



the **LINK**

September 1959

HAVE FAITH—WILL TRAVEL

MANAGING YOUR MONEY

ATHLETES

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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COVERS

Front: "Girl in Straw Hat" is our charming cover girl for this month. Photo by Frank J. Miller.

Back: "A sailing we will go" on Long Lake, Northern Wisconsin, near Phelps. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

Inside Front: "Let's talk it over!" September is college time. Important learnings come from bull sessions. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: The chapel on the village green was an important part of the early American village. Reconstructed Greenfield Village at Dearborn, Mich., shows early American village of 1850s. Photo by Louis C. Williams.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Stanton Levy. Occasional spots by Volk.

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Would I?

My lips confess thy name, O Christ,
No spear will rip my side.
I sing thy song the whole day long
And have no cause to hide.

At times I wonder would I dare
Refuse to bend my knee
If Caesar still enforced his will
On followers of Thee.

Or would I beg for mercy
And cringe before the rod,
Reject the blame, denounce Thy
name,
Forsake the Son of God?

Am I worthy of the cross,
Would I pay so great a price?
If need should be, God make of me
A willing sacrifice!

—RICHARD R. SMITH

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Diminuendo

by Robert A. Elfers

Knowing Sylvia was an adventure in maturity. Could Arnold measure up successfully?

NOW the clamorous city day was ending. Through the glassy gates of the office buildings along Fourth Avenue hurried people who were going home. The street into which they poured themselves was a turbulent river of men and machines. They committed their energies to it, and the sounds of their voices and their clicking heels sank beneath the current that hurled them toward the coming night.

Arnold Harris was standing near the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. An angle in the wall of a building protected him from the passing flood. Over the years it had offered refuge to many needs, but in recent weeks the two persons who most frequently were sheltered there were Arnold and Sylvia Potter, the girl he loved.

He was earlier than usual tonight. All day, a spirit of impatience



had lashed him. He had given no sign of it to Sylvia when they met that morning but now, even though he knew he could not rightly expect her for another fifteen minutes, anger at waiting was building up within him.

Warm wind whipped down the street, reached around his barricade, and flicked grit into his face. The wind had roamed the great city all day, sweeping patterns of shadow and sunlight before it. Seasons were changing, the temperature was neither high nor low, and natural order seemed shattered into an anarchy that filtered through the shields of stone to disquiet the humans working behind them.

Arnold could not shut out the turbulence. To do so would be to cast his life away. So he stood and listened, a prisoner of sound.

Occasionally young women, striding by, would glance at him. They saw a tall and broad-shouldered young man with a face molded by generosity and quietness. They looked swiftly and then, being absorbed with the immediacy in their lives, did not wonder what there was about him that made them unwilling to look again.

Sylvia Potter was like these girls and probably would never have given more than a moment's attention to Arnold if they had not met on a snowy morning in January.

A passer-by had just taken Arnold by an elbow and they were at the snow-heaped curb, waiting among others to cross. As Arnold stepped carefully on the humped and slippery surface, someone next to him

gasped. A flailing arm struck him. He caught and held it, feeling the person's weight fully on him.

He could tell she was a small person and so he bent his head when he asked, "Are you all right?"

There was a moment of no response. Then Sylvia had answered, "Oh. Yes, yes. Thank you. I would have fallen."

Helping her had pleased Arnold, and the pleasure made him remember her voice well enough to recognize it again when, several mornings later, at the same corner, she spoke to him once more.

"May I go across with you?" she had asked, and then, when they were on the other side, "Have you kept anyone else from breaking a leg lately?"

He smiled down at her voice. "I haven't been that lucky."

SHE had met him again the day after that. Then they began to encounter each other frequently, so frequently that it became obvious to each of them that the other must be trying to make a meeting likely. They learned that Arnold's final afternoon class ended only a half hour before Sylvia was through working; and so, with the same unexpressed design, they arranged an evening as well as a morning schedule.

One afternoon, after Arnold had waited the usual time before leaving the school, he had met one of his instructors on the way out. The teacher wanted to say something about Arnold's work. By the time he was on his way again, he knew he would have to hurry. Then coming down Twenty-first Street, he was

delayed because traffic had been interrupted by a construction project. When he finally reached their corner, he knew despairingly that he was too late.

But as he stood there, a hand took his and held it with more strength than he thought it could contain.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said. And then when he heard nothing from her he asked, "Are you mad at me?"

A tremor went through her hand. "I thought something had happened to you."

He moved toward the street but after a few steps she said, "Can't we wait a minute? There's a place over there. . . ." She led him to the building's sheltering angle.

If Arnold was ever content with blindness, it was during this first conversation and the ones that came after it. His lack of sight had brought them together and now, unexpectedly, it helped them to talk immediately and without pretense of themselves—of what each thought was most important in life, or what they feared, of the people they liked, of what they desired. Arnold felt that Sylvia's acceptance of his blindness was an acceptance of what was most unacceptable about him. To Sylvia, his lack of sight freed her from any need for beauty other than the comeliness of her disposition. Being a sincere and affectionate person, she was grateful for a friendship in which such qualities were immediately important.

For both of them, the meetings quickly became the most memorable

moments of each week. At the beginning, Sylvia had told some of the girls at her office about Arnold, but later she was sorry she had, and tried to evade talking about it. This was hard to do, for she was a guileless person and her friends enjoyed teasing her. They took her reticence for shyness, but actually for Sylvia the friendship had become something of fragile and volatile beauty that could be destroyed by a careless word.

Arnold had spoken about it to no one, not even his parents. He tended to guard his parents from any knowledge of himself that might upset them. Long ago, he had learned that when he had stumbled and fallen, or when someone had made a cruel remark about his blindness, his parents were hurt more than he. He had grown up shielding them, and in doing so had become a person who carefully guarded himself against any action that would expose him to hurt.

But going to the school for industrial training had loosened his ties with his parents. He met other persons whose lives seemed happier and more satisfying than his own. What had first seemed like recklessness in them he now recognized as courage, a willingness to step forward despite the possibility of being wounded. He saw that the wounds themselves seemed to bring new understanding and spirit.

Meeting Sylvia, he felt that he had joined these brave ones. But what had started as a rather self-centered adventure in maturity, controlled by his own reason, developed

into a relationship that involved him more deeply with a person than he had ever been.

Gradually, his life became infused with Sylvia, and their time apart was made up of memories and anticipations of hearing her voice, of holding her hand, of the fragrance of her, of her presence assuring him of her regard for him. What was happening between them seemed unbelievable.

THE shrieking hoots of a fire truck burst out of the distance and the truck rushed by, shaking the pavement beneath Arnold's feet.

Where is she? he thought. He tried to imagine her across the street, waiting for the traffic to halt so she could hurry over to him. But instead his imagination pictured her at the door of the building where she worked, close to and laughing with a young man whose eyes were upon her. She dropped something

and the guy scooped it up unerringly. He teased her with it; she reached for it and they wrestled playfully. They made a date; tonight they would go to a show together, and then he'd drive somewhere and they'd park.

I've got to stop thinking like this, Arnold told himself. But in a moment bitterness rose within him again, just as it had throughout the day, from some deep, black source whose force was uncontrollable.

"Arnold! You look awful. What's wrong?"

He hated her, stealing up on him like that. "Hi. What time is it?" He had to force the words out.

"It's five of five." Her hand touched his. "Arnold, what's wrong? Did something bad happen today?"

"What do you mean, bad? You mean did I fall? Or get lost? Or spill coffee all over myself?" How he wished he could see her when he spoke.



She said nothing for a moment. Then she moved closer to him and he felt her take his cane hand. "If you . . ."

"I don't know what the trouble is," he cut in petulantly. He backed away a little. "Let's not talk tonight." The fantasy of her with the other man returned. "Maybe you'd like to get home early."

"There's no hurry."

From somewhere out beyond them, there was a shuffling, a sly, introductory cough, and then a wheezy, blurring rasp of a voice: "Say, 'scuse me. Mister, say how about a dime? I'm trying to scrape up enough for a meal. Got a bad leg . . ."

Sylvia was tense, and Arnold caught an odor like rotten apples and smoldering rags. "No," he said. "No."

A talon gripped one of Arnold's arms. "Say, kid, you're blind, ain't you? Say, I'm sorry, I . . ."

Arnold wrenched his arm away and pushed Sylvia aside. He felt the weight of his cane and swung it back madly. "Get out of here, you stinking bum, before I kill you!"

And then he was alone.

He waited for a moment. "Sylvia?" There was no answer. He reached out with his cane to find the building. "Sylvia?"

"Here I am," she said, and touched his elbow.

"I think . . ." His voice broke. "I think we ought to get home."

"All right."

He turned toward her. "That old guy. . . . Thank God I didn't hit him. I'm ashamed of myself. I guess

I wanted to protect you. I've been thinking about you all day. About all the things I can't do for you. I want to do everything for you and I can't do anything. I can't do anything."

She let go of him. He could not feel her. He waited for her.

"You know I'm here, don't you?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Just now, when you called my name, you knew I was here, didn't you?"

He realized it was true. "Yes."

"How can you be so sure?"

Arnold thought for a moment, and knew what the answer was. He almost told her what she wanted him to say—what he wanted to say—and then he realized that the day, disastrous as it had been, was about to be saved. If this was so, it should be done in proper form.

So he only said, "Don't you think it's about time you came home with me and met my parents?"

■ ■

Mark My Words

"Well," said the young husband as he bit into some pastry his bride had baked, "I *must* say these are fine biscuits."

Later the bride's mother stopped him in the hall and asked in a whisper, "Goodness, John, how could you say that those were fine biscuits?"

"But I didn't say they were fine," he pointed out. "I merely said I *must* say so."

—John Carmichael in *Coronet*



ATHLETES +

by James W. Carty, Jr.



Spiritual strength for athletes in a vital fellowship.

FIVE minutes before the All-Star game at Los Angeles, the greatest professional football players in the world were as excited as the milling crowd of 72,250.

But the outer behavior of the East-West teams and the fans showed a tremendous contrast. At the stadium, the fans, in an expectant mood, were yelling and talking loudly. Inside the central dressing room, the players were quiet.

One of the West quarterbacks, Bill Wade, twenty-eight, re-tightened his shoe laces and took a dextrose tablet for extra energy.

Webb Eubank, the West head coach who had piloted Baltimore to the world championship, began speaking. The players awaited the usual pep talk.

"Gentlemen, I don't know how you feel," he said, "but personally I am a God-fearing man. Our team always has a prayer before a game. I would like us to do the same now."

Eubank asked if anyone ever led his team in prayer. Several Los Angeles Rams spoke up and said their quarterback, Wade, often offered a short prayer before the games. So Eubank asked him to do so again.

In an interview, Webb, a leader of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, recalled recently how the request from the Baltimore coach made him feel good. It meant that out on the football field, Wade was representing the Christian way of life.

A Presbyterian, Bill began his prayer by asking that no one be hurt, that players give their best for

what they believed in, that they play the game fair and hard. Then the team said the Lord's prayer.

LATER outside in the ninth annual pro bowl game, the East-West teams provided thrills and excitement in a see-saw battle. Wade, one of the key performers, was to face two of his great tests—one of skill, the other of character.

West took a 7-0 lead, then was down 7-9. With two minutes and twenty seconds gone in the second quarter, Wade substituted for Johnny Unitas, great quarterback of Baltimore. In six minutes, Wade sparked the team to a seventy-three-yard drive and a go-ahead touchdown. The final twenty yards came on a touchdown pass to Hugh McElhenny.

Then East went ahead 16-14. Unitas was injured in the third period and once again Wade took command. Again he led the team on an eighty-yard march in twelve plays. During the series, Bill gained sixteen to the twenty-seven, and he also ran the final ten for the score when no receiver was open. Score was 21-16; West ahead.

Came the fourth quarter and a Wade pass was intercepted. Bill had planned to throw one, then stay on the ground. Lou Groza kicked a field goal, making it 21-19. Then a former Ram, Norman van Brocklin started pitching and put the East ahead 26-21.

Now there was a minute left. West had the ball on its thirty yard with time for three plays. Wade faded to pass. Linesmen broke through to

smear him for a twelve yard loss.

One of the tackles was made by a player who kneed and slugged Wade. That player is one of the less than three per cent Wade estimates are dirty players—the kind the other players and fans disrespect.

"It was a temptation to get up and fight back," Wade said as he recalled his great test. "It took courage and rigid self-discipline not to strike back.

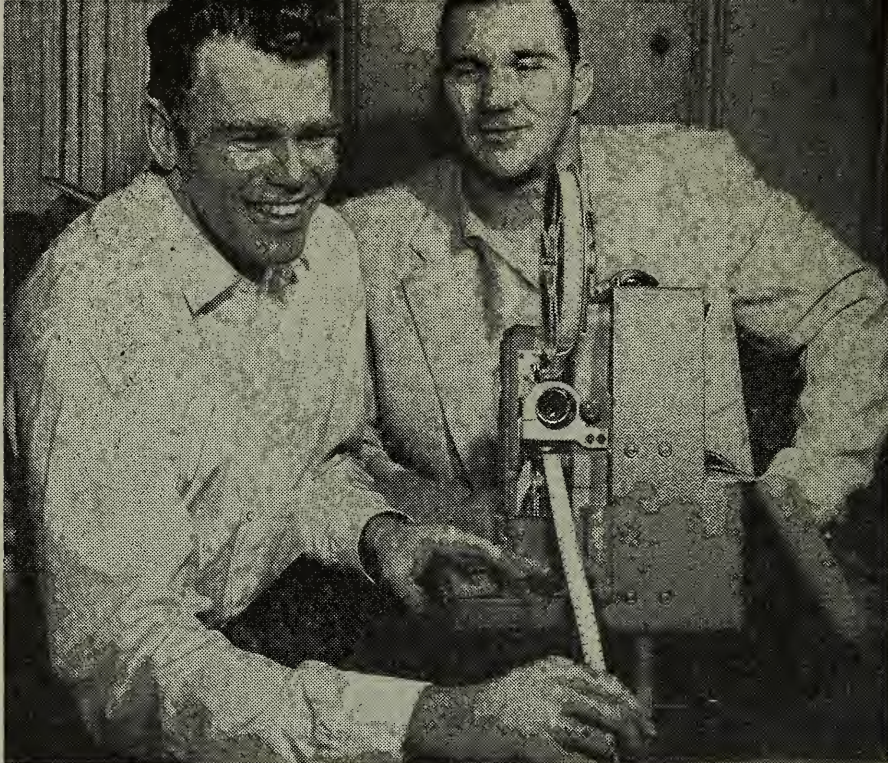
"I would only have been put out of the game. We had no other quarterback and it would have hurt the team. We still had a chance to win. The slugging was hard to take but I restrained myself."

Wade tried two tricky plays. Each was a hand-off to McElhenny, who was supposed to lateral back to Wade who was then to throw the long one to Del Shofner, the great pass-catching end. But McElhenny got smeared twice, the last time for a safety and the East won, 28-21.

Wade, a humble and great guy with a tremendous spirit, took the blame for the defeat. Although he had completed twelve of eighteen passes to lead the four quarterbacks of the two teams and had accounted for 141 of his West team's 273 yards, he attributed the loss to his interception which led to the Groza field goal.

It would have been easy to alibi or shrug off the loss, but Bill takes the game of football seriously just as he does his spiritual life. For he knows he must witness for his faith, both on the field and off.

Commented outsize tackle, Doug



Two football greats. Left, Bill Wade of Nashville, quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams. Right, Doug Atkins of Humboldt, lineman for the Chicago Bears. Friends in the off-season; opponents during the season. This must be the off-season for they view movies of their pro-bowl All-Star performance together on the West team.

Atkins, who was voted the outstanding linesman of the pro-bowl game, "Bill didn't mention that earlier all of us were caught napping. The East team ran a play on fourth down and got out of a hole."

