



the

LINK

June 1967

I BOMBED PEARL HARBOR,
BUT NOW—

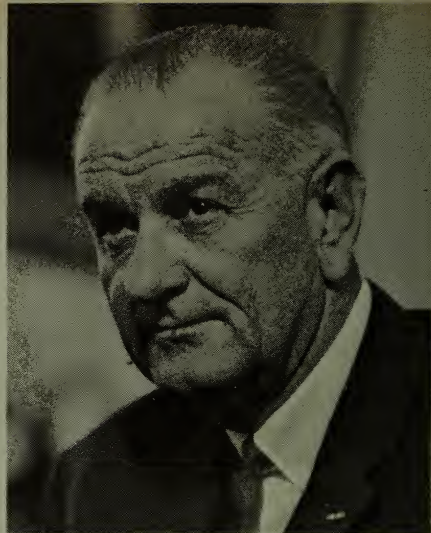
LETTER TO A YOUNG SERVICEMAN
WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER?

35c

25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION



Greetings
from
Our
Commander in Chief



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
December 22, 1966

Dear Reverend Fitzgerald:

I am delighted to extend my warmest congratulations to The Link on its Silver Anniversary.

In both peace and war The Link has made a valuable contribution to the moral and spiritual welfare of our servicemen and women of the Protestant faith.

It has been an effective instrument for Armed Forces chaplains in conducting their religious programs. And it has made clear that our aspirations for humanity are but a reflection of our faith in the Almighty.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to be "Dwight D. Eisenhower". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.



THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 25

JUNE 1967

NO. 6

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Front: Our cover girl is celebrating our 25th Anniversary. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.
 Back: She knows where she's going. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.
 Inside Front: Greetings from our Commander in Chief.
 Inside Back: The Sunset Steam Railroad in Oregon. Photo by Gene Ahrens.

ART WORK: Illustration by Stanton Levy.

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SOUND OFF

Impressed with THE LINK

While attending a writers' conference recently in Memphis, I ran across the current issues of your magazine. I am very much impressed and I would like to request a subscription. You will find my check for \$3.00 enclosed.

I am interested in your publication because of a ministry developed by our department known as the Young People Away department. The objective of the department is to provide a spiritual ministry to young people who are temporarily away from their home and church . . . We are always looking for new and additional resources to recommend to the churches to use in their ministry to Young People Away. If the January and February, 1967, issues are an example of the quality of work in THE LINK consistently, you can be assured that I will be telling people about it in numbers of conferences. . . .

—Franklin Farmer, The Sunday School Board, Southern Baptist Convention, 127 Ninth Ave. N., Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

Will Never Forget THE LINK

Thanks for THE LINK. I am a favorite reader. You are so kind to send it to me every month. I can go one step more to Christ. . . I have no way to send money . . . I have been a reader of THE LINK since four years ago. I will never forget what you have done to me, a Korean. I will do my best to live as a Christian. Stay well. God be with you.

—Kim Dai Mook, #133 Kydong Chun Chon City, Kwangwondo, Korea.

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I Bombed Pearl Harbor, But Now—

By Mitsuo Fuchida

Leader of 360 planes on the “great raid” of December 7, 1941, tells how he met Christ

I WAS BORN in Japan, December 3, 1902. While still a young boy, I was much interested in the armed services and aspired to be a military man. Upon graduating from high school at the age of 18, I enrolled in the Japanese Naval Academy. Three years later I graduated, and desiring to be an aviator, I joined the Japanese Naval Air Force.

During the next fifteen years I served mostly as an aircraft-carrier pilot, and logged a flying record of 10,000 hours, which made me the most experienced pilot in the Japanese Navy at that time. Hence, I was chosen as the chief-commander to lead the air attack upon Pearl Harbor.

The year was 1941 and the day was December 7. On that early morning I was leading the Japanese air-squadron of 360 planes which took off from six aircraft-carriers 200 miles to the north of Pearl Harbor, the base for the American Pacific Fleet. After seeing that the main force of the American Pacific Fleet was at anchor in the bay, I gave my first order, “All squadrons, plunge in to attack!” The time was 7:49 A.M. and from that moment the terrible war was open in the Pacific.

Suddenly torpedo planes, dive bombers, level bombers, and fighters struck with fury. My heart was ablaze with pride for our success in catching the entire main force of the American Pacific Fleet at anchor. I put my whole effort into the battle that followed which resulted in the misery now familiar to everyone today.

Having thus initiated the war in the Pacific, and being a most patriotic soldier, I directed all my energy for my mother country throughout the following four years. During the war I faced death a number of times, but was miraculously saved every time. Thus I survived to see the war's termination. Looking back, I can see now that the Lord had laid his hand upon me so that I might be saved and serve him. However, at that time I did not know who my Lord was since I had never heard the name of Jesus Christ during my pagan years.

WHEN the war ended, the Japanese military forces were disbanded, and after 25 years as a Navy career officer, I retired to my native town near Osaka and took up farming. It was, indeed, a path of thorns for me. I had never in my life realized so keenly the unreliability of other men as I did during these years. Since Japan lost the war and I lost my occupation, I was very discouraged and was bitter about the occupation policy of the Occupied Forces. Then the war crime trials were opened, and though my name never appeared as being accused of any war crime, General Douglas MacArthur summoned me on several occasions to be a witness at the war crime trials for the Japanese who did commit war atrocities against American prisoners of war.

One day, as I was summoned by General MacArthur to his Tokyo headquarters, I went up, and when I got off my train at the Shibuya station, I saw there an American missionary handing out pamphlets to the passers-by. He gave me one. Even at first glance I became much interested in the pamphlet for the title was "I Was a Prisoner of Japan." After all I was involved in the affairs of war prisoners. I became more interested when the story began with the attack on Pearl Harbor.

While I was in the air over Pearl Harbor on December 7, an American soldier named Jacob DeShazer, was on K.P. duty at a U.S. Army camp somewhere on the West Coast. Suddenly it was announced over the radio that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. With this sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, the hatred against the Japanese

was born in his heart, and throwing the potatoes in his hand, he shouted, "Jap, wait and see what we will do to you!"

One month later he volunteered for a secret mission to be carried out by the Jimmy Doolittle Squadron—a surprise raid on Tokyo from the aircraft-carrier *Hornet*. On April 18, 1942, they bombed Tokyo. Sergeant DeShazer participated as a bombardier. As he dropped the bombs, he was filled with elation for now he was getting his revenge for that Pearl Harbor attack. After the bombing they flew on to China, but on the way when their bomber ran out of gasoline, the crew had to parachute into Japanese occupied territory in China. The next morning he was captured and became a war prisoner of Japan.

He was in prison for 40 long months. He was cruelly treated. At one time he said that he almost went insane because of his violent hatred against the Japanese guards who treated him brutally.

However, one day during his imprisonment, he began to feel a strong desire to read the Bible. He begged for a copy of the Bible. His request was denied at first, but finally after asking again and again, he was given a Bible. He read the Bible eagerly every day, and while he was reading the Bible, he found Christ and was saved in the Japanese P.O.W. camp.

THE Bible says, "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed way, behold, all things are become new" (2 Corinthians 5:17). Now Sergeant DeShazer was a new creature. His hatred toward the Japanese was turned to love and he promised God to return to Japan after the war as a missionary. When the war was over, DeShazer returned to the United States and he enrolled at the Seattle Pacific College to study the Bible. Immediately after his graduation, he went back to Japan and began working faithfully among the Japanese people telling them how to come to know Jesus Christ.

I marvelled at this beautiful story. And I realized it was when he had read the Bible that his great experience had happened to him. This inspired me to get a Bible so that I could read this wonderful book for myself. I bought a Bible and I, too, read the Bible eagerly day after day.

One day when I was reading the Bible, I came to Luke 23:34 where Jesus said while hanging on the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Now there was Jesus Christ, Son of

God, nailed to the cross of Calvary asking God to forgive those who crucified him. Right at that moment I met Jesus. He came into my heart and I understood clearly what Christ had done on the cross. He died for me, too. He prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Surely I have been one of them, for I have not known what I have been doing during my pagan years, and yet Jesus paid it all.

I am not ashamed to say that my eyes filled with tears. Right away I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. How I praise God for sending his only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ to die for my sins, for he has truly changed my bitter and sinful heart into a cleansed and loving one. This is my testimony—how this typical Japanese military man became a Christian, and it is no secret what God can do.

Since the love of Christ has transformed my life, I have dedicated the balance of my life to serve the Lord. Today I am doing full time interdenominational evangelical work as a lay-preacher. I believe Jesus Christ is above all and this is the highest calling for me—preaching the gospel of this wonderful salvation. I will not be ashamed to tell the people of my Savior's name wherever I go. For the Bible tells us, "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12). ■ ■

QUOTES

One of the illusions of life is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.—Emerson.

Life is action and passion! It is expected of a man that he share in the action and passion of his time, at penalty of being judged *not to have lived*.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Recipe for Happiness: Take all your talents, aptitudes and abilities; add plenty of ambition and the will to succeed; mix well with formal or informal education; blend into this equal parts of love and hate (of evil); add confidence in yourself with a pinch of humility. Develop in any wholesome environment and share with others.—Barrett D. Leavitt.

Letter to a Young Serviceman

By A. Ray Appelquist

Dear Joe:

I have been thinking about you and all others in the military service during these days of complex issues and confused goals.

You come from fine, sensitive, God-fearing people. Let me say a few things to you as an old friend of the family who also has known what it is like to wear the uniform of our country.

A good military man needs sound ideas about his military service. We are told that cogent reasons are even more important than the best weapons. The Christian soldier has a grand heritage upon which he may draw for moral authority in his position since there have been devout men and "saints in Caesar's household" for a long time. George Washington, John Marshall, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and many others were men of genuine religious convictions. A serviceman should be confirmed in his thinking about a number of things, some of which are as follows:

1. A Christian Serviceman Supports Order in Society.

There were times among the ancient Hebrews when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." The Bible records that the people grew weary of the insecurity and violence that resulted. They demanded strong rulers to put their society in order. In the New Testament we are told that God has given us the general provisions for human government for our own good, "to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Evil is aggressive. It will not restrain itself. Good men must have both the strength and the courage to limit its spread. Governments and their enforcement agencies are meant to serve this purpose.

2. A Christian Serviceman Believes a Good Society Has a Right to Defend Itself.

This is not only a right but also a duty. While there are no perfect societies on earth, the benefits and

blessings of a benevolent social order are a gift of God and thus are a sacred trust. Good men of days gone by have invested their life's blood to secure for us our privileges and opportunities. We must defend as well as develop this heritage if we are to give to our children at least as much as was given to us. In childhood we were told: "It always takes two to make a quarrel." How wonderfully simple life would be if that were true on the adult level! Unfortunately, when Cain killed Abel he didn't need much help from Abel. When Hitler cremated the Jews they were not accessories to the crime. One man with hate in his heart can spread hell on earth until he is checked by good men strong enough to put him down.

3. A Christian Serviceman Accepts His Duties as Well as His Rights.

He does not parasitically enjoy the blessings wrought by the blood, toil, and tears of other men without making a similar contribution to the general welfare himself. A Christian soldier assumes his full and rightful share of the load of life. He does not leave the protection of his family, his country, and his own life to others.

4. A Christian Serviceman Holds Himself Doubly Responsible.

It is distinctly Christian to be responsible not only for the things actually done but also for the things that can and ought to be done. The man who has God-given power to restrain aggressive evil and does

not respond stands in danger of tacit and permissive agreement with it. A man of strength and advantage ought to be conciliatory and he can afford to be patient and slow to take offense, but he is under heavy obligation to those who are weaker and less favored than he. They have a right to look to him for help.

5. A Christian Serviceman Loves Freedom.

It is likely that we have only an academic understanding of our freedom, having never been deprived of it. Whenever freedom has been at issue there have been some who have refused to assist or have worked against it, counting comfort, safety, and the status quo as more important. Abraham Lincoln spoke for the finer tradition:

Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands everywhere. Destroy this spirit, and we have planted the seeds of despotism at our own doors.

6. A Christian Serviceman Values Life.

He is first of all a protector of life. Yet it is not Christian to say or to believe that one's life is more important than anything else. Who can forget that Jesus said our fear should not be for him who can destroy the body, but rather for him who makes inroads upon our souls? During World War II millions listened when a great commander reminded us that no man is fit to

live unless he is ready to die.

