrushing avalanche of Allied troops, as they fled for their lives. To cover this “strategic withdrawal,” the Germans left behind them a thin, ragged line of Italian troops to make a heroic last stand. The troops accomplished only a half of their assigned task . . . *it was their last stand.*

Once the Germans got back to Italy they were interested only in saving their own hides. Antonio and hundreds of other Italian soldiers were left to run or fight. Antonio did not run . . . but neither did he fight. He joined a band of other war-weary soldiers and they disappeared into the hills, where they watched and waited. Weeks later, when the Italian Government surrendered and the remaining Germans were driven out of the *boot*, Antonio came out of hiding and, like thousands of other former Italian soldiers, asked the Americans for work when they arrived.

And that was when I first saw him,

working for our Bomb Group, white-washing a stable. He often reminded me how pleased he was to be *working* for the Americans rather than to be *fighting* against them. He was happy.

But it seems that the sweet wine of happiness was not meant for Antonio. His mother, grieved by the years of loneliness and weakened by the long war, died. She held on to the invisible threads of hope and prayer until she could see her son happy once more. Satisfied, she let go and passed on.

Humbly Antonio asked permission of the Americans for time off from his work to prepare for the funeral. It wouldn't be a large funeral, Antonio told them, for in war-ripped Italy even funerals were expensive. The Italian Army paid a wee sum to their warriors so Antonio had little to show for the years he had spent in the service. Now, more than anything, he wanted to give his mother a decent burial . . . a few flowers and perhaps even a small stone to mark her grave so it could be distinguished from the countless other mounds of dirt.

The American sergeant in charge of the Italian workers granted Antonio's request for the time he wanted off. As Antonio turned to leave, the sergeant grasped his hand and stuffed a bit over 4000 lire (\$40.00) into it. The G.I. explained that it was "something the boys chipped in for flowers," when they heard of his mother's demise.

Antonio's body quivered with gratitude. A lump the size of a jeep gulped down his throat. The many years of war might have embittered him, but the lessons his mother taught him won over

the teachings of greed and murder hammered into him by the Nazis. He made no effort to hold back the tears that overflowed his heart.

"Your men . . . Americans . . . do this for *me* . . . me, who once swore to kill you?" Bewildered, he searched the faces of the G.I.s for an answer, but only silence replied. "They told me that you were my enemy. That you were murderers . . . and I believed them! How little I knew then . . . and even now it is the same with the German soldier. He fights you because his mind is poisoned daily with the propaganda that he will lose his family . . . his home . . . and that everything will be taken from him if the Americans are victorious. They even tell them that you will emasculate all the German males to do away with all future generations of Germans!"

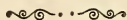
His words were seasoned strongly with vehement passion, and as he tasted the tang of each one his zeal burned feverishly with excitement. The sound of his own voice applauded him on until he was shouting almost at the top of his voice. Then he ceased abruptly and began again in a soft, even voice just as if he were to speak for the first time.

"The teachings of Christ were often read to me by my mother and amongst those words of wisdom there was one passage whose meaning was always clouded with mystery for me. It goes like this:

"O Father, forgive my enemies.

For they know not what they do.'

"You Americans have made the meaning clear to me now!"



7HERE never was a heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.

—Robert South

Tailor-Made EDUCATION

for the VETERAN



★ Consider the church-related college before you enroll...

Seattle Pacific College

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

LOCATED on the north slope of Queen Anne Hill the metropolitan campus of Seattle Pacific College is in Seattle, Washington, on Puget Sound. It offers four-year courses leading to the Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science degree, with majors in the leading academic fields.

Special curricula include pre-professional and pre-engineering fields, business, home economics, industrial arts, teaching (elementary), nursing (B.S. degree course), voice, piano, organ, in-

tensive work in the International School of Missions, and a four-year undergraduate theological course. Seattle Pacific College is related to the Free Methodist Church.

Especially for veterans are one-year refresher courses in any of the departments; two-year courses as laboratory technicians in the fields of accounting and office management, and as Christian workers; and three- and four-year courses. Subjects such as aeronautics, electronics, and engineering receive emphasis.

Seattle Pacific College is fully accredited by the Northwest Association



Scenic walk on the campus of Seattle Pacific College. Alexander Hall, men's dormitory, in foreground.

of Colleges and the Board of Regents of New York, and is a member of the American Council of Education and the Association of American Colleges. The faculty consists of some 36 Christian men and women. The enrollment now stands above 550, with more than 200 veterans.

For each quarter (approximately 12 weeks), the tuition charge is \$80.00; the general incidental fee, \$25.00; and board and room, \$130.00.

For entrance, graduation from an accredited high school or its equivalent is required, with credits in the usual distribution, as follows: English, 3 units; mathematics, 2 units; a foreign language, 2 units; a laboratory science, 1; American history or government, 1.

For information, contact President C. Hoyt Watson or Dr. Philip F. Ashton, Veterans' Advisor, Seattle Pacific College, Seattle 99, Washington.



As one leaves the Administration Building at Seattle Pacific, he is greeted by this view.

Gettysburg College

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM C. WALTEMYER

GETTYSBURG is a coeducational, liberal arts college with a carefully selected student body, a faculty of thoroughly trained teachers, and high academic standards. Here young men and women, in an atmosphere both academic and spiritual, are taught not merely *how* to make a living but also and especially *how to live*.

Located on one of the greatest battlefields of history, Gettysburg College is ideally situated in the rolling hills of southern Pennsylvania. The temperate climate of this area, with its mild summers and open winters, is conducive to study the year around and invites one to enjoy the out-of-doors in all seasons. There is easy access to Philadelphia on the east, to Baltimore and Washington on the south, and to Harrisburg, the state capital, on the north.

On an attractive campus of one hundred acres there stand twenty buildings, and a recently completed campaign for a half-million dollars guarantees the erection of four additional buildings in the next few years. At present 1100 students are accommodated.

The college enjoys the highest rating by the accrediting agencies of the country. There is a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. The faculty numbers sixty-five, with all department heads holding the Ph.D. degree. Many of the associate and assistant professors have this same degree. President Hanson insists upon well-trained and sympathetic teachers—men who understand their subject, but who also know and love youth and are willing to give their best to the training of the leaders of tomorrow.



Old Dormitory, Gettysburg College, said to have been used as a look-out tower by Union Forces during famous battle at Gettysburg, Pa.

There are eighteen departments of study: fifteen academic and, in addition, music, physical education and ROTC. The curriculum takes into account the main divisions of thought; namely, the humanities, the social sciences, the biological and physical sciences, and philosophy and religion. In the first two years there are requirements in all these fields, after which in the upper two years there is concentration in the field of one's choice. A balance is maintained between the two major considerations in education, the unity of knowledge and the individuality of the student.

Physical, social, and religious needs are met through a comprehensive program. There are all the usual sports, intercollegiate and intramural, for men and women. The college employs a medical director and three full-time, registered nurses. There are eleven fraternities, ten national and one local; and four sororities, three national and one local. The Student Christian Association is open to all, regardless of denomination, and maintains an effective religious program. Students gain helpful

experience in social responsibility and administration, in their own student government and through participation with faculty members on many campus committees.

In its 115 years Gettysburg, the oldest Lutheran College in America, has graduated 1599 clergymen, 58 college presidents, 438 college and university teachers, 1625 business executives, 564 physicians, 199 scientists, many high-ranking officers in the armed services, and hundreds of leaders in other fields.

In order to accommodate veterans who are anxious to accelerate their education, there are three semesters in the calendar year—one beginning in June, one in September, and another in February. Costs are moderate, and are easily met through the benefits of the GI bill. For further information write President H. W. A. Hanson or the Registrar, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Greenville College

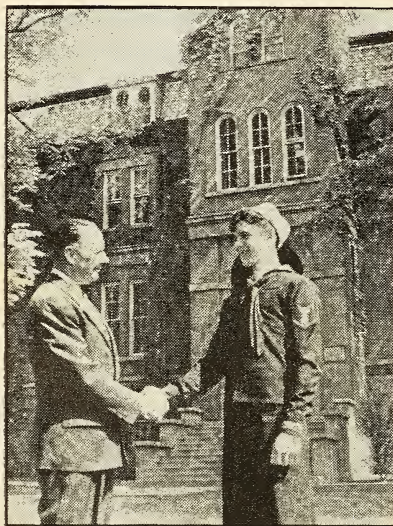
GREENVILLE, ILLINOIS

GREENVILLE COLLEGE is a four-year, liberal arts, coeducational institution of the Free Methodist Church, situated in the quiet rural town of Greenville, Illinois, fifty miles northeast of St. Louis, Missouri, on U. S. Highway 40. Though it is not listed in the *Educational Directory* of the U. S. Office of Education for 1946-47 as accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the appropriate regional accrediting association, it does enjoy a class "A" rating with the University of Illinois, the accrediting agency for the state.

Programs of from one to four years are available in liberal arts, ministerial

and teacher training, and in such pre-professional courses as medicine, dentistry, law, and engineering. Special guidance service is provided for ex-service men and women through Dr. Alvin A. Ahern, Veterans' Advisor.

A government prefabricated apartment "community" four blocks from the campus, plus apartments in the town, provide housing for married veterans. Dormitory accommodations are also available to single and married students. The average cost of board, room, and laundry for a regular nine-month school year is \$290. Tuition, fees, and books will not exceed \$300.



Faculty member welcomes veteran to Greenville College.

Veterans or other prospective students may secure further information concerning course offerings, expenses, housing and work offerings by writing to President H. J. Long, Greenville College, Greenville, Illinois. Catalogs and other literature will also be sent immediately upon request.