So even in the loss, Wade showed that people can rise above defeat. He had met the tests of skill and character.

ATKINS, a six foot eight inch, 286 pound tackle, is a friend of Wade's off the field and an opponent normally on the field (outside of games like the All-Star tilt). Atkins used to play for the University of Tennessee against Wade and

Vanderbilt University. Now, of course, Atkins is with the Chicago Bears and Wade with the Los Angeles Rams.

Said Atkins, "I believe Bill is the most admired football player in the professional game. In my six years, I can't recall anybody saying anything except something fine about Wade."

The attitude of Atkins shows that other players respect one who witnesses for his faith.

Moreover, Wade's comeback in the 1958 season shows the courage, conviction, and compassion of champions.

At the start of the 1958 season—

his fifth in pro ball—Wade was getting his first real chance. The year before, he had played less than a full game during all the games. He almost quit, for he resented the pattern: playing either when the Rams were far behind or far ahead. But his wife Sharon said: "Practice what you preach. Work harder." Then when Norm van Brocklin got traded to Philadelphia before the 1958 season, Wade got his chance.

WADE was rusty as it takes continual play to get the feel of the situation, to know when to call the right play—for a pass or run—in a given situation—and in a hurry.

The team got off to a slow start, but came on strong to beat the Baltimore Colts in the closing weeks and tie for second place.

Bill threw 342 passes, had 181 completions for 2,875 yards gained—the most of any quarterback in the league. In fact, the total yardage was surpassed previously only by Sammy Baugh of the Washington Redskins.

So Wade, twenty-eight, made the comeback and now he looks forward to the 1959 season.

He knows a player can witness for his faith on the field. "One way," he said, "is by giving all you have. A player never should loaf in practice or games, nor should he maliciously hurt someone.

"No fan wants to see a dirty football game. One of the reasons for the success of pro football is that dirty play is at a minimum.

"In football," he explained, "brotherhood is advanced when teammates

share their great disappointments and joys.

"On the athletic field, the purpose is to win the game by playing fairly and to the best of the players' abilities.

"In the game of life, people should move the peaceful brotherly atmosphere of the dinner table to the workaday world."

Wade said the association together of the athletes—sports figures—in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes—gives a spiritual strength to all.

He tells how he was inspired by Clendon Thomas, an All-American in spirit as well as in playing. Thomas, a Baptist, was the nation's leading collegiate ground-gainer back when he played for FCA's great coach, Bud Wilkinson, at the University of Oklahoma. But Thomas' freshman year in professional football was threatened by the fact that he had suffered a broken leg. Undaunted, he maintained confidence he could play pro ball. He hobbled around for several weeks getting in every bit of practice during the season while his leg healed. He helped with various tasks, such as bringing ice onto the field for players. When his cast came off, he strengthened his leg and was a key man in the Rams' last three victories.

WADE and Thomas were among the young men who sparked the first FCA annual meeting for high school and college athletes and coaches at Na-Co-Me conference grounds in Tennessee in 1958. These and other athletes helped see the annual sessions got off to a good start

—sessions where inspiration and perspiration combined to help a couple of hundred sports leaders and see how they could influence youth in wholesome ways. The conference was repeated in 1959.

Although Wade was a star, he was the hardest worker at the FCA conference at Na-Co-Me, doing all kinds of small, menial tasks to insure that the needs of coaches and players were met.

In a football game where there is a lot of rough body contact in tackling, Wade said it takes courage to be brotherly.

Many Christian athletes like Wade testify of their faith. Wade helped start a weekly FCA group of present and former athletes who met for breakfast and discussion during the off-season this year at Nashville, Tennessee.

Nationally, many players witness for their faith, because they want to keep up their high commitment to Christ and because they hope to lead others to a victorious spiritual life.

DICK SISLER, manager of the Nashville Vols baseball team, always is encouraging players and other youth to attend church. He himself does.

Dick, the son of the great George Sisler, hit the home run that enabled Philadelphia to beat Don Newcombe and the then Brooklyn Dodgers for the National League pennant in 1950.

Alvin Dark, outstanding Chicago Cubs infielder, is another FCA member. Once Dark, a fine hitter and

glove man, was asked to give a testimonial for tobacco. He declined, although he needed the money offered by the advertising agency. Soon he got a raise and then came the World Series money. He tithes—gives ten per cent of his earnings to his church, the Baptist.

Branch Rickey, the Pittsburgh Pirate chairman of the board who has brought such fine people as Stan Musial into the game of baseball, is an FCA leader.

The FCA executive secretary is a clean-cut, first-rate, dynamic young ex-Oklahoma coach, Don McClanen. Here is an organization that encourages young athletes to follow the master coach—Christ—in playing the game.

Past and present sports figures combine to work through FCA. There are such noted people as Biggie Munn and Otto Graham, new coach at the Coast Guard Academy.

It is not a superficial, sentimental faith, but a dynamic one these men encourage youth to adopt. They know that applying Christianity on the sports field and off is a difficult assignment.

But they are conscious of their responsibilities to live spiritually—and they react as champions. ■ ■

MAKE-UP ARTISTS

Women make up their minds that
They want to go places.
And yet they won't go till
They make up their faces.

—MARY HAMLETT GOODMAN

Letter from Commanding Devil

by R. G. Hutcheson, Jr.

FPO, Hades

From: Commanding Devil

To: All Duty Devils and Tempters

Subject: Hasty Marriage, Encouragement of

1. While so-called "holy matrimony" was instituted by the Enemy, it can be usefully employed for our own purposes by alert Duty Devils and Tempters. The key to such use of the institution of marriage is the encouragement of hasty and ill-advised unions between incompatible people.
2. Hasty and ill-advised marriages can best be brought about by encouraging the idea that marriage is based entirely and exclusively on romantic "love," and that if two people "love each other" (by which we mean that they feel a strong sexual attraction) nothing else matters. People who are sufficiently indoctrinated in this concept of marriage can be counted on to ignore the most obvious and serious obstacles to a happy and successful marriage, blissfully confident that "love conquers all."
3. Strangely enough, it is the people who have been infected by enemy forces with certain "moral standards" that may most easily be led into hasty marriages. (Those unencumbered by moral standards often avoid the responsibility of marriage altogether.) It is for this reason that hasty marriages are so valuable to us.

COMMANDING DEVIL

"The Christian faith
offers an opportunity
for a man to be a man."

A

Religion for Grownups

by Frederick W. Helfer

WHAT a world! What a headache! What a mess! Think of fall-out! And worse, there's Germany and Red China and Tibet. Nuclear weapons and germ warfare. Racial conflict and industrial upheavals and international tension. Did someone call this earth a lunatic asylum? How right he was! But is it really so? What a wonderful world! As Carlyle once suggested, It's a world for heroes. It is all in the way you look at it; at yourself, your fellow men and your universe. Albert Schweitzer looking at this same world talks about "reverence for life." H. G. Wells wrote that the only worthy motto for a modern man is "I give myself." The Apostle Paul spoke of being a "debtor to all men." And the Master's attitude was "I am with you as one who serves."

The Reverend Frederick W. Helfer is pastor of the Christian Temple, Baltimore, Maryland.

"I Have a Glory"

The Christian faith offers a great opportunity for a man to be a man! Too often we miss this blessing of religion, for we think of it in terms of restrictions, denials, prohibitions, and imprisonments. How terrible to live in a cramped room where the windows are barred and the doors marked "Do Not Open!" A low ceiling and no sky! A wall and no wide horizon. A locked door and no avenue for the free spirit of man. Do not get confused here. This is not to say there is no responsibility, no duty, no burden for a man to shoulder, no cross for a man to carry. However, to accept work, duties, responsibilities grudgingly with the feeling they are imposed upon a man rather than received as a privilege is to miss the blessing. The old shoemaker known for his craftsmanship and equally respected

for his character and his helpful spirit in his neighborhood explained the secret of his joy, "I have a glory." His glory was to do his job well, to lend a hand to the needy, and to believe in himself, and to trust in the goodness of God. This state of mind lifts a man above feeling sorry for oneself; above the thought of personal hardship and sacrifice. In Christ is man's abundant life. "It's great to be alive." Opportunity, freedom, privilege, gladness, sharing; such become characteristics of the faith in which a man knows "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Many years ago Graham Taylor who taught religion in the Chicago University and the Chicago Theological Seminary was being honored for his Christian service in that city. He had moved into the Seventeenth Ward with its reputation for unsavory social conditions; in that ward were problems of dire poverty, immigration, industrial conflicts, bad housing, delinquency and crime at its worst. On this particular night Graham Taylor was receiving tributes of praise from the mayor and other dignitaries for his service as a good citizen and a Christian gentleman for more than thirty years during which he had lived in Ward Seventeen. In response to their praise Dr. Taylor said he *counted it a privilege* to live where he lived, and to be considered a neighbor to all in need. "I believe what you can't pray out and preach in, you can live out and love in." His life among the under-privileged and exploited embodied Gladstone's dic-

tum, "One example is worth a thousand arguments."

That's my idea here—friendliness, kindness, service to others is not so much a duty, an obligation, as it is an opportunity, a privilege. To live one's life in this way is to keep one's sanity and to help hold the world together. This kind of living if thought of as enslavement is what may be termed the *slavery of free men*; not a condition imposed by another, but a voluntary attitude of mind and heart, wherein a man's action toward other men is that of the long-ago disciple, "The love of Christ constraineth me." I act because the love of God is within me.

"A Golden Deed a Day"

But what can I do? Look around you. There are scores of opportunities every day for helping someone. "A golden deed a day!" There's a chance for a hundred deeds. The spirit which will enable you to see this is a brotherly attitude, a friendly interest, a human concern for others. "Brother of all the world am I!" This is true for civilians, and equally true for men and women in the armed services. Every man carries a burden. Help him to carry it heroically and gloriously. Welcome the new recruit to your company; make the new sailor feel at home on your ship; give the newcomer a friendly word in your barracks. Invite your comrade to the chapel services; share with him your noblest ideals; enjoy with him intellectual and social and cultural interests that make for clean living and lifted feeling. For the first time in eighteen or twenty years

LIGHTED CROSS

In the panel of darkness,
On the steeple at night,
Seen from my window
Is the Cross, now alight.
Golden and instant
Then it turns from my sight.
Deeper my darkness,
Yet silent the class:
Who abideth in Him
Hath no darkness at all!

—Gwynnyth Gibson

some of these young men and young women are away from home; perhaps they have gotten some warped notions of the services, of off-duty hours; and week-end behavior. Here is your chance to witness for decency and joyful fellowship. Be assured that someone in your outfit will be better or worse because you share some common interest with him. Your companionship in the off-duty hours may make a world of difference to another with respect to home, and marriage, to children and family, to church and nation, to society and the peace of the world. Have room in your heart for the other fellow. Let him into your plans, your dreams, your action. Live above baseness, lewdness, prejudice; let the other fellow share your religion, your hope, your ideals, your practice of religious principles. I am convinced that the truly great

soul never discriminates, never zones, never places in a ghetto, never segregates, never belittles, or berates. A man's own peace of mind lies in his friendly attitudes and behavior toward other people.

Religion Is Action

Religion is more than words. It is action. And when it is action not forced on us so much by the sense of duty, but more by the feel of privilege and opportunity—then man's cup of blessing overflows. I think we have lost on occasion the concept of religion as a working principle. We come to feel we are religious in prayer, in private devotions, in public worship. It is good to meet God here; but also to know God in action, to permit him to use us, so that our lives become a channel of his grace and love. Moses was busy for God for forty years leading a people through the wilderness. Paul was a sailor and a journeyman for Christ. And Jesus himself went about doing good. These men and this Greatest One of all carried themselves as having a work to do; men with a mission, a purpose, a duty, and who considered it a privilege to serve God and man in their own day and generation. I am daring enough to avow their prayer life was incidental to their total life. Their religious living consumed far more hours than their religious praying. There is a power of God in service as well as in meditation. I have often thought of the many lovely things one of my friends has done for so many people. He remarked to me, "God has always been so good to

me, I can always depend upon him!" As he turned away to return home from the church I said to myself, "Yes, and it is equally true there is a man God can always depend upon!"

This man was a true believer and a very practical man. The faith for him was not a bit of superstition, or magic; not even a miracle, a bit of wonder adhering in a few incidents; but for him religion was abundant life leading him to useful services in this world, as well as a trust in the Eternal for whatever may befall man after death. He always remembered the insistence on personal integrity and social righteousness of the prophets of Israel. He never forgot Jesus with his Sermon on the Mount and its Golden Rule and Second Mile. He kept his eyes open to God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood—and felt it a privilege to help another bear his burdens; or to share with others his own joys and blessings. His religion seemed like an invitation to everyone, "Come, be a good man, a joyful man; come, help build a better world."

"Lord, We Are Able"

The Christian faith has set up its goal as nothing less than a new earth free from prejudice and fear; and full of good will and brotherhood. If it has seemed to us recently that we have been living in a world gone mad, it is something that we have recognized our madness. If it were not for potential greatness, we should never see our folly in trying to live in a world that denies to any

man his share of the loving-kindness of God and his sense of the equality of all men. Men of religion always have this opportunity to be as the shining light bearing witness to the fact that all men are the children of God. For out of such men of faith the Eternal builds his new world order. God's kingdom comes through us when in the acceptance of duty and in the joy of service we commit our ways unto him.

A little girl was trying to move a table which was in her way. Her mother called, "Mary, you can't move that table, it is as big as you are." And the little girl replied, "Yes, I can move it, for I am as big as it is."

So in our world as great as our problems are, we are able, because the Creator has endowed us with "heart and soul and mind and strength to serve the King of kings." There is no doubt we can bring to pass our dreams of a better world. I am particularly interested in the mood of our labors—not under the force of circumstance and necessity; but with gladness that God has brought us to this hour. It is as a college president said to a young student, now a successful and joyful spiritual leader, "You are capable of greatness." As we mature, let us not forget the word of Jesus, "The greatest shall be servant of all." Then as we give ourselves freely and gladly for the good of our fellow man, we shall share the Master's joy. ■ ■

By the time a man gets ahead, his body is out of shape.—M. Seitter.

Managing Your Money

by Jim Hurley

Should you always pay cash?

What is *your* maximum credit capacity?

Before signing a contract . . .

Some tips to keep you financially sound.

WHEN Mr. Cashencary wants a new car, some furniture, or an appliance, he saves his money until he has the full price, then trots to the store and buys his heart's desire. Sometimes he has to wait months—even years—for what he wants, but he doesn't owe a cent. His neighbor, Mr. Cuff, virtually lives on credit. Cuff is still paying off his 1957 convertible, a washing machine his wife ordered last June, a new TV set, and a packaged cruise he took Mrs. Cuff on for their 1959 vacation.

Who's the wiser buyer? They're *both* wasting money! Cashencary, a salesman, could add substantially to his income if he had a car—but he won't buy one until he has the cash. Cuff's cruise was a needless luxury that will eat into his income for months to come.

If you're going to use credit instead of letting it use you, you have

to know what you really want for your money. Every family has its own needs. It's easy to think of circumstances that could make Cuff's cruise a wise buy he will never regret and Cashencary's car a poor investment of capital.

Know Where the Money Goes

Before tying up future income, be sure you know where your money goes now. This is a harder trick than you think, because you spend most of your money by habit. Businessmen, who have to plan the future on the basis of the past, keep written records to pin down the pennies that roll so quickly into dollars. You can plan your own spending better and save money on your income tax in the bargain if you take a tip from business and *pay as little as possible by cash.*

1. Pay by check. The small charge



is worth the bookkeeping. It gives you a receipt you can use to prove a tax deduction. It gives you a hold on the money that seems to dribble out of your wallet. And it's safer.

2. Use credit cards. A gasoline credit card, for instance, automatically tots up what you spend for car maintenance, helps you decide whether it's in line.