7. A Christian Serviceman Believes in Sacrifice.

This unpopular virtue has been dropped from many modern codes. Men cleverly rationalize their avoidance of it. It remains at the very heart of Christian living. One of America's oldest missionary societies has as its official seal the emblem of an ox with an altar for sacrifice on one side of him and a plow for service on the other. The inscription reads: "Ready for either." It is part of the fabric of life that nothing of enduring value is ever accomplished without sacrificial service. It is always unpleasant and often dangerous to challenge evil. This is why men are inclined to temporize with it as long as possible.

8. A Christian Serviceman Wants to Serve Here and Now.

The urgency of immediate needs calls to him in spite of ambiguities and limited choices. He cannot stand by and merely wish that things were different, or be content to declare vehemently that someday they shall be otherwise. This is the world in which he finds himself and this is the place where he must render his service if his life is to count at all. Most of the world's needs would be neglected if all men were to wait for ideal circumstances before responding. An earnest and committed Christian would be honored to share King David's eulogy: "He served his own generation by the will of God."

9. A Christian Serviceman Believes in the Highest Personal Standards.

However, he does not believe that the fastidious man who runs from all the problems of evil is holiest. The heavier the responsibility and the more odious the task, the greater the need for character and discipline. A serviceman is morally accountable for his personal conduct and the values by which he lives just as is any other man, but he does not believe that a good man's virtue must unnerve, paralyze, and disarm him in the face of danger and evil.

10. A Christian Serviceman Hopes, Works, and Prays for Peace.

With men of goodwill everywhere the Christian in uniform hopes for the day when all swords and spears shall be turned into plows and pruning hooks. However, he knows that there is "a war behind all wars" that first must end if there is to be permanent peace. Men plot against one another and lay hands upon the innocent not because they wear uniforms, but because of the condition of their hearts and minds. The prophet Jeremiah tells of the kind of change that first must take place before the enmities of this world shall pass:

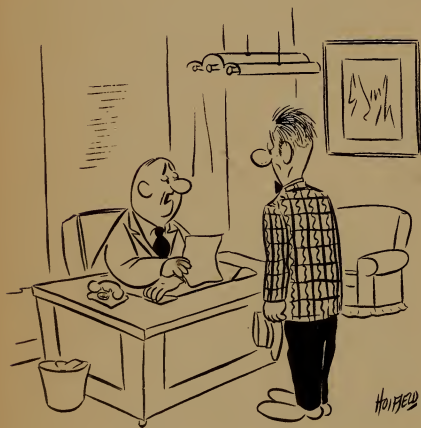
"I will put my law within them, and I will write it upon their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And no longer shall each man teach his neighbor and each his brother, saying, 'Know the Lord,' for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the

greatest, says the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more" (Jer. 31:33, 34).

However, Joe, until such a day dawns there is necessary work for all of us to do in protecting order, justice, and freedom. You and your uniform play a significant role in the total effort.

I pray that wherever you go, in every assignment you receive, the peace of God shall stand guard like a sentry over you always.

Sincerely,
A. Ray Appelquist



"You seem to have the qualifications. Actually, the job doesn't require much intelligence."

A soldier was asked why he joined the Army. "For three reasons," he replied. "First I wanted to fight to defend my country. Second, I knew it would build me up physically. Third, they came and got me." LINK, Dec. 1943.

Daily Bible Readings

June

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	2 Kings	23:1-25
2	Psalms	1:1-6
3	Psalms	40:1-17
4	Sunday	Psalms 66:1-20
5	Psalms	84:1-12
6	Psalms	92:1-15
7	Matthew	7:13-29
8	Matthew	10:16-33
9	Matthew	16:13-28
10	Mark	2:1-12
11	Sunday	Luke 6:39-49
12	Luke	12:13-40
13	Luke	15:11-32
14	Luke	18:15-30
15	John	4:27-42
16	John	6:47-71
17	John	15:12-27
18	Sunday	John 17:1-10
19	Acts	1:1-11
20	Acts	4:1-22
21	Acts	20:17-38
22	Acts	22:1-21
23	Romans	8:1-21
24	1 Corinthians	10:1-15
25	Sunday	1 Corinthians 14:1-20
26	Ephesians	1:15-23
27	Ephesians	2:1-10
28	Ephesians	4:1-16
29	Philippians	2:1-13
30	Philippians	3:8-21

* * *

Girl: "I maintain that love-making is just the same as it always was."

Boy: "How do you know?"

Girl: "I just read about a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all evening." — *Watchman-Examiner*.

Who Wants To Live Forever?

By David A. MacLennan

NOT long ago I went to a funeral home to make arrangements for the funeral service of a good woman. Her husband of many years was there and her death had left him truly bereaved. Courteously he drew me aside from other persons present and asked me: "Do you really believe there is anything more after death? Is there a heaven for good people? I have heard," he said, "that many clergymen do not believe what they are expected to believe." I answered him truthfully. "Yes," I said. "I do believe that there is a life beyond this life. I do not have any more inside information about it than any other human being. But I believe there is for the Christian—and perhaps for many others who do not come to God the Christian way—something we call heaven. When my own doubts assert themselves and I am tempted to think that biological death is the last word, I put my

confidence in Christ. He is the supreme authority on life and death."

I know that modern ministers are supposed to avoid subjects such as death and eternal life. We do not wish to be considered "other-worldly." We do not wish to be victims of that threadbare sneer: "Religion preaches pie in the sky by-and-by." Certainly the living church must "get with it," must extend its witness and ministry deep into this real world of here and now. Interestingly, C. S. Lewis in *Christian Behaviour*, points out: "The Christians who did the most for the present world were just those who thought most of the next." They left their mark on earth because they had "one foot in heaven." We push death out of sight as long as we can; but death is a real fact, inescapable, unavoidable, and we must come to terms with it.

A central conviction of the Chris-

Dr. MacLennan is the minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Pompano Beach, Fla. 33064

tian church, basic to the teaching of the New Testament is that for the one who puts his trust in the God disclosed in Jesus Christ, there is life unbroken by the experience of biological or bodily death.

The early Christians faced persecution and other pressures. You see this when you pick up and read the little first letter of Peter. You realize that already storm clouds are gathering. Nero is on the imperial throne. Christians will be among his victims. This letter is written to steady the shaking knee. How does the writer do it? He begins with a resounding ascription of praise and thanks to God.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! By his great mercy we have been born anew to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and to an inheritance which is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you... (1 Pet. 1:3, 4)

God should be thanked for many things, but Peter goes to the chief blessing. He thanks God for what he has done for us in Jesus Christ. We have been born to hope. When God raised Jesus Christ from the dead on the first Easter, God transformed, radically changed the whole situation for mankind. This action of God opened up a new world of unexpected splendor and enduring beauty. Why enduring? Because those early Christians were like mountain climbers who made their way through heavy mists and fogs until suddenly they were on the

summit, with clouds dispersed, and glorious sunlight irradiating a wide expanse of wonderful country they had never seen before. They were born anew into a living hope that life with Christ would be life forever.

But who wants to live forever? Many say, "Not me!" Sometimes they feel like this because all they know of living has been unsatisfactory, even tragic, a dead end, a burden. Others feel that to go on living even under better conditions is unnecessary. This has been a good life... when death comes it will be because death comes to all living things. Our grandfathers sang: "Earth is a desert drear. Heaven is my home." Most of us would never think of singing it. Heaven may be our home, we quip, but we are *not* homesick!

Who wants to live forever? could be asked by those who strongly doubt that any life beyond this life exists or is possible. Many persons feel that to want to go on living forever is a kind of disguised egotism. A large percentage of persons disbelieve in immortality.

However, there are others who wish they could believe in what the Christian calls "eternal life," provided the next dimension of existence is at least as exhilarating as the best of life has been thus far. Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador wrote from his bleak mission hospital: "I am very much in love with life. I want all I can get of it. I want more of it after the incident called death, if there is any to be had."

This is not necessarily egotistical or selfish. It may also include the

longing that someone with whom we have been very much in love will not be forever ended when her body or his body is dissolved. As John Baillie once said, in his book *And the Life Everlasting*, it is hardly likely that when death comes to someone we love very much we can bring ourselves to say as we look at the silent form from which the personality has gone, "Well, dear, that's the end of you." As Dr. Robert J. McCracken once expressed it, "It is when loves take full possession of our hearts that the desire for immortality is the strongest. Love cannot brook final separation or endure the thought of extinction."

Does someone protest: "But honestly now, can you really want to live beyond physical death in the kind of heaven pictured in the Bible? Do you really wish to spend eternity in a white robe, wearing a crown, strumming a harp, and singing hymns interminably, even if the streets are made of gold and the heavenly city's gates are made of pearl?" My answer is no. I do not believe in that kind of heaven either. But how wrong, even silly, it is to treat literally the glorious imagery of the Bible! Such images and pictures are the Eastern writers' efforts to express the inexpressible. As Robert J. McCracken wrote: "White robes are symbols of stainless purity, crowns of moral victory, harps of abounding happiness, gold of the timelessness of heaven—gold does not rust—and of the preciousness of it." Don't we all want stainless integrity, moral victory, abounding

joy, enduring love, forever?

Consider then what the Christian hope includes, It is not just never-ending existence, devoid of challenge, achievement, adventure. It will be a life that has not only continuity but quality. It will not be more of the same, but better. Christians should never think of immortality (eternal life is the better phrase) in terms of duration only. What Christians mean by eternal life is life without limitations, no longer subject to the conditions of time. The hope which Christ's resurrection creates in us is that in the life to come all that inhibits our best purposes will be done away. Each one has an unfinished symphony to complete.

What will life after death be like? No one knows, but there are clues in the Bible. There will be rest, not rest from labor but rest in labor. There will be work to do. There will be joy, deep, unquenchable. There will be enriching fellowship. Christ will be there. There will be reunion with those we loved and lost in the midst of the years. There will be peace, indestructible, the peace after pain, the peace following struggle, God's peace. It seems highly probable to assume that we will carry into the next life not only our character but our powers, our capacities, our aptitudes, acquired through honest effort here.

How can we know whether this is wishful thinking? Fact or fantasy? We cannot know with absolute finality. Then on what do we base our faith? Chiefly on two of the most significant truths we know.

First, on God's self-revelation of his character and purpose. I believe in the resurrection of the body—the renewal of the personality in a spiritual body—and the life everlasting because of all that we know of God. Dr. Arthur Compton puts it like this: "As long as there is in heaven a God of love, there must be for God's children everlasting life. This is not the cold logic of science but the warm faith of a father who has seen his child on the brink of death."

Second, the other foundation of faith in life eternal is what we know of Jesus Christ. Because he conquered death, we know that what he taught and implied concerning life are true. It is this tremendous fact and faith that enabled a twentieth century saint, the late F. B. Meyer, to write a friend:

To my surprise I have just been told that my days and hours are numbered. It may be that, before this reaches you, I shall have gone to the Palace. Don't trouble to write. We shall meet in the morning.

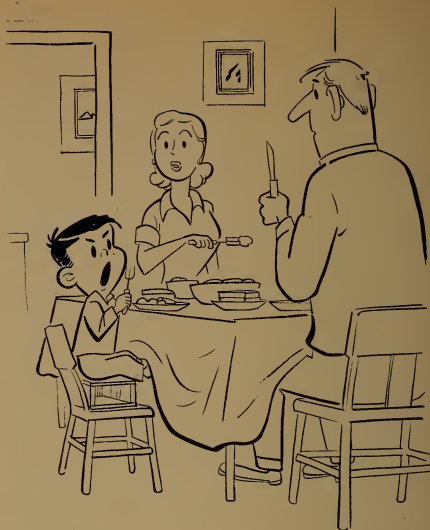


* * *

"Mayn't I be a preacher when I grow up?" asked the small boy.

"Of course, you may, my pet, if you want to," replied his mother. "But why?"

"Well, I s'pose I've got to go to church all my life anyway, and it's a lot easier to stand up and holler than it is to sit still and listen."—*Presbyterian Witness*.



"Why should I eat carrots for vitamins? Are we running out of vitamin pills?"

JUST FOR FUN

An American soldier in France during WW I kept getting nagging letters from his wife. At last, one day he sat down and wrote her a blistering reply: "Please don't send me no more nagging letters," he wrote. "I'm 3,000 miles away; and it don't do no good. Let me enjoy this war in peace."

