

the

LINK

March 1959

THE CONQUEST OF INNER SPACE
PRAYER FROM THE MYDANHO DEEP
SOJOURN IN THE SUN

20¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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Front: Happy service personnel deliver Easter lilies.
 Back: Beauty in God's out of doors. Point Lobos State Park, Carmel, California. Photo by David M. Mills.
 Inside Front: Navy nurse Lucille F. Neary and Corpsman Paul J. Altman find joy in helping children regain health. U. S. Navy Hospital, Bethesda, Maryland. Photo by U. S. Navy.
 Inside Back: Monuments of faith—the Cross and the open Bible. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Front cover and story illustrations by Owen Gallagher. Occasional spots by Volk.

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BEAUTY FOR BARREN SPOTS

The waiting room at the railroad station where I get on the train to come to work is drab. The walls are wooden panel painted a muddy brown at the bottom and a dull yellow at the top.

But this barren spot has been transformed into a place of beauty by a huge house plant nestling in a ten-gallon can, and by some amazingly beautiful pictures, even though they are magazine cut-outs. The commuter sees a church high in the mountains among snow-capped peaks; a desert sunset with its riot of red.

Some of you are living in drab, dull surroundings, but you can "brighten the corner where you are." Your clean, Christian life is a mark of beauty in a barren, ugly world.

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald.

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Prayer from the Mindanao Deep

By A. C. SANDERS

ON October 24, 1948, seven naval officers sat down at a court of inquiry. Across the table from the officers sat a yeoman and chief petty officer. The chief petty officer had a tape recorder before him. The court had assembled to hear the spoken words of the dead.

The chief petty officer stood and addressed the senior officer.

"Captain, the sphere was picked up by a fishing boat three hundred miles off the island, floating with the Japanese current—northwest. The sphere isn't Navy regulation. It's twelve inches in diameter. It's

made of sixteen-gauge stainless steel. It's coated inside with pitchmastic to prevent sweating and secure watertightness. When we opened the sphere, which was secured with clamps, we found a tape recording and a can inside with the names of the men recorded and the name of the submarine. Sir, the reel is ready to be turned on."

"Very well, chief, you may turn on the recording."

The tape began to unwind and the seven naval officers listened keenly as the recorder spoke: ". . . That clock—I'll stop it! . . . What in the

thunder does time mean to us? Sixty fathoms of water over us . . . not a chance of escape. . . . We haven't even started down yet! Do you know where we are, Johnson? We're in the deepest place in the ocean that we could find—the Mindanao Deep—thirty-five thousand feet deep! . . . We're probably caught on a shelf—our gauge shows only sixty fathoms. It's more than that to the bottom. Johnson, how can you sit there so calm? I've been walking this deck for ten hours. . . .”

“Sit down, Tony. You know it takes more oxygen when you pace up and down. . . I know we haven't got a chance, and so do you . . . We're breaking up from the great underwater currents and pressures. Our oxygen can't last over an hour. . . The batteries in the battlelights are getting weak. . . I can hardly see to read”

“Johnson, why have you got that tape recorder turned on? Why have you got one in the first place? And that silver ball there—what's that for?”

“I use the machine to record thoughts, ideas, quotations, talks. It's a battery set. I generally carry it everywhere I go . . . The sphere—I had it made in San Diego several years ago. I figured, of course, on firing it through a torpedo tube in case we ever went down. But we can't get to the tubes or the telephone buoy”

“That ball shore is built strong. It might stand the pressure clear to the bottom, but *we* won't. . . . Johnson, we took a beating from them Japs, but we sunk five of their ships

'fore they got us We only got 'bout forty-five more minutes of oxygen left Johnson, I don't want to die”

“Tony, please come here and sit down. It doesn't do any good to rave. Come, let me read to you. Listen. 'O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee; incline thine ear unto my cry; for my soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. I am counted with them that go down into the pit. I am a man that hath no strength; free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, who thou rememberest no more, and they are cut off from my hand. Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit . . . in darkness. . . .’”

“Johnson, I'm not brave at all—I always thought I was, but I'm not I'm afraid to die—I'm scared! During the battle we had a chance, but now what chance we got? While ago I was thinking of something. . . . Do you know I'm gonna be thirty years old tomorrow? This's October 26, 1944—yeah, I'll be thirty then I ain't gonna live that long, Johnson. . . .”