Business organizations, salesmen on the road, and people who want to keep track of vacation costs are finding it convenient to invest in a credit card. If you travel on business, you have built-in proof for an income tax deduction or reimbursement. If you travel for pleasure, you are freed from the nuisance and danger of carrying cash.

Sound Credit Uses

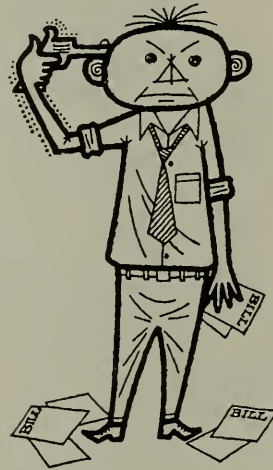
There are six acceptable reasons for wanting credit, say experts.

1. *Emergencies.* An accident, illness, or disability may necessitate the borrowing of money for paying a medical bill in installments. Ditto for big, unexpected repair jobs.

2. *Necessities.* It is reasonable to assume an extra cost for a necessity (say, a new refrigerator) or a semi-necessity (a sewing machine).

3. *Forced savings.* If you know you have payment deadlines to meet, you're apt to make them. But if you take a large sum from your savings to buy a car, for example, you're less likely to rebuild your bank account. Credit can be good discipline.

4. *Convenience.* You pay your newsboy once a week not because you can't raise the daily cash but because it's easier all around. Charge accounts offer the ease of making



one payment for many items, a built-in record of expenses and receipts in the form of cancelled checks.

5. *Durable goods.* If the money is spent on something lasting (a car, another room for your house), it's o.k. Durable goods have value of their own—can be resold, traded in. But if the money's marked for something fleeting like a wardrobe for a single week end—watch out. Credit for such purchases is too often a

cover-up for impatience, impulse buying, bad budgeting.

6. *Capital goods.* If you're going into debt for something that will add to your income, it's probably worth it. A car, sewing machine or freezer can sometimes pay its own way.

Set a Credit Limit

Credit costs money and sooner or later you have to repay what you owe. So don't over-extend yourself.



A good rule of thumb: Keep the amount you owe not much beyond twenty per cent of your annual income. If, for instance, you take home \$100 a week or \$5,200 a year, your "debt ceiling" is about \$1,000. Go much above that and you'll be letting yourself in for trouble.

One way of keeping the lid on your credit spending is to set a minimum down payment in your own mind. Say to yourself, "I'm not getting that whoozis until I can plunk twenty per cent—or twenty-five per

cent or thirty per cent—of its cost on the counter." It's best to make the down payment as large and your repayment period as short as possible.

And don't assume any debt that will run longer than the period for which you can safely forecast your income and outgo. Sound obvious? You'd be surprised how many folks neglect this point in planning their credit program.

Shopping for Credit

Keep another thing firmly in mind: Credit, like any other commodity, is for sale. So shop around. In general, the better the security, the lower the cost of borrowing. If you can borrow on your savings bankbook, you probably won't have to pay more than four per cent to six per cent for the money. On the security of your insurance policy, a common charge is five to six per cent. Borrowers who can meet strict bank requirements are usually rewarded with lower rates than most borrowers can get elsewhere. And



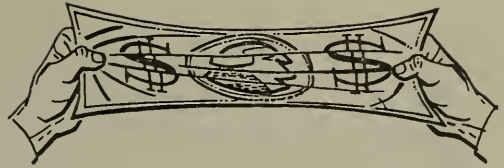
many department stores will charge nothing for the service, if you can pay for a large purchase in three monthly installments.

Most important, perhaps, is to learn to *read* what you sign. Make sure, before you sign any credit contract, that it contains at least these essentials: The cash price of the merchandise; the amount of your down payment; the unpaid balance; financing charges; how many installments are to be paid; how much they are; when they must be paid.



Except for special cases where the information isn't known—the serial number of an engine, for example—make sure there are no blanks on the contract that haven't been filled in.

One more question before you sign: Does the contract include waivers of your legal rights? These may include a promise not to contest repossession, advance consent to judgments, a promise to pay legal fees, permission for the dealer to enter your home at any time, and lots more.



Credit Tips

Here are some hints on things to do and watch for in spending on credit:

1. Don't use your maximum credit capacity except in a crisis. Leave yourself an emergency margin to call on just in case.

2. Know your merchant or lender. That's a cardinal rule in all credit dealings.

3. Use the installment plan chiefly for emergencies, necessities, long-lasting goods, things that help pay for themselves through budget savings.

4. Use charge accounts as a convenience, a way to pay with one check and to shop without carrying cash. Don't use them to spend next month's pay.

Credit is largely responsible for the high standard of living you enjoy. It keeps factories humming, stores jammed, counters full of things you want and need. Used intelligently it can be a faithful servant; abused, it can be a severe taskmaster. ■ ■

DRESS REVERSAL

When I was young, I loved to dress
In flashy clothes designed to stress
My sunny outlook,
And I still dress with care and pride,
Expertly tailored now to hide
My funny stout look!

—REX MOBLEY



The border of the iron curtain across which Frank Jlosuay fled.

Twenty Bucks Saved a Life!

by J. J. Hanlin

TWO American Negro soldiers, although they don't know about it themselves, are doing more today to fight communism than two hundred thousand average American citizens. For, the two soldiers saved the life of Frank Jlosuay. You, no doubt, have never heard of Jlosuay. But the Communists have heard of him and would like very much to get their hands on him again. It's a

cinch that they wouldn't let him go again for twenty bucks, the sum the GIs actually paid to save his life.

Frank Jlosuay today is editor of *Becsi Magyar Hirado*, an anti-communist newspaper, put out in Vienna for Hungarian refugees. The newspaper is circulated throughout the world, for the readers are scattered all over. Pan-American Airways, for

example, flies copies of it free. And the Canadian and German airlines do likewise. Most copies of the newspaper are given away for, as everyone knows, refugees are broke. The newspaper is supported by private gifts.

"I had just been liberated from a concentration camp in Germany," Jlosuay said. "I was down to about 120 pounds, about half what I weigh today. I was pretty sure I was going to die. I stood in the street like someone who had escaped from the camp, but couldn't escape from death. Suddenly, the night seemed warm and I laid down. What was left of my body was mercifully covered over by a few hours of sleep which I seemed to borrow from death. It was a postponement only, a merciful postponement."

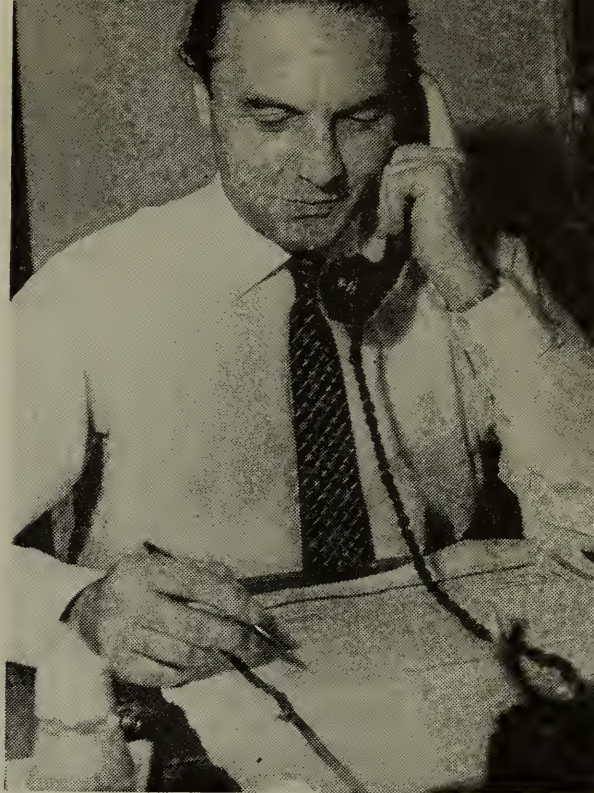
It was there the two Negro soldiers, passing in a jeep, found him lying, wax-pale, bloodless and motionless.

"Hey, boy!" one of the soldiers said after they stopped. "Are you sick?"

"*Bitte schoen*," Jlosuay murmured, "I'm hungry . . . terribly hungry."

The jeep, fortunately, was loaded with provisions. The one soldier draped a jacket around Jlosuay's shoulders and half-kneeling, half-sitting began to feed him a can of meat.

The clouds parted. It began to grow slowly lighter. To Jlosuay's pleasure and astonishment, he realized it was not, after all, the moon coming out. It was dawn breaking on an entirely new day. He turned his head, slowly, to get a look at the men who were helping him. It was



Frank Jlosuay at his desk working on *Becsi Magyar Hirado*, the newspaper he edits in Vienna for Free Hungarians.

almost as if he were afraid it would turn out to be a dream.

"Where you going, boy?" the Negro asked.

"Budapest . . ."

"*Budapest!*" the soldier gasped. "That's hundreds of miles from here!"

"But my family lives there. I have a wife and a son."

The one soldier turned to the other. "He'll never make it . . ."

Then the two soldiers went back to the jeep. For a few minutes they stood there, irresolute. Then they dragged some clothing out of the back seat, more food, vitamin pills, cigarettes, and candy bars. They sighed heavily, took a last look at

their gifts, and then began to pile them alongside Jlosuay.

"We're going to start you on the road, boy," the one soldier said. "If you're going to Budapest you're going to need all this."

"I guess you're right," Jlosuay shrugged.

"How much shall we give him?" the soldier asked his companion.

The other man said, "Ten bucks?"

"Okay . . . ten bucks apiece . . ."

"No," Jlosuay protested, "I can't take any more . . ."

"Listen, boy," the soldier said, "let's face the facts. Maybe you don't know it, but you ought to. I'd be willing to bet more than a ten spot you'll never make it to Budapest. The Russians aren't far from here. How about it, boy? You'll need this money."

The soldier's words are still vivid in Jlosuay's mind. He sat there with shame, unable to reply.

"I had never seen such generosity," he said. "Only Americans would have acted like that."

FOR the next few days Jlosuay had intervals of peace. With plenty to eat he began to feel better as he walked. They were eye-blistering, sunny days with a hot white sky, cloudless, into which even the transport planes overhead vanished. Then he was behind the Russian lines and the very weather seemed to be waiting.

He kept thinking about his family. He had not seen his wife or child, his mother or father for years. He had been a journalist in Vienna before the war and he wrote anti-Nazi

articles for his Budapest newspapers. When the Germans took over Budapest, they arrested him. But the Russians would want to arrest him, too. For he was not only a known anti-Nazi, but his articles on communism had been just as deadly.

It was a gray afternoon with the sky overcast by clouds when he ran into the first Russian patrol. He was in a town, the streets empty, the shutters and doorways closed. And then he heard the noise of the trucks, distantly, from the other end of the town, breaking into the frightening unnatural stillness. He kept going and soon he saw the Russians coming slowly up the street. Then he realized that they had some civilians in the trucks and seemingly were collecting whomever they met.

"They were going to take me," he said, "and it certainly would have meant death. For I couldn't have stood another camp. Then I fished out one of those ten dollar bills when they saw I didn't have a watch."

The ten dollars turned out to be as good as a passport. The sergeant snatched it away from him and motioned for him to go on. Two days later he again ran into a patrol of Russians. And once more his difficulty was swept away when he produced the other ten dollar bill.

"You know, certainly God must have had a hand in this," Jlosuay said. "For how did these two young men know that I would need those two ten dollar bills?"

But Jlosuay's trouble was not over. In fact, the next few days so marked him that they determined

his future . . . a life of fighting communism. He went to his apartment and there was no one there. Then he went next door to a friend. When his friend saw him, his lip began to tremble. With his whole heart in the movement, he put his arms around Jlosuay and cried.

The Russians had wiped out his entire family. They had pumped twenty-seven bullets into his mother, fifteen into his wife, eight into his child, an unknown amount into his father. For the next four months Jlosuay was practically out of his mind.

Finally, he told himself he'd have to get this tragedy out of his mind once and for all. He couldn't go on forever thinking about it. He was a writer and an editor and he could really do something about communism. He had within his power the ability . . . whereas others could do little. So, he settled down and began to edit a newspaper. Soon, of course, he was wanted by the communists and placed on a list in 1948 of three thousand "public enemies."

He went underground and lived for years without identity papers. Then, with the revolt, he reappeared in the newspaper offices and edited a paper briefly until the Russians marched back into Budapest. Seeing the situation was hopeless, he fled across the border to continue his fight in the Free World.

But Jlosuay is alive today, and no one is more eager to admit it, because of the investment of a couple of generous GIs. And what an investment they made! It's paying off bigger dividends every year. ■ ■



The Yankees have been producing stars from way back. One of their flashiest products was Vernon "Lefty," "Goofy" Gomez.

The Yankee southpaw ace pitched in six World's Championship games and won 'em all.

He won four of his championship games from the N.Y. Giants in the series of 1936 and '38.

During the second game of the 1936 World Series against the Giants, while Gomez was on the mound, a plane flew over the Stadium. With two men on base at the time, Gomez stepped out of the pitcher's box and, ignoring the base runners and the hitter, calmly watched the plane until it disappeared out of sight—hence the name "Goofy."

He Learned from His Elders

A small child asked his father if he had any work he could do around the place to replenish his finances. The father assured him that he could think of nothing.

"Then," suggested the modern child, "how about putting me on relief?"

—Capper's Weekly



When Times Are Dull



by Ralph R. Sundquist, Jr.

Millions of Christians
must live
during the "time in between."

What are the
virtues needed for "routine living"?

I TIMOTHY is a letter for dull times. The young man to whom it was addressed lived in an era that seemed neither the beginning nor the consummation of the exciting events that were expected by Christians. It was simply "a time in between."

The fresh enthusiasm of a new faith was running down, and the exuberant hope for an immediate coming of the victorious Christ was fading. There was no question that

life for the Christian had been changed by the resurrection and continuous presence of the Christ and that still more was to be accomplished by his final triumph. Now, however, life was simply to be lived one day at a time. One day follows another, and *that* seems to be it.

The church itself had slipped into a routine. It had settled down to wait, no one knows how long, and there were regular duties to be performed. Bishops (sometimes, perhaps, called elders), deacons, and older widows of the church had been assigned their special tasks. Day after day the responsibilities went on.

Outside the church was a hostile world, but even its opposition provided no excitement. Eyes were sometimes narrowed suspiciously, and occasionally the slanderous wagging of tongues was to be heard; but rarely was an arm lifted in violence. As for the government, it simply paid no attention. The Christian lacked even the thrilling fear of martyrdom, the stimulating sense of dangerous living. The times were dull.

Dangers Within

In such times the church stands more in danger of betrayal by its members than of destruction by its external enemies. Its faith need not be defended or even thought about. It is simply taken for granted, and it may be transformed without anyone's noticing the change or caring about it.

The Reverend Ralph R. Sundquist, Jr., is Assistant Secretary of the Department of Youth Curriculum for the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Such is the case in the dull times for which this letter was written. Perhaps some members of the church missed the exhilaration that they experienced when their faith was new. Maybe some of them were dismayed by the fact that the world paid them so little attention. In any event, whether for these or other reasons, there were persons who "forbid marriage and enjoin abstinence from food" (1 Tim. 4:3). They tried to set themselves apart from the world and even from their fellows in the church by living, as they supposed, with a greater dedication to spiritual things. They feared that the church was too materialistic, that it cared too much for the things that were esteemed by the world outside the church.

Some of these in the church thought of themselves as divided into two parts, the physical and the spiritual, with God caring only about the latter. They were ashamed of their humanity, ashamed of their physical bodies, ashamed of marriage with its physical union, ashamed even of putting substantial food in their physical mouths. In reality, they were ashamed of the God in whom Christians put their faith.

These supposedly spiritual persons denied that "everything created by God is good, and nothing is to be rejected if it is received with thanksgiving" (1 Tim. 4:4). Denying the goodness of the creation, they denied the goodness of the Creator.