"This army life," bewailed the GI, "is beginning to tell on me. Every day I look more like my identification photo."—From Dec., 1944 LINK.

Doctor: "Have you told the sergeant he's the father of twins?"

Nurse: "Not yet. He's shaving."—From May, 1944 LINK.

How My Faith Has Helped Me

in the military

YOU DON'T know me, but I was that drunken and loudmouthed sailor you saw in San Diego, Pearl Harbor, Long Beach, Chicago, and any port of call where a sailor is bound to be stationed.

When I landed here on Midway Island during the past Christmas holidays, it was the same old story. "Where's the club? Where's the action? Where are the swingers?" In a few days I had fitted myself neatly into the "in-crowd." But something was different. I didn't notice it right away; but all the fun and excitement was gradually becoming meaningless.

Then one night I had the barracks' watch. It was a slow watch and I took along a book called *None of These Diseases*. I received it from my wife's aunt who had sent me other Christian books. This one was written by a doctor. Through its pages, for the first time in my life, I came face to face with God. Something deep down inside me told me that I was a sinner and needed forgiveness, that God was speaking to me out of this book and that I had to choose between God and sin.

I got up from where I was sitting and began to walk along the dark passageway of the barracks. With tears in my eyes and a prayer in my heart, I asked Jesus Christ to come into my life. I surrendered to his love and came to realize in my own life the meaning of the words, "You must be born again."

How has my faith helped me in the military? Well, the "in-crowd" has scratched me off their list; but God has added my name to his Book of Life. I have the assurance of my Lord who promises: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand. My Father, who has given them to me, is greater than all, and no one is able to snatch them out of the Father's hand" (Jn. 10:27-29).

With this new faith and hope in my heart I cannot fail to become a better sailor.

—Toby Brian Abrahamsen, CS2, USN

(U.S.N.S. Box #7, Care FPO San Francisco 96640.)

Greetings on Th



From the Chief of Chaplains
U.S. Army

As Chief of Chaplains of the Army, I take great pleasure in extending my congratulations and best wishes to you on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of THE LINK.

Through the years THE LINK has provided excellent inspirational reading material for military personnel. It consistently contains pertinent and timely articles reflecting current trends in religious thinking. Your publication, in many instances, has served as an exceptional devotional booklet.

While visiting military installations in all parts of the world during the past four years and speaking informally with soldiers, I have been most pleased to note the interest displayed in each edition of your magazine. It has indeed grown in stature through the years with our servicemen and you can be justly proud of its present reputation.

I extend my personal best wishes for your continued success during the many years ahead.

Faithfully,
CHARLES E. BROWN, JR.
Chaplain (Major General), USA

Link's 25th Birthday



From the Chief of Chaplains
U.S. Navy

On the occasion of the observance of the 25th Anniversary of THE LINK, I would like to express my congratulations to the staff of this magazine for the outstanding ministry performed by them through the printed page.

I cannot overemphasize the tremendous moral and morale values THE LINK has contributed to the lives of our military personnel. The professional, unbiased approach of the staff of THE LINK in presenting religious news and articles for the readers of all Protestant denominations is highly complimentary.

I extend heartfelt felicitations on behalf of the entire Chaplain Corps. Our prayers are with you as you commence the 26th year of publication.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES W. KELLY
Rear Admiral, CHC, USN

**From the Chief of Chaplains
U.S. Air Force**



There is demonstrated need among military people for an attractive, well-written religious magazine which is able to communicate effectively the principles of our Faith in an ecumenical and relevant manner. Above all, we need a publication that is directed to the religious interests and spiritual needs of our young men in uniform—for the man outside the chapel as well as the one within the fold. I am saying that we need THE LINK magazine, for it is exactly the type of publication for which we will have a continuing and urgent requirement. Thank you and congratulations on your 25th Anniversary. May your faithful efforts continue to be blessed and to bring blessings to a large and grateful reading audience in the Air Force.

Sincerely,
EDWIN R. CHESS
Chaplain, Major General, USAF



**. From the Director, Chaplain Service
Veterans Administration**

THE LINK has become a good friend to the hospitalized veterans throughout our vast hospital system in the Veterans Administration. Chaplains display the magazine on their literature racks, distribute them to the rooms of the sick, and give them to others who make special requests each month. The timely articles are well chosen for general reading. Even more important for the VA chaplains, THE LINK is often used as a "thought starter" for religious discussion groups on the wards of our hospitals. Along with a Bible and New Testament, the most often noticed possession on the patient's bedside stand is a copy of THE LINK.

We in the VA Chaplain Service can offer no finer testimonial to the 25th Anniversary Celebration of THE LINK than to say it is read; it is loved; and it has something to say each month.

Congratulations and continued success to the General Commission and to the Editorial Staff.

Sincerely,
ROGER O. BRAATEN
Director, Chaplain Service, VA

From the First Editor



Twenty-five years! Can it be possible that a quarter century has slipped past since that exciting day when, armed with a mandate from America's great churches, we began putting together that first issue of THE LINK?

At that time, those of us commissioned to act as midwives and godfathers at the birth of this unique "war baby" had no thought that THE LINK would (or should) survive the close of World War II. However, it is testimony to the vision of America's church leaders that the little magazine, now as much a part of armed forces life as

C-rations and battle fatigues, should continue to speak—in peace as well as war—of the churches' concern and support of their sons in the services.

Now in another war involving a half million of America's forces fighting for freedom everywhere, it is heartening to see the modern-day LINK living up more powerfully than ever to its original concept: the bringing of cheer and inspiration to our fighting forces everywhere.

Mine is one of the many hats off to both those church leaders whose vision has perpetuated THE LINK and to the high editorial competence of its present editors!

CLARENCE W. HALL
Senior Editor, *Reader's Digest*



From a Former Editor

It is a great pleasure for me to greet you and all who make up the General Commission on this Silver Anniversary of THE LINK.

Our magazine has carried on an assigned ministry to the chaplains and men of the American Armed Forces for a quarter century. This has been an important and often vital ministry. I shall always be grateful that I was allowed to have a part in its work. It was both a privilege and a pleasure.

It has been interesting for me to watch the forward-moving progress of the magazine under your editorship. You have set a tone and created a character which we hope will carry over into many years of the second quarter century.

Best wishes for the continued blessing of God.

Sincerely,
JOE DANA
Blackburn College

Highlights in the History of The Link

November 11, 1942. On the 25th Armistice Day. SMCL (Service Men's Christian League) was launched and THE LINK, its official organ, was born. The four sponsoring groups were: The General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains; the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; the International Council of Religious Education; and the World's Christian Endeavor Union.

The term LINK was defined as the LINK between the chaplain and the serviceman; the LINK between the home church and the man in service; the LINK between the men themselves in Christian fellowship.

January, 1943. The first issue of THE LINK. Its editorial offices were in Philadelphia, Pa. Clarence W. Hall was the first editor. He remained 3½ years; his last issue was that of July, 1946. Clarence has continued in the editorial field and is now a senior editor at *Reader's Digest*.

April, 1943. THE LINK reported 54 SMCL units in 21 states and overseas. SMCL was the youth church group in the military. The reported first unit was organized December 10, 1942. This was a group of ten sailors at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R.I.

June, 1943. THE LINK reported 124 SMCL units with 116 more in process of organizing.

July, 1943. 200,000 copies of THE LINK are now being printed. The magazine is supplied free to SMCL units and chaplains.

February, 1944. 1,000 units of SMCL reported. *Time* reports 112,000 members. In 13 issues 1,865,000 copies of THE LINK have been sent out.

December, 1944. THE LINK family now numbers one and a quarter million servicemen and women.

May, 1945. THE LINK now has a circulation of 450,000 copies monthly.

August, 1946. R. M. Elmquist becomes Acting Editor to replace Clarence Hall.

September, 1946. Thomas A. Rymer (who also was Director of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains) became Acting Editor of THE LINK. R. M. Elmquist remained as Managing Editor. This is the first issue of THE LINK being put out under the direction of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains.

February, 1947. THE LINK editorial offices move to Washington, D.C. 1137 Woodward Building. Delmar Dyreson, a former chaplain, became editor. He was also a former YMCA executive—as was Tom Rymer and Marion Creeger.

April, 1947. THE LINK reports that the largest number of Army chaplains on active duty at any one time during WW II was 8,171 as of 31 July, 1945.

September, 1947. The magazine tells of the new Memorial Headquarters for the General Commission on Chaplains and THE LINK at 122 Maryland Ave., N. E. Washington 2, D.C. The denominations voted to raise \$100,000 to buy the property and to make it a memorial to the chaplains who gave their lives in the world wars.

December, 1949. After three years, Delmar Dyreson gave up the editorship of THE LINK and Thomas Rymer took over again. Laura A. Gibbs was Managing Editor. The magazine became a bi-monthly in October, 1949, and continued publication every two months through 1951.

April-May, 1951. This is the last issue of the magazine devoted to the Service Men's Christian League. Out of the experience of the years, the SMCL, changed and revitalized, emerged as the United Fellowship of Protestants. Dr. Fred C. Reynolds became the director.

January, 1952. Back to a monthly with 48 pages. Rymer continued as editor with several staff assistants. Among them: Charles Giauque, Arline Allbritten, Julia Lacy.

June, 1952. Joe Dana joined the staff. He became editor with the August, 1953, issue and remained editor through 1953, 1954, 1955, and 1956.

May, 1953. This issue of the magazine mentions for the first time Mrs. Isabel Senar who has for 15 years been the circulation manager of THE LINK.

June, 1953. This issue of *The Chaplain* announced the coming of Marion J. Creeger as Executive Director of the General Commission on Chaplains. He guided the destinies of the Commission's work, including its magazines, for nine years.

January, 1957. Julia Lacy became Acting Editor of THE LINK and later is named its editor.

October, 1957. Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, who had been for eleven years, Editor of Youth Publications for American Baptists, became editor. Dr. Fitzgerald has been editor now of the magazine for ten years. Its circulation has doubled and its income tripled during these years.

April, 1958. Irene Murray became editorial assistant to THE LINK and in November, 1960, advanced to assistant editor. In March, 1963, Eleanor H. McLean became editorial assistant. When Mrs. McLean resigned, Marion D. Williams came to THE LINK in June, 1965, as editorial assistant.

January, 1958. The magazine expanded from 48 pages to 64.

July, 1962. The Rev. A. Ray Appelquist appears in this issue for the first time as Executive Editor of THE LINK.

June, 1967. This issue—our 25th Anniversary issue. What of the future? This is up to you—the readers. THE LINK comes to you to bring information, inspiration, education and to seek your transformation more into the image of Christ. Read, absorb, and let THE LINK point you to Christ—the strong LINK between God and yourself. This LINK will hold you steadfast and make you fearless.

* * *

Reach up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way . . . The two most important muscles which operate without the direction of the brain are the heart and the tongue.—Aug. 1945 LINK.

Is God Really Near?

By Addison H. Leitch

A FEW YEARS ago I was the visiting preacher in a city church where the pastor's study was just off the hallway where the choir gathered before going into the sanctuary. It was about ten minutes before service time and the choir was already beginning to line up when a girl appeared from somewhere to talk to one of the girls in the choir. And what was she talking about so excitedly? Well, it wasn't hard for me to see and hear because she was pointing out to her friend her new engagement ring and bubbling all over with talk about the man who had given it to her.

An engagement ring, I suppose, is a good illustration of a sacrament — the physical sign of a spiritual reality. I don't even suggest that the young man who gave her the ring was a "spiritual reality." He was physical enough, but there was something sacramental about that ring when you remember the words of Jesus, "This do in remembrance

of me." Apparently every time the girl focused on that ring, all kinds of marvelous memories came flooding in. She kept pointing to the ring, but she kept talking about the man.

What would you think of a girl who fell in love with her engagement ring instead of the man who had given it to her? I can guess that a man somewhere might give a ring to a girl which would have in it a four-carat diamond and it would be pretty hard for the girl to by-pass the diamond in favor of the man. What happens in such cases is that the ring becomes an end in itself instead of a channel by which the true reality is reached and remembered.

This is a simple illustration of what we are talking about when we are talking about idolatry. Idol worship is simply the worship of the creation instead of the Creator. It is no news to any of us that in every generation and in almost every part of the world now men

Dr. Leitch is assistant to the President, Tarkio College, Tarkio, Mo. 64491

have found objects of worship in things instead of in the Creator of things. They forget that all reality is really sacramental, physical signs of things beyond the physical world.