“Come now, Tony, none of that. . . . You know that we haven't a chance of survival. We are at God's mercy. . . .” There was a rending sound of steel being torn by the pressure. Then the battle telephone rang faintly.

HELLO . . . hello . . . Dead batteries! Dead 'phones! Dead men! Why did it ring? The rest of the conning tower has gone, I guess. Johnson, we're listing more and more

to the port side. We'll go farther into the deep If someone would only answer the 'phone!"

"Tony, you've been in submarines as long as I have. You know our chances, and you know by now that everyone is dead. The 'phone will not ring again. But, Tony, God will answer our prayers, and he'll need no telephone. . . ."

"Johnson, you remember them drills we used to have in San Diego? We would go down in a tank of fresh water, using our little Mumson lungs Then we'd hook on a diving bell. Tugs always stood by in case some sailor needed help. . . . We shore never figured to go down in the Mindanao Deep—never even heard of the place! I know we ain't got a chance—nobody could save us in a million years"

"I know, Tony, I'll read to you. Listen. 'The ship now in the midst of the sea, tossed with the waves;

for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. They were troubled, saying, "It is a spirit;" and they cried out for fear.'" There were more rending sounds, as steel came to its breaking point in the forward part of the submarine.

"But straightway Jesus spake unto them saying, "Be of good cheer. It is I; be not afraid." And Peter answered him and said, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water," and he said, "Come""

"Johnson, I've never been religious. I guess I never took it too serious—oh, I usta go to church and Sunday school. There would be Mamma, Sister, Granny, and me. . . . We'd all go down the old board walk all dressed up in our best clothes. . . . It was a little town in Arkansas. . . . I can jest see us all going down that walk—we was happy. . . ."



"Tony, Christ came into my heart five years ago. My wife died in a terrible car accident. I was broken-hearted. Then I turned to him. I've found peace in God, and salvation from my sins. Tony, I came from a little town in Michigan—my people were dairy farmers. They were religious people. . . . I don't believe they thought I would ever turn to God. I was reckless in my youth. . . . Like you, I've been in submarines for many years—I have always liked them. Tony, our time is drawing near. I had better read again while we have the light. . . .

"And Peter came down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, cried out, "Lord, save me!" . . . And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and he said unto Peter, "O thou of little faith—wherefore didst thou doubt?"' (More rending noise throughout the submarine.)

"I reckon that was the rest of the forward section giving 'way. . . . The pressure is worse—underwater currents worse. The sub's listing more'n more to the portside. . . . Reckon we ain't got too much more time left. . . . Can you see to read, Johnson?"

"No, I can't see very well. Would you hand me that battlelight from the bulkhead? . . . Thanks, Tony. I'll read some more.

"The Lord is our light and our salvation; whom shall we fear? The Lord is our strength of life; of whom shall we be afraid? O God, according unto the multitude of thy

tender mercies blot out our transgressions. Wash us thoroughly from our iniquity, and cleanse us from our sins. . . ."

"Chief, it is hard for a man like me to die slowly. Being here with you has made me realize what a mess I've made of my life. If I only had my life to live over. . . . My sister, God bless her, she tried to make me mend my ways. . . ."

"Yes, Tony. But we have only one life to give—one life to live. We have given our lives for our cuntry. Now we are giving our souls to God, the Almighty One. . . . Tony, our light is out, but I'll not need it. . . . Listen.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff—they comfort me. . . . 'Are you all right, Tony?"

"Yes, chief, I've never felt better in my whole life. . . ."

"Here, Tony, place your hand upon the Bible. . . . Oh God, we pray to you from our tomb—for the officers and men of this submarine, and for all men that have gone down into the sea in ships. . . . We pray, our Lord, that this war will end soon. . . . Then once again—peace on earth; good will toward men. . . ."

There was the sound of rending steel; the heavy breathing of the two men.

“Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom . . . come. . . . Hurry, Tony! Let me remove the reel. . . . Let’s put it in the sphere—bulkhead giving—forward. . . .”

THERE was no more sound from the tape recording—only sounds from outside the hut; the mourning doves; the waves as they kissed the white sands of the beach; the children at play nearby.