Recall the Faith

The first concern of this letter

to a young man who lives during dull times is *to remind him of his faith*. His faith is not merely a "sincere belief in *something*." The heretics were undoubtedly sincere in their belief—but his is a *Christian* faith. "Charge certain persons," the young man is told, "not to teach any different doctrine, nor to occupy themselves with myths and endless genealogies (whatever these may be) which promote speculations rather than the divine training that is in faith" (1 Tim. 1:3, 4).

Then the letter *declares the gospel to which Christian faith responds*. "The grace of our Lord overflowed for me with the faith and love that are in Christ Jesus. The saying is sure and worthy of full acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1:14, 15).

The Christian recognizes at once that "into the world" means into the physical world that is seen and touched and lived in, and that the coming of Jesus Christ into this world was precisely as a human being. He ate and slept, walked on dirty roads, healed diseased bodies, suffered and died as a physical being, and was raised again not as an invisible spirit but as a Lord who was seen by his disciples.

"Great indeed, we confess, is the mystery of our religion:

He was manifested in the flesh,
vindicated in the (Holy) Spirit,
seen by angels,
preached among the nations,
believed on in the world,
taken up in glory"
(1 Tim. 3:16).

Furthermore, *the grace that over-*

flowed in this Christ is mercy for sinners—not for persons who, by denying their physical lives, try to become spiritual enough for a god who cares only about “spiritual things,” but for persons who acknowledge their sinfulness and trustfully accept forgiveness.

The God of Christians is the God revealed in Jesus Christ, the God who has shown his care for every part of life and is himself responsible for creation from the very beginning, “the King of ages, immortal, invisible, the only God (to whom) be honor and glory for ever and ever” (1 Tim. 1:17). This is the God “who desires all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth” (1 Tim. 2:4). Lest there be any misunderstanding, the letter speaks plainly: “There is one God, and there is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all” (1 Tim. 2:5, 6).

Virtues for Dull Times

Faithfulness to Jesus Christ is a matter of primary importance. First this faith was declared with seriousness and set forth against the supposedly “spiritual” persons who seek to betray it. Then comes counsel about the kind of life that the young man is to live during his dull times.

The counsel that is offered is neither new nor especially exciting. The church was to go on day after day, choosing its leaders carefully (1 Tim. 3:1-14), attending to “the public reading of scripture, to preaching, to teaching” (1 Tim. 4:13), and wisely assisting persons

who need help (1 Tim. 5:16). It was to offer “supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings . . . for all men, for kings and all who are in high position (that is, for government), that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, godly and respectful in every way” (1 Tim. 2:1, 2).

This is what the Christian prays for in dull times: a quiet and peaceable life, godly and respectful. To be sure, “the good warfare” is to be waged, but this warfare is conducted quietly, without sensational battles. It is waged simply by “holding faith and a good conscience.”

The Christian, the “man of God,” is to “aim at righteousness, godliness, faith, love, steadfastness, gentleness” (1 Tim. 6:11). These are not the marks that differentiate him from other persons but the virtues that are needed during dull times.

No one, Christian or not, ever actually achieves these virtues. The best that anyone can do is to aim at them. The Christian, however, is neither terrified by his failures nor overcome by the dullness of his daily pursuit. He is free in an entirely unique way to enjoy the life that he leads, to accept the pleasures that a physical world offers, to laugh at his mistakes and go on with living; for he knows the grace of a Lord who forgives, and he knows that his life, exciting or dull, physical and spiritual, is in the hands of God.

The letter ends as it begins: “Grace”—the mercy of a loving and forgiving God who cares about all of your life—“be with you” (1 Tim. 6:20). ■ ■

Letter from Home

by Minnie May Lewis

Dear Johnny:

Few memories are more poignant to a mother than her child's first day at school. I can shut my eyes and, almost photo-magically, see each one of you on your individually important day.

Mother-like, I tagged along with Jim but you took advantage of a big brother's good graces. Later the tables were turned when that gamin moppet you call "Sis" imperiously stated, "My John will take me." You were delighted. It became a daily ritual. Her diminutive skirts swishing against your new corduroys, her busy little legs scissoring to keep up with the giant stride of her adored big brother. That gamin moppet is queen size now and starts high school this week.

If I'm showing a bit of nostalgia perhaps it is because I just uncovered a sheaf of heterogeneous, kindergarten to college, flotsam I just couldn't jetsam. Included were these few, almost prophetic, lines I had jotted down that first September morning of your primary solo flight from home base.

"I don't want to go to school," you said. "Because then you'll not have any boy left to keep you company."

But you did go. You mounted your bike and rode off, strangely clean and eager. I walked back into an empty house without any boy to keep me company.

Education is not bound between the covers of a book, John. Three lessons we've learned, and well: To live above separation and loneliness. To face our tomorrows with faith. To crown our todays with love and prayers. Thank God for you and memories.

Love, Mom

MARSHALL PLAN—

Hawaii Style

by Harold Helfer

A sailor and a housewife with three small children decide to earn their college diplomas.



This Navy family has a Marshall Plan all its own.

together and receive their prized sheepskins.

It was done in two-and-a-half years, including two summer sessions, and what is even more amazing is that their college activities were handled in addition to regular fulltime jobs off the campus. Yeoman Marshall attended to his Navy chores; Mrs. Marshall took care of the homemaking duties.

HAWAII has had a “Marshall Plan” too. It’s somewhat different than the European version, involving as it does only one family, but it seems to work too.

The family is that of Sol Marshall, Jr. And if you don’t think it took quite a bit of planning for Sol Marshall, a yeoman in the U.S. Navy, and his wife, Carol, to graduate together from the University of Hawaii, then you’ve never tried raising three active, growing, bumptious youngsters.

But determined to get their college diplomas—notwithstanding some dissident clamoring on occasions from Peggy, Beth, and Richard—Sol and Carol Marshall managed to earn the scholastic credits that enabled them to don cap and gown

Yeoman Sol went to college at night when he was free from Navy work. And Carol went to school in the daytime, doing her household work in the evenings. The children? They spent several hours each day at a Pearl Harbor nursery.

"We were kept pretty busy," admit the Marshalls, who acknowledge there seemed to be a continual whirlpool of coming-and-going activities around their household. And, of course, in addition to the physical momentum involved in getting to the campus and back as well as attending to everyday chores, there was the business of having to buckle down and do a lot of studying. You see, their college careers had been interrupted a number of years before as they got their family underway. Sol had attended Wake Forest College and Carol had been a student at the University of North Carolina.

They stuck to their back-to-college schedule that they had set up for themselves—except for one major disruption, Richard. He's only two. Peggy is five; Beth, three.

THE Marshalls admit that their home life was a mite hectic during this period but they think the situation—in accordance with the usual Navy custom—was "well in hand." "We tried to make up for our numerous separation periods as a family," explains Carol Marshall, "by having a lot of family fun when we were together."

Something both Marshalls are quick to add is, "Our Navy and civilian friends in Honolulu were behind us all the way—and that

helped more than we can ever say."

It's only natural for Yeoman Marshall to have wanted to better his education. "After all," he smiles, "I have quite a growing family to support."

Carol Marshall's quest for education comes quite naturally, too. Both of her parents are schoolteachers—Mr. and Mrs. Eustace R. Perry of Garner, North Carolina.

What is more, Carol also intends to teach—sooner or later. She may teach only part-time for a while, she says, but is determined to become a full-fledged schoolteacher before it is all over with. "We'll manage somehow," she declares. "I guess it's in my blood."

But meanwhile the "Marshall Plan" for higher education already has paid off dramatically. Because of the college background he obtained, Yeoman Marshall has been selected to attend officer candidate school.

Well, it can hardly ever be General Marshall, like the man for whom the original "Marshall Plan" was named, inasmuch as Sol Marshall is in the Navy, but, who knows, maybe it will be Admiral Marshall some day! ■ ■

SHE WAS QUITE RIGHT

One of my children wrote in a 3rd-grade piece on how her mother spent her time. She reported "one half time on home, one half time on outside things, one half time writing." An exact description of how it seemed to me, too.

—CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY
IN *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*

"You have suffered, my friend,
but so has your wife . . .
You must be prepared for . . .," said Mei Wong.

MR. WONG'S STRATEGY

by CHARLOTTE AND DAN ROSS

THE creaking elevator of Bombay's Empire Hotel took him to the fourth floor, and he wandered along the maze of dimly lit corridors until with some difficulty he located the door of Mei Wong's "Bombay Art & Curio Company." Now the stout Chinese art dealer,

studying him with a bland expression, said: "I hope it will work out well for you, Mr. Lawrence. I must warn you that your wife may be somewhat upset at your returning so unexpectedly. I did not explain why I wanted her to come to the studio."



He fingered his worn Panama hat nervously, a thin man in his early forties, his lined face troubled. "I understand," he said quietly, "and I do appreciate your arranging this meeting for me. Very good of you, I . . ." His voice trailed off, as from within him rose the silent plea for help. Surely Mei Wong must see he was afraid now the moment had come. Certain that he would bungle things. That Ruth wouldn't understand or listen.

For a moment the treasure-laden studio with its showcases of jade, porcelain and brassware, its great Buddhas and richly-colored tapestries, was filled with a meaningful silence. From behind the wide mahogany desk Mei Wong's inscrutable face watched him, studying, considering, judging. And he remembered what his partner in Singapore had warned: "You've made a new life for yourself, Lawrence. Better be satisfied. There are some of us who can never go back. I don't think she'll want to see you anyway."

The art dealer spoke: "You have had a difficult time, my friend. But remember your wife has also suffered. You should be prepared for some bitterness. And her father . . ."

Mei Wong left the sentence unfinished with a gesture of his pudgy yet delicate hand. Lawrence understood. His father-in-law had not approved of the marriage. Now he would certainly have won Ruth over to his point of view. He had to face that. He said: "There must have been enough cash after the business was liquidated. She should have had all she needed."

The old Chinaman grimaced. "Her pride was hurt. And pride can be a crushing force, Mr. Lawrence." The shrewd eyes appraised him again, and Mei Wong got up and padded to a door at the far end of the studio. "If you will step in here for a moment I'll get your wife."

He nodded, a familiar panic coming back to him. And he knew this had been his trouble from the beginning. This fear of not measuring up to Ruth or her family. He stepped into the room and the art dealer closed the door, leaving him alone. It was a small room with mahogany-paneled walls and an ornately carved desk with several chairs to match. Probably a room used by Mei Wong to privately interview important clients. Now it seemed cold and confining. At the opposite end from which he'd entered there was another closed door.

He sat awkwardly in one of the chairs and twisted his hat in his hands. How would Ruth feel about him after this long time? Had he a chance to make her see things his way?

THE memories came crowding in on him. That last day that he'd tried so often to blot from his mind. The hot afternoon five years before when he'd had the bitter showdown with her father. The gaunt-faced oldster had called him a blundering fool. Blaming his incompetence for the dwindling profits of the export business to which he'd been assigned.

At home Ruth had taken her father's side of the argument. Even

though she'd tried to let him see that she understood his position. All at once his injured pride and his inferiority complex toward Ruth and her family had taken over his reason. There had been ridiculous accusations, recriminations. And the intensity of their love had made their momentary hate all the stronger. He'd stumbled from the house filled with a rage and hopelessness that was near insanity. And he hadn't gone back. The next day he took a freighter out of Bombay not to return until now.

For five years the memory of Ruth had haunted him. All during the time he'd made a new life on his own; at the same time, he'd been proving his ability to make a success. There was always the longing to see her again.

Realizing now his stubborn pride had cost him the thing he most valued—Ruth's love. If she could find it in her heart to forgive him? But that was a lot to expect.

THE door he'd entered opened again and Ruth came in. She stopped when she saw him, lovely in a dress of shining white. Not much changed, perhaps a bit thinner. Her face turned pale and her blue eyes opened in surprise.

He stood up: "Well, Ruth . . ." The words came in a strained tone.

She stood with her back to the closed door.

He hesitated, sensing her anger, like a sudden slap. Struggling to control his feelings he stumbled on: "Just to see you like this . . . after all that's happened. You don't guess

how much I . . ." He took a step toward her, "I've missed you, dear. Missed you so . . ."

"You've had a peculiar way of showing it," her voice was hard. "No word. Not a line in five years."

"Please believe me," he pleaded. "At first I couldn't write. And when I wanted to—it all seemed so hopeless. I hadn't the courage." His voice was humble. "I did a foolish thing. But my love for you has always been the strongest force in my life." He clenched his hands as he waited for her to reply. Mei Wong had been right. Ruth bore the scars of her hurt deeply. It wasn't fair. He was asking more than was reasonable.

"Why? After all this time?" She stared at him with grief-stricken eyes. Then moved across the room and stood by a chair, her back to him.

He sighed. "I felt it would be a mistake. I just hoped . . ." He couldn't find words to go on and left the room and shut the door after him.

Mei Wong was standing by a wide window overlooking the bay when he came out into the studio. The art dealer turned and apparently sensing the situation his expression became sympathetic. "It did not go well," he said.

Lawrence bit his lip. "I don't blame her. Sorry to have involved you to no purpose, Wong. I'll be on my way."

Mei Wong moved across to him slowly. "I will see you to the elevator, Mr. Lawrence."

They went out into the murky



"Afterward you will be able to find your own way out."

Lawrence stepped inside. He was back in the same room with Ruth. He had entered the other door, the one he'd noticed at the far end. Mei Wong had led him on a circuitous route through the corridors without his realizing it.

Ruth sat in one of the chairs. Head bent and her hands pressed to her eyes. There was no sound to tell of her sobbing, just the motion of her shoulders. He stood there silently until he was quite sure of himself. "I'm here, Ruth," he said.

She looked up at once and then came to him. Her smile in contrast to the eyes that were bright with tears. He held her close and felt the pounding of her heart. "Jim, darling! Oh, Jim!" She said it over and over again.

There was no need to put his feelings into words. It was enough that she was in his arms. Love and thankfulness filled him with a comforting warmth in whose glow the regrets, the wasted years, and the desperation were all forgotten.

Later when they opened the door that led to Mei Wong's studio and stood, hands linked, with their new happiness showing in their faces, they found the old art dealer seated at his desk.

His broad face broke into a smile. "Second thoughts are often the truest ones," he said, "and second meetings the most rewarding." ■ ■

THE MODERN ERA

Things that once brought disgrace now bring a movie, a book, or a TV contract.

—YORK TRADE COMPOSITOR

corridor. He followed the ancient Chinaman along the labyrinth of passages, making this turn and that, with unseeing eyes. His despair robbing him of any coherent thoughts.

Mei Wong paused before a door. He said: "This is also part of the space I have rented here. Inside there is something I would like you to consider." He paused. "I am sorry about your trouble. But often when people are surprised they don't react as they intend. They do not have time to properly adjust."

"Of course." He said it without meaning, anxious to get away. The old man's intentions were good. But this discussion was adding to his agony.

Mei Wong indicated the door:

God, Alcoholics

How could I thank God for this horror

ANONYMOUS

ONE night I heard a man say, "Thank God I'm an alcoholic." I thought he lied. There had to be a gimmick, a catch, a hidden meaning in his words.

How could I possibly thank God for this horror that had become my complete master? Rather, I blamed him for it—for manufacturing an emotional cripple who needed a crutch of alcohol to walk where others strode alone.

The fault was God's, and that of my career, my environment. My mother was to blame, too—and my wife, friends, enemies, and the whole rotten world. Everything and everybody was to blame.

Except myself.

Thank God I was an alcoholic? Sing hosannahs to him for the terrible need of the bottle? Be grateful for the dark dreams that strangled me in the fearful nights? Give thanks for the sick sweats and the cold snake in my stomach? Chant praises for the quivering thing I had become, for the pain I brought all who loved me, for the lying, the stealing, and worse? Not on your life!

But I didn't listen closely to the man who spoke at that meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous that night. His opening statement had jolted me too badly; I sat wrapped in self-pitying thoughts.