Scientists, within the controls of their own methods, are discovering how false immediate sensory information can be. We say that "seeing is believing," or we say "I heard it with my own ears." We think that this kind of common-sense approach to reason is sufficient. But any physicist will tell you that when you look at things as they appear to your naked eye, you are not really dealing with things as they are. Matter is made up of molecules which in turn are made up of electrons and protons which in turn go on down into the deeps until we get the impressions from the physicist that solid matter is not really solid at all, it is probably just energy in some pattern.

This is true of philosophy also. I suppose one definition of philosophy would be simply to say what the physicist says, "There is more to reality than meets the eye." And so philosophers talk about unseen things like truth, beauty, goodness, values, first causes, rules of logic, ultimate concerns, ideals, and the like.

I wonder why we have trouble with this basic idea in religion? There is more to life than meets the eye. It is idolatry to stop with things and fail to consider the source of things. It is idolatry to be satisfied with the creature instead of the Creator.

This is what the psalmist is talk-

ing about when he sings, "The heavens are telling the glory of God and the firmament declares his handiwork." Paul suggests that we live and move and have our being in God, and again in speaking about our physical bodies, he is bold enough to declare that our bodies are the temples of God. Jesus assured us that the kingdom of God is "within you," or as it is better translated, "within your midst." Religious insight and awareness call for the kind of thinking which understands these realities beyond what appears so easy to the naked eye.

Thinking About God

Some men, particularly those with a scientific bent, are able to think about God through nature. They reason something like this: We cannot get something for nothing and the world around us is surely something. From where did this something come? And they reason back from their observations of the universe to the necessity of some first cause big enough to account for what we see and experience.

Some men have come to this kind of understanding through the rational structure of the universe. The mathematics which makes sense in our own minds seems to find a response in other minds and seems to be checked out by the movement of the stars. Cannot one assume that there must be some rationality or some intelligence undergirding the whole system which includes my mind and your mind and the stars and the atoms which we both ob-

serve? Along this same line, others have found the necessity for God in the sweep of history where righteousness seems to exalt a nation and where sin seems to destroy it.

Preeminently, men have believed in the necessity of God as they have observed other persons and I don't think we have to think here particularly of saintly persons or prophets or martyrs. If we follow our ordinary reasoning processes, we see again that we cannot get something from nothing and the world is full of persons. Can these persons have come from a material impersonal source?

The whole question of person finds its climax in the person of Jesus Christ. If there is a God of power and reason who is also a person, how could he better reveal himself to us than in a person? John tells us in the first chapter of his gospel that, "The Word became flesh." What God had to say to man he finally said in a person. And why not? Anyone who is trying to teach me how to do something eventually has to show me and help me. This, it seems to me, is what Christ came to do: to show us and to help us.

Right here we ought to watch how the disciples became aware that there was more to Jesus than meets the eye. He was the carpenter of Nazareth, he was Mary's son, his brothers and sisters were known in the community, he was an itinerate rabbi, like many others in his day, but finally Peter was forced to exclaim, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." But we must notice what Jesus said to Peter.

"Flesh and blood have not revealed this unto you." Multitudes of people had a chance to see Jesus and to touch him, but the disciples discovered that there was more to him than meets the eye. Flesh and blood was not the last word. After about three and one-half years with Jesus, these hard-headed fishermen, tax collectors, zealots, and others, were one in their attitude: "My Lord, and my God."

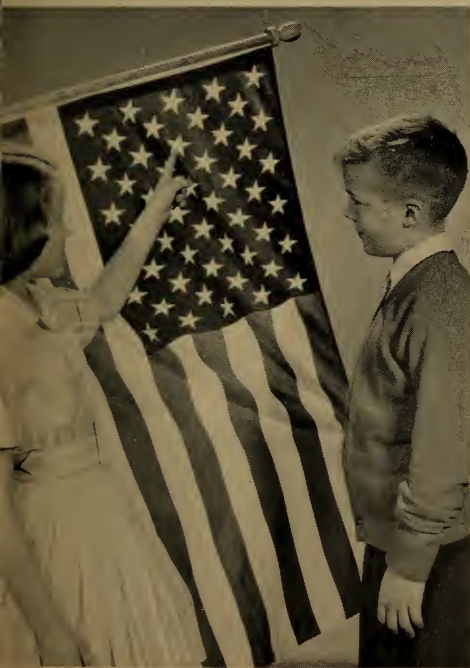
Nearer Than Hands and Feet

It is a hard question, "Is God really near?" Nearer than hands and feet the Scriptures tell us. As near as atomic structure is to the stone we hold in our hand. There is no way to prove this to a man, but it is amazing how when one operates as if it were true, the whole of reality seems to jell. The atomic theory makes sense out of the whole world of reality. If one accepts what Jesus claims for himself, it is one of the wonders of the gospel that by the actions of the Spirit of God this gives sense and direction and assurance and hope for the whole of life. Not everyone has found this to be true and I suspect the reason is that not everyone has tried it out. It takes a little time and a little thought and a little meditation, but it is a measure of the superficiality of our minds and hearts if we stop at appearances and do not go on to the truth. It is the function of the Holy Spirit of God to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. And it is the purpose of Christ to show us God. In a simple way, this is the way the Trinity

hangs together.

But there is more. Brother Lawrence wrote about the "practice of the presence." We can think about the truth and then we can act as if it were so. And in so acting we discover that it is so. And of course another whole new area of opportunity lies at hand, for we have been instructed by Jesus, indeed commanded, to pray. And in the practice of prayer we may experience the reality. My chief trouble with prayer is that I am always thinking about it or arguing about it or wondering about it. Right here we are forced with the sort of thinking

that used to be reflected in the advertisements for Packard's cars. "Ask the man who owns one." Don't ask the unbeliever about prayer, nor should you turn to the cynic and the skeptic. Ask the man who prays. But better still, start to pray. This is one thing you can start immediately without being an expert. Pray as simply as a child would speak to his parents. One cannot prove this to someone else but one can certainly experience the truth of it, that in the practice of prayer comes the assurance of truth; but better than that, the assurance of God's presence. ■ ■



The Flag

Blue and white are
Flanked by red:
For liberty
Our men have bled.

Stars are there,
Gleaming white,
Each a sun, and
Fifty bright

Flap, bright flag,
Strong and brave—
Drink the wind and
Wave, flag, wave!

—Norman M. Davis

The Survivors

By J. J. Yoder

Corporal Tiny helps an orange-haired, orange-speckled little boy who is running away from home

RUSTY had orange hair and an orange-speckled face. He was six years old, and serious. He left home at 2:30 P.M. Friday, the day after his mother received the telegram. His destination was "Far East," so he went east on Main street. He knew he had to cross the ocean, but he would worry about that when he got to the beach where it started.

Loosely wrapped in a piece of his mother's old red dress was one "007 Weapon Kit," one rusty butcher knife, two bubble gum cigars, one *Screaming Eagle* U.S. Army shoulder patch, two peanut butter sandwiches, his "Speedster" tennis shoes, and an extra T-shirt. The bundle was tied to the end of a stick, so it could be carried on the shoulder in the time-honored way of runaway boys.

Rusty wore blue jeans, T-shirt, and a brown jacket. He didn't need the jacket; it was a warm summer day. But Rusty knew the nights could be cool. In his pocket were seventeen pennies. He was easy to spot, especially if one could guess which direction he would take and where he might go to quench his thirst. Rusty had walked two hours and three miles when cruiser number twelve caught up with him.

Patrolman Jim Parsons touched the brakes lightly and pulled toward the curb. "Think I saw him, Tiny, just went into Joe's Diner."

The big, bulky man on Jim's right gave a long sigh and reached for the door handle. "Just park, Jim, let me talk to him a little—O.K.?" Jim nodded, shut the motor off, and leaned back in the seat to wait. Tiny, rivulets of sweat running



down his heavy cheeks, moved his bulk slowly out of the cruiser and across the street, feeling he was reliving a dream.

Except for Joe behind the counter, and the little boy on a stool, the diner was empty. Rusty was sipping a small Coke when Tiny eased his weight onto the next stool. "How's the pie today, Joe?"

"Chocolate, lemon, and mince."

"Chocolate then, and a large Coke." Tiny pretended to notice the red-headed youngster for the first time, and, taking a quick glance at the bundle on the floor, asked, "Traveling, son?"

Rusty was on guard. "Yes, sir—goin' east—Vee-et-mom."

Tiny smiled. "How about chocolate pie—for the road?"

"Yes sir—I guess so—thank you." Joe quietly placed the two pieces of pie on the counter.

"By golly, forgot the introductions. I'm Corporal Costello—folks call me Tiny."

Rusty showed a faint smile. He liked the big man. "I'm Rusty—Rusty Striker. It's really Ronald, but I don't like that too much."

Tiny laughed, "Well, Rusty, I guess nicknames do come in kinda handy. My real name's Alonzo, and I don't like that much either."

Rusty grinned. There was an awkward silence. "I thought... I just thought I'd better have a drink 'fore I go on." His big blue eyes were searching the policeman.

Tiny wiped his face with a large white handkerchief. He looked at Joe, who was leaning on the grill, a knowing look in his eye. "Joe, I

think Rusty here needs a refill. A man gets thirsty traveling in this kind of weather. And why don't you get yourself an air conditioner?" Joe just smiled and set the new Coke in front of the boy.

Rusty pulled the Coke toward him and reached for the straw with his open mouth, which was half full of chocolate pie. Then, remembering his manners, he turned to the big officer. "Thank you, sir—Corporal Tiny." His eyes wandered to the two bent stripes on Tiny's arm. He couldn't keep it back. "My daddy is—*was* a corporal—in the United States Army!" Not a tear dropped to the round freckled face, but the bright blue eyes were fairly swimming.

"Yep, believe I've heard of him Rusty—I..." Tiny didn't know quite what to say. It was Rusty who broke the short silence.

"Did—did you come after me, sir, Corporal Tiny?" The chips were down. "Yes I did, Rusty, but let's finish our pie and have a talk—before we go, O.K.?"

Tiny lumbered out of Striker's house at 5:45 P.M. and got into the cruiser, slowly, a soft smile on his face. "All right, Boy Scout," said Jim, "how'd you work it so smooth?"

"Experience, Jim, experience." Jim pulled away from the curb, waiting for Tiny to explain.

"Remember me telling about my dad, at Pearl Harbor?"

"Yeh. Don't tell me *you*...?"

"Yep, I was six, like Rusty, headed east, toward Japan I guess. Figured I'd kill about every Jap there was—to make up for Dad.

Had a Gene Autry pistol and a slingshot, among other things. Same street, different diner, different cop. Remember old Sergeant Kelly?"

"Sure."

"He bought the pie—talked to me, about how bad my mother

would need a man around the house, and all that stuff."

Jim gazed straight ahead for a moment, then glanced at Tiny and grinned. "And you've been over-stuffed on pie ever since."

Tiny smiled, rather sadly. ■ ■

Lift Up Your Heart

(All quotes this issue come from back copies of THE LINK)

Life is a mirror: if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—Thackeray.

The Bible was the weapon of our souls. It was with us in suffering; it fought for us and our foes feared it. Why did they hate that very old book? For the same reason we ourselves loved it. And why did we? Because the Bible spoke to us as a voice closer to our trembling hearts than any other voice.—Bishop Berggray, a Nazi prisoner during WW II; words spoken to a London audience.

Respect for human rights is embodied in our Constitution, affirmed in our courts and nourished in our schools.—G. Bromley Oxnam.

Honesty, devotion, righteousness, happiness, courage, faith—all these come from the heart, the inner man.—Sam R. Geist.

God has a way of keeping a man on his feet long after the man is ready to go down.—T. Hillman Hollister.

God was real to my parents. We never talked in our house about whether there's a God... Fifteen years ago I vowed never to lose an opportunity to do for my parents or to communicate to them the love and devotion that I had for them.—James W. Fifield.

Rome endured as long as there were Romans. America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought.—David Starr Jordan.

He Combines Christianity and Golf

By Aubrey B. Haines

ALTHOUGH many athletes make no pretension of being religious, the South African golf champion, Gary Player, is unashamed of his Christian faith. He considers his faith—which he translates into courage—his greatest asset in tournament golf.