The men sat staring at the machine for long moments after it had been turned off. It was only after the captain stood that the court came to life. Not a word was said as the

officers and men filed from the hut. They left with their shoulders thrown back—walking proudly. Although there were diverse faiths present that day, they all felt that Christ walked by their side—one faith, one glory.



You Label Yourself

You cannot have great learning if
You leave your books upon a shelf.
You are just what your mind ab-
sorbs—

You stamp your value on yourself.
—DAWN FLANERY PARKER

ABOVE AND BEYOND.... by MARIO DE MARCO

SEAMAN FIRST CLASS
James Richard
WARD
U.S. NAVY

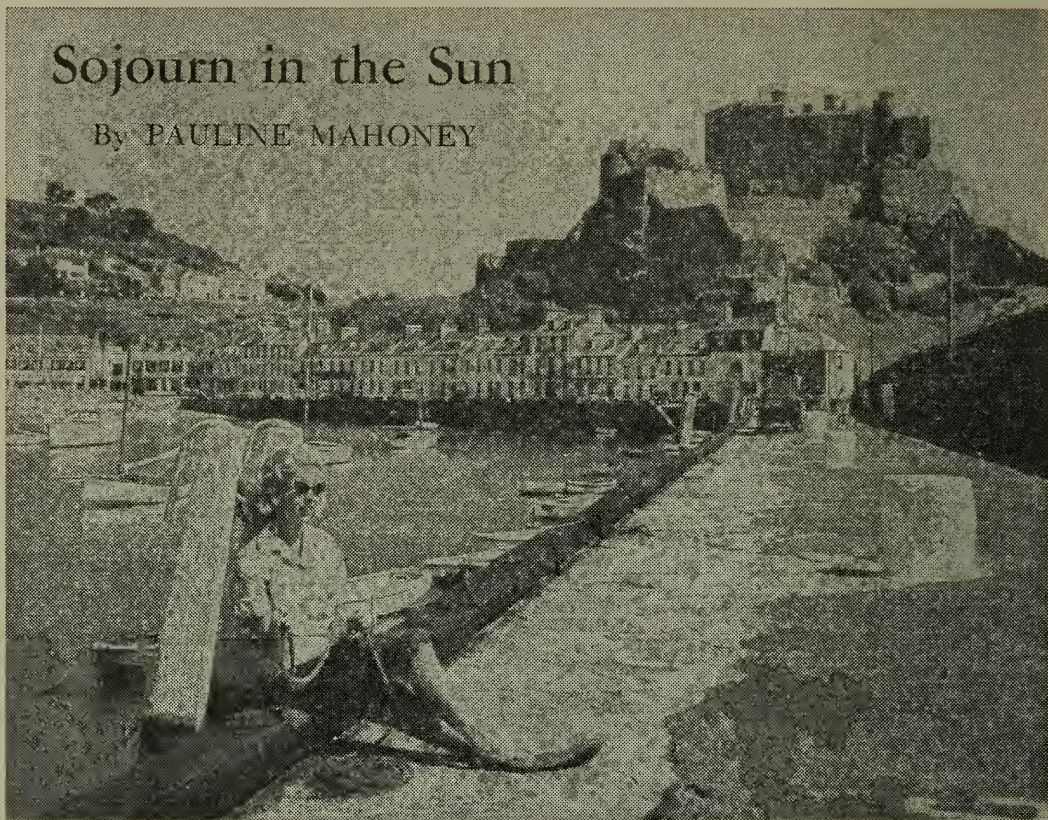
FOR CONSPICUOUS DEVOTION TO DUTY, EXTRA-ORDINARY COURAGE AND COMPLETE DIS-REGARD OF HIS OWN LIFE, ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY..... DURING THE ATTACK ON THE FLEET IN PEARL HARBOR BY JAPANESE FORCES ON DECEMBER 7, 1941.

FOR HIS SELF-SACRIFICE AND BRAVERY, WARD WAS AWARDED THE MEDAL OF HONOR POSTHUMOUSLY.
HE WAS BORN SEPT. 10, 1921 IN SPRING-FIELD, OHIO

WHEN IT WAS SEEN THAT THE U.S.S. OKLAHOMA WAS GOING TO CAPSIZE AND THE ORDER WAS GIVEN TO ABANDON SHIP, WARD REMAINED IN THE TURRET HOLDING A FLASH-LIGHT SO THE REMAINDER OF THE TURRET CREW COULD SEE TO ESCAPE, THEREBY SACRIFICING HIS OWN LIFE.