Augustana College

ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

BY CONRAD BERGENDOFF, PRESIDENT

AMOTHER wrote me recently from Chicago. Her son had come back from the Pacific with shattered nerves. He had returned to the Augustana campus, which he had left when the call for service reached him. Now after a semester, he had completed requirements for graduation. His mother wrote us in gratitude for the restoration of her son to his old self again. College had quieted his nervousness. He was ready now for life's work. The campus had been the link between the old and the new, the means of repairing what the war had broken.

This is only one case. For on the Augustana campus are almost 600 veterans. The college early decided that there was to be no line between veterans and nonveterans. Not that consideration was not to be given their needs. They were, in fact, to be given priority in admission and in housing; and the size of classes, the choice of teachers, the



Old Main Building at Augustana College.

provision of adequate library and laboratory facilities were determined always with their needs in mind. But once they were on the campus, the school family of 1200 students was one. What mattered most was that each should find a Christian atmosphere of friendship, together with the opportunity to discover a place in the strange new world that came in the wake of the war.

During 87 years Augustana has been trying to do just this thing—enabling youth to find themselves in their generation. Augustana is a college of the Lutheran Church. It believes in high academic standards. Indicative of its



Augustana Theological Seminary Chapel and Library.

own standing is the accreditation of the college by the American Association of Universities, the American Association of University Women, the American Association of Theological Schools, and the National Association of Schools of Music. Graduates have entered all the



Denkmann Memorial Library, Augustana College.

professions and have distinguished themselves in the graduate schools of leading universities. But above all, the school is grateful for students of a high type who have taken something of the Christian philosophy into all the walks of life which they have entered.

Among the dozen buildings on the campus, students are proud especially of the Library and the Hall of Science. Out-of-town students have comfortable quarters in the modern girls' and boys' dormitories. The gymnasium is the center of a full athletic program. The Augustana Choir, the speech and debating teams, and the religious program of the school are widely known and acclaimed. It is to a full-rounded program of learning and living that Augustana invites qualified students to spend some of their happiest and most fruitful years.



"A Z You Were!"

DETERMINATION

DETERMINATION: The act of determining; the quality of being earnest and decided; firmness. The cartoonist has portrayed a soldier who is not determined to do well the job assigned him. He is lacking in the will to scrub the floor to the best of his ability. In fact, he is a quitter, or has the spirit of the quitter, and hence is just what a good soldier should not be. If he quits on this less important job he will quit on others. When he gets to the front he may play true to the "quitting" habit which he has formed. Determination—the indomitable will to do one's duty even though one does not feel like doing it—is an indispensable qualification of the good soldier.

Said General MacArthur, "We shall win or we shall die." These immortal words express the indomitable determination that won this war for God and right. The fighting men of this last war did not sing as much as did the fighting men of World War I but they had a grim determination to win, regardless of the cost. The will to win is absolutely essential to victory. The most thorough military training is of little avail unless the student has the will to fight and to win.

No statement is more clearly illustrated in experience than "Where there is a will there is a way." Malta willed to hold out. The American soldiers, on



"I'll have to quit . . . I've got a pain in the big toe of my left foot"

our far-flung fronts and the home front, personified the unconquerable will to win in our righteous cause. Never was the will of all Americans more firm and determined than during the early days of the war, when for the allies the outlook was most unfavorable, when it seemed as if only a miracle—the accomplishment of the impossible—could save us from defeat. Well, the miracle has been wrought.

It is a law of life that success depends very largely upon dogged determination to persevere. Demosthenes was a stammerer but determined to overcome this defect. He became perhaps the greatest orator the world has ever known. Perhaps every individual whom history records as a great servant of humanity may be used as an illustration of unconquerable determination.

Now, as soldiers of Christ, we must be charged and surcharged with the indomitable determination to be worthy followers of our Divine Leader, our Lord and Saviour. Members of the armed forces who belong to the Christian Endeavor and the Service Men's Christian League subscribe to the following:

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength:

1. I will make prayer and Bible study a rule of my life.

2. I will attend and take part in the meetings and other activities of this Unit as I can without neglecting my service duties.

3. I will endeavor to support the work of my home church as an absent member in his country's service.

4. I will make clean speech the rule of my life, and I will strive to keep myself physically strong and morally fit.

5. I will do all within my power to assist in the moral and religious work of the Unit C. E. or S.M.C.L. and of the military organization to which I belong.

6. I will strive to make my life an open witness of what I profess.

7. I will strive to equip myself to be a useful citizen and an influential Christian on my return to civil life.

8. I will endeavor to bring others to Christ, and with good judgment to use all my talents that the Kingdom of God shall be advanced throughout our armed forces wherever the flag shall go.

God helping me, these things I will be and do.

Before action there is resolution. Let it be your determination to resolve to "I will" the foregoing. Thus resolving and doing, we shall pass the inspection of the Most High and be worthy of classification among the best soldiers of Christ.

—CHAPLAIN ALVA J. BRASTED

One of the illusions of life is not in being limited to one talent, but in the failure to use the one talent.

—EDGAR W. WORK



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

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

THEME: "The Month of Talks with Jesus"

1. The Word Brings Light **John 1:1-8**
2. John Tells of Jesus **John 1:9-51**
3. Strong Talk in the Temple **John 2**
4. Conversation at Night **John 3:1-24**
5. Meeting a Woman by Chance
John 3:25; 4:26
6. Good News Spreads **John 4:27; 5:9**
7. Talking for a Verdict **John 5:10-47**
8. Talk About a Meal **John 6:1-36**
9. Feeding on Christ **John 6:37-71**
10. Going to a Feast **John 7:1-36**
11. Comments That Help or Hurt
John 7:37; 8:11
12. Talking of Freedom **John 8:12-42**
13. Talk About Sin **John 8:43; 9:12**
14. The Blind Can Talk **John 9:13-41**
15. Even Sheep Know **John 10:1-30**
16. Misunderstood Discussion
John 10:31; 11:16
17. Powerful Words **John 11:17-46**
18. Hateful Talk **John 11:47; 12:11**
19. Glorious Singing **John 12:12-36**
20. Ears That Do Not Hear
John 12:37; 13:11
21. Enthusiasm Wanes **John 13:12-38**
22. Words of Comfort **John 14**
23. Words of Remembrance **John 15**
24. Words of Strength **John 16**
25. A Prayer for Unity **John 17**
26. Words of Denial **John 18**
27. Words of Crucifixion **John 19:1-22**
28. The Last Words **John 19:23-42**
29. The Living Message **John 20**
30. The Eternal Summons **John 21**

Host to Millions

By T. A. RYMER

WHEN war threatens, great numbers of folk become interested in men in uniform. It is encouraging to note there are some folk who even in days of peace think the service man important, people who not only believe in the individual service man's worth but, recognizing his special needs, are willing to do something about it.

One of the loyal, long-time friends of the service man is the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A., operating continuously in days of peace and days of war for approximately sixty years. Its buildings, ranging from modest structures to million dollar club buildings, have long flourished in Continental United States, the Canal Zone, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, and in China. Each building represents a place where the soldier, sailor, marine, and coast guardsman can find a welcome extended by friendly understanding people and services free or within the range of a modest budget. The Y.M.C.A. operates because it believes that the individual service man is important; that because of the very nature of his job with its forced absence from home, its limited pay, its movement from place to place, he has special needs which he alone cannot meet; that civilian America has a responsibility for that which is its own and that the average service man will respond to the best any community has to offer.

The historical record of Y.M.C.A. service to men in uniform goes back to the Civil War. It included a horse-drawn, wood-burning coffee wagon, first aid to the wounded on the battlefield, libraries, reading rooms, graves registra-

tion (now so adequately cared for by the Army itself), prayer meetings, and countless other programs and services. Clara Barton who was later to establish the American Red Cross was at the time a clerk in the Patent Office in Washington. An Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. in a port city today is for hundreds of thousands of service men home, club, bank, school, library, hotel, restaurant, and athletic center, a place to meet and make friends, enjoy entertainments, participate in discussions and religious meetings. "Your uniform is your membership ticket" is an old Y.M.C.A. slogan as is the phrase, "a home away from home." Before a service man convinces himself that he is forgotten, let him take a look at one of these modern Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. buildings and see for himself the evidence that people believe in him and his buddies.

The astounding attendance figures is adequate proof that the service man believes that the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. is a happy answer for many of his problems and desires.

Established to serve youth in uniform, staffed by "folk who care" and who "know how," these Y.M.C.A. buildings have been the rendezvous of countless millions of service men. At our request the Y.M.C.A. has furnished us with the following information about services in 1946:

The 23 Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Associations in Continental United States provided for men in uniform in 1946 services of such extent and variety as to defy tabulation. Men flowed into these buildings to the

extent of 21,980,786 visits. Little wonder one building has had four sets of front steps. Most popular among the activities were religious programs (page Ripley), parties, dances, movies, musicals, lectures, athletic tournaments, with an attendance of 3,383,068. Another 305,333 attended discussion groups, classes, Java club, craft and art activities and program planning groups. Helping with personal problems has always been an important function in Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.'s. Some 48,558 persons were counselled on the many difficulties facing individuals today. As men were demobilized, replacements shipped out, and families went to occupied countries, information on travel, housing, employment, recreation, community resources, was given 1,268,369 times.

These Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.'s provided many special facilities such as showers, swimming, athletic and sports equipment, musical instruments, handcraft, art, and photography equipment, bowling, billiards, ping pong, all for the benefit of individuals. These were used 5,038,615 times. Beds, restaurants, laundries, mail, banking, storage facilities, all played a part in the volume of service.