Gary carries a Bible with him wherever he travels. "I try to read a portion of it every night before I go to sleep," he says. "Another book from which I derive much spiritual help is Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*. This book was given to me by Tom Nieporte, a close friend among touring professional golfers. Tom gives so much attention to the Christian life that it makes him one of the finest men one could hope to meet."

Gary James Player was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, on November 1, 1935. "My father was a foreman in a local gold mine," Gary recalls. "My mother died when I was eight years old, and my father took the place of both parents

for my brother, sister, and me."

Today Gary is very close to his sixty-seven-year-old father. "When I began making money from golf," he recalls, "I was able to get Dad out of the mines and set him up in business for himself. Today he supplies equipment to mining companies."

Gary's sister, Wilma, is married, and he keeps in touch with her family. He also remains close to his brother Ian, now a South African game warden. In the summer of 1961 for the second time, Gary gave his father a trip to the British Open Golf Tournament. "Dad deserved it," Gary says. "He's always been an excellent father to me."

As a boy Gary played Rugby football and cricket at King Edward School in Johannesburg, where he was voted the school's all-around athlete. At age fourteen he turned to golf on the advice of his father. "But I had to give it up tempor-

Gary Player tells how



Gary Player

arily," he recalls, "for a year later I broke my neck in a diving accident."

After he recovered, his father gave him a set of golf clubs. Gary took them to the Virginia Park course, where he shot par on the first three holes. The youth's performance caught the eye of Jock Verwey, a professional golf player at the course. Verwey put young Player to work as his assistant and gave him lessons.

When the youth was seventeen—before he had even won an amateur tournament—he resolved to become a professional golf player. What he lacked in experience, he made up

for in determination. Practicing eight hours a day under Verwey's watchful eye, Gary trimmed off excess weight and strengthened his arms, shoulders, and torso.

"All of us Players are high-strung," Gary's father, Harry Player, says as he stands watching his son practice. "That's the fantastic thing about Gary: the way he has mastered himself. I would have been under great pressure, but not he. Years ago we had our disagreements. He'd tell me that he couldn't make a play, and I'd tell him that he could. I'd tell him that he was falling back off his shots, and he'd say, 'I don't want to hear it,' and I'd say, 'Well, you can anyhow,' and then later he'd put his arm around me and say: 'I'm sorry, Dad. I just have to explode sometimes, and you're the only one who can take it!'" Gary says, "No one ever had a father like my Dad."

WHEN GARY was nineteen, his father borrowed enough money to send him to England for his first professional tour. He won enough to cover expenses. The next year he returned to win the 1956 Dunlop Tournament with a five-round score of 338. That same year Gary Player and Vivienne Verwey, daughter of Jock Verwey, were married.

Today the Players have three children; Jennifer, eight; Mark, six; and Wayne, five. Gary believes that his children should receive the same discipline that he imposes upon himself. When Jenny, his lively, chubby daughter, refuses to obey

his order to leave the bedside telephone alone, Gary shakes his finger at her and warns, "Do that again, and I'll whack you!"

Gary calls his sons Markle and Waynee. Sometimes they play near their father when he practices at the Houghton Golf Course in Johannesburg. The boys shoot little pellets of potato with a plastic gun and play with little Negro boys despite South Africa's apartheid policy. From a large baking potato that he carries around, Mark extracts the pellets by digging the barrel of the gun into the potato. Gary pauses between his own shots to caution Mark not to hit anybody with his potato shots and to let the other boys have a turn. Mark hands over the gun to one of the native boys.

A devoted family man, Player spends as much time as he can with his wife and children. He even encourages them to travel with him when he plays in tournaments in South Africa, Great Britain, Australia, and North America.

Gary became the third man in history to have won all four of professional golf's top titles: the British Open Tournament in 1959; the Master Tournament in 1961; the P.G.A. in 1962; and the United States Open Tournament in 1965. Player donated his entire winnings to charity: \$5,000 to the Cancer Fund and \$20,000 to the United States Golf Association, "because I'm so indebted to America," he said. He also gave his caddy \$2,000. His lawyer says that with endorsements, personal appearances, and other income, Player will not have

to worry about finances. "Winning one tournament," he says, "is worth \$500,000 to Gary."

NEVERTHELESS, Player yearns for a life with his family on his South African farm. His father says, "Gary has promised me that he would quit golf when he reaches thirty-five years of age." He wishes to become a farmer.

"Farming is a marvelous life," Gary says. "The trees, the mountains, and the horses make farm life fantastic. One is really living when he's farming. I'd rather farm and ride a horse than play golf."

Today at age thirty-one Gary Player is in the prime of life and at the peak of his profession. When he is intent, his brown eyes that glow through the billows of his heavy lashes become round. With his short black hair combed straight up, they give him a look of prolonged astonishment.

Gary makes quips at relaxed times. On invitation he will do an acrobatic imitation of Arnold Palmer's powerful, contorted golf swing. On the follow-through he rolls and jerks his head in the Palmer manner. He tries to follow the flight of the ball, first with one eye, then with the other. Player can also do a squirming, quaking-voiced imitation of Elvis Presley.

"Gary has looks, flair, and a strong, colorful personality," says a Hollywood motion-picture producer. "He might make an actor."

"I'd never give up golf to become an actor," Gary says, "for until I retire, golf is my career. But I



Arnold Palmer (left) and Gary Player (right) often compete against each other in golf tournaments.

wouldn't mind making one picture a year if I should have the talent."

A handsome, well-groomed man, Gary Player stands five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He wears his hair short on top but long on the sides. His profile presents a well-formed face of healthy tan. The shiny whites of his eyes set off the deep color of the irises. His extremely white teeth are evenly spaced.

Wholesome in his moral and

physical life, Player neither smokes nor drinks. He maintains a deep devotion to God and to his family. To keep physically fit, he performs thirty deep-knee bends daily while holding a fully-packed suitcase over his head. For an encore he does eighty finger-tip push-ups.

Eating steak keeps up his weight and energy, but Gary prefers some foods which make his admirers wince. A favorite dish is fried scallops, over which he pours honey. While playing in a tournament, he nibbles on nuts, dried peaches, and raisins. "These foods give me quick energy," he says. "So does wheat germ."

Gary is conscientious about the mail and telegrams that he receives from his admirers and wishes that he could answer them all. One night he sat in a Houston motel room, almost completely covered with newspaper clippings, telegrams, and letters. An expression of deep concern crossed his face. "I can't imagine how I'll get all these answered," he said.

His work for the day completed, Gary retires to his motel room when he is on tour. Here he enjoys playing a few records on the portable stereophonic record player that he carries with him everywhere. He is likely to dine on steak with two or more friends wherever he happens to be and to answer several business telephone calls. Then he retires for the ten-hour sleep that he requires to keep physically fit.

The next day on the golf course Player chats amiably with the spectators when things go well with him.

Whenever he sinks a long putt, he removes his white cap and waves it in the air as if shouting in pantomime. He minces a little step up to the cup, removes the ball, and dances away in apparent delight.

Gary Player feels that his respon-

sibility to golf is more than merely winning victories for himself. "Golf asks something of a man," he says. "It makes one loathe mediocrity. It seems to say, 'If you're going to keep company with me, don't embarrass me.'" ■ ■

WHAT I AM FIGHTING FOR

by Herbert E. Smith

I AM A REGULAR, a veteran of almost a quarter-century of service including combat action in France and Siberia in the first World War . . . But I remember the little town over in New Jersey where I grew up, went to school and first affiliated myself with a church congregation . . . In my hometown we didn't ask, or care, what faith a fellow had. I numbered among my friends boys and girls from all those congregations . . . That's just one thing I'm fighting for—the continuance of the God-given privilege of choosing my own friends, regardless of class, race, or creed.

I am fighting for the continuing privilege of going to the polls on election day, and by a clean, secret, honest ballot exercising my American franchise of voting for whomever I please.

I enjoy reading a good book, and seeing a movie now and then. I don't want anybody telling me what I must read or see.

I like a peaceful, quiet day in the country, a picnic with my family. As an American soldier, I give the military salute to my officers, but I am definitely not saluting them as individuals or as members of some Master Race. I am saluting the uniform they wear, and the Flag that uniform represents and the gallant dead who gave their all to preserve for all everything that Flag stands for . . .

I am fighting for the right to root for Dartmouth over Cornell, for the Dodgers—even the right to "boo" my team . . . I am fighting for the right to write a letter to the editor if I don't like the way the government is run . . . to growl about income taxes . . . to listen to my radio or shut it off, as I alone see fit . . .

In short, I am fighting for the right to enjoy to the full all the privileges which belong to me and mine as a free man. It's worth fighting for—and if needs be, dying for.

—Excerpts from a winning essay on "What I am Fighting For."
This appeared in THE LINK, August, 1943.

Where Do I Get My Morals?

By Wayne E. Oates

THE MAIN assumption of such a question as "Where do I get my morals?" is that at least the person reading this article and the one writing it have a set of morals. One can go further and assume that the majority of people have a moral structure to their beings which makes it possible for them to be minimally law-abiding citizens.

One might push the assumption harder and say that *all* people have some kind of moral structure. However, this last generalization must be examined as to the *quality* of the moral standards of people: the qualities will vary from good, conventional, moral cleanliness and self-satisfaction that one is "as good as the next person" to the serious, self-searching of the Christian who lives according to the "new commandment of Jesus Christ": to love all mankind as Christ in his crucifixion did.

On the negative side, the qualities of moral standards of people will vary from the person who prides himself upon having never been caught in wrongdoing to the amoral person who does the most vicious of crimes with seemingly no remorse, guilt, or real feeling of any kind. Therefore, when we say that all people are moral, we have not said anything significant unless we move quickly to evaluate the kinds of morals that guide different persons.

The differences of moral standards and behavior between people are wide and deep. Even within the different Christian communions, the moral instructions of groups vary quite widely from one another. Yet, even the most cynical philosophers about morality will tend to say as did Nietzsche that *the process of valuing behavior* remains constant. How does this process work and from whence do the moral loyalties and

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moral obligations come? Where do I get my morals?

Some Sources of Morality

We are prone to say that the deepest source of our moral values is our relationship to our parents. This is only a secondary source of our values, however. We are children of our parents, but they in turn are a part of a larger culture than the family itself. For example, the American soldier in World War II was taught to survive and enable his comrade to survive. The Japanese soldier was taught the principle of *kamikaze*, the glory of dying intentionally and on calculated purpose; which might suggest that the attitude of a people, a nation, a Christian, or otherwise religious group toward life itself and death itself may be one of the broadest and deepest sources of our moral values.

These are conveyed to the individual most vividly through his family, but they come from "the people" among whom one lives. As Isaiah measured his own sins before God, he said: "... I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips" (Isa. 6:5).

The young college student today, facing the possibility of being drafted, may feel keenly that war is wrong, that killing is evil, and yet feel guilty when his classmate is drafted in the face of low grades. He may have ever so high a set of values about nonviolence, but at the same time he recognizes that he lives in a world at war, among a people

who use war as a means of settling international disputes. In turn, his own nation lives over against other nations that have a deliberate policy of social change through violence and terror. One of the sources of morality is the culture of which we are a part, then.

Before we get to the parents, also, we must also take a closer look at this culture. In every country there are *social classes*. The peasants of China at this time are being set over against the Red Guards. Even in "classless" China, the peasant is still a "class."

In American life we have, according to several social scientists, at least six different classes consisting of a double subclassing of the lower, middle, and upper classes. The popular view of social class would suggest that this is totally a matter of money. But this is too simple. Occupational skills and educational achievement lie behind the income. Over behind the occupational skills and educational achievement lies the heritage of the family, money, occupational tradition, and education. These tend to determine the kinds of groups and associations one joins, the kind of house one lives in, and the kind of neighborhood one chooses as the location of that house. All these are indexes to the kinds of values a person will have.

For example, two men may not drink alcohol for very different reasons. One will be a middle-class person who is active in his church and feels that this is a sin. Another will be an upper-lower class worker who has a skill, such as truck-driv-

ing; he will lose his job if he becomes a "boozer." Two people may believe in the segregation of Negroes from white people, but they do so for very different reasons. The upper-upper or aristocratic person will believe this because he has a Negro as a servant in the home. The lower-lower class person will believe this because the unskilled laboring Negro competes with him for his job, both of them being unskilled laborers.