Sojourn in the Sun

By PAULINE MAHONEY



Relaxing in the sun near Mont Orgueil Castle, Gorey, Jersey, C.I.

SERVICEMEN and women on a tour of duty in Europe have a wonderful choice of vacation haunts—sightseeing in historical Rome, visiting in romantic Paris, touring Great Britain, home of cabbages and kings. Yet how many know of an island with the continental flavor of France, the old-world charm and language of England, the golden sands of Miami and the climate of Bermuda?

Such an island is Jersey, thirteen miles from the coast of France in the English Channel. When I first saw Jersey from the air, a line from

Shakespeare's sonnet about England, his homeland, came to mind . . . "A precious gem set in an azure sea." It's an apt description of sun-kissed Jersey.

Its forty-four square miles are packed with interest and beauty. Many a tourist, weary from weeks of sightseeing around Europe's capital cities, has sought relaxation on this lovely isle.

The southern coast is all golden sand; the east coast is lined with picturesque bays and pebbly beaches; the north shore, facing France, is a mass of magnificent cliffs dropping

sheerly to the wild sea below; the west coast has flat, flat sands which are used for sports-car racing, and ends at the treacherous southwest corner of La Corbiere with its tall, white lighthouse which warns ships of danger.

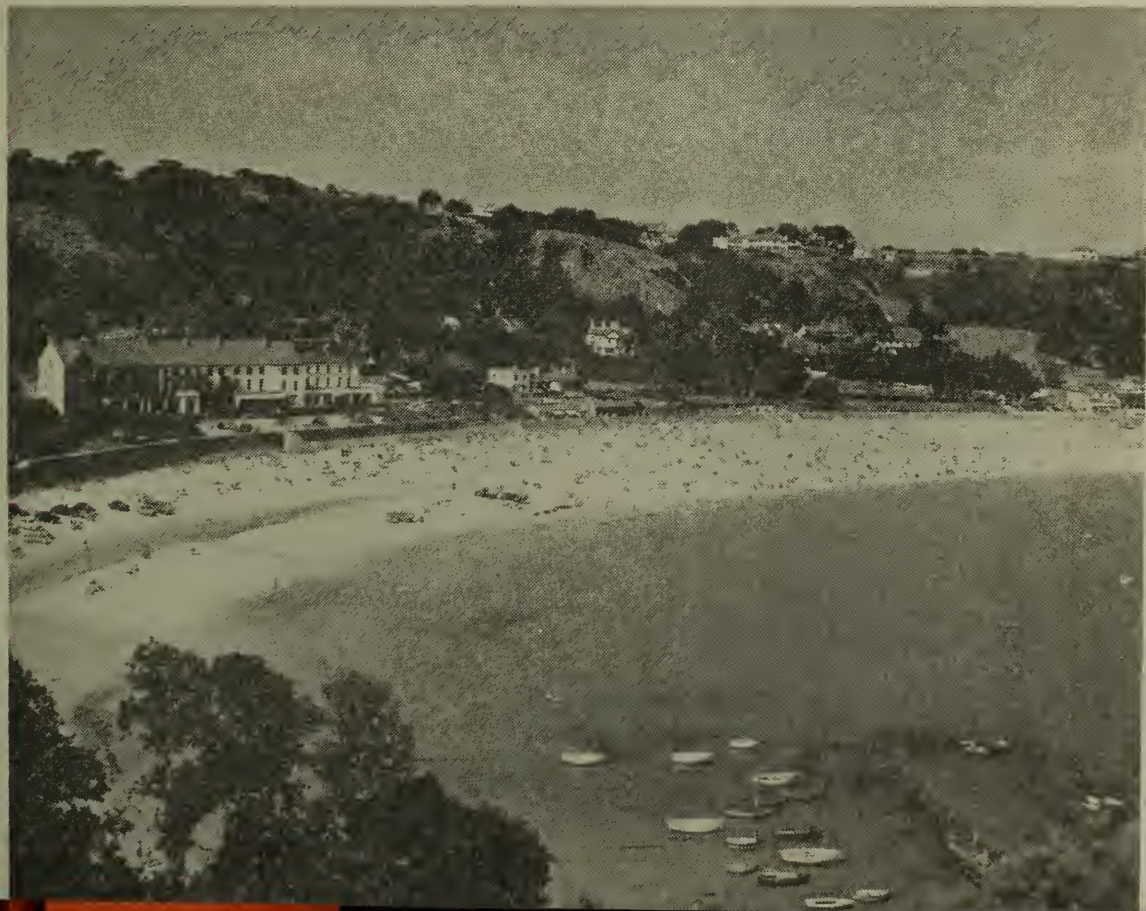
Many of Jersey's fine hotels have private beaches and it is very tempting to eat, swim and sunbathe in that one ideal spot; however, a lot of enjoyment can be obtained by hiring bicycles and visiting a different part of the island each day.