With the professional staff averaging about 110 during the year such a volume of service would have been impossible without the loyal and active support of a host of volunteers. Senior hosts and hostesses, GSO girls, many men volunteers in every capacity gave their services to a total averaging 6,934 per month.

Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.'s were re-

opened in China at Shanghai, Peiping, and a new one established at Tsingtao. During **November** (the last month for which we have figures for all three units) the building attendance totaled 93,706. Teas, parties, dances, athletic events, musicals, religious activities, were attended by 29,603. Specialized facilities were used 29,879 times, and 61,673 meals were served. These Branches are a spot of America set down in the Orient, and act as understanding interpreters of the Chinese to the Americans and of Americans to the Chinese. The Girls' Service Organization hostesses in each Branch represent from ten to fifteen different nationalities.

Other Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. Buildings outside Continental United States, loaned to U.S.O. for the period of the emergency, will shortly be returned for continuing operation by the Y.M.C.A.

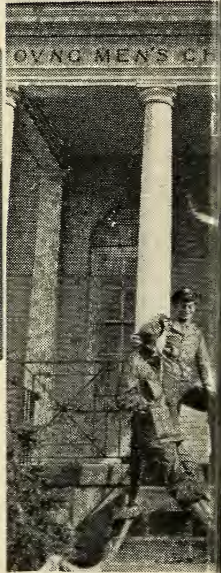
The Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.'s in the United States month by month served many foreign soldiers and sailors—ten to fourteen different nationalities in any one month. They provided activities for teen-agers and for families, as well as many opportunities and services for service wives.

The year was one of adjustment to new needs, and alertness in planning for the future.

Men of the service will be glad to know that the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A.'s, under the leadership of the recently appointed Senior Secretary, Mr. Edwin E. Bond, have launched a program of expansion to meet the needs of those who serve in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard.



"A HOME AWAY FROM HOME"



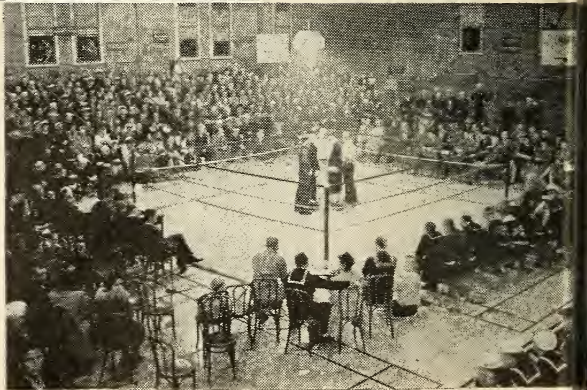
(Center, Above) Army and Navy
Hundreds of thousands
1901.

(Left, Above) Holiday
Baltimore, Md.

(Right, Above) Making
phone call at Balboa
(Photo by Gommo', M)

(Above) Regular Sunday afternoon
discussion at Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma, Army and Navy
Y.M.C.A.

(Right) "Sports" at the Army
and Navy Y.M.C.A., San Pedro,
California.



FROM HOME"



... Ft. Hancock, N. J.
... and this building since

... Army and Navy "Y,"

... ion for international
... anal Zone, Y.M.C.A.



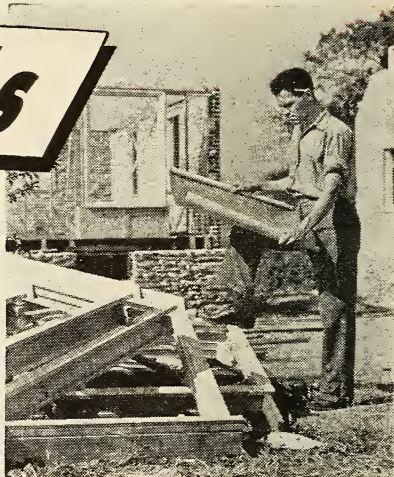
(Above) Lunch time in the nursery at Y.M.C.A., Ft. Smith, Arkansas.



(Left) Refreshment time at Army Y.M.C.A., Presidio of San Francisco, California.

Jobs for GIs

In The Building Trades



H. Armstrong Roberts

By M. R. LINGENFELTER

TODAY the newspapers feature housing and other building problems—a story we have been hearing for many moons. As always, shelter runs neck and neck with food production in importance to the welfare of citizens in the good USA and in countries throughout the world.

What does this mean for GIs who are skilled craftsmen in any of the building trades—or who would like to become same? Jobs aplenty, for the time-honored building trades will play an important part in all building operations. Carpenters, bricklayers, electricians, masons, plasterers, and painters are usually present in large or small numbers, depending upon the size of the operations.

Don't lose sleep over new developments in building materials such as concrete, siding, metal sheeting and the like. These may be offset by new opportunities in air conditioning, refrigeration and insulation. The prefabricated house, naturally, may become a serious problem in the distant future. At present, however, they may be seen only as a means of alleviating the shortage of skilled workmen in the building trades.

There are three types of carpenters present on most jobs—those who do the rough work, apprentices, and jour-

neymen carpenters, who are the finishers. The rough worker does the framework and prepares forms into which concrete or cement are poured. Finishing includes the finer work of hanging doors and windows, placing baseboards and casings, attaching hardware such as locks, door knobs, and the like. In the modern home with its many enclosed cabinets, shelves and closets, the finisher will have opportunities for fine handwork.

Carpenters learn their trade chiefly by means of the apprenticeship system. Consult the person in charge at the nearest office of the Carpenters' Union for information. Technical training in a trade school or technical high school will be helpful before beginning your apprentice training, or it may lead to work with a non-union contractor, in the event that you cannot make the grade for apprentice training.

Mechanical drawing, mathematics, and principles of construction are im-

portant subjects to study in school, although other high school subjects should not be neglected. As in every occupation, education will help you climb to the top. If both apprenticeship and high school are ruled out, you may begin as a helper—or rough carpenter—and learn the “hard way.”

A carpenter must have good health and should be robust and strong for the heavy work he must do. Brains plus brawn are a decided asset for the finishing carpenter. He should have plenty of imagination, as well, to understand the aims of the architect and of the person or company for whom the building is being erected. Today journeymen carpenters are receiving \$1.25 to \$1.75 per hour with proportionate rates in the lower levels.

Bricklayers learn their trades chiefly through the apprenticeship system, although they, too, may learn in trade schools or as helpers on the job. The bricklayer either mixes his own mortar or sees that it has been mixed correctly by his helper or an apprentice. Then he spreads the mortar before placing the bricks. After the brick has been pressed into place, excess mortar is scraped away and the position of the bricks is checked.

A bricklayer needs sufficient technical education to read blueprint drawings, to understand the mixing of mortars, to calculate costs and so on. Although many bricklayers do not advance beyond the stage of master workman, some of them rise to positions as supervisors or superintendents—or become contractors in businesses of their own. Journeymen bricklayers earn, normally, close to \$2.00 per hour. The average union wage in 1943 was \$1.78.

Structural iron workers are seen in greater numbers than carpenters and bricklayers during most of the process

of raising a modern skyscraper. They do their work both indoors and outdoors. Indoor workers prepare beams, trusses, and girders by cutting them to size and drilling rivet holes unless welding is to be the joining process. Outdoor men fit the steel framework together and rivet or weld it into place. These workers learn chiefly on the job, although certain helpful subjects may be studied in trade schools. These are: blueprint reading, mechanical drawing, mathematics, strength and qualities of materials. The machines they will use are the pneumatic riveter, welding machine, derrick, crane, or hoisting machinery. One of the disadvantages of this trade is the element of danger, which need not be explained to anyone who has seen these men stepping nonchalantly along narrow girders high above city sidewalks.

The position of foreman of a construction crew will be the top promotional possibility for the structural iron worker unless he has the ambition to study in preparation for work as a superintendent. Or he may train in an engineering school to become a structural engineer.

The plumber is an important worker and one who is becoming even more important as air conditioning and refrigeration develop. Here a good deal is demanded in the way of training and qualifications, since examinations must be passed for a license to work at this trade. A plumber's main job is the installation, in homes and other buildings, of waterlines, bathroom, kitchen and laundry equipment, gas lines, sewer pipes, etc. Repair work is an important part of the plumber's work, particularly in cold climates where frozen pipes must often be thawed and repaired or water systems drained.

This is one of the best of the skilled

building trades in offering chances for advancement. The plumber may learn as an apprentice, become a master plumber, and then may go into business for himself. A good reputation as a skilled workman plus a small outlay for equipment will be sufficient for this if he has been able to secure the necessary business training and has acquired a knowledge of the principles of sanitary engineering. Lowest rate here is \$1.00 per hour up to the union rate of \$2.35 per hour.

The electrician is in the same class as the plumber in the possibility of having his own business. He may require less outlay for equipment; that is, unless he opens an electrical appliances store in connection with his installation and repair work. Here, too, the electrician may begin as an apprentice, usually helping with the rough wiring that is done before plaster or wall coverings are applied. After he masters the trade he will install switchboards, meters, drop and outlet boxes, conduits, and all sorts of electrical equipment. Steady work in this trade is the general rule, particularly in the coming days of increased use of electrical gadgets, office and household appliances. The man who wins a reputation for speed and efficiency in repair work will be in constant demand.

Here, as in all building trades, the worker must understand mechanical and architectural drawing, the principles of physics, and so on. Although the electrician may learn as an apprentice, excellent training may be secured in technical high schools or in trade schools. Some men take advanced work in this field in evening classes or by means of correspondence courses. One man we know became superintendent of a large division in a light and power company after he had completed a correspondence course in electrical engineering.