In time to come, I was to learn what he had meant.

HAVING gained for myself a strained, bitter kind of sobriety, I began to live again, after a fashion—sober in body only, and not in mind or soul. Then one night I received a request for help, what we in AA term a Twelfth Step call. Somewhere in the city a man I had never seen was begging for help—from me.

At his door, I hesitated. Suppose I said the wrong thing, used some

Anonymous, and Me

which was my complete master?

phrase that would anger this man, and turn him not to, but away from the very hope he was seeking? Who was I, with the gibbering shadows of delirium tremens only months behind me, to attempt lifting another human being out of the mire upon whose brink I still teetered?

I did something then that I hadn't done for a long time. I said a silent prayer—vague, fumbling words, asking not for myself, but for another sick soul.

There have been many Twelfth Step calls for me since that night, and each time I have asked help from God. To a few of the troubled alcoholics I visited, I brought hope of a better life. With some I failed, but without despair. The seed has been planted in those who have not yet recovered; with God's help, it will some day flower.

I am humble now, deeply glad that I have been the instrument through which others have regained normal, useful lives. I see how I may have salvaged better men than myself, men who will in turn reach out a hand to other sufferers.

WHOO can deny that Alcoholics Anonymous was divinely inspired? Who but God brought two lonely, sick men together in a bleak hospital room twenty-four years ago to form AA? These founders reached above themselves, far above their own wisdom to set forth the guides that have made AA the world-wide organization it is today, with eight hundred thousand members in the United States alone.

In our ranks are avowed atheists—who yet work day and night in true charity to help others. There are agnostics who yet speak in humility of the “Higher Power” that saved them. There are many who have been brought back to the faith and churches of their childhood.

There are also those like me who have found no formal religion, who

are members of no particular church. Perhaps this is the way God planned it, so we may explain AA in terms that will not lose us the men who might shy in fear from his name.

For many alcoholics have hidden themselves from God in shame and remorse. They consider themselves the fallen, lacking hope, without faith—untouchables in their own eyes and in his. They cannot believe any power, divine or otherwise, can ease the torture of their twisted souls.

To these, we can show only the examples of ourselves. We tell them exactly what we were, what happened, and what we are like now, in all honesty. There can be no barrier of not understanding, of not feeling, of not thinking, between us. We have traveled over the same miserable road, and know each rocky bump and each sucking quagmire as well as they.

In time, they will take the steps back to sobriety and God.

PERHAPS some night a man will do as I have done—sit in amazed realization that the Lord's Prayer says, "Give me *this* day my daily bread." I repeated the words in silence, comparing them with the "Twenty-Four Hour Program" of Alcoholics Anonymous. This is the plan whereby a newcomer to sobriety says to himself: "Anyone can stay away from liquor for just one day. I won't drink today. I can't say what I'll do tomorrow, but I won't drink today." And the days will stretch into weeks, and into years.

It is but a short step from there to living days as God gives them to us, only one at a time—living them in honesty, in humility, in thankfulness.

Thankfulness was something new to me. Through all the blurred, painful years, I had been thankful only that I wasn't in prison, that my wife hadn't given up in disgust, that I could somehow find the money to buy another bottle.

Now I am grateful for the little things—the widespread petals of a white rose with the sun on them; the beach with its taste of clean salt air; my bed where tonight I will sleep in peace; for food, not only that I have it, but for being able to eat it, instead of having a stomach that cries only for alcohol; for the full possession of all my faculties. Every so often I pause and say, "Thank you, God. Thank you!"

Being grateful for the things God has given me, and not angry because I think he should have given me more, has taught me many things.

Through Alcoholics Anonymous and my new friendship with God, I learned to be honest with myself. I no longer need to rationalize my shortcomings, to lie to myself in atonement for my failures.

This self-honesty washes over into my dealings with others, and has formed a solid foundation for this new life I live. . . .

Now I see and accept my limitations. God gave to me certain skills, certain capabilities. To others, he gave different ones. There is no need for me to envy the artist because he can paint a better picture, no frustration because my neighbor owns a better home, no hate because another man can heal the sick and another write a masterpiece.

I am content with what God gave to me. What I make of these gifts is up to me. God furnished me the raw materials of my life, and the tools and intelligence to build of them what I will. He even gave me blueprints to follow.

HE also brought me to Alcoholics Anonymous, giving me a second chance to make something of my life, an opportunity to rebuild what I had destroyed.

One night I lay in a barracks in Japan, under arrest. Behind me were seventeen years of service. Ahead lay a board of officers who would discharge me in disgrace for chronic alcoholism. Ahead waited an unknown life as a civilian without civilian skills, and a fear of not being capable of supporting my family.

Behind me lay also many trips to the psychiatric ward, and the thought was with me then that I was insane. No sane man would have done the things I had.

My mind twisted, seeking escape from reality. A bottle would stop the thinking, soothe the worries. I could sneak out and get one.

My wife had been allowed to visit me that evening, and I had begged her to get me a bottle, pleading as only an alcoholic can. She refused, and I was angry.

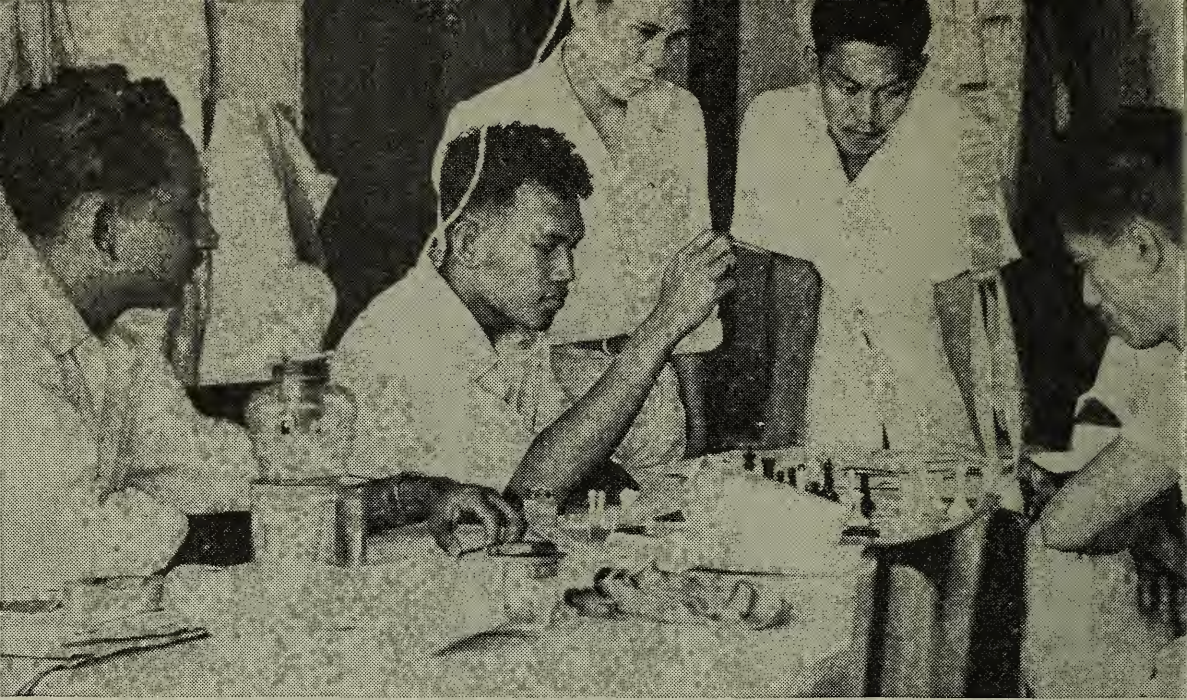
After Lights Out, I would go for the whiskey I needed, no matter what might happen. I waited, reading a book that told of an old woman going to the Holy Land to die.

Something happened to me. There was no burst of light, no shining revelation—but something came that warmed me, that caused my tense body to relax, that stilled the trembling of my hands.

I didn't need a drink any more. Suddenly, blessedly, I didn't need a drink, and I remember my eyes were wet. I went downstairs and called my wife in Yokohama. I told her everything would be all right—that I didn't know how, nor why, that I just knew. She gave thanks on her knees that night.

Of course, the times ahead were bad. I had done too much, caused too much trouble, and the discharge came. But I faced it without a bottle.

(Continued on page 57)



Student lounge ("common" room) at the University of Rangoon. Conditions are crowded and equipment inadequate. World University Service hopes to be able to contribute towards helping equip and improve such "common" rooms.

Student Brotherhood Brigade

by Florence K. Frame

LAST year one hundred and twenty-six Chinese refugee students in Hong Kong flashed an SOS to the free world for help. Having somehow smuggled their way out of China, they were destitute, without the means to get either food or shelter, much less continue their education.

Word of the emergency set a vast

network of helping hands in motion. With stunning speed a student brotherhood brigade called World University Service rushed food, money and medical supplies to the hard-pressed students. What's more, in a few months' time, it had arranged for adequate scholarships as well.

The refugee students in Hong Kong are only a few of the thou-

sands who have received help in a hurry from World University Service. Wherever those in dire need happen to be throughout the world community of students, they can attest to its effectiveness.

Ask Ki Hoon of Korea, Athanase of Greece, or Fouad of Lebanon. For them it has been a provider of shelter. Or notice the delight on the face of Mukarto of Indonesia as he opens case after case of textbooks. He's never had a book of his own before.

For students like Vijaya of India, bedridden with tuberculosis, it has been a saver of lives as it helps build sanatoria and provides medical supplies. And to Joseph, newly fled from Hungary, it is the organization with a heart that cared enough to arrange a scholarship so that he might continue his education.

"If there is a task set for our generation, it is the task of fostering a world community," says Vice President Radhakrishnan of India. "World University Service . . . is one of the means by which world community is sought to be built."

WHAT, exactly, is this organization and where can a student mutual aid society like this find the money to provide such bounty? How does this trouble-shooter meet emergencies so promptly?

These are the questions grateful recipients generally ask. Actually, World University Service operates remarkably well for such a loosely knit organization. Membership consists of student organizations on the campuses of only forty-one nations

assisted and advised by their professors and college administrations. Each country has a home office which coordinates the work of the various college branches and speedily channels the money and goods they've raised in the right direction.

Under ordinary circumstances the Service is involved with long-term students' needs, but in times of crises, it drops everything to play the role of trouble-shooter. Word of an emergency within the college community spreads like a prairie fire from campus to campus and is responded to just as promptly.

In the United States, which raises over half of the total budget, World University Service is supported chiefly by four student organizations. They are the United Student Christian Council, the United States National Student Association, the National Newman Club Federation and the B'nai B'rith Hiller Foundations. With their annual fund drives, contests, carnivals, and out of their own pockets, these groups have raised hundreds of thousands of dollars.

There's nothing grim about the way they've done it either. Students on one campus staged an "ugliest man on campus" drive. Each penny placed in the jar bearing a candidate's picture counted as one vote. The winner got a rousing cheer and marched at the head of a parade. Proceeds in the hilarious scheme were surprisingly generous.

Then there was the so-called "fasting for a day" contest in which all candy bars and cigarettes were removed from the dormitory canteens for one day. Students were asked to

deposit their money as usual when the urge to buy these luxuries presented itself. Returns went into the World University Service kitty.

Students wheedled and pleaded with campus clubs to donate books and educational supplies. They arranged with the Federal Government for shipments of surplus foods. But the biggest plums of all were the thousands of scholarships colleges supplied.

Not to be outdone, students started a major scholarship project of their own, a medical scholarship trust fund for South African students, Negro only. Mr. Neville Rubin, the white South African secretary of the National Committee of

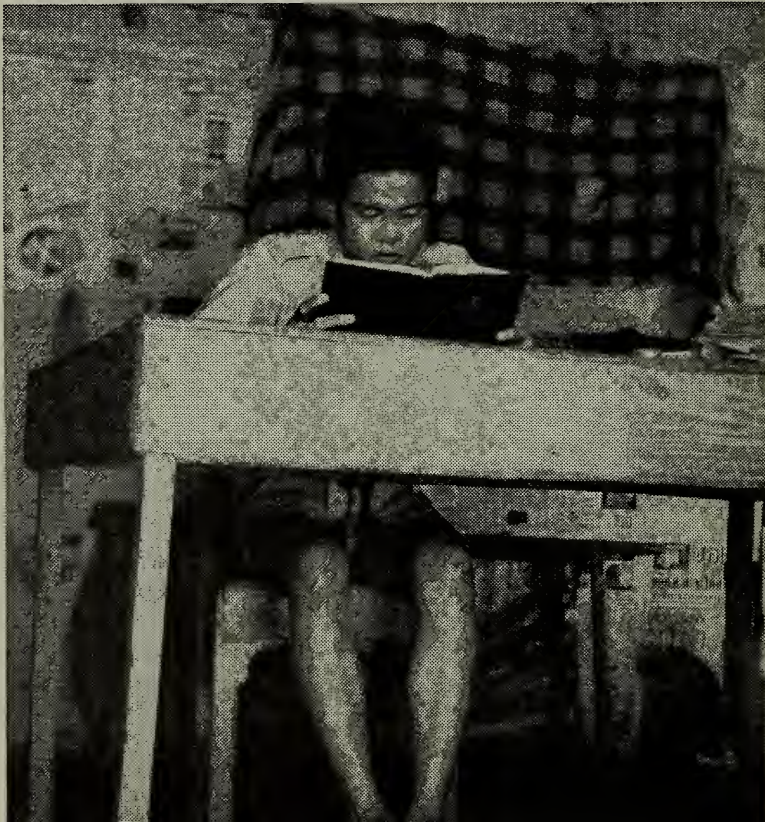
WUS, says the medical scholarships are valued beyond belief.

"In the first place," he says, "it means that Negro students will have the opportunity to study medicine in a country in which Negro doctors are a vital necessity. Even according to government estimates, something more than eighty thousand people are at present suffering from tuberculosis.

"There are nine million Negroes in South Africa served by about 160 Negro doctors and perhaps fifteen hundred white ones," he goes on. "In some areas there is one doctor for every forty thousand persons."

Students allotted additional funds for education equipment and sup-

A Thai pupil studies in a barely-furnished hostel in Bangkok. World University Service is assisting in providing better quarters for students everywhere.



plies in Ghana, Nigeria, Senegal, and the Sudan and to support a revolving student loan fund in Uganda. A small portion was also set aside for the much longed for All-African university conference.

THE total World University Service budget runs close to two million dollars of which European students still get about one-quarter for scholarships, medical equipment and drugs, a rest center and for dormitories in Greece and Yugoslavia.

"In Greece," says Demetrios Foussis, secretary of the Thessaloniki WUS Committee, "medicines and supplementary nutrition are most needed. The total number of students is about forty-five thousand. Of these, many cannot even afford the bare necessities of life although these cost only about fifty dollars per month."

Think of the importance of every shipment of sulfa drugs and antibiotics or of powdered milk, cocoa and cheese. This help often makes the difference between whether a student is able to finish his studies or not.

Each year the World University Service budget pie is sliced to serve the most urgent needs first. To build dormitories in Lebanon and Vietnam, for example, or to provide mobile X-ray units and medical equipment for Egyptian or Indonesian universities.

Nor is the rest of Asia forgotten. TB sanatoria are being built and wards equipped. Books and scholarships by the thousands are being provided. There is literally no end to

what the Service is doing and still needs to do.

This year for the first time, students in southeast Asia have held their first Workshop Conference on cooperative and self-help techniques. They plan to maintain and improve their newly constructed dormitories and other buildings.

WORLD University Service is not a new idea. Through the years since its organization in 1920, the focus of its program has always been the free mind of the student. And its projects have symbolized crucial issues within the world of learning.

Since its first major work, the restoration of Tokyo libraries in 1923 after the earthquake, it has performed dozens of major "miracles" in the world of learning. Perhaps the most recent of these was the help, guidance, and resettlement of the Hungarian refugee students.