One of the island's loveliest spots is St. Brelade's Bay. The sands are soft and inviting while the sea is like a warm bath. Overlooking the bay is a charming Norman chapel, La Chapelle des Pecheurs, dating

St. Brelades Bay



St. Helier's Harbor





Battle of the Flowers

back to the sixth century. Legend has it that the fresco paintings on the interior warn fishermen of storms by appearing brighter at such times.

A delightful evening can be spent in an old farmhouse overlooking Portelet Bay. In bygone days, Portelet was the center of smuggling activities and the farmhouse provided the pirate's hideaway. Now it is known as the Portelet Inn and its quaint interior is decorated with chintz and brass. The garden is bright with multi-colored flowers.

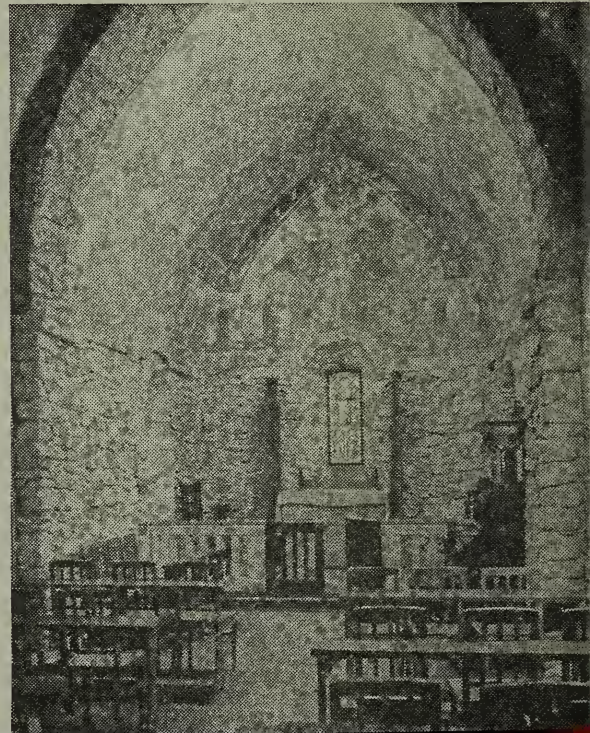
Another interesting day-trip can be taken to the east side of the island where a fairy tale castle, Mont Orgueil, dominates the scene. It towers above the village of Gorey and the tiny harbor, and the north windows overlook the Royal Bay of Grouville. This is really a photogra-

pher's paradise on the days when the bay is graced with hundreds of sailing yachts preparing to race. Continuing along the coast to the north, the visitor comes upon two charming old-fashioned villages, Rozel and Bonne Nuit Bay.

The island is the original home of the famous doe-eyed Jersey cattle and they are much in evidence on the island's farms. Cabbages, on walking-stick high stalks, and tomatoes grow in abundance on this island which annually records more hours of sunshine than any other resort in the British Isles.

The native tongue of the inhabitants is a quaint patois of old Norman-French but only a few speak it today and the English language predominates. Christianity was introduced to the islanders in the sixth century by St. Helerius who was killed by a pirate. The island's

La Chapelle Des Pecheurs (Fishermen's Chapel), St. Brelades, Jersey.





Corbiere Lighthouse

capital, St. Helier, is named for him.

A famous Jersey child was the late Lily Langtry who starred on Broadway, and was known as "The Jersey Lily." She was the daughter of the Dean of Jersey and was born Emily Charlotte Le Breton.