The work of the plasterers may be affected more than any others in these trades by the development of new materials that are constantly coming on the market. Interior wall coverings are rarely, as in the old days, made solely from a mixture of lime and water. Now we have all sorts of patent mixtures or prepared wallboards and ceilings that need only to be attached. Many of the recent decorative plasters may be used as the finish for walls and ceilings.

This trade is usually learned on the job or as an apprentice. The plasterer may rise to the position of foreman with the possibility of becoming an independent contractor. This will require special ability as an estimator and considerable training in vocational or technical school.

Painters and decorators are finding as many changes in their work as the plasterer. New kinds of paints and substitutes for wallpaper are changing this trade but will not injure the workmen who can adapt themselves to these new conditions. This work is learned in the same way as the other building trades and has similar promotional possibilities and opportunities for going into business for oneself. The man with artistic ability can become an interior decorator, whose work was described briefly in an earlier article.

Steamfitters are becoming increasingly important as the use of air conditioning systems and refrigeration develops. They install heating, other air conditioning systems and refrigerating equipment. The man who learns this work as an apprentice and goes on to acquire the specialized knowledge required for air conditioning may go far. If he has ability and ambition he might enter evening classes in a technical school and become a heating engineer.

Sheet-metal workers are more and more important in the building industry, particularly in air conditioning and ship-building. These workers must have ability in drawing, must understand the principles of architecture, ventilating, and heating. They should have above-average mechanical ability. This work may be learned in trade schools or through the apprenticeship system. Promotion to the position of foreman may come to the person who has the ability and qualities required for supervisory work. Other possibilities will be noted in the discussion of air conditioning.

Air conditioning is the newest field in the building trades, particularly for plumbers, steamfitters, and sheet-metal workers. Electricians, too, have a share in the installation of the electrical devices which control the temperature and other equipment.

Here is the good news on this business as given us at a private technical institute:

"Throughout the country there is a crying need for air conditioning and refrigeration equipment. Thousands and thousands of people who never knew the advantage of modern refrigeration are today in the market for these products. Trained men are needed to install, service, and repair air conditioning and refrigeration equipment. Not only will they be needed in the future but they are needed NOW to look after the equipment that has been sadly neglected because of the shortage of trained help."

High school graduation will be helpful, although grade school will be sufficient for the beginner. You must be mechanically inclined, know how to handle tools expertly. You must be a finished mechanic not only in the work itself but in ability to meet the public, to put your deal through and, especially, in cleaning up after your work is fin-

ished. Blueprint reading and mathematics are important in determining size of rooms, loss of heat at windows, etc.

An air conditioning mechanic earns from \$1.00 to \$2.35 per hour. Promotion to supervisory positions or opportunities to become a subcontractor or contractor may come quickly to expert mechanics in these days of expansion in this industry.

Sales work will be possible for the experienced man who has the required qualities for selling. This would include sale of equipment for air conditioning and refrigeration, or running an agency for one of the large companies.

We have mentioned contractors and subcontractors more than once in this article. It might be well to explain their work briefly. The general contractor is the man who takes the responsibility for construction of an entire project. If it is a large job, he will parcel out certain phases to subcontractors in all the various fields we have discussed, the plumbing, the carpentry work, and so on. It will be his job to see that the others complete their part of the work on time and according to specifications.

Although men in the building trades often work up from minor jobs to contracting, they will need supplementary training, which may be secured in evening classes or by correspondence. Business ability, even temper, and ability to work well with others will also be needed. Earnings here will depend largely on the size of each job, since the work is done on a commission basis—usually ten per cent of the total cost of the building. Five thousand a year will be a probable income, although the sky can be the limit. One of your biggest rewards these days, however, would be the realization that you are playing a part in the creation of shelter for the homeless in the world.

Topic TALKS



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

WE CAN'T BY-PASS GOD!

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Is God approachable?* (II Chronicles 15:2; James 4:8a)
2. *Are there practical and immediate reasons why we should be on friendly terms with God?*
(Job 22:21; II Chronicles 20:20; Isaiah 27:5; Micah 7:8b)
3. *Is God vengeful or kindly?*
(Psalm 103:8; Daniel 9:9, 10; Micah 7:18, 19)
4. *What are some of the rewards of our faith in God?*
(Mark 11:22-24; Romans 15:13)
5. *What is the greatest reason why we should not by-pass God?*
(John 3:16; Romans 8:38, 39; Philippians 4:19)

- *Resource material:*

You and I should remember that we can never by-pass God! If we are sometimes tempted to act as if He were not anywhere near us, we should remember that He is nearer than we can ever realize. We can never escape from Him!

When you were in greatest danger, He was beside you, helping you in your need. In those lonely hours when you perhaps despaired of ever being able to come home again to your dear ones, He was right there at your side. And now, when you face gruelling hours of training and are homesick or discouraged, you should never feel that He does not care for you. *He does! In every moment!*

But some fellows act as if they thought God is far away in some distant heaven and is looking the other way if they have it in their hearts to sin. They think they can ignore Him and not get caught.

How little they know about God! For He is always at our side. He wants to have comradeship with us. He made us for Himself. Even when we do not wish to walk in His paths, He is with us. We can never ignore Him.

We cannot by-pass God! We'd better get this straight!

God is inescapable, you see. The old Psalmist told us plainly enough about this, in beautiful and stately language: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

"Even there shall thy hand *lead* me, and thy right hand shall *hold* me.

"If I say, Surely the *darkness* shall cover me; even the *night* shall be *light* about me.

"Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but *the night shineth as the day*: the darkness and the light *are both alike to thee.*" (Psalm 139:7-12)

That was centuries before giant searchlights had been invented to sweep the sky and the billowing seas, but the old Psalmist knew how fruitless it was to flee from the sight of the Almighty. He sees you and knows you, wherever you are, and He knows what you are doing. The venerable president of a distinguished military academy in the South used to tell his boys that a man is known by what he does *in the dark*. When no one is around to see or interfere—except God.

No, you can't by-pass God!

But why try it? For God is your best friend. Jesus tried to show us that in His teachings. God is our Father. We are to call Him that when we pray. We are to act as if we were His children, brothers all, when we try to live together in today's world. The Bible is filled with assurances that He will go with us and bless us and be our strength when we need strength most. There could be nothing more foolish than for you to turn your back upon your greatest source of help—the help that God gives you when He enables you to rely upon more than earthly strength and wisdom in your moments when you need His help the most.

You would not think of going into a desert without taking some water with you, for you would be afraid to cut yourself off from water that means life. You would not think of deliberately shutting yourself off from your supplies while you are on a field problem. You would never try deliberately to fly away from the radio-beam that would provide

a straight, sure course for you through the darkest night or the most baffling fog or the worst storm. Why, then, should anyone in his right mind ever try to by-pass God?

Why do we not try always to seek Him out? Why should we not pray often and try to make contact with Him, just as a pilot listens for the signals that make him sure he is on his radio-beam? Why should we ever fail to turn our thoughts toward Him and try to commune with Him in our inner life? In doing this we can find inner peace and the sureness that comes from implicit faith in Him.

We remember how the Psalmist wrote of God as an efficient shepherd. It would indicate that God is a kindly and a vigilant provider of *protection* and *plenty*—and *peace*. And it is still an adequate and effective symbol for us today. We have walked the thronged streets of great cities; we have watched great armies deploying for battle; we have seen mighty armadas plowing through tumbling oceans and speeding through the air. But I wonder if we should ever wish to substitute any other symbol for this when we try to describe the ceaseless care that God bestows upon all. It tells us, in a kind of universal language, that He is always at our side and will *never* let us down!

PRAYER

Father of us all, O God omnipotent, by whom the nations are gathered in their place and by whose permission rulers govern the people of the earth, our desire and our petition are that peace born of love to Thee and our fellow men may replace the wars and fighting born of hatred toward Thee and Thine own. In the name of the Prince of Peace. Amen.

—By CHAPLAIN THOMAS B. PEERY

- *Subject for group discussion:*

IF LIFE LETS YOU DOWN

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How does hope enable us to find strength in spite of our disappointments and defeats?* (Psalm 42:11)
2. *Just how sure can we be that God will help us when things are worst?* (Psalm 91:7; 145:14; Isaiah 50:7)
3. *What help can we get from the example of Jonah, Job and Paul?* (Jonah 2:7; Job 13:15a; II Corinthians 4:8-10)
4. *What example did Jesus set us in Gethsemane?* (Mark 14:32-36)
5. *How can we meet Paul's challenge to endure hardness?* (II Timothy 2:3)

- *Resource material:*

A genial, motherly friend wrote to her college chum concerning her daughter who had become a bride: "I hope life will never let her down." But life *does* let us down—all of us—or so we think, and this kindly friend is philosopher enough to know it. She was eager for the young girl to have happiness in full measure. And if dark hours come along, she will want the girl to come out victor in her fight.

Has life let *you* down? Or have you felt it has? If so, just what are you doing to whip the thing that has tried to get you down?

This is an acid test of character. If you see a lad walking slowly down the street with two canes and the obvious handicap of an artificial leg, you feel like taking your hat off to him, or just greeting him with a cheery smile. It may be that you will sense that his is a case where it will not be amiss to ask if you can do anything to help, but the chances are that he will not appreciate anything more than some tact-

ful show of interest and just a willingness to be of service.

Recently I read a beautiful story of a young bride who had lost her sight in an explosion in a chemistry laboratory. Certainly she had reason to feel that life had let her down—and terribly. But in that story, "While It Is Still Day," Roberta Fleming Roesch takes you deftly through the mental processes of this sensitive blinded girl and the soldier husband whose return she dreads because she feels he will no longer love her. At first she had tried to keep the terrible news from him when she wrote. At last she had written the truth, but she wasn't sure that he had had time to receive that letter before his unexpected return.