So the fight against poverty, hunger, sickness, and despair among college students throughout the world goes on, taking different forms in different countries. The student brotherhood brigade knows that newly-established nations cannot afford the loss of students through ill health, bad housing, or insufficient funds.

"Education of these future leaders," says executive secretary Wilmer J. Kitchen, "can play an important role in the growth and development of strong and free nations."

With its unique mutual aid program, World University Service is doing its best to help them. ■ ■



Are You

MY first Sunday in basic training was uneventful and uninspiring. We fell out on the company street and were marched to the nearest post chapel. The service was similar to what I had been accustomed to back home, so I didn't think much about it either way. I remember I hadn't felt too worshipful being forced to go to church. Later, after we had returned to the barracks, Joe asked me if I liked the chapel service. I replied that it was okay. I just hadn't "felt" anything in particular.

Joe said that it was nothing like what he knew back home. The hymns were much different—he called them songs. The preacher at his home church was "warmer" and he surely was lonesome for the little church back in Tennessee.

At the time, Joe's reactions to the chapel service did not particularly

say anything to me about my own religious "feelings." I had grown up in a church where a dignified order of worship was observed, where the hymns were stately, and the sermons were interesting. Of course, there was much more to church than Sunday morning. There were the weekly fellowship meetings, Sunday church school classes, choir, and many other activities that made church a rich and satisfying experience.

About the third week of basic when we weren't so restricted, Joe asked me to attend a religious service conducted by some lay soldiers he had met in the PX a few days previously. It was held Sunday nights in another chapel on the other side of the post. The first time we went, we arrived late. Singing was already in progress—the kind of singing I had never heard except on the radio or once when I passed by a tent meeting. The music was swingy and didn't sound like church music to me. After the singing there was a testimony time. Some of them spoke with pride about being Christians, or told how exciting and thrilling it was to meet in a small group such as this and let the rest of the world go by. An older soldier read from the Bible, commenting upon it

Mr. David D. Raycroft is editor of *Young People*, publication of the American Baptists, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

by David D. Raycroft

Just a Big Noise?

and reminding us all to read our Bibles every day where everybody could see us. We were urged also to kneel down beside our bunks and pray before lights were out—and testify, testify for the Lord.

Throughout my army career I came across similar situations here and overseas.

It Started in Corinth

One day after a heated argument with a particularly aggressive Christian, I went to the Bible to discover how the Bible spoke to this kind of situation. First Corinthians 12 and 13 show a similar condition in the church at Corinth. These were new Christians with a passionate enthusiasm for the cause of Christ, and with great zeal for the manifestation of the power of the Holy Spirit. They had undergone a wonderful experience. The divine image in which all of us are created had been defined afresh. The church in Corinth, pressed on every side by a hostile and indifferent environment, and troubled in its own life by something more than mere reminiscences of old pagan customs, revealed itself in zeal and enthusiasm for the Christian cause.

Paul found no fault with this zeal. Yet, from his own experience and from leading by the Holy Spirit, he felt such zeal needed correction and direction and discipline if it were to be saved from spiritual excess.

It is all too easy to indulge in spiritual emotion for its own sake. Sentiments are among the foundations of character itself. Sentiment is a good thing. Sentimentality is a bad thing. Hence the need for sound judgment concerning spiritual gifts, and for wise advice concerning the value and practical application of these gifts to the life of the community.

Endowed with Many Qualities

Paul points out how there are varieties of gifts and services with which the new Christian is endowed. . . . But we are all baptized into one body . . . and made to drink of one Spirit. Love in the Christian fellowship is the answer, Paul continues. Love is patient, is kind, is not jealous nor boastful, is not arrogant nor rude, does not insist on its own way, is not irritable, is not resentful, does not rejoice in the wrong, but does rejoice in the right.

My Army comrades who had an

aggressive type of Christian witness were probably scared, unsure, and anxious about the future—just as the rest of us were. Undoubtedly, they had lived mean and empty and unclean lives. Now the fresh breath of the Gospel had swept away the dirt, and they were like new-born babes who have no disciplines to bolster them. Christianity says to a person, Know thyself. Know thyself in the light of the gospel, in light of love, Christian love. Then see what happens to you.

Know What and Why You Believe

One of the effective ways to show the love of God is to witness in a quiet, steady way your belief. We must seek to understand a loud swaggering Joe, thrown into an unfamiliar environment and his reaction. He is actually reacting in the only way he can, by showing up others in their human weaknesses and frailties. Joe cannot adapt as easily as some can to change, to the petty disciplines of military life. How can you help Joe? Try these suggestions: Take a little time to talk to Joe about his home, his sweetheart, his school experiences. Share in cleaning up your equipment. Do things together. Pull a duty for Joe in an "emergency" situation.

Paul tried to show the Corinthians that their task and mission as Christians was to live daily in ways that made a difference. The easiest kind of Christianity is to get together and

sing and pat one another on the back. You can do all this, parade your virtues and still go back to your barracks a poor soldier, not taking your share of the company clean-up and duties. Or you make an issue of it when you do. If the fellow in the next bunk has had bad news from home, the real Christian will seek to alleviate this buddy's aloneness in the midst of a roistering, drunken crowd on pay night.

Discipline of Love

The disciplines of love are many. They are kind, they suffer long, they endure, they are not puffed up, they do not stand up and shout, Look at me! What a wonderful Christian I am! The warmth of Christian love reaches out to the next one and the next one. The true Christian finds himself seeing Joe in a different light. He is simply a person with problems; with wonderful qualities, too. Try to appreciate his point of view. Sit down and talk over the Bible with him. Explain your own Christian faith in your own words. Emotion in religion is vital and necessary. Jesus reached out to the woman caught in adultery and restored her; he made the blind to see; he made the lame to walk. We can reach out where we are—in the barracks, in the PX, out on the firing range. We express our love when we sincerely seek God and try to serve our fellow man.



WORTH QUOTING: Keep your nose to the grindstone. The shorter it is, the less trouble it will get you into.—*Fifth Wheel*. . . . A successful man is one who spends more time taking the bull by the horns than shooting it.—*Francis O. Walsh*. . . . Old blondes do not fade, they just dye away.—*Kate Ownby*.

From a spaghetti diet
to a half-million a year.
Amazing success story
of a classical pianist
who makes his money
playing jazz.

Popular Pianist with a Purpose

by Edgar Williams

IN the autumn of 1958, there appeared in a nationally-syndicated newspaper column an item about the young pianist, Roger Williams. Therein it was stated that Williams had become the "largest selling" pianist and/or instrumentalist in the history of the phonograph recording industry, that his earnings for 1958 would be about \$250,000 and that in 1959 he figured to top the \$500,000 mark.

A musician of my acquaintance, a somewhat churlish fellow who considers anything jazzier than Beethoven's *Symphony No. 3* pure trash, read the item and immediately began to run a fever.

"A half-million dollars a year for playing popular junk!" he snorted. "It's disgusting. I'll wager this Williams has no training. He probably wouldn't know Bach from Brahms.

Undoubtedly he is some society playboy who is being promoted because he knows the right people."

This anecdote is related here because it just goes to show that one human being can be wrong about another human being three times in one breath, if he really puts his mind to it. Consider—

1. *The charge*: Williams has no training. *The fact*: He is a highly-trained musician, as will be brought out below.

2. *The charge*: Williams wouldn't know Bach from Brahms. *The fact*: He not only knows one from the other, but he has played their works while appearing as a soloist with some of the nation's outstanding symphony orchestras.

3. *The charge*: Williams must be a society playboy. *The fact*: In thought, word and deed, Williams

resembles a playboy about as much as Grandma Moses resembles Brigitte Bardot.

To grasp the Roger Williams story, it is necessary to go back to 1952. It would be possible to go back still farther and pick up the tale, but 1952 will do nicely.

That was the year when a young man named Louis Jacob Weertz and his wife arrived in New York City from out of the West. Weertz wasn't a young Lochinvar, of course, but he was a sort of Horatio Alger-type character, come to the Big City to seek fame and fortune.

He was a classical pianist, with great devotion to the masters and precious little time for what is known as pop music. He had entered New York's world-famed Juilliard School of Music, aiming to round out his training there, then begin a concert career.

Weertz and his wife took a small apartment. They had little money, and for months they lived on spaghetti—spaghetti breakfasts, spaghetti lunches, spaghetti dinners—while Weertz went to school. Now and then, the pianist earned a few dollars by playing at receptions, but such jobs were relatively few. There aren't many calls for unheralded classical pianists in New York.

AT Juilliard there was another student who felt that Weertz had the touch for contemporary music. "Why don't you try it?" this student suggested. At first, Louis said no. But when his friend further suggested that he could get Louis on Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scouts"

television show, adding that the winning contestant on each program received a cash prize, the young man agreed to give it a try.

"Only this once, though," he said.

So one night Louis Weertz went on the "Talent Scouts" show. He played a definitely non-classical number, *I Got Rhythm*, and he won the competition. He also attracted enough attention to get occasional bookings—playing popular music.

He was playing at the Madison Hotel when Dave Kapp, head of Kapp Records and an astute judge of talent, heard him and invited him to record. The first release was an album entitled *The Boy Next Door*, and when the recording chore was finished, Kapp sent for Weertz.

"You're going to be a star," Kapp said. "So that name of yours has got to go."

Weertz was insulted. "What's wrong with my name?" he demanded.

"Nothing," replied Kapp, "except that Louis Jacob Weertz doesn't sound like the name of a star. I'll let you know what your new name will be."

Kapp spent the next two days thumbing through a telephone directory. Then he sent for Weertz again. "I got just the name for you," he said. "Roger Williams."

Today, at thirty-two, Roger Williams has proved Dave Kapp a good prophet. He is one of the brightest stars in the entertainment firmament. He hit the big time in 1955 with his classicized arrangement of *Autumn Leaves*, which has sold nearly three million copies and is still moving.



Roger Williams at the piano.

In the last three years he has turned out sixteen best-selling albums, including his most recent long-play releases, *Songs of the Fabulous Century* and *Near You*.

For Roger Williams, the all-spaghetti diet is a thing of the past.

"But I'll never forget it," Williams says. "In fact, I don't ever want to forget it. Just thinking about it keeps me from becoming even faintly self-satisfied. You know, the spaghetti days weren't as bad as I make them sound. It was during that time that I found out I have the smartest wife in the world. I never knew there were so many ways to cook spaghetti as she showed me."

AN amiable, soft-spoken man, Williams has been called a "popular classicist," and he likes the description. "What I try to do," he explains, "is to raise the musical low-brows a little and lower the high-brows a little. . . . People who genuinely enjoy good music can ap-

preciate the best in both the classics and jazz. I aim to build a bridge across the gulf between the two."

Williams spends about five months a year on the road, giving concerts. Many engagements are as soloist with symphony orchestras, but the majority are what is known as "pop concerts." Not too many years ago, this would have been considered a contradiction in terms. How could something be a concert and popular at the same time? Williams has found the answer, through a skillful blending of the classical and the popular.

"The most gratifying thing about the audiences," says Roger, "is the number of teen-agers that always show up. They are as attentive to Chopin and Debussy as they are to Rodgers and Gershwin. And they are not only attentive, but responsive."

Apparently, this broadening of the avenues of musical taste is not, so to speak, a one-way street. At the

conclusion of the listed program of a concert, Williams has found, it is not the teen-agers who call for *Autumn Leaves* or *Arrivederci Roma* so much as it is the older lovers of serious music. Declares Roger: "They're learning that a song need not be at least a hundred years old to be good."

BORN in Omaha, Nebraska, Roger grew up in Des Moines, where his father, Dr. Frederick J. Weertz, who recently retired, was pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church. Dr. Weertz had been a prize fighter, and a good one. But after seeing a friend killed in the ring, he gave up boxing and entered the ministry.

Roger's mother, an accomplished musician, had been director of the symphony orchestra at Emporia State College, Emporia, Kansas. So, naturally, Mrs. Weertz hoped that her son would take to music. He did. At three, Roger could play the piano by ear. At eight, he could play twelve instruments.

"But my father," Roger recalls, "was determined that I wasn't going to be a sissy. He taught me to box. Also, Pop brought a lot of so-called bad kids home, rather than have the courts send them to reformatories. I grew up with them—there were hundreds, over the years—and every one turned out fine. I guess our house was the only Lutheran parsonage in history with a pool table on one floor and a boxing ring in the cellar. Pop always figured you can't reach kids by merely preaching at them; you have to work and play with them."

At North High School in Des Moines, Roger is remembered as the rather unusual boy who conducted the school orchestra and choir, played varsity basketball and was a knockout artist on the boxing team. Graduated in 1943, he enlisted in the Navy.

During his boyhood, Roger, in addition to showing proclivities for music and boxing, had demonstrated a mechanical aptitude. The Navy found it, and sent the young seaman to Idaho State College for courses in engineering. Even after he was mustered out of the service in 1945, Idaho State was to play an important part in Roger's life.

ROGER returned to Des Moines to continue his piano studies, landed his own radio show on a local station and booked professional concert dates. One concert engagement took him back to Idaho State College, where he met the school's football beauty queen, Joy Dunsmoor, who was studying music.

"I dated Joy after the concert," Roger says. "The next day, I proposed to her. She said no. I told her that I'd keep trying."

Roger kept trying, via the mails, telephone calls and flying visits to the Idaho State campus. Finally, Joy said yes, and in 1948 the two were married in Dr. Weertz's church in Des Moines.

After marriage, Roger, still uncertain as to where his career lay, returned to Idaho State to complete work for his engineering degree. He got that in 1950, then enrolled at Drake University in Des Moines.

where he acquired a Master's degree in music.

By then, Roger knew what he wanted to do. So, in 1952, he and Joy headed for New York. Then came the spaghetti days and, at last, the big break.

Williams is not a demonstrative man when it comes to religion. But it is obvious that what he learned as a kid in that Des Moines parsonage is very much a part of him. "I know," he says, "that, without faith, I couldn't have come this far. My wife feels the same way. God has been good to us and our family, and we don't let a day go by without thanking him."

The Williams family includes two daughters, Laura Lou, seven, and Alice Ann, four. Home is a comfortable house in Bayside, a section of the Borough of Queens in New York City. In the house Roger has a punching bag ("To help me stay in shape") and a special studio in which he rehearses for his concerts and recording sessions.

At home or on tour, Roger practices eight to ten hours a day. "People tell me," he says with a smile, "that Artur Rubinstein has to practice only four hours a day. But I'm spreading myself so thin. One day I may be recording an album of original pop arrangements, and the next day I may be appearing with the National Symphony in Washington, playing the *Tschaikovsky Concerto*."

ROGER and his family are regular churchgoers, attending St. John's Lutheran Church in nearby

Richmond Hill, New York. Also, Roger has devoted much time to teaching piano to the blind, and there is an aspect of religion in this. "It is," Roger declares, "a contribution I want to make. I like to think of it as a small repayment to the Lord." Of all the honors he has received, Williams treasures most the Doctorate of Human Letters awarded him by Wagner College, a Lutheran institution at Staten Island, New York, for his work with the unsighted.

Out of deference to his parents, who still live in Des Moines, Roger never has changed his name legally. Occasionally, by the way, this name business creates something of a situation. Like the time, a year or so ago, when Roger appeared in concert with the Providence (Rhode Island) Symphony Orchestra (and, incidentally, broke all attendance records for a concert by that organization).

Arriving in Rhode Island, Williams was given a full-blown reception. On hand to greet him were a tribe of Indians, costumed "Pilgrims" carrying blunderbusses and the Governor. Seems it had been noised around that *this* Roger Williams was a direct descendant of the founder of Rhode Island and the first Baptist church in America.

"It was embarrassing," says Roger. "I had to tell them that my real name is Louis Jacob Weertz. But they were nice about it. They went through with the welcoming ceremony, anyway." ■ ■

It's possible that the man who doesn't know his own mind hasn't missed a thing.—LESTER D. KLIMEK.