Other well-known figures who have resided in Jersey during part of their lives include Sir Walter Raleigh who was appointed Governor of the Island in 1600; George Eliot, the novelist; and Victor Hugo, the writer.

The island ports, once centers of piracy and smuggling, suffered an invasion of a more serious nature when Hitler's forces took over in 1940 and stayed for five long years. Prisoners of war, including some Americans, were housed on the is-

land. Russian prisoners of war were brought across Europe to Jersey and put to work on the construction of an underground hospital; half-starved, many of them died in the attempt. Jersey was liberated by the Allies in May 1945 and special coins were issued to commemorate the happy occasion.

Jersey has quite a history and over the centuries has played its part in the affairs of the "mainland," which is how the islanders refer to England. In Elizabeth Castle, a lovely old fortress in the Bay of St. Helier, Charles II signed his declaration to the English throne in 1649. Nearby France made many attempts to steal the little island from Britain; the last French invasion occurred in 1781 when the would-be conquerors were

again repelled. This became known as the Battle of Jersey and Major Francis Peirson, who led the local troops, lost his life in the foray. He lies buried in a St. Helier churchyard not far from the grave of the Frenchman he defeated.

At the present time the only invasion of the island is the welcome influx of tourists, and the only battle, the spectacular Battle of Flowers. Celebrated annually, usually on the first Thursday in August, the battle is fought with blossoms rather than live shells and is preceded by a parade of floats similar to a miniature Mardi Gras or Rose Bowl Parade. Business establishments, parishes, Boy Scouts, girl guides, clubs and other groups construct these floats of wire and completely cover them with island blooms.

A wide boulevard which runs along the coast on the west side of St. Helier provides the setting for the battle. Specially erected grandstands on the sidewalks become filled with spectators early in the afternoon of the appointed day. The sweet-smelling floats move slowly along the boulevard passing before a judging stand to compete in various categories and for a Best of Show award. When the judging is over, the floats line either side of the road and, at a given signal, the "Battle" commences. Float-riders tear the beautiful blooms from the floats and hurl them at the spectators who rush down from the stands and throw more flowers in retaliation.

Jersey, easily reached by air or sea from Britain and France, has something for everyone. ■ ■

Sport Quicks



Is there any age limit in track? Experts say that it's a sport for the younger generation—and they're right!

When you are in competition with a group of young athletes you give your all. Lungs, heart, legs and muscles literally "take a beating."

The records state that A. G. Hill tried out for the British Olympic Team way back in 1920. When he came back from the Games at Antwerp he had won two of the most highly regarded World's Championships.

It was on August, the 17th, that Hill had won the 800 meter run—time, 1 minute, 53 2/5 seconds. On August 20th he beat America's Joie Ray in the 1500 meter race—time, 4:01-4/5.

"What's so great about this guy?" you ask. . . Well, A. G. Hill was 36 years old when he won these two laurels! Pretty good for an "old" man, eh?

So, to answer our original question, some men are perennially young and for them there is no age limit in track—or any other sport!

The Inescapable Question

By RAYMOND M. VEH

SOMEDAY, somewhere, some hour every man faces the question, "Who is Jesus Christ?" It is life's inescapable question.

Those early Galilean fishermen faced it when Jesus himself asked, "Who do you say that I am?" (Matthew 16:15). Now it was not, "What do *others* say? What does *your neighbor* think? What does *your mother* believe—or *your wife*—or *your children*?" It was intensely personal, "Who do *you* say that I am?"

Some Inadequate Answers

To be sure, this significant question is answered quite differently by different people. If we say, "I've never thought about it," we say Christ is not important enough to me to think about. If we say he was a great teacher, a good man among men, who suffered a tragic martyrdom at a young age, we place him in importance alongside the good men of history. Many Buddhists, Moslems, and Hindus say the same about him.

Venture of Faith

On the other hand, if we take a venture of faith, we declare with the

Apostle Peter, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Maybe for us this venture of faith doesn't come full-blown. It develops slowly. If you've ever had any experience as a photographer, you know that the picture you have taken and caught on a piece of film, develops gradually on the print as you agitate it in the print solution. Slowly on the print appears the likeness of a relative or a friend. Similarly, as we read the New Testament, slowly there comes to us the developing picture of Jesus.