Then came the day of his arrival, and as he held her in his arms after those long months of separation and finally of bitter dread on her part, she was too relieved for words when she found that he still loved her tenderly and with no display of the pity which she had

dreaded to find in his attitude toward her when he should discover that she was blinded.

The point is that life, even if it does seem to let you down very badly, can still be very kind and very beautiful. And it can be so because the person who has been let down *has determined not to stay down!*

I have a dear friend who is an inspiring illustration of this. The widow of a retired minister, she lost her eyesight a few years ago, not long before I met her. Shortly after that dreadful experience befell her, she spoke her mind very emphatically. She gave her family to understand that she did not want to be pitied. She gave them to understand that she expected to go ahead as if nothing had happened.

She succeeded so well that she was an inspiration to those who were privileged to know her. She worked; she made things to give to others; she went to her church to worship every Sunday, and she continued to live a radiantly Christian life every hour of every day.

One day her daughter died very suddenly. As I sat with the aged mother after the service, she was telling me how well she was. She mentioned casually some difficulty with arthritis and then—catching her breath as if suddenly remembering, she said, with a little chuckle: "Oh, I *forgot*—I *can't* SEE!"

She had forgotten *that!* Life didn't have *her* down! One bereavement after the other, sightless eyes—but a brave and glowing spirit and an indestructible sense of humor—and of *balance*, which is something much better and much more difficult to get and to keep! "Oh, I *forgot*—I *can't* SEE!"

Well, Mrs. Durfee has had noble company. Centuries ago one of the great dramas of all time was written about

a man named Job. Rich, honored, secure in the love of his dear family, he was beset with terrible afflictions, one after the other. He still managed to keep his lofty faith in God. One day he blurted out a mighty declaration that welled up from the depths of his bludgeoned spirit: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

How many men, when life has let them down, would give all they have if they could say those words! *Can you say them?*

There was another man who had a deal of trouble in his day. His name was Jonah. One day, when he was utterly downcast and everything was darkest, he came through with a great statement that all of us would do well to commit to memory: "When my soul fainted within me, *I remembered the Lord.*" And he found that helped! You probably have discovered this also!

Jonah, by the way, was a bit tardy in this recollection, in one instance at least. For he had been trying to run away from God. He was commissioned for a missionary assignment that he didn't relish, and very foolishly he ran away—or tried to. Then his trouble began. He discovered, as many another man has discovered since, that it is impossible to run away from God. Then, when he had had plenty of time to think—and *think*—Jonah spoke those meaningful words: "When my soul fainted within me, *I remembered the Lord.*" A good thing, even when one does it very tardily!

There was another great spirit who knew what it means when life lets one down. One of the greatest Jews of all time, who left an inestimably great impress for his Lord, it was Paul who one day wrote down these glorious words about himself: "We are afflicted in every way, but not crushed; perplexed, but

not driven to despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed." (II Corinthians 4:8, 9)*

Life had let him down, *but it had not broken him*. There is a difference!

Faith stepped in and pushed back the limiting horizons; it pushed up the ceiling of his sky. Where there was no sky, as in the undefeated spirit of Mrs. Durfee, faith studded the darkness with stars that will never go out.

Faith puts wings under you, and wings bear you up when even the sky above you loses its stars and the gales beat mercilessly against you.

For faith lights your way to God. It becomes your beacon piercing your night and your fog with shafts of light. And it becomes your radio-beam, to guide you as you sweep toward eternity, and to keep you "on the beam" as you search out God.

This search for God is not a fruitless quest, to mock you as you wistfully seek Him. You do not seek Him as you would search for a human friend whom your eyes can see. You search for God with the knowledge that you cannot discern Him; your eyes will see only where He has been and what He has done. You will not see Him because He is in you. You will not see Him because He is spirit and therefore invisible to fleshly eyes like yours.

You do not see the wind that beats against your face and lashes the rain against you as you walk. You see only where it has gone and what it has done. You see where it has broken the unyielding tree. You see where it has run its fingers through the touseled hair of the child you love.

You do not see the music that warms your heart and bids you lift up your head and have another try at life and happiness. You do not see the love that blooms in the heart of a mother; you

see only the countless things her love drives her to do for others.

It is so with your search for God. Your faith will seek Him out but it will not discover flesh or substance because these are not there. But you will see where He has been, if your eyes are discerning, for you will see where evil has been trampled on and where good has been sown; you will see where pride and lust have been uprooted, and you will find where tenderness and pity and forgiving love have broken down the hard walls of some forbidding life and the place has become an unexpected garden.

If you have seen these things, you have seen His footprints and His handiwork and you should keep up the search.

We remember then that God is very real and very near. And He will help us when we need Him. Back in the Book of Isaiah* is a message that will bring us comfort and strength in our darkest hours if we believe it and try to live by it: "The Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded."

A very brave word and a very sure word! It can help us in our darkest hours!

We need never let life get us down!
God is still with us!

THREE WEAPONS

Armed with faith and hope and love
What other weapon do I need?

There have been some so armed who
strove

With partizans of hate and greed,

And vanquishing each enemy

Are cherished yet for word and deed.

Victor by these simple three

Of time and all eternity.

—MARY B. WALL

- *Subject for group discussion:*

BUILDING YOUR FOUNDATIONS

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What New Testament story shows the wisdom of building a good foundation?*
(Luke 6:48, 49)
2. *Why do you believe that Christ is the best foundation for your life?*
(I Corinthians 3:11; Ephesians 2:20)
3. *What are some of the ways in which we can build a good foundation for the future in religious matters?*
(I Timothy 6:18)
4. *How can you build your life upon Christ?*
(Colossians 2:6, 7)
5. *How does James supplement the teaching of Jesus concerning our good foundation?*
(James 1:22-25)

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- *Resource material:*

Not long ago I was riding down Broadway in New York City when a large sign attracted my attention. The sign carried, in large letters, the name of a firm of contractors, and then, in even larger letters, one word: *Foundations*. But I saw no foundations. There were great holes in the pavement toward the middle of that famous street and there were piles of broken concrete. Men with electrically-driven drills were busily cutting out chunks of the old pavement and these were being loaded into heavy trucks to be removed from the scene. But where were the foundations? These people were all tearing down, not building up. The stocky Negro who held the drill in his strong hands as it bit farther and farther into the solid concrete was not laying a foundation; he was destroying, not building.

What did this have to do with foundations? You know the answer, of course. It is like the story of the stranger who stood looking down into the great hole

that was being dug where a skyscraper was to rise. When he had watched with great interest while the steam-shovels gouged out the earth, he turned to one of the workers and asked: "Why are you digging so *deep*?" And the workman replied: "Because we are going to build so *high*."

When I recalled that story I was not surprised that specialists in foundations had been called in to do a face-lifting job on a famous street, drilling and tearing out and hauling away, so that they might then build new forms and pour fresh concrete, to lay a solid foundation over which the steady stream of traffic might ebb and flow in safety.

Sometimes the strongest foundations are unseen. Some years ago a friend told me how he had been privileged to see the way the great cables for the George Washington Bridge were fastened into the rocky palisades on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson River. A friend took him down the high scaffolding

that had been built against the face of those towering rock cliffs. Down, down they went until they came to the place where the heavy steel cables that suspended the giant bridge were placed in holes that had been drilled in the cliff, and then fresh concrete was poured about the cables and left to harden. The holes in the cliff were so drilled that they were larger on the farther side than they were at the mouth, much as your dentist drills out the cavity in your tooth, so that the filling which he presses into the tooth will not pull out. So the poured concrete in the drilled cavities in the native rock of the cliff was to make a secure foundation for the mighty cables of twisted steel strands. Who would guess that the mighty George Washington Bridge was foundationed in this way? So the native rock of the stern cliffs has become a part of the foundation that holds you up when you ride or walk across that great bridge that spans the lordly Hudson.

Some of your foundations, I suspect, are as unseen and unobtrusive. Foundations like the home that gave you birth and food and fellowship and training and education in democracy and freedom and morals and religion. Your mother had a lot to do with that foundation, and so did your father. Others in the family had a part too, and so did your early playmates. Then came teachers and schoolmates and good books and good environment and good habits and good deeds.

Just how good is the religious foundation of your life? Or have you sadly neglected it? Recently I was startled by some figures that I read. Someone has claimed that 90 or 95 per cent of all Jews in New York City who are under 25 years of age are without any definite attachment to the religion of their fathers. That is startling if it is true!

For it would mean that tens of thousands of splendid and talented youth are growing up without the foundations of sound moral and religious teachings. *That* would be *bad*—for them and for the homes they are establishing, and for the future of religion in this great democracy.

Can we quite measure the loss to our nation in spiritual values when a thing like this takes place? Who can say what such a falling away might mean eventually to the Christian Church? Is this great loss to the synagogue and the temple a threat also to the churches of our land? Or is it a challenge to us? Or is it a symbol of what is coming over many of our own youth? Does this call for despair on our part, or is it a real challenge to redouble our efforts to hold our own youth for the Church of Christ?

Even if this decline in adherents to the Jewish faith is greatly overestimated, should we not resolve that we shall try to prevent any similar loss to the Christian Church? Is such a loss preventable? What, in your opinion, are some of the ways in which we can keep our youth interested in the Church? Surely we are faced with a challenge. What can you do to help in this really serious matter?

Foundations, both in morals and religion, are tremendously important. Jesus taught us this when He spoke as He did concerning two men who were types of men who are still very much alive today. They are your bunk-mates. You drill with them and eat with them. You rub shoulders with them every day, on board your ship or in your barracks.