However, all these values are bred into a person through the medium of the family. We, as Whitman said, become part of our parents and they become part of us. Their point of view and moral values are subtly woven into the fabric of our being as we grow in intimate association with them.

However, the moral values of a growing young person may be a positive acceptance or a negative rejection of the values of the parent. Within each individual there is the need to be a person in his own right, different from his parents, his culture, his nation. This individuality asserts itself. Hence, the most pious parents may have rebellious children. The most immoral parents may have rebellious children. Therefore, we have pious parents whose children "turn out" to be quite different in their moral values. We have immoral parents whose children may become somewhat straitlaced in their moral values.

It is into the clutch of this need for individuality that the so-called "play-boy" philosophy of sex falls and becomes attractive to youth.

The parent who is too busy making money to have fellowship with the growing child finds that "the gang" of the child's peers takes his place in the child's life. The "gang's" morals become his.

Ways of Establishing a Scale of Values

The question is raised in the face of what I have said here: "How can a person set about establishing his own scale of values?" A teacher of mine used to say that the best way of doing this was to decide which groups of people's approval means most to you. Does the approval of your parents, your "gang," your "outfit," your chapel group, your "drinking buddies," your girl friend, or just whose approval do you value most and consider most seriously when you are about to do something? How would you list these in numerical order of importance? They are your committed community, and your scale of values will be drawn along the lines of the order of preference you give them. I like the words of the hymn, "I Would Be True":

I would be true for there are those
who trust me
I would be true for there are those
who care...

Your community of those whom you consider most worthwhile does not have to consist solely of the people whom you know as day-by-day work and play associates and as family members. This community can be composed of a company of people about whom

you read and know through history. One of those persons was Moses and those of his followers who bequeathed to us the Ten Commandments. Here we have the crystallized experience of hundreds of centuries of moral experience. But they were hammered out in the experience of real people like you and me.

More than this, we have in the living Christ one who died for our sins. He loved us so much that he gave himself for us. The "new morality" of Jesus was stated thus: "A new commandment I give you, that you love one another as I have loved you" (John 13:34 paraphrased). Even so, a person cannot

sustain any moral code worth the time to consider it without the companionship and power of the Holy Spirit. He fortifies the moral resolve of a person from within.

The writer of Hebrews gives us the main context for the moral life of a Christian:

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside every weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. 12:1-2.) ■■



Sports: The Year THE LINK Was Born

1943—the year the Great War was beginning to roll into high gear—also marked the first issue of a great little magazine entitled THE LINK.

Sports for that year didn't produce much in the way of outstanding achievements because most of the stars were in the service and others were following . . . but on November 14, 1943, a "first" was born on the gridiron. More than 57,000 fans jammed the historic New York Polo Grounds to pay tribute to a hometown boy who was becoming a sports great . . . Sid Luckman, the great quarterback for the Chicago Bears of the National League, who was pitting his strong right arm against the mighty New York Giants. What the great Luckman did that afternoon serves as an aspiration to future quarterbacks.

The first period was spent trying to discover the weakness of each team. The Bears were in possession of the ball near the end of the period when Luckman, spotting his receiver, rifled a long pass into his waiting hands to produce the first touchdown. With just one more play left in the first quarter, Sid threw a long 54-yard pass, striking his mark again for the second touchdown of the game. Before the first half came to an end, Sid had tossed his third and fourth touchdowns, the fans, realizing that the great quarterback was "hot," began to cheer and roar for more of the pinpointing passes.

In the third period the fans got their wish when Sid reared back and sent a fifty-five yard pass on its target for the fifth TD. The wear and tear of the grueling game began to take effect on the big guy and he was called out of the game by the coach for a rest. But the excited fans began to chant, "We want Luckman back!" What else could the coach do but send in the arm-weary quarterback for more action—and action the fans got! Sid connected for another touchdown and before the one-sided game ended he managed to throw another "bomb" for his seventh touchdown, a feat that had never before been achieved—seven touchdown passes in a single game!

Looking back on that memorable year of 1943—the ball park where Luckman made football history no longer stands—but the passing record does.

—Mario De Marco

Sand in Eye

Photo Story by Dale Whitney



Lai Hsin-chen, one of the 2,166 community workers in the anti-trachoma campaign on Taiwan.

A LOVELY Chinese girl, Lai Hsin-chen, walks the dusty streets of a small village with not more than 350 people, located in the south of Formosa (Taiwan) in the county of Ping Tung. She is one of the 2,166 community workers on

Formosa. In her daily rounds she goes into one little house for a short time, then another, and another; for it is her job to make home-to-home visits (she makes about 20 homes a day) supervising the treatment of trachoma, a disease which



Lai Hsin-chen, after being selected, is trained in Ping Tung Provincial Hospital. She is taught pertinent facts about trachoma—the control program, how to treat the disease, recording, etc. On completion of her training she is assigned to work in several villages in the province in which she lives.



Lai Hsin-chen with her blind grandfather. It was her grandfather's affliction that led Lai Hsin-chen to volunteer to take part in her country's campaign against trachoma. Approximately 20 percent of the people over the age of 65 have moderate or advanced visual impairment; 5 percent of this age-group suffer from "economic blindness."





Education in schools, even of the very young, is part of the all-out campaign in Taiwan to catch the disease in its early stages. Yearly visits are made to the schools by health station physicians to examine the children's eyes. All teachers are trained to apply the antibiotic ointment. Treatment schedules are set up and followed religiously. The community worker uses the school to spread trachoma health propaganda. Teachers and children take the message they receive at school home with them; they become conscious of the disease and they learn how to treat it.

is capable of blinding any victim.

The Chinese name for this dread disease "trachoma" is "Sand in Eye." When the Chinese saw the red eyes of trachoma, they actually believed it was caused by sand getting into the eyes.

Trachoma has been known from antiquity. It affects one-sixth of the world's population and approximately 40 percent of the eleven million inhabitants of Formosa. It is thought to have originated in Mongolia from whence it spread over the world during the migrations of history. It is found particularly in tropical and subtropical regions.

If not treated, trachoma lasts for many years and often causes total blindness. The disease usually begins insidiously and causes little or no discomfort at first; but it is active and infectious even at an early stage. It can be detected only by an experienced examiner. Sufferers usually seek medical care only at a late stage; and then it is often too late.

The anti-trachoma campaign in Formosa is carried out by the Chinese public health authorities and incorporates case-finding, treatment, health education, follow-up, and evaluation. Massive material aid is provided by the UN Children's Fund; and technical advice and assistance is given by the WHO (World Health Organization).

Lai Hsin-chen (her name means "Virtue," "Reliance," "Belief") has dedicated her life to freeing her country of the disease which blinded her grandfather. She is so busy she has little time for the pleasures that



TOP: In rural communities such as Lai Hsin-chen's, one community worker is assigned to 1,400 households, half of which are presumed trachomatous. Lai Hsin-chen advises the household on the treatment of trachoma, trains a household member in the instillation of the ointment, distributes the ointment and urges adherence of the household to the treatment schedule. **BOTTOM:** Since many of the people are illiterate, it is not always an easy task for Lai Hsin-chen to get them to adhere to daily treatment, but it is the community worker's job to see that they do. Here she is teaching the men of the community—as she taught the women in the above picture—





Lai Hsin-chen tries to instill in the young the necessity to wash in individual basins or in free-running water, not in communal wash basins. Trachoma is highly infectious and spreads easily, so community workers emphasize hygiene.

Preschool children who have not been examined for trachoma. Community workers take a look at their eyes and seek to convince mothers they should take their children to the examiners. Superstitions still linger; e.g. one is that a child with red eyes should be taken to the Confucian temple where incense is burned and then put into his drinking water to cure him.



a young girl of her age might enjoy.

Hsin-chen has several rural villages that are her responsibility. She works through schools and teachers to help teach hygiene and to make communities conscious of trachoma and its treatment. Trachoma is very contagious and easily spread among the children—who play in the dirt all day and in the past were seldom bathed.

One of the biggest problems encountered in an anti-trachoma campaign is to get the patients to continue a strict treatment schedule (application of the antibiotic ointment twice a day for five days every month for six months, the whole to be repeated after a six months' rest).

One of the community worker's first jobs is to help rid the villagers of their old fears and superstitions. Still lingering on in some areas is the practice of burning incense at a Confucian temple and putting the incense into drinking water for the child with an eye infection.

No time limit can be set for the eradication of trachoma in Formosa. The goal of the World Health Organization is to reduce the prevalence of the disease to a level where it is no longer a major health problem.

Lai Hsin-chen and many others like her are trying to guide their people toward this goal also and fulfill a dream to lead the Taiwanese from ignorance and poor health to a better way of life. ■ ■

Sympathy is two hearts tugging at the same load.—THE LINK, Apr. 1945.



TOP: Any responsible member of a family with some education can instill the ointment in the eye to treat trachoma once it has been diagnosed. This role often falls to the older school children, who are taught how to treat trachoma at school. Here a daughter treats her father. At left is a grandfather, a trachoma sufferer, but not completely blind. **BOTTOM:** This picture was taken at sunset in a rice paddy and shows Lai Hsin-chen guiding her blind grandfather just as she is guiding her people and fulfilling a dream to lead them from ignorance and poor health to a better way of life.



The Story Behind “Little Letter to God”

THE POEM on the opposite page has quite a story behind it. I don't know it all, but the part I do know is quite interesting.

On July 29, 1966, I received a copy of this poem from A2C Melvin E. Gourley who was stationed at Offutt Air Force Base. There were two differences from the version we are printing: Melvin's version was in a prose format and the title was “Hello, God.”

In all good faith, Melvin wrote: “‘Hello, God’ was written by a close friend of mine only minutes before he died in action . . . I have the original and will not part with it at any price.” I thought it worth printing in THE LINK and bought it for five dollars.

A few weeks later, I got a phone call from the Chief of Chaplains' office (U.S. Army) stating that Colonel Sizemore of Booneville, Ky., was trying to find a poem called “A Little Letter to God” written during World War II by a soldier in a foxhole. The Colonel thought the poem had originally appeared in THE LINK.

This set our staff on the search and behold, we did find the poem in the July, 1944, issue of THE LINK on page 13. This is the poem we are reproducing on the opposite page. Under the title was this inscription: “A poem found on the body of an unknown soldier killed in Italy.”

So the editor paid \$5.00 for a poem already used in his magazine. But more than this—military personnel, airmen, and colonels—have found the poem meaningful and useful. Nobody knows who wrote it in the first place; but we do know it has been around a long time.

And we thank Melvin Gourley and T. C. Sizemore for bringing this piece to our attention; and we thought it so interesting we are sharing it with our readers in this, our anniversary issue.

—Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, THE LINK.

Little Letter to God

Look, God, I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say "How do You Do";
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist—
Like a fool I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole I saw Your sky—
I figured right then they had told me a lie;
Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if you'd shake my hand,
Somehow, I feel that You will understand;
Funny I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had time to see Your face!

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today;
I guess the Zero Hour will soon be here;
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.

The signal! Well, God I'll have to go;
I like You lots, this I want You to know;
Look now, this will be a horrible fight—
Who knows? I may come to Your House tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your door?
Look, I'm crying! Me? Shedding tears?
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well, I have to go now, God, goodbye . . .
Strange, since I met You I'm not afraid to die!

Do You Feel Left Out?

By Thomas E. Moye

MANY years ago a zealous, if tactless, acquaintance confronted me with what used to be a common challenge: "Brother, are you saved?" Somewhat startled, I asked, "What do you mean, 'saved'? What does it mean to be saved?" And he replied, "It means that you are not lost." "Well," I said, "what does it mean to be *lost*?" And he said, "It means that you are not saved."

There it is, you see: being saved means not being lost, and being lost means not being saved, but this is just going round in a semantic circle with no real meaning anywhere but within the scope of the closed circle itself. And this is a pity, for there is perhaps no word anywhere in our language more eloquently or more poignantly accurate in describing a universal quality of modern life than that old word "lost." Never mind hell, for the moment, never mind a man's formal relation to a given body of creeds

or to an organization or movement within history—think of the word in terms of its plain and common usage and you will begin to have a new respect for that homely old word.