By and by, we should get to that point where we say with conviction, "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

Unfortunately, we Protestants are too vague about our faith. We acknowledge that there is a God. We know, of course, that Jesus is God's Son. We've heard that there is a certain way of life called Christian. But beyond that we are hard-pressed to speak intelligently about our belief.

Certainly, we accept Jesus as an ideal. We revere his teachings. We acknowledge his place in history. We give lip allegiance to what he

stands for. In the church we repeat the Apostles' Creed, the second section of which states: "I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord." Do we realize that in making this statement we are confessing to eternal truths about Jesus? We are going beyond the human name "Jesus" to the divine appellation, "The Christ." We are going beyond Christ's humanity to his divinity. Like Thomas, the doubting disciple, we begin to say, "My Lord and my God!"

You see, *whom* you believe is more important than *what* you believe. This high state we do not reach merely by analyzing faith. As George Buttrick has said, "Facts are like bricks. Modern man spends his time analyzing bricks to make sure they are sound. Thus the house is never built . . . Facts cannot supply their own meaning; only faith can give them meaning."

It was through faith that Thomas said, "My Lord and my God!"

God Came Down to Earth

The incarnation is the greatest event in human history because at that time God came down upon the earth in the likeness of man in order to redeem man. It was no imaginary act, but very real and very complete. God as Jesus was entirely human. He subjected himself to every temptation that confronts man. He allowed himself to face every danger of our carnal life.

However, Jesus was not just a man touched by the Spirit of God, but very God of very God. He was God himself coming "to save his people

from their sins," to bring salvation to a sinful world. His mission as Christ the Messiah was truly divine for only God could save a sin-sick and weary world.

In order to perform his mission to the world he came as prophet, priest, and king. As prophet, he reveals the will of God to man. As priest, he reconciles the Father and his children whose relationship has been broken by sin. As king, he establishes a new way of life with himself as the divine ruler. His saving work reached its climax on the cross when he bore our sins for us.

Witnesses to His Deity

The character of Jesus bears testimony to the deity of our Savior. No one but he could say, "Which of you convicts me of sin?" (John 8: 46). He could ask such a question because none but God is without sin and Jesus is God.

His teachings and his mighty works also bear witness to his deity, showing his power over nature, over demons, over disease, and finally, over death. The influence of Jesus Christ over the lives of his first and later disciples leads us to the conclusion that he is the Son of God. Else, how could he make such changes in the hearts and wills of men?

His resurrection from the dead is the supreme sign, the great crowning evidence of his deity, for no one less than God could have risen from the grave and walked among men. Ours is a living God.

It is related that Wellington, attending a reception celebrating one

of his great victories, interrupted the gaiety and complimentary speeches by saying to the conquered generals: "Gentlemen, let us remember that this is also a surrender. Give me your swords!" Jesus asks the same surrender from us. However, it is through just such surrender that we become most completely our true selves!

Remember, our faith is not just a passive belief in *something*. It is an

active trust in *Someone* and a trying-out of his way. Our faith is no crutch for timid living. It is an invitation to daring adventure. Life's symbol for the Christian is not a couch, but a cross.

Truly the man who answers in his heart "You are the Christ" to Jesus' inescapable question has found the key to abundant living now and in the life to come!



A CALL TO SANITY

"The central problem of our time—as I view it—is how to employ human intelligence for the salvation of mankind . . . we have defiled our intellect by the creation of such scientific instruments of destruction that we are now in desperate danger of destroying ourselves . . .

"Missiles will bring anti-missiles, and anti-missiles will bring anti-anti-missiles. But inevitably, this whole electronics house of cards will reach a point where it can be constructed no higher . . .

"If we will only come to the realization that it must be worked out—whatever it may mean even to such sacred traditions as absolute national sovereignty—I believe that we can somehow, somewhere, and perhaps through some as yet undiscovered world thinker and leader find a workable solution . . .

"When are we going to muster an intelligence equal to that applied against the Sputnik and dedicate it to the preservation of this Satellite on which we live?

"How long—I would ask you—can we put off salvation?

"When does humanity run out?"

"If we're going to save ourselves from the instruments of our own intellect, we had better soon get ourselves under control and begin making the world safe for living."

—General of the Army, Omar N. Bradley, in an address delivered November 5, 1957



Song leader PFC D. E. Walding and pianist PFC Mark Shaw lead a period of singspiration at a U.S.O. Sunday