One of these men is that fellow at your table who seems always to have his eye on the future that he is building today. He does his work well, whatever it is, because that is the only way he

feels is quite good enough. He does not seem to care about short-cuts if they impair the quality of his work. You may think he is a bit too conscientious. He could so easily skimp a little here or there. Things have to be just so. The same qualities are in his character, as you should expect them to be. He seems to have no interest in things that might lower his moral standards. If a thing, as he sees it, is questionable, then he gives himself the benefit of the doubt and lets it alone. And he isn't laughed out of his convictions. He makes it his business to stand by the things he believes. He doesn't let down his guard because of some cheap gibe from a fellow who is notorious for choosing the cheap things of life.

Then one day you see something that makes you want to take your cap off to this fellow who seems obsessed with doing what is right and being what is good. He meets some test of character that proves that he is made of real stuff. And you really can't say that you are surprised. Deep down inside of you, you knew that he had been preparing for that victory by doing his work well and choosing the right things when there was a choice.

That is what Jesus was trying to get us to see: "Every one who comes to me and hears my words *and does them*, I will show you what he is like: he is like a man building a house, who dug deep, and laid the foundation upon rock; and when a flood arose, the stream broke against that house, and could not shake it, because it had been well built." (Luke 6:47, 48)*

And then you have known and worked with the other type of fellow—the one who is so careless of anything resembling foundations that he builds his character every day on flimsy things—materials that will never stand stress

and strain. Shoddy work will do if it is just good enough to get by. He has a relish for the tawdry, off-color, shabby things that are terribly poor advertisements for any fellow. He seems to have a weakness for the things that are bound to get him into trouble. He will tell you that his superiors have it in for him. But he isn't discerning enough or honest enough to know *why*—and do something about it.

Jesus had a description that fits the fellow: "But he who hears (my words) *and does not do them* is like a man who built a house on the ground *without a foundation*; against which the stream *broke*, and immediately it *fell*, and the *ruin of that house was great*." (Luke 6:49)*

You've known *that* fellow, haven't you?

Perhaps, now that you come to think of it, you may have been that fellow in some unguarded moment when you were not quite strong enough, morally or religiously, to keep your own personal flag flying high at the masthead while the battle raged inside you.

What can you and I do about *that*? We can look carefully to our foundation—Jesus Christ the Lord. We can build on Him, building carefully and of good material, driving the nails with clean hammer-blows every day.

If we do that we shall not need to worry if the storms or temptation and testing come. We shall be well founded—on the rock, Christ Jesus.

The sun shines not for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. There is no creature so low that he may not look up and cry, "My Father, thou art mine!" —Henry Ward Beecher

- *Subject for group discussion:*

IS DISCONTENT BAD OR GOOD?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why is discontent bad when it prompts only the selfish actions?*
(Matthew 20:20, 21; Luke 12:15-21)
2. *What good remedy did Jesus have for selfish discontent?*
(Mark 10:42-45)
3. *Can you name some good uses for discontent?*
(I Corinthians 12:31; 14:12)
4. *Can you think of a higher form of discontent than that which motivated Paul?*
(Philippians 3:8-11)
5. *How can you help to attract others to the kind of discontent that led Paul to make Christ his goal?*
(Philippians 3:12-16)

- *Resource material:*

One of the large advertising firms in New York City carried a large newspaper advertisement in which it was deftly urged that prospective clients measure their advertising by "the yardstick of discontent." Good milk, the advertisement assured us, may come from contented cows, but the *discontent* of advertising agents and their clients is needed to produce good selling ideas. So the advertising firm angled for the business of firms that are discontented with their present sales—and profits.

Is discontent a worthy or a baneful thing? We have been taught to seek contentment and inner peace, to save us from breakdowns in a world that rushes hither and thither at helter-skelter pace. Are we to forget that and seek instead to be discontented? Are we to pride ourselves on contented cows but set up an ideal of discontent for human beings?

The truth seems to be that contentment is a marvelous thing for fenced-

in cows, but it has disadvantages for the contemporary sons of Columbus and Edison and Einstein and Booker T. Washington. Contented people don't discover continents and chart bleak polar regions or work out theories of relativity or found schools for the education and advancement of the lately enslaved and the underprivileged. If we are contented enough, we sit still and see no reason to get excited about tomorrow. Cows can stand that—but for men, it's bad! It will undermine empires and sap the power of civilizations if persisted in long enough.

People who have arrived, and have no better place to go, need watching. Perhaps Alexander was shrewder than we had thought, when he wept because he had no other armies to fight! He who fights and wins today must learn to win another way—unless he wishes to become flabby and overweight and over-confident of his own proven prowess.

If Christopher Columbus had been too content with the court of Spain, a more adventurous soul would have ventured forth to drag a continent to fame—and later opulence. If Thomas A. Edison had been content to be a telegrapher, he would have robbed us of some things better than the money with which we easily buy them now. If Booker T. Washington had been content to be a poor, illiterate coal-miner, vegetating at night in the poor shack with the dirt floor, he would have withheld the lamp of knowledge from thousands of his race who have dared to look up and take their place in the sun because he lifted a lamp for them—and no miner's lamp at that!

Yes, you can be content—but it does you no credit in a world that demands keen minds and strong hands and lofty hopes and bright dreams if it is to outrace the atoms and stay whirling—if it is to afford succor and hopes and dreams and fulfillment for the children who shall yet be born.

You will not be able to stay content if you have in you the stuff that the great host of restless and adventurous spirits possessed who had it in them to discover continents and seas and disease germs and manufacturing processes and human rights and freedoms and universal laws.

We are pretty well sold on the glamors and the glories of scientific achievement. But not all of us, unfortunately, are all pepped up to seek something more than contentment in the field of morals and religion. We haven't all come to the place where we are eager to be explorers and conquerors in the realm of the human spirit.

We find it easy to sit back and bask in the knowledge that we went to Sunday School as kids in knickers and perhaps got as far as joining the church

one Palm Sunday or Easter. But a lot of fellows have let it go at that—content to be hardly more than juveniles, in understanding of religion—when a sick world needs the help of a whole army of Good Samaritans.

Some years ago a distinguished American writer, in an unguarded moment, dashed off what he must have thought was a masterly exposé of the Christian Church. He called it "Why I No Longer Go to Church" and he got it published in one of the leading magazines of America. It was one of the most guileless exposures of religious illiteracy that ever got into print under a distinguished name. Anyone with that writer's presumed educational attainments could not possibly have got his ideas of religion in any literate Protestant community—unless it had been at least twenty years before the date on the magazine. He had naïvely branded himself as a child of fourth reader attainments, religiously speaking, who had grown into long pants and secured money enough to buy a typewriter and had set himself down to write a masterpiece—of unwarranted invective and adolescent comprehensions of outdated theology and crude superstitions about divine truth. It was plain that he had stopped going to church so long before that he would scarcely have recognized the place if he had dropped again into the rear pew. Yet he was solemnly trying to enlighten us as to why he, of the fourth grade, no longer found it possible to believe what the Ph.D.'s had established by research. For all the world, it reminds me still of the thrust of a distinguished literary critic who, writing of certain people, said that they had tried hard to be untrammelled and had succeeded only in being *unbuttoned!*

I'd prefer to read Paul on church-going and on Christian living. He had

kept up-to-date on it and knew what it was all about. He knew the value of discontent in religious things. He counseled us that we desire earnestly the higher gifts and the spiritual gifts. (I Corinthians 12:31; 14:1)

Of course that means discontent. No one can earnestly desire *anything* without at least implying some degree of dissatisfaction with what he has.

In the arithmetic class, we are to look ahead to the time when we can do algebra and logarithms and calculus.

Jesus made it clear that discontent can make us forget our manners and do all sorts of greedy things that are unworthy of us if we claim to be Christians. The mother of the brothers James and John forgot herself one day and asked for places of eternal preferment for her sons. But Jesus had no patience with the request. She had failed entirely to understand that the core of the attitude of Jesus toward these matters was that Christians should not seek place but service; not positions of power and privilege, but opportunities to *spend* themselves and the priceless gifts of personality that God had given to them.

But Jesus went farther than that. He set up a standard for us that was a kind of glowing beacon by which to find the way to true greatness. Do you remember it? He told them, very plainly, that whoever would be great among them must be their *servant*. That was not seeking chief places, certainly! And then, like the parallelism of old Hebrew poetry, He added that whoever would be *first* among them *must* be their *slave*! He made His meaning doubly clear!

Yes, the royal road to greatness in the Kingdom is to *serve*—better yet, to *slave*, as Jesus did, in loyal service to the lowest and the least.

Discontent, you see, is bad chiefly only if it is selfish. When it is unselfish

it can be one of the great driving forces toward progress and for our good.

We should remember, also, that contentment can be exceedingly selfish, and when it is selfish it is *very* bad. Let me remind you in this connection of the story that Jesus told concerning the prosperous farmer whose ground brought forth in such abundance that he felt he had to solve his difficulty by pulling down his barns and building greater. That, in itself, was prudent enough. But what the farmer *thought* about the situation in his own mind was what branded him as unforgivably selfish. Thought the farmer, "What shall I do, for I have nowhere to store my crops?" (Luke 12:17)* Then his solution, which took no thought of the hunger of his neighbors and the plight of the gleaners and whatever distribution the synagogue might have helped him to make: "I will do *this*: I will pull down *my* barns, and build *larger* ones; and there I will store *all my grain* and *all my goods*. And I will say to my soul, Soul, you have ample goods laid up for many years; take your ease, eat, drink, be merry."*

This is interesting because he was talking to his own soul. He was therefore revealing what sort of man he really was. He was standing next to the throne-room of his own heart. If he crossed that threshold and began to talk with God it would have been prayer. The farmer was that close to praying. But it was not prayer; it was only the selfish boasting and gloating of a rich farmer who was only a very poor *man*.