Have Faith,

Will Travel

by Alden L. Thompson

A MEMBER of the armed forces is called a "serviceman." This is a good name for it says that he is committed to the unconditional service of his country. The Christian is also a "serviceman," dedicated to serve his Lord and his church. One of the blessings of Christian America is that a man can serve both his country and his church simultaneously.

The armed forces of the United States are dispersed throughout the world. This national necessity multiplies manifold the opportunities military persons have to serve the church. The Apostle Paul was an extensive traveler in his day, but the average serviceman might travel as far to "boot camp" as did Paul on an entire journey. Think of the world-changing influence of a man like Paul, then imagine the full impact that could be made upon the world if every Christian serviceman served his church with the same devotion!

LT Alden L. Thompson, a Navy chaplain, is now serving with the Third Force Service Regiment, FMF, on Okinawa.

In the Community Church

The serviceman will find a place of Christian service in the local church near the military community. All too often a serviceman forsakes the church when leaving his home town. He misses the warm friendships and the comforting familiarities of his home congregation, failing to realize that nearly every American community has a church as warm and friendly as the one he left. If he reports to a duty station in the U.S.A., he will usually find that the churches have included the military base in their programs and will greet him as a welcome guest.

To a married serviceman, finding a church away from home is as important as locating adequate housing. It is from this association the new circle of family friends will develop, and the activities of the congregation will set the tone of the family interests. In addition, the opportunities of service to the church are limited only by the willingness of the family.

The serviceman, single or married, might well consider the possibility of membership in his new church home. The method of acquiring membership depends upon the individual congregation. Nevertheless, whether he comes under the watchcare or actually joins the church, the man or his family is in much better position to serve the congregation. Membership makes the situation personal. It is then the serviceman's church. In this intimate association he indicates his desire to be of service.

Service opportunities present

themselves readily. Perhaps it is the choir that needs a new member, or maybe the youth work could use an extra helping hand, or the pastor has a special task for him to do. In the community churches near the Naval Air Station, Whidbey Island, Washington, jet pilots are the most popular Sunday school teachers for young boys. A serviceman's wife in Everett, Washington, served as organist for a local congregation. In California, a Marine officer took charge of the Boy Scout troop, and another served on the official board of the congregation.

In the Post Chapel

The chapel, located quite prominently on most posts or stations, provides additional avenues of Christian service. The chaplain is always available to point up various areas of need. He is also aware that the Christian serviceman must express his faith in terms of service lest it degenerate. The Marine Chapel paper at a camp on Okinawa is published weekly by several Marines who expressed a desire to the chaplain to be of service. Every chaplain has need for a devoted serviceman to serve as assistant. The chapel ushers, organist, choir members, and often discussion leaders, are service people. The organist at one Marine chapel had studied piano and organ for fifteen years, and gave many hours of his off-duty time as organist. This was his chosen service to his church. Unlike the community church, the chapel depends entirely upon the services of Christian service personnel, and the success of its

program is very dependent upon the availability of willing workers.

The Lay Leadership Program of the Navy and Marine Corps provides service opportunities for many Christian sailors and marines. A man is selected from each unit by the commanding officer under the guidance of the chaplain, and after proper instruction is assigned a number of responsible duties. He becomes the Chaplain's contact man of that particular unit through whom the chaplain can channel information and publicity. The lay leader is also a constant reminder to the men of his unit as to their responsibilities to God. Should the chaplain be absent, as often happens on board a small ship at sea, the lay leader conducts religious services.

In Areas Overseas

When the Christian receives orders to leave the familiar shores of the continental United States, his opportunities for Christian service become even greater. How the early apostles would have cherished such an occasion!

On isolated stations the chapel program is especially important. It is possible that the religious activities are the largest part of the only available constructive recreational and off-duty activities. Under these circumstances, the willing servant of God is able to provide a Christian service of inestimable value. The alert Christian serviceman, cognizant of such opportunities, can do much to improve both the morale and the spiritual climate of his command. Again the chaplain would welcome

ideas, assistance and support. Athletics, wholesome entertainment, study groups, in addition to the usual purely religious activities, are acts of genuine Christian service. They require the unwavering influence and support of Christian servicemen.

Overseas military assignments occasionally bring the serviceman to the very doorsteps of a mission supported by his church back home. These missions normally accept the assistance of military personnel with the deepest gratitude. Acts of service motivated by Christian love transcend the language barrier. When twenty men stationed in the Orient employed their American skills to install lights and repair a local mission building, there was no question about their motivation or friendship. The mission later invited them to attend the Sunday school program, and when the children offered hard-earned gifts in gratitude each man felt a lump in his throat.

Some areas overseas are fortunate enough to have a service center available to personnel. Not only does a service center meet the needs of the serviceman away from home, but it also provides a further opportunity of service. The service center, like the chapel programs and the community church, has need for the willing worker. The man who enjoys publicity is always in demand, and assistance with the recreational program requires the efforts of several Christian men. Often a dependable serviceman is used as a receptionist. Several service centers have high-ranking officers who

regularly donate time from their busy schedules to assist with the program. Often they assume a very routine task or one that is seemingly beneath their dignity, but feel that this is a service they can render to their church.

Have Faith, Will Travel

As the military man performs his military duties he is taken from state to state and nation to nation. He can serve his church, more than any other way, by living a Christian life that is above reproach. The influence of such a serviceman is frequently not realized by himself. Recently, the morale and conduct of the entire crew aboard a Navy ship was raised unbelievably by the quiet influence of a colored Christian steward who worked in the officers' wardroom. Many non-Christians have found salvation through the assistance of a Christian shipmate or buddy. The Christian church has grown in this manner since the time of Jesus; its members radiated the spirit of Christ, and this must also be true of the Christian serviceman as he serves his church.

America's greatest wealth is embodied not in its millions of bathtubs and automobiles but in the rich heritage of the Christian church. This is the strength of the nation and the very best that it has to offer the world. Much of that offering can be done by the Christian serviceman. He can and should be the long arms of the church reaching in every direction around the globe. ■ ■

MIDDLE AGE: When each day makes you feel two days older.—G. E. Thatcher

God, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Me

(Continued from page 41)

Back in the United States I came to Alcoholics Anonymous. I had much to learn about myself, my affliction, the AA organization, and God.

I learned to search out the flaws in my psychological make-up, the many weaknesses in my character, and to try to do something about them. I learned the world was not against me, that the hand of God had not singled me out for special punishment. I no longer had to flee in terror from myself.

I learned to help others who were suffering as I had, to bring to them in their terrible darkness a small candle of hope. The knowledge came to me that I was not all bad, that some of the gifts God had given me were still workable, enduring through the years.

I realized a truth all good Christians have always known—that God puts no burdens upon us we are unable to bear.

Tonight, if my telephone rings and a voice gives me the number of a house I do not know, and the name of a man I have never seen—a man who is crying desperately for help I may be able to give, I will go to him gladly.

At his door I will say my little prayer—no longer vague, stumbling words to a God I fear, but calm, simple words of faith and hope to a Power who is using me to help another of his children.

And I, too, will thank my God that I am an alcoholic. ■ ■

AMONG OUR WRITERS

J. J. Hanlin who wrote the fascinating article, "Twenty Bucks Saved a Life!" (page 24), visited the editorial offices of *The Link* while in the United States picking up future assignments. He headquarters in Vienna, Austria, while gathering material all over Europe for articles for various American publications. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? . . . Seldom a week passes that prolific and versatile Harold Helfer, who wrote, "Marshall Plan—Hawaii Style" (page 32), does not send in material to *The Link* editorial offices. Several of his articles have appeared in our magazine, and he also writes for many other publications. Mr. Helfer is a Washingtonian.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 12, Jimmy Ellis; page 24, H. B. Pfaum-Gebhardt; page 25, U.S. Information Service; pages 32, 60, U.S. Navy; pages 42, 44, World University Service.

TEXAS VIEW

A Texas multi-millionaire oil man was touring the world in his private jet plane.

"That's London just below," his pilot said.

"Never mind the details," snapped the Texan, "just mention the continents."

—Agricola

Let Us Pray

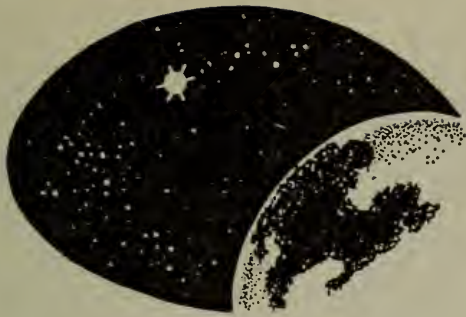
Almighty God, the remembrance of our sins lies like a heavy cloud upon us. We are troubled and distressed; this sense of guilt has destroyed our peace of mind. Create within us a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within us. Remove our sins from us as far as the east is from the west. Now in imagination we see thy Son as he hangs upon a cross, stretched there between earth and heaven, dying a cruel death because of our sins, yea, the sins of the whole world. Our hearts grieve because our sins nailed him to the tree. Yet we remember, O God, that upon the cross, Jesus prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." We know what we do, and what we have done, but forgive us, O God. Purify our hearts that we may be clean, we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son. *Amen.*

Almighty God, who art the only source of health and healing, the spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe, grant to us, thy children, such a consciousness of thy indwelling presence as may give us utter confidence in thee. In all pain and weariness may we throw ourselves upon thy besetting care, that knowing ourselves fenced about with thy loving omnipotence, we may permit thee to give us health, and strength, and peace. *Amen.*

We thank thee, O Lord our God, that thou art in every place; and that no space or distance can ever separate us from thee; that those who are absent from each other are still present with thee. Have in thy holy keeping those from whom we are now separated, and grant that both they and we, by drawing nearer unto thee, may be drawn nearer to one another in Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Our Father, we come to thee to-day in behalf of those who are bound down by some evil habit: For the alcoholic, who is enslaved by drink; for the dopester, who is a victim of drugs; for the sex pervert, who has given his life over to lust; for him who takes thy name in vain . . . and all others who are slaves to sensuality or sin in any form. Give to all the desire to be free; and the courage to turn their lives over to thee, the source of all true freedom. Help us to know how to help these fallen sinners that we will not waste our love in sentimentalism, but will be able to guide each one to victorious Christian living. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Keep us, O God, from cultivating a fading conscience that makes black white and evil good. *Amen*



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

Hungry India

Ford Foundation experts predict that India faces mass starvation by 1966 unless food production catches up with the birth rate. The story in *Time Magazine* says India will have 80 million more mouths to feed by 1966 and that the rate of increase in food-grains will have to be trebled. *The World News Sheet* says: "A chronically starving India would not long remain a democracy. The loss of India to Communism would be a major catastrophe. Pray that the United States, the West and all friends of freedom come to India's aid all-out, in the spirit of compassion, and in time. . ."

Religion in American Life Month—November

The eleventh annual Religion in American Life (RIAL) campaign to raise attendance in all churches and synagogues will be observed during the month of November. A new poster has been designed to appear in full color on 6,500 billboards, 10,000 posters, and 90,000 car cards. The

theme, "Find the Strength for Your Life," will be repeated for a third year. RIAL is supported and promoted by twenty-six national religious groups. A free program kit is available from: RIAL, 300 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y. RIAL is sponsored by 70 laymen and women of all faiths and is headed by Robert T. Stevens of New York, national chairman, former Secretary of the Army and president of J. P. Stevens and Co.

Episcopalians the World Around

Rt. Rev. Stephen F. Bayne, Jr., bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Olympia, Washington, has been appointed "executive officer" of the entire forty-million world-wide Anglican communion. Titular head is the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bishop Bayne will act as secretary to two bodies: the Advisory Council of Missionary Strategy; and the Consultative Body of the Lambeth Conference. He will also have oversight of the Episcopal Church's European congregations.

Growing Menace of Mail Order Obscenity

The Post Office Department reports: "The vile racket that traffics in obscenity and pornography by mail has now reached a sales level estimated at more than a half billion dollars a year. Relying on the historic sanctity of first-class mail in the United States, and liberal court interpretations of what constitutes obscenity, peddlers of filth can reach into virtually every home in America. . . Parents into whose homes obscene material is mailed are urged to take these two simple steps: 1. Save all materials received, including the envelope and all enclosures; and 2. Report the matter immediately to the local postmaster, and turn the materials over to him, either in person or by mail."

Neglect of Education

Senator John Sparkman of Alabama recently warned in an address at American University, Washington, D.C., that America has "sadly neglected" its educational system. "In all aspects—buildings, equipment,

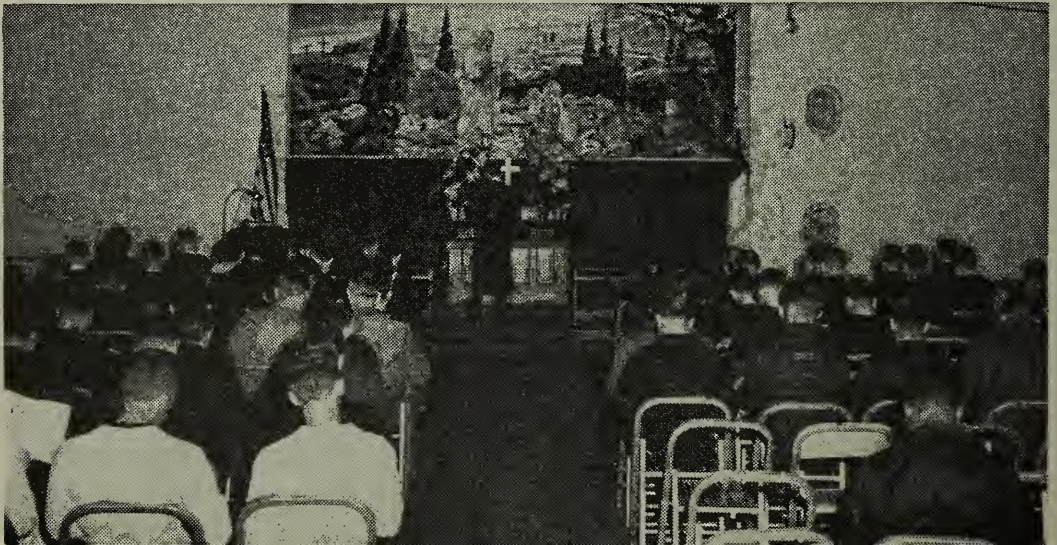
proper recognition of teachers and school administration—we have failed to meet the test of a people who believe in democracy, liberty and freedom and who want to retain them. . ."

Need for Pastoral Counselors

Thirty million people are currently hospitalized or detained in health and correctional institutions in this country. Rev. Mark Shedron, Director of the Department of Pastoral Services of the National Council of Churches, says, "There are only 1,200 trained chaplains to serve these people in our institutions." Twenty-three states have no formal standards for religious counseling in their institutions.

Worship the Living Lord

This picture shows Protestant military personnel worshipping the living Lord on Easter Sunday, 1959, aboard *U.S.S. Saratoga*. It illustrates how military personnel around the world turn to God for worship week by week.



National Flower

Members of Congress are having a lively debate these days about which flower should have the honor of being our national flower. Senator Gordon Allott of Colorado suggests the carnation. Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois and Representative Walter Judd of Minnesota sponsored the golden corn tassel. Many favor the rose; among them Senator Hugh Scott, Jr., of Pennsylvania; Javits and Keating of New York; Neuberger of Oregon; Chavez of New Mexico; Representative Davis of Georgia; and Beckworth of Texas. Grass as "the hope of the conservationist and the dream of the naturalist" is championed by Senator Thurston B. Morton of Kentucky. An advocate of the daffodil is Representative Thor C. Tollefson of the State of Washington.