"Lost" has to do with something that is wrong with a man's sense of direction, and with confusion in the face of a maze of unknown roads. Even if that were the end of it, it seems a bit early in the game to discard that old-fashioned religious word, "lost." But this feverishly mobile and transient generation has invested the word with a new depth of meaning: we are the generation of refugees and wanderers, the rootless ones who are at home only in a growing sense of homelessness. "Displaced person" had originally its own terrible meaning in the wake of war, but now, in our prosperous, industrialized, urbanized culture, whole non-communities dwelling anonymously in towering high-rise apartments or in spreading develop-

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ments of identical houses have re-defined the term.

In this connection the word "lost" conjures up connotations of being misplaced or displaced from the setting in which the meaning of one's life is most fully expressed, of being cut off from the roots and conditions which nourish and sustain a man's real identity and being. Our present day lostness has much in common with that of the lost coin and the lost sheep and the lost son in the New Testament (see Luke 15:1-32), but we have added a dimension and a shape all our own. In the midst of teeming crowds, walking down a road of life with a church on every corner, citizens of the most gregarious nation on earth, instantly in touch with each other by the latest media of communication—nevertheless we are beset by a homesick kind of awareness that in spite of it all we have lost, or have never achieved, a real sense of belonging. We have a poignant sense of not being a real "I," a true "me," a growing suspicion that we have been left out of things and have become somehow anonymous, faceless, a kind of living blur.

If this feeling is generally abroad in our world, it is likely to exist specifically, in a virulent form, in the military environment. Some military personnel and families may like it this way and sink gratefully back into the undemanding blur of anonymity. Most of us, however, truly and deeply want "to belong," and one of our heaviest burdens is a sense of being left out of things.

We look at the civilian world around us and speak of it too easily as "them" as distinct from "us." Somehow, if we are ever to belong, we must bridge that gulf between "them" and "us" with an inclusive "we."

How to Belong

To belong, you have to leave off being anonymous. You have to have a face and a name and an identity. Which is to say that you have to be a *person*. Not a serial number, not a uniform, not an indistinguishable and undifferentiated part of a larger mass, but a person who makes decisions and choices, who has a position, a point of view, a contribution, who loves and serves, and who makes himself known in all these respects and thus attains an identity.

Sometimes we make new friends because someone has introduced us to them. But in the deepest sense we must even then introduce ourselves. Only we can really give content to our name and face and identity. To belong you have to have an identity. But to have an identity you must *identify*, you must leave the shadows of anonymity and isolation and move into the current of life and make yourself known. And this means that if we want to belong and not to be left out, if we want to be known and accepted as a person and not as a serial number or a uniform, then we must first of all *be* a person. We must see to it that our contacts and relationships with others are personal in the full sense of that word,

and that means that we must participate in the life to which we want to belong, we must identify with it and bring to it the full dimensions of a personal involvement.

Let us confess it: sometimes we in uniform hang back waiting for life to drag us into its currents by main strength. When we complain that groups and clubs and communities and churches have left us out, we sometimes mean that we want them to grant us a special spectator status whereby we can reap the benefits of belonging without making the contributions which are inevitable aspects of belonging. Even while we fret over the restrictions imposed upon us by our frequent moving about the world, it is all too easy at the same time to take refuge in the very things we complain about and to say, "Oh, I won't be here long enough to take an active part" in whatever activity may be seeking our involvement.

I know a military family who have never lived anywhere longer than a couple of years but who nevertheless plant fruit trees and rose bushes everywhere they live although in most instances they never realize the full benefits of their labors. They do this partly for the sake of those who will follow them, but also for their own sake and as a part of their total approach to life, because they know that the only way really to belong anywhere is to live there fully and completely and without always hanging back on the excuse that soon they will be moving on.

Some communities and churches

are doubtless more open and friendly than others, and some may be cool and distant to "outsiders." But in many communities around our military bases no one is more truly popular and liked, no one "belongs" more profoundly, than military men and their families who, for the brief time of their stay, really involve themselves in the life of the community. These persons are not uniforms and serial numbers and faceless blurs, but have come to take on a personal reality and identity in the minds of the permanent residents. They remain soldiers and sailors and airmen and Marines and service families, but by the depth and extent of their involvement in the common life of the community they are looked upon primarily as real persons who truly *belong*.

God and a Sense of Belongingness

But this business of belonging goes deeper than mere personal maneuvering for popularity or the mechanics of social etiquette. The deepest and profoundest sense of belonging stems not from manners or the traditions of hospitality, but from our understanding of ourselves and of others and of our place within the body of humanity. Every man is always a stranger, even to himself, until he comes to know who he is. And at the very instant that he comes to know who he really is, he knows also who his neighbors are.

We find true belongingness only when we come to know God, and at the very moment that we know Him, we know ourselves as his

children and all men everywhere as his children, too. Belonging to him, our Father, we belong with people, his family.

John Donne expressed not only a hope and an ideal but also a fact when he said, "I am involved in mankind." By his sovereign act of grace, God has included us in his family and "has made from one every nation of men to live on the face of the earth" (Acts 17:24), so that from the deepest and most elemental source springs of our being we are therefore "kin to" and involved with each other. It is not only that we *want* to belong: in point of irrevocable fact, we *do* belong.

Others may draw lines and build walls to exclude us, and too often we ourselves say to life, "include me out." But in each instance, this is a tampering with the script of the drama of life, a perversion of the will of the Author who has created us and in Jesus Christ has shown us once and for all that to his grace and in his family there are no "outsiders." This is what God has done, but we must all of us together accept and confirm and appropriate his gracious act by giving ourselves over in faith to him and in love to each other. ■ ■

ALBUM

Portraits of
The past,
Unaware
Of me turning
Pages,
Faster and faster.
William R. Lamppa

HOUSE CLEANING

I took a broom
And swept away
The cobwebs in my mind.

The air blew through
The space. And then—
The sun began to shine!

— Kermit Shelby



CORK



Chaplain (Maj) E. H. Jim Ammerman, Protestant chaplain at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., administers oath of enlistment into the U.S. Army to his 18-year-old son, Mark, Indianapolis middleweight Golden Glove Champ.

My Son Becomes Private Ammerman

By Elmer H. Ammerman

ASI WAITED in the empty room where I would soon give the oath of enlistment to my son, I looked at the American flag and the Seal of the Department of Defense. Many thoughts went through my mind. I recalled the day I had enlisted in the Navy in July, 1942, when I was a day past

seventeen years old. Mark was almost nineteen. I had stood in the hallway of the Post Office in Kansas City, one of a group of almost 200, and here it would be in a nicely furnished room at the Indianapolis Recruiting and Induction Center, just me and my oldest son.

I thought of the rest of our family,

my wife who wanted to come, only she felt this was a man's business and stayed home (I'm sure she prayed as a Christian mother does). One daughter, away as a senior in college, didn't know the exact date her brother would be sworn in so she would be going about her usual schedule. Our younger son, Steve, had already started missing his "big brother," who was no longer taller than he. Even though they had been apart for months at a time previously, this day meant a difference—that Mark would never be a boy at home again—somehow Steve knew this. The "baby-daughter," now a teen-ager herself, usually quiet, was even quieter that morning; and we found later, laughed aloud all the way to school on the bus for no apparent reason.

Then the calendar of my mind went back further to the Christmas Eve when Mark was born. It had been a lovely brisk winter day, and I was so happy to have a son. I remembered that later he had been injured in a car wreck and for fourteen months hovered at the brink of death. As I stopped by the roadside with eyes blinded with tears, I had prayed, "Lord, I only have one son and I want him—alive, well, and strong." Then I recalled that God only had one Son, and he had died for me, for us, and I prayed again, "Lord, not my will but yours be done." When the tears dried a bit I went on to the hospital, and had strength to help my wife face the dark days ahead until healing fully came.

I couldn't help recall the many

times that I should have been with Mark and wasn't, like when he professed Christ as his personal Savior while I was away in Korea. Or, last winter when he had his first real fight in the ring in Chicago, and I lay awake awaiting his return in the early hours of morning. I heard his faltering steps on the stairs and knew as I got out of bed that he had been beaten badly. I had not been with him, and here he was, swollen and bruised. He had been knocked out on his feet but wouldn't lie down. He really didn't know he was unable to focus his eyes and wondered why the referee stopped the fight. His left ear took several weeks to go down, and looked like the cauliflower so often spoken of, except for its blue-green hue.

BUT there had been good times when we were together. We had learned to water-ski on Kentucky Lake, to snow-ski on the slopes of the Bavarian Alps, had picked out his motorcycle and he had taken his father for his first real ride on a two-wheeler. I had been present for his graduation from high school, and when he won the Golden Gloves title. Things like these would always be pleasant to remember.

Mark had always been very quiet and soft-spoken. His mother and I had often wondered what he really felt and thought, for when corrected he had never answered back, not even when he had been in the right. For the past two weeks I have been briefing him on some of the things to expect in the Army. It would be

difficult on the inside looking out from just being an "Army Brat," living on or near a post. True, he had even gone to the field with Special Forces detachments, but that was a lark, not duty. He had had a year of high school ROTC which would serve him well, and his prior knowledge of firearms had allowed him to achieve "expert" on their trip to the range. But he wasn't a soldier. So we had talked long as two men, not exactly as a father and son.

I felt good as I realized he had learned to make decisions on his own over the years. We had let him make small mistakes rather than have the apron strings tied too tight. No doubt he would do well when away and completely on his own. He had already brushed lightly with drinking buddies and had sense enough to stay straight. He had met women of the street, been approached by them; a bit shocked by the experience, he had come home and talked the matter over with his father. Long ago he had accepted our teaching that all women were to be treated as ladies, and those that couldn't were to be left alone. He knew that profane language was for the weak, that those strong in body and mind could better express themselves.

I thought: But what if I swear him into the Army and he goes to Vietnam and is killed? This fear swept through my mind like an intruding stormy wind. It was disturbing for a moment, for hadn't I helped bury many of the returned dead in the past three years? Then

I realized that it wouldn't make any difference who had given him his oath. Besides, he would be a better soldier knowing that his soldier father had cared enough to administer the oath. The best hands he could be in while making this final change from the boy to the man would be those of good soldiers. Strict yes, but with few exceptions the "non-coms" and officers were men of uncommon ability, with understanding which rendered them capable of producing a real man, soldier, and citizen of this youth I was entrusting to them. If I have done my job well, I reasoned, I have nothing to fear. Surely he would make an average or better soldier, and if in combat would prove his worth as part of a military team. What more could a father ask? And to die bravely for a just cause is honorable.

A sergeant opened the door from the processing room, my son and a young lieutenant entered, Articles 84 and 85 were read from the Universal Code of Military Justice (soldiers don't desert nor go AWOL), and I ordered Mark to take a step forward, his first in the Army. "Raise your right hand, state your name in full and repeat after me—" It only took a minute and I was shaking hands with a very new soldier. We took time to go out for a cup of coffee. Sitting down at a table with a major and an old sergeant, I introduced Private Ammerman, and we became four soldiers drinking coffee and telling tales.

Brief News Items

New Speaker for the Bible Study Hour

The Rev. Ben Haden of the Key Biscayne Presbyterian Church, Miami, Fla., is the new speaker on the Bible Study Hour. This program is heard on more than 400 radio stations around the world, including the Armed Forces Network. Before entering the ministry, Haden was an attorney and a prominent civic leader. He was an agnostic for most of his life. His church is Miami's only "church in the round." Surrounded by his congregation he speaks without pulpit or lectern.

50th Anniversary of the General Commission

Congratulations to The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel on its 50th Anniversary. The Commission (but not by that name) actually began in 1917 and for these 50 years has been serving as a liaison organization between the churches and the military. Its aim is to strengthen the moral and religious life of military personnel through the chaplains, through the concern of the churches, through personal visits to military bases, through literature (like THE LINK), and in other ways.

Baby Boom Ends

According to one of the nation's

leading population authorities, the postwar baby boom has ended. The birth rate in the U.S. is just a fraction above what it was in the depth of the Depression, when it was 18.3 per 1,000 persons; today it is 18.5 for every 1,000. *Emko Newsletter.*

Easter Visits

The Easter visits to the military forces on the part of the National Council of Churches were made this year by Dr. Edwin H. Tuller, first vice-president; Dr. Fred S. Buschmeyer; and Dr. J. Oscar Lee. They visited troops and conducted services in behalf of the churches in Vietnam and Okinawa.

2/C Hospitalman Richard Trace, USN, and 3/C Radioman John Cordier, USN, sing a duet during worship services aboard the USS *Albany* (CG-10).