Then God began to speak: "Fool! This night your soul is required of you; and the things you have prepared, whose will they be?"* And Jesus added these final words: "So is he who lays up treasure *for himself*, and is not rich *toward God*."*

- *Subject for group discussion:*

CHRISTIANS IN A NARROWING WORLD

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How important is it that we achieve cooperation between the nations?*
(Isaiah 41:6, 7; Acts 17:26-28)
2. *Is it really vital to world peace that we become friendly neighbors?*
(Exodus 20:17; Leviticus 19:18; Proverbs 11:12; Mark 12:30, 31)
3. *Why is a sense of world brotherhood so important to the realization of world peace?*
(Genesis 13:8; Psalm 133:1; Romans 14:21; Galatians 6:2)
4. *Why must we substitute respect and cooperation and love instead of suspicion and cut-throat rivalries and hatred in our attitudes toward other nations?*
(Romans 13:9, 10; I Thessalonians 4:9; I John 4:20, 21)
5. *Why should we Christians always insist that Christian missions are of tremendous value to world peace?*
(Matthew 28:18-20)

-
- *Resource material:*

What is the Christian's duty toward world peace in this narrowing world of ours? With each new advance in jet-propulsion or any other striking progress in aviation, we discover that the distances between the capitals of nations all over the world are shrinking fast. It is as if all the old fences in our neighborhood were torn down and new paths—very direct and short—were made to connect the vulnerable houses where we live. He who not long ago was our farthest neighbor can now hurl a huge stone through our windows at will. We live in daily fear for our lives.

What can the Church do about this? Has she any direct responsibility in the world's desire to live at peace? What can we as Christians do about it?

Is it not true that most of us stopped the formal study of geography in the years just before high school? Have you, for instance, seriously studied geography since then? Have you more than

a hazy idea where Iran and Iraq are? Do you know why they are vulnerable pawns in the great international chess game? Do you know why a host of thoughtful people have hesitated to see Britain cut India loose from the celebrated life-line? Is it true that Russia has been drilling a Korean army? Do you know how vital it is that Britain should control Greece now? Would you say it is important that Christian nations should stand with Moslem Turkey to block Russia? Why?

Just as it is true that nearly all of us have stopped any formal study of geography, isn't it true also that we have not bothered to take any mature, adult stand on international matters, as citizens of a shrinking world? Isn't this a much more serious fault than it would have been a few years ago?

If we have failed in this, what steps can we take to remedy our failure? Or should we practice a kind of blind

—and dumb—isolationism? Can we continue to act as if all the old fences were still up? If not, where should we begin?

It would seem rather natural to say that there are several different levels at which the Christian Church can attack this problem of getting and keeping world peace. We might say that international cooperation is very obviously one of these levels. If we do not stand together and work together, it will be difficult to secure world peace and maintain it. This cooperation is logical enough and quite necessary. Trade barriers should be lowered, for instance, or even entirely broken down. They are fences—and they indicate that we are hardly on the best of terms with those who live beyond the fences. Reciprocal trade agreements are much better. How valuable do you think these reciprocal trade agreements are as a step toward world peace?

Do you think we can ever achieve world peace without extending the principle of a friendly neighborhood? Why? Name some of our friendliest neighbors, in this sense. With what great nations do we need to extend this realization of true neighborliness farther than we now have realized it? Can you name some reasons why we are not better neighbors with Russia? With Argentina? With Jugoslavia? With Spain? Which of these is the greatest threat now to world peace? What should we try to do about it? What do you think is the greatest obstacle that confronts us in our efforts to make the world a cooperative neighborhood?

Of course we must move quickly from this level of the kindly neighbor and recognize that we are *brothers*—in all the nations of the world. Jesus taught us clearly enough that we are all children of our Heavenly Father. We are

to breathe the Father's name when we pray. Why should we have trade barriers if we are really brothers? We have been told to love our neighbors as ourselves. And it is not an optional matter; it is a firm command. It came first from the Old Testament but Jesus took it up and insisted that we carry it out as a divine commandment. We really have no choice about it. But that commandment carries added weight and heightened significance when we realize that God made us to be *brothers*!

The gentle John took up this matter of our brotherhood and he made it very clear that it is no elective in the curriculum of the Christian. Listen to him: "If any one says, 'I love God,' and hate his brother, he is a *liar*; for he who does not love his brother whom he hath seen, *cannot* love God whom he *hath not seen*. And this commandment we have from him, that he who loves God should love his brother also." (I John 4:20, 21)*

This matter of human brotherhood is therefore very far-reaching. We cannot dodge it.

Listen to this: "For the whole law is *fulfilled* in one word, 'You shall love your neighbor *as yourself*.' But if you bite and devour one another take heed that you are not consumed by one another." (Galatians 5:14, 15)* Isn't that a sufficiently up-to-date description for World War III—if it should ever come?

Or consider these plain words that Paul wrote to the Galatians: "Bear one another's burdens, and *so fulfill* the law of Christ." (Galatians 6:2)* Can you put it into smaller compass than that?

Former President Hoover made it very clear to us that we must feed our former enemies who now face starvation. Others have seen that and have tried to show us how our own safety demands that we feed the starving in a world that

has not been entirely swallowed up of its own deadly folly.

It may seem to be a terrible injustice that those who sought to subjugate us and kill us must now be kept alive by our bounty, but it is only one of the vast consequences of worshipping at the dread altar of Mars. It is another reason why we must stop the practice of war in a world that we like to call civilized. But until the day of enduring peace we *must* bear one another's burdens. Wouldn't you rather help others from the motive that Paul shows us, rather than simply to safeguard your own welfare? If you must give a bandit money to keep him from robbing you, wouldn't you prefer to feed him and clothe him before he gets into that mood? Wouldn't it be better to give from a sense of true altruism rather than from a feeling that you are bribing someone not to shoot you? "Bear one another's burdens, and so *fulfill* the law of *Christ*."

We should remember too that the ultimate kindness to a defeated nation is not the doling out of food and clothing but the help that will enable it to get back upon its own feet and make its own way again in the family of nations. Food packages and bundles of clothing are splendid ways to bear burdens, but they should be followed up by generous efforts toward rehabilitation that will enable the needy nation to buy its own food and clothing and have savings and world trade and investments.

Perhaps you will say that this is inviting trouble again if we make a defeated nation strong, for then it could wage war again. But a nation need not be like a thug merely because it is strong. We ourselves are proof of that! Do we not have an obligation to a brother nation to teach it and help it to grow strong enough to walk again? If we merely feed it and then leave it to its

own devices again, do we not make ourselves a party to its wicked ways? We have not really borne another's burdens if we merely put food into his hands and then walk away with a feeling of pride that we have discharged our duty. If we go only that far, we have only begun to bear another's burdens.


This matter of teaching a nation brings us squarely to the matter of our Christian missionary enterprise. Jesus commanded us to go and make disciples of all the nations in His name. If we are earnest and loyal followers of Christ we shall need no other argument to convince us of our duty to evangelize other nations in His name. We dare not try to escape that duty. Many of us feel that this is indeed one of the surest ways to insure world peace. It is slow business. It takes longer to teach a man than to feed him. It takes more to fill his head than his stomach! It takes still longer to make sure that he believes what you teach him. And then it may take time to get him to *do* what you have convinced him is good. But the longer process may be shortened if we convince our pupil that we love him and are eager for his welfare in this life and the next.

Jesus had no short-term plans for world-conquest. He spurned an offer to have the world fall at His feet before it was ready. But the Prince of Peace can never be left out of our plans for a safe, sane world. Not if we wish our plans to succeed!

* From the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament (copyrighted, 1946, by the International Council of Religious Education) and used by permission.

Good seed planted in good soil brings forth good fruit. Good thought planted in good minds brings forth good deeds.

—BLAISE PASCAL



The Gist of The Bible

By ALVINE E. BELL, D.D.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS—SHADOWS
AND SUBSTANCE IN RELIGION

WHETHER written by Paul or Apollos or some other unknown author, the Epistle to the Hebrews is Pauline throughout in its thought and argument.

It contains a series of contrasts between the best there was in the religion of the Hebrews and the better things taught by and embodied in Jesus Christ. Accordingly the key word is "better."

The author tells them how in former days God had spoken unto them by the prophets, but in these last days by his Son, who is "the effulgence of His glory and the very image of His substance."

He tells them how Christ is "so much better than the angels"; how he "was counted worthy of more glory than Moses," for "Moses was faithful—as a servant—but Christ as a Son over His own house"; and how he is greater than Joshua as a leader of His people into a place of rest. He takes up the priesthood of Aaron and Levi and contrasts their imperfections with the "more excellent ministry" of Christ, which "brings in a better hope," because "Jesus was made a surety of a better testament" as "the mediator of a better

covenant established upon better promises."

He speaks of the architecture of the tabernacle and temple and shows that it was a mere type and foreshadowing of the "greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands," in which Christ as the true high priest offered the "better sacrifices."

"For Christ entered not into a holy place made with hands, like in pattern to the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear before the face of God for us; nor yet that He should offer Himself often; but now once to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

Thus through ten chapters the doctrine of the superiority of the person, the priesthood and the propitiation of Christ are set forth, before the author comes, in the last three chapters, to the exhortation to put these things to practice in the life of faith as did the great heroes of faith of Hebrew history, Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua and innumerable hosts of others.

This faith which he commends as the ruling principle of their lives is to be centered in "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever."