Human Guinea Pigs Visit America

Last Spring thirty Polish girls, of the seventy-nine known as the Ravensbrueck Lapins (French for rabbit and guinea pig), visited America. These women were put under the knife against their will by German doctors who were experimenting with sulfa drugs in 1942-44. Their legs were cut open; then the leg or shin bones were shattered or removed; next, highly potent baccilli were sealed into the open wounds to make them fester and resemble unattended battlefield or bombing wounds. After the girls developed raging fevers, various sulfa drugs were administered to test the efficiency (or inefficiency) of the drugs.

Some of the Lapins were operated on up to six times. They were all in their twenties or early teens at the time.

Of the seventy-nine forced to undergo these immoral experiments, fifty-three survived, and returned to Poland in broken health. Many could hardly walk or stand up. One Lapin was pushed home in a baby carriage for hundreds of miles. In many cases they returned home to find their husbands and children lost or killed by the Germans, their homes ruined or destroyed—all at a time when, owing to their legs, they were unable to work.

Since the war, Polish doctors have done everything possible for them, and they receive a small pension from the Polish government. However, they have suffered for years from secondary ailments. Their handicapped physical condition has prevented them from finding suitable or full-time work.

While visiting America, all the women received rehabilitation treatment, physiotherapy, massages and medical calisthenics. All had their teeth fixed and some received dentures. Two had abdominal operations.

Chaplains to Secondary Schools

For the past four years, the City of Victoria, Australia, has been experimenting with the appointment of chaplains to secondary schools. Ten appointments have been made. It is an attempt to bring into technical and high schools not only skilled religious teaching, but also school worship and Christian counseling.

The Link Calendar

SEPTEMBER is harvest month. Fall officially begins **Sept. 23**. Schools start their Fall semester. Most church schools will have Rally Day. Christian Education Week comes the last of the month: **Sept. 27 through Oct. 3**. The theme: "The Christian and His Church." Purpose of the week: "To bring Christian nurture to the fore, to give understanding, enlist interest, challenge men and women to personal support, and to open up ways in which the Christian worker may become more efficient in his calling."

September 6 is Labor Sunday. Emphasis is upon the religious aspects of the observance of Labor Day. Men need to realize that they possess a God-given dignity and are charged with duties of service to their fellow men.

On **September 7**, in addition to Labor Day, the United Campaigns of America begin. Continue through **Nov. 26**. Purpose: "To raise \$412,000,000 through 2,100 local United Fund and Community Chest campaigns for 27,000 voluntary local, state, and national health, welfare and defense services."

September 8-14 is National Child Safety Week which has as its aim: "To focus attention on saving the lives of our school children."

September 17 is Citizenship Day. This day begins a week (through the **23**) during which tribute is paid to our Constitution and our free way of life.

September 27 is Gold Star Mothers' Day—a memorial day for mothers whose sons and daughters died in the line of duty in the Armed Forces.

September Around the World:

Sept. 3-12, Royal Adelaide Exhibition, Adelaide, Australia. . . . **Sept. 4-7**, Santa Fe Fiesta, Santa Fe, N.M. . . . **Sept. 4-14**, Music Festival, Besançon, France. . . . **Sept. 6-16**, Amateur Film Festival, Cannes, France. . . . **Sept. 6-27**, International Trade Fair, Salonika, Greece. . . . **Sept. 9-12**, Rodeo Roundup, Pendleton, Ore. . . . **Sept. 11**, International Track, Field Championship, Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . **Sept. 10-24**, First International Harp Festival, Jerusalem, Israel. . . . **Sept. 12-28**, Fair featuring North African ware, Marseilles, France. . . . **Sept. 13-20**, Maid of the Mist Festival, Niagara Falls, N.Y. . . . **Sept. 17-19**, Professional Masters Golf

Tournament, Dublin, Ire. . . . Sept. 18-28, Beethoven Festival, Bonn, Gy. . . .
Sept. 12-27, "Comptoir Suisse." Autumn Fair, Lausanne, Switzerland. . . .
Sept. 24-Oct. 4, Umbrian Music Festival, Perugia, Italy. . . . Sept. 28-Oct. 2,
National Recreation Congress, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill. . . . Sept. 21-Oct. 7,
Cultural Festival, Berlin, Gy. . . .

Helps for Lay Leaders

Bible study and mature religion take the forefront in the study articles for this month. Emphasis also is given to the areas of opportunities for Christian service in military circles. You'll have, no doubt, some interesting discussion; but remember that religion is not merely to be *discussed* but to be *lived!*

1. A Religion for Grownups (see page 16)

The Main Idea: A baby as a baby is wonderful; but if the baby stays a baby it is tragic. We expect mental and emotional growth along with physical growth. Now in the Christian life, growth toward maturity is important, too. You and I need to become more and more grownup in the Christian life. Christian Brother, quit being a baby and begin to take on grownup responsibility!

Bible Material: Ephesians 4

Discussion Questions: Read the words of the hymn, "Rise Up, O Men of God!" and consider: What does this hymn teach? Who are the men and women who have most influenced you for good? What was their motive in helping you? What is the relative importance of faith and works, creed and deed? What do Protestants teach about good works? (Look up and read Matthew 25:31-46.)

Hymns: "Rise Up, O Men of God!"; "Give of Your Best to the Master"; "Take My Life, and Let It Be."

2. When Times Are Dull (see page 28)

The Main Idea: This is a letter to a young man and gives advice on how to develop virtues and how to avoid vices, points up the importance of the family and the necessity for obedience and discipline.

Bible Material: 1 Timothy 4

Discussion Questions: Is there a distinction between material things and spiritual things? If so, what? What is the relation of the material and spiritual in our individual personalities? In God's creation? How is one's Christian faith related to one's conduct? Turn to 1 Timothy 6:11 and discuss the meaning of each of the six virtues mentioned. Why are those virtues significant in dull times?

Hymns: "Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun"; "Fight the Good Fight"; "Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart."

3. Are You Just a Big Noise? (see page 46)

The Main Idea: Christianity involves the total personality. We are not to judge the depth and sincerity of a man's faith by the noise he makes. Emotion has a place in the Christian life, but so does the intellect; the person who gives

his whole life to Christ dedicates both emotion and intellect, in fact, the total personality, to Jesus Christ.

Bible Material: 1 Corinthians 12 and 13

Discussion Questions: What is the difference between sentiment and sentimentality? What circumstances call for more emotion in religion? For less? Discuss merits of formal and informal worship. How can Socrates' statement "Know thyself" become Christian philosophy as well? What is the relation of freedom to discipline? What freedoms are yours in the military?

Hymns: "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"; "I Am Thine, O Lord"; "Take My Life and Let It Be."

4. **Have Faith, Will Travel** (*see page 54*)

The Main Idea: The opportunities for service to the church are frequently multiplied for men and women in the armed forces. Loyalty to the church doesn't diminish by being removed from the home congregation. Some of the services to the church the military can make are described.

Bible Material: 2 Corinthians 11:21-29

Discussion Questions: How can I best serve my church in my present situation? What opportunities are there for Christian service around me? (Discuss this with your unit chaplain.) When the non-Christian takes a look at your life, what does he hope to see?

Hymns: "O Zion, Haste"; "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee"; "O Jesus, I Have Promised."

Books Are Friendly Things

A WIDE variety of helpful and inexpensive books come from The Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y. I refer especially to the REFLECTION BOOKS which sell for 50 cents per copy. Some of these are originals and some are reprints.

For those interested in Bible Study **THREE** new books by Dr. Wm. Hamilton, Associate Professor of Theology at Colgate Rochester Divinity School, have been issued:

The Modern Reader's Guide to Mark

The Modern Reader's Guide to Matthew and Luke

The Modern Reader's Guide to John.

These are just what the titles imply—reader's guides. Each Gospel is outlined and interpreted by paragraphs. When we read the Bible, often many questions are raised: What is the author really saying? What does this mean?

The little books may be effectively used in several ways: individual Bible study, group Bible study, program materials, and the like.

SOME other significant REFLECTION BOOKS:

J. H. Oldham, **Life Is Commitment**—a very successful attempt to relate the relevance of Christianity to our modern age.

Roger Shinn, **The Existentialist Posture**—this book defines what existentialism

is; tells how and why it attracts the atheist and Christian alike; shows how it affects literature, the arts and modern education.

Alexander Millar, **Christian Faith and My Job**—guides anyone of any age and any occupation in fitting religion into his or her daily work.

Wm. Neil, **Modern Man Looks at the Bible**—what the ancient Word of God tells about our destiny as twentieth century men.

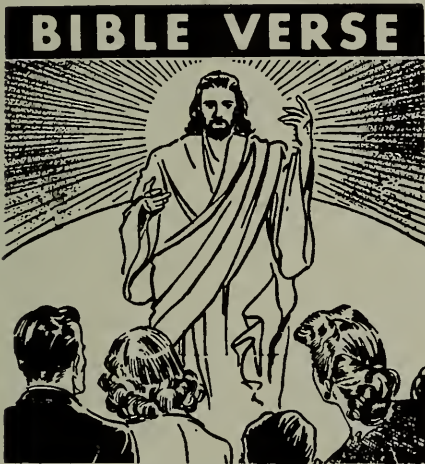
Wm. Muehl, **Mixing Religion and Politics!**—points up the Christian's responsibility in the area of politics.

Simon Doniger, **Religion and Health**—modern theologians and doctors explain how faith can help heal us mentally and physically.

C. S. Lewis—**Miracles, A Preliminary Study**—shatters the pretensions of skeptics, and paves the way for a rational belief in miracles.

Reinhold Niebuhr, **The World Crisis and American Responsibility**—analysis of the nature of our crisis; our moral resources; the evil in communism; U.S. nationalism; moral implications to loyalty to U.N.; the illusion of world government; peace and cultural cooperation; limits of military power; and our post-Sputnik and Explorer situation.

These are only a start. Write to Association Press for a complete list.



He taught them as *one*
having authority. **MATT. 7:29**

September, with its renewed emphasis upon education, is also a good time to think of the importance of Christian education. Christ must be at the center really of all our education. He was the great teacher. And as our verse for the month says, "He taught them as one having authority." Hear ye him!

She Asked for It

One blistering hot day when they had guests for dinner, a mother asked her four-year-old son to say the blessing. "But mother, I don't know what to say," he protested.

"Oh, just say what you've heard me say," she told him.

Obediently he bowed his little head and said, "Oh, Lord, why did I invite these people here on a hot day like this?"

—*Automotive Service Digest*

Reason Enough?

Little Johnnie had to stand in the corner at school for putting mud in a little girl's mouth. His mother was horrified when she heard about it. "Why in the world," she wanted to know, "did you put mud in Margaret's mouth?"

"Well," said Johnnie, shrugging his shoulders, "it was open."

—*Capper's Weekly*

At Ease!



"I'm beginning to think your father doesn't like me."

A woman churchgoer stopped outside to chat with a friend after services. Suddenly she remembered she had left her purse on the seat. When she returned it was gone. She sought out the minister and found that he had picked it up.

"I felt that I had better hold it," he said, "you know, there are some in the congregation with such simple faith they might believe your purse was an answer to their prayers."

Fresh diner to waitress: "What's wrong with these eggs, sister?"

Waitress: "Don't ask me sir, I only laid them on the table."

A small boy had just got a new baby sister. A neighbor offered to buy her for \$1.00 per pound, but the boy refused to sell. The neighbor said to the boy, "You must think an awful lot of your sister to refuse to sell her for a dollar per pound?"

"It's not that," replied the boy. "If you really want to buy her by the pound I'll wait until she grows some more."

—A. W. Stinson

"How do you know you're Napoleon?" the hospital attendant asked.

"God himself told me," the patient answered.

Said a voice from the next bed, "I did not!"

—Bruce Magazine

A Western TV actor noticed a small boy who was visiting the set with his parents. He went up to the lad and put his arm around him. "Well, son," he said, "I guess you would like to have an autograph?"

"No," the boy answered, "but what do you do with the horses after the riders are shot?"

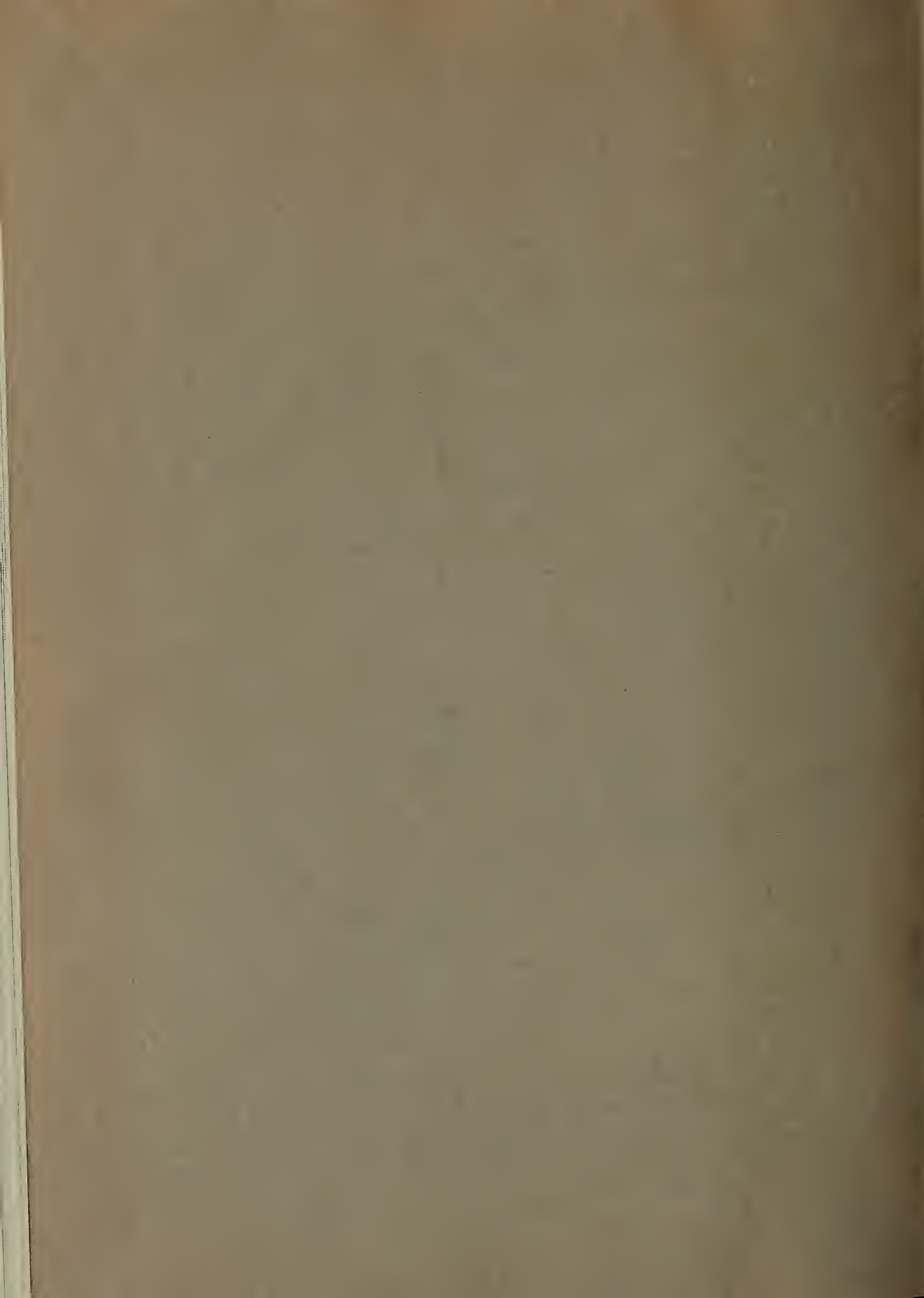
—Richard G. Quistorf in *Quote*

My son who is a freshman in college had been pestering me for a long time for a late-model car. I kept saying no. On a visit to the campus I pointed out that most of the cars in a parking lot were of ancient vintage.

As usual, this boy was quick on the trigger. "But, Dad," he protested, "those cars belong to the faculty!"—Ernest Blevens in *Quote*







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