A King-size Valentine for Barbie. Seabee Petty Officer Tom Cammarata, stationed with MCB-40 in Chu Lai, Vietnam, couldn't be home for Valentine's Day, 1967, so he sent his fiancée a lifesize caricature of himself, drawn by one of his buddies, Seaman Bernie Cobar, battalion illustrator. Cammarata is the chaplain's clerk.

Winter Retreat in Air Defense Command

Under the leadership of Chaplain, Col. Roy M. Terry, an Airmen's Winter Retreat was held for single airmen in the Air Defense Command last February. Leaders included Dr. Richard Cain of Los Angeles and Bart Starr of the Green Bay Packers. The retreat emphasized the need of manpower at work in God's vineyard.

Want to Write a Book?

Abingdon Press, 201 8th Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn. 37202, announces that beginning in 1968 it will award \$5,000 annually to the best book in three areas: religious books, general books, and children's

books. That is to say, in 1968, the award will be presented for a religious book; 1969 for a general book; and 1970 for a children's book. This cycle will probably be repeated beginning in 1971. Entry forms may be secured from the Award Editor.

World Cultural Foundation

The Rev Barry Thomas, former Air Force and Navy Chaplain, has founded an organization called the "World Cultural Foundation." It will have as its aim "to provide countless clergymen, educators, and scholars with free and low-cost educational opportunities in lands of historic interest." Thomas wants to help persons visit other lands (such as the Holy Land) and learn from the experience. The headquarters of the Foundation are: 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Publications on Smoking

The earlier you start smoking the more serious may be the damage to your health and the more difficult it is to break the habit. This is the warning note sounded in two new publications for teen-agers: "Why Nick the Cigarette is Nobody's Friend" and "A Light on the Subject of Smoking." The small pamphlets were produced by HEW (Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare of the U.S. Government). They may be ordered from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. "Why Nick" costs

10 cents; and "A Light" costs 15 cents.

Methodists in Revival

300 ministers and laymen in the Methodist Church engaged in an evangelistic mission last April in the Pacific Northwest. Bishop Palmer of Seattle pointed out the need of the area when he said that 70 percent or more of the population have no affiliation with any church.

Billy Graham in Vietnam

Last Christmas Billy Graham was in Vietnam. He reports: "Rarely have we been so challenged and moved as we were by what we saw, heard, and felt..." He then mentions seven things which surprised him:

1. Vietnam is actually a wealthy country.
2. Vietnam is a country of sheer

beauty.

3. The morale of the American military men is much higher than I had anticipated.
4. The work, the spirit and the dedication of the chaplains is magnificent.
5. I was surprised to see so many missionaries and their families working among the Vietnamese people, in spite of the war.
6. The response of the men to our meetings was far greater than when we went to the Korean War area in 1952.
7. I was surprised at the tremendous amount of aid we are pouring into Vietnam.

* * *

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 18, 56, U.S. Army; pages 19, 59, 60, 61, U.S. Navy; page 20, U.S. Air Force, Veterans Administration; pages 35, 37, CBS Television; pages 44-49, Dale Whitney.

CDR B. L. Saravia, Mobile Construction Battalion Forty Commanding Officer, presents 12 boxes of toys to children of Sam Hai Catholic Church near Chu Lai, Vietnam. The toys were part of "Toys for Tots" Christmas project, and were given to orphans and needy families. With CDR Saravia is LTJG D. P. Bodine, MCB-40 Catholic Lay Leader, and Chaplain James Harris from MCB-8, talking with Sister Mary Consolation.



The Link Calendar

JUNE is bursting out all over . . . " with sunshine, flowers, athletic events, periods of worship."

June 1. June Week, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

June 3-10. Let's Play Golf Week. "To stimulate interest in golfing."

June 4. 3rd Sun. after Pentecost. Also Old Maid's Day. Honor old maids for the good they've done parents, relatives, and friends.

June 6. Anniversary of D-Day. AEF landed in Normandy on this day, 1944.

June 7-10. British Royal Ballet to perform at Expo 67, Montreal.

June 8-Oct. 15. Stratford Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Ont.

June 10. Queen Elizabeth's birthday. Trooping the colors, London.

June 11. 4th Sun. after Pentecost. Children's Sun. Also National Flag Week (11-17). Also June 11-Sept. 3, Black Hills Passion Play, Spearfish, S.D.

June 12-18. National Little League Baseball Week.

June 14. Army birthday. Established June 14, 1775. Also Flag Day. Copenhagen's 800th Anniversary, Denmark. Thru June 18.

June 15-Sept. 4. Washington, D.C. Summer Jubilee. Many special events. Also N.Y. Summer Festival June 15-Sept. 5.

June 16-July 4. Blue Fish Tournament. Norfolk and Va. Beach. Also Rhododendron Festival. Roan Mt., Tenn. Also June 16-18. U.S.G.A. Open championship. Springfield, N.J.

June 17-18. Le Mans 24-Hour Auto Race. Le Mans, France.

June 17-Sept. 4. American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn.

June 18. Father's Day. Remember Dad. 5th Sun. after Pentecost.

June 19-24. Swim for Health Week.

June 21-24. Will Rogers Rodeo. Claremore, Okla.

June 24. St. John the Baptist Day.

June 25-July 1. American Library Assn., Annual Conference, Chicago, Ill.

June 25-Aug. 20. National Music Camp. Interlochen, Mich.

June 25-July 5. Grand Prix de Paris Horseraces. Paris, France.

June 25. 6th Sun. after Pentecost. Nature Sunday.

June 26-July 8. Wimbledon Tennis Championship, London, England.

June 28-29. World Athletic Games, Olympic Stadium, Helsinki, Finland.

June 28-July 1. Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames, England.

June 29. St. Peter's Day. Antakya, Turkey.

* * *

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

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

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

Just—keep looking up!—Mary Sanders.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading, but also for group discussion. Lay leaders will also find these articles helpful as they prepare their sermons.

1. Who Wants to Live Forever? (page 13)

Bible Material: 1 Peter 1:1-9

Do you believe there is a life beyond this life? Why? What evidence do we have that Jesus arose from the dead? What will life after death be like?

2. Is God Really Near? (page 26)

Bible Material: Acts 17:22-31

What is idol worship? What modern idols do men worship and why? To what extent may we find God through nature? How do we find God through persons? What kind of God did Jesus Christ reveal? How do we know that God is near?

3. Where Do I Get My Morals? (page 39)

Bible Material: Isaiah 6:1-8; Ephesians 4:17-32

Why do persons have different moral standards? What are the moral standards of American military men? How do these differ from Japanese, Germans, Vietnamese, and others? What are the moral standards of our homes? Of our churches? Where does the Bible come in? Christ himself? How live the good life?

4. Do You Feel Left Out? (page 52)

Bible Material: Luke 15:1-32

Read Acts 17:26. A literal translation reads: "God made of one (or from one) every nation of men." What does this oneness mean? What is it that all men have in common? How ought this oneness to be reflected in our attitude toward and our activities in the community where we live? Why do people feel "lost," or "left out"? How can we help them gain a sense of belonging?

* * *

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

Books Are Friendly Things

Journey Through a Haunted Land by Amos Elon. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc. 383 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. 1967. \$6.50.

Amos Elon, a 40-year-old Israeli journalist, crisscrosses Germany to discover the New Germany. This book is his report. He describes Cologne, Munich, Hamburg, Berlin (East and West), Dresden, the new press lords, the new industrialists, the new universities, the new politics of Bonn, the new establishment, and the "still, small voices" of protest. Using a sort of creative eavesdropping, he learns what the New Germany is like—belligerent and insecure; economically prosperous but intellectually uncertain; struggling to come to grips with the past which very much haunts 20th century Germany.

The Gospels and Teachings of Jesus by John S. Ruef. Seabury Press. 815 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. 1967. Paperback. \$2.45.

A revised and greatly expanded edition of the author's book published in 1963 on *Understanding the Gospels*. The author's slant is to get away from the literalism of the Gospels and get at the meaning and to see that meaning in terms of today's life and thought. "The task of the Christian is not to read the Scriptures with an eye to literal acceptance, but with the eye of faith, seeking the meaning for us today" (p.34).

God's Answer by Marguerite Connell. Moody Press, 820 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60610. 1967. Paperback. 95 cents.

A beautiful little book with selections from the Bible to give the reader help in many situations—"when I need inner peace"; "when I am brokenhearted"; "when my way seems dark"; etc.

Letters to John by Theodore J. Kleinhans. Concordia Publishing House, 3558 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 62118. 1966. Paperback \$1.50.

One of our Air Force chaplains, and a prolific writer, offers a series of readable and pertinent letters from Uncle Shortly to John (all youth) on life, love, war, and "all that jazz."

A Treasury of Success Unlimited. Edited by Og Mandino. Hawthorn Books, Inc. 70 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011. 1966. \$5.95.

A selection of more than 60 articles from the magazine *Success Unlimited*, edited by W. Clement Stone. From such writers as Norman Vincent Peale; Douglas Lurton; and Harold Blake Walker—on such topics as you and your hidden potentialities; the power of faith, ideas, love, courage and mind; your health and how to live longer; and how to attain success in business.

To My Son in Uniform by Henry Gregor Felsen. Dodd, Mead & Co., 432 Park Ave., S., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1967. \$3.25.

An ex-Marine gives practical advice to the young person facing military service. There's even a chapter on "Draft Card Burners."

Sound Off! *(Continued from page 4)*

Poster: "One Solitary Life"

You will be interested to know that we have had many responses from your LINK readers for the "One Solitary Life" poster. Since many of these LINK readers say kind things about the publication, I am enclosing three or four letters which give the magazine a pat on the back.

—Donald E. McGraw, YMCA, 291 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

A LINK Reader in Alaska

I am writing in regards to the free copy of the 10 × 14 color poster on the inside front cover of the February LINK. I'm here in Alaska at one of the many remote sites. We receive THE LINK through our library. It is a wonderful magazine. I've enjoyed it greatly since I've been here.

—A3C Robert R. Pullins, 5072 A. B. Sq. Box 47, APO Seattle, Wash. 98723.

Enjoyed Every Article

I have just read THE LINK for February, 1967. Thoroughly enjoyed every article. I am thrilled with the opportunity of requesting a copy of "One Solitary Life."

—Alto C. Bowdoen, Jr., M/Sgt. USAF, 2130 Comm Sq. Box 341, APO, New York, N.Y. 09378.

Fine Piece of Material

My father is a member of the Chaplain's Commission and receives a copy of THE LINK magazine. In reading the current issue, I was very much impressed with the poem—"One Solitary Life." We would be grateful if you sent us a free copy. We think that THE LINK magazine is a very fine piece of literature.

—Grace E. Owens, 313 E. Juniper St., Hazleton, Pa. 18201.

Inspiring Part of Our Home

I noticed your offer for a complimentary copy of the 10 × 14 poster of Jesus. I would be very much interested in receiving a copy. I would like to add that the magazine, THE LINK, has been an inspiring part of our home and everyday life. Keep up the good work.

—Ronald D. Craig, Med. Dept. H & S Co, 2/8/2, Care FPO, New York, N.Y.

At Ease!

to just sit on the porch. After that, I'm going to start rocking—slowly.”
—Brooks-Scanlong in *Pine Echoes*.

Johnny: “Did Moses have dyspepsia like you've got, Daddy?”

Dad: “How on earth do I know? Why do you ask such a foolish question?”

Johnny: “Well, our Sunday school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets.”

Said the calf to the silo: “Is my fodder in there?”—*The Dope Sheet*.

A newly inducted private wrote his family some few days after he had arrived at camp:

“I've gained sixty pounds since I came here—two pounds of flesh and 58 pounds of equipment.”
—Quote.

Two soldiers home on leave were having a chat. “But weren't you engaged the last time we met?” asked one. “What happened? Did you break it off?”

“No, not exactly.”

“Then she did?”

“No.”

“Well, then—”

“You see, she told me what her clothes cost, and I told her what my pay was. Then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved.”

Courtship is a period during which a girl decides whether or not she can do better.—*U.S. Naval Station Pelican*.



“Now . . . what's all this nonsense about your wanting the afternoon off?”

(All stories here presented come from back issues of *THE LINK*.)

Pastor: “Tomorrow night the chapel will have a chicken dinner and a revival meeting. You are all invited to come in for a wing and a prayer.”

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

“I'm going to rest,” Somervell declared. “For six weeks I'm going