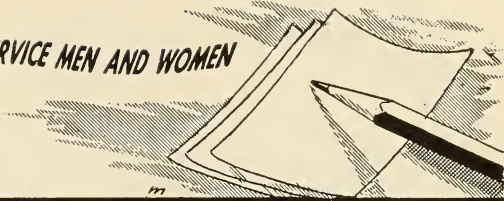
When a building is constructed of concrete a network of forms and scaffolding is necessary. Into these forms the concrete is poured and allowed to set. Then the forms and scaffolding are removed, having served their purpose.

So in the Epistle to the Hebrews we see the purpose of the types and shadows, the services and sacrifices and ritual of the Old Testament. They were merely to indicate and foreshadow the form to be taken by the true and eternal things of Jesus Christ which were to be of "a better and an enduring substance."

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Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

By MAYO CORNELL



WE hear a lot about this American Brotherhood movement. This writer is for that organization to the hilt.

Well, brotherhood means "fraternity," too, doesn't it? And why should it seem so difficult for churches and varying faiths to get together, when so many other groups of humans gravitate to each other as though magnet-drawn?

Take the fraternity of scientific research, for instance. Does *that* membership take any account of color, creed or race?

And how about the fraternity of loss and sorrow: do parents find nothing in common when a little one or a soldier dies if the one who has passed on happens to be yellow, white, or brown?

And poverty! That great group of our people and the peoples of other lands who fraternize for mutual aid when disaster comes? who grub and share and lend a hand to each other when the necessities of living so demand?

And why on earth should the more favored among us, those of us to whom the opportunity of education and culture and understanding have been opened a crack wider, why should not we rally with even greater zeal to a fraternity which will and can outlaw war and mutual disaster? which will and can build for the Common Good upon the rock of Universal Brotherhood, cast out prejudice and bigotry and *let God in!*

For the God this writer believes in is an inter-racial, inter-church, *international* God Who not only made all of us, and Who loves us all, but confidently expects that we will love one another, and try with universally pooled brains and hearts to understand and certainly at least to *tolerate* each other.

If you and you and you who read this have not already sent in your signed membership to this great movement, I plead with you to do so now. Today! This *hour!*

"Tecumseh Has Arrived in Detroit!"

By IRA FREEMAN

DURING the War of 1812, Tecumseh, the Big Chief of the Shawnee Tribe, decided to lift the scalps and the toupees from the heads of the Palefaces who had buffaloeed their way into the heart of his jungle bailiwick. So, in order to round up a sufficient number of his scattered Braves to carry out that touchy task, he padded hither and yon, calling for volunteers.

He closed his fiery addresses with the following threat: "When I complete this tour and return to my impatient troops in the North, I shall expect you to be on hand, ready to accompany me on the warpath. Should I find that you have remained at home with your squaws, I will lift my mighty foot and stamp the earth until your wigwams collapse!"

Several days later, an earthquake occurred in the central part of the United States. And, lo, the Indians dashed pell-mell from their tottering tepees, whooping: "Tecumseh has arrived in Detroit!" In the event you are tempted to titter at the consternation which Tecumseh's footwork created among his tribesmen, I request that you apply the brakes to your funny bone until I have talked a bit about an equally-silly attitude of some of today's Palefaces. Then, if you are still in the mood for laughter, you can release the brakes and split your sides.

There are two types of religious extremists in Christendom. One extremist has an inferiority complex. He gives himself the rating of the lowly worm. He seasons his hymns with sentiments like this: "Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?" When he prays, he warns the Lord that He will cheat Himself if He makes an expenditure in his behalf. It is a pity that his humility is overdone. On the whole, he is a good scout. I am not greatly perturbed about him.

It is the other extremist who needs a theological trouncing. He feels his wild oats! His halo is a honey! When he prays, he tells the Lord how to handle the Universe. If he prays for a shower, and if rain begins to pitapat against his hat ten hours or ten weeks thereafter, he notifies the farmers in his community that the entire surface of the globe is being drenched for the benefit of his row of carrots. He forgets that he is only one of Earth's 1,800,000,000 human entities, that the majority of the other 1,799,999,999 saints and sinners may have prayed for dry weather while he was howling for a deluge.

He does not hem and haw when he tries to commit the Lord to a policy which would put his neighbors out of business. Should a joint which he condemned in 1920 be destroyed by lightning in 1945, he would hurl his hat skyward and crow that God had answered his prayer. Should lightning strike his church, he would leer at the debris and explain that God had done it to test his faith. Should he lose his own home, he would whimper "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth!" He changes his tune oftener than a chameleonic lizard can change its color. He cannot be cornered. He keeps his Tecumseh-like foot patting ambiguously in the vicinity of Detroit. Then, as good or bad events occur, he is in a position to apply his septic maw to a microphone and thunder: "I told you so!"

Batting the Breeze



By BIENVENIDO F. BANEZ

Naha City, Okinawa

I feel it a pride to extend my warmest congratulation through **THE LINK** with regards to Lt. V. F. Quijoy's letter of appreciation of **THE LINK**, October, 1946.

I have been hesitant to write this, because I'm afraid it may sound out of place for a mere private in the Philippine Scouts to appreciate and to congratulate a Lieutenant as he is. But inasmuch as perfect Christianity is taken into proper consideration, perhaps, or without perhaps, I could share the privilege of saying that his letter has the soul of "To-Be-Preacher." I freely conclude that if he will not conform to this world no doubt he will be a successful missionary to announce the Gospel before the eyes and ears of those who knew not what Man's soul ought and intended to be.

Herefore, I invite him to verse—Matthew 28:19-20; 10:7-14 and 22. For his extended congratulation to **THE LINK** I invite him once again for another verse—I Peter 1:12-25. Thanks.

By BILL MCNEIL

*1938 University Avenue
Madison 5, Wisconsin*

I have followed **THE LINK** for several years now and found it especially helpful while in the service. I think that

your magazine rates high with me, but I would like to see one feature renewed—that is, the suggested services with sermon material, Sunday by Sunday. Especially do I feel that the fundamentals of our belief should be discussed with the background of scriptural proof.

I am happy to renew my subscription in advance and assure you that **THE LINK** is appreciated here.

(ED. NOTE: "For SMCL Programs" is once again a regular feature of **THE LINK**.)

By CORPL JAN DE MAN MYBOG

*Marines Camp, Bak 1 Y
Vockel (B1 4 Den. N. B.) Netherland*

Would you mind, if you are able, to send me the address of the preacher of the First Baptist Church, Jacksonville, North Carolina. I mean his name also. You see if I find him I should like to write to him my appreciation for the time I used to go to church when I was living there with my wife

THE LINK I have read I am sending to an American wife of a Sgt of the Netherland Marine Corps. I knew her personally and both are enjoying reading **THE LINK**.

I have asked my wife to renew my subscription, because she is coming to Holland next month and there would not be any other way of renewing it, because we still can't send money orders from Holland to foreign countries.

Might God bless you all.



Freezing

The tough army major of the medical corps had lined up a group of nearly naked soldiers for medical inspection outside with the thermometer standing at about ten above zero. They stood it about as long as they could when one burst out, "This is terrible; I came here only for an eye examination."

"That's all right," said the man behind him, "all I came for was to deliver a Western Union telegram."



"Sailors," said the Chaplain, "the subject of my sermon today is 'Liars.' How many in this chapel have read the 69th chapter of Matthew?"

Nearly every hand went up.

"You are just the people I want to preach to," continued the Chaplain. "There is no such chapter."



Minister (from pulpit): Those in the habit of putting buttons in the collection plate will please use their own buttons and not those from the cushions on the pews.



No Need for Glasses

Man, describing a television broadcast of an ice hockey game:

"Why, it was so clear I could even see the puck."

Companion: "Humph, that's more than I could do and I was there in person!"

In a Massachusetts town an itinerant painter of roadside signs traveling with a patent medicine agent, came upon a smooth-faced rock where an evangelist had painted, "What Shall I Do to Be Saved?"

Seizing his opportunity, the painter painted beneath the sign, "Take Smith's Stomach Bitters."

But several weeks later the evangelist returned that way and saw the mutilation of his sign. Thereupon he added to the sign, "And Be Prepared to Meet Thy God!"—*This Week in St. Louis*



Season's Greetings

The church was crowded for the Easter service. The minister, recalling many Sundays when there had been few worshipers gave way to a puckish impulse and said:

"I realize that there are many here who will not be with us again until next Easter time. I take this opportunity of wishing them a merry Christmas."—*Good Business*



Mother Knows

Bride: "Pierre is perfectly wonderful to me, mother. He gives me everything I ask for."

Mother: "That merely shows, my dear child, that you are not asking enough."—*Lillustration* (Paris)



Are Women Angels?

"Women are like angels because they are always up in the air, because they are always harping on something and because they never have anything on earth to wear."—Told by Rear Admiral William N. Thomas, Chief of Naval Chaplains.



Education?

"This liniment makes my arm smart!"
"Why don't you rub some on your head?"

Churches and Agencies

Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON ARMY AND NAVY CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

AGENCIES:

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

CHURCHES:

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



Concert By **DON MILLS**

A FLICKER drums in a leafy tree
To call the folks of his symphony.
They answer the beat of his bright tattoo
From the clover field and the sky of blue:
The crickets chirp a sharp staccato,
A lark sings out an obbligato.
A frog quartet in a marshy place
Makes four-part harmony in bass.
Choirs of bees in the yellow flowers
Sustain a chord that will last for hours.
Voices come from each blade of grass;
Each bush is a harp for the winds that pass.
Children, hush, and you'll hear the tune
Of a lazy summer afternoon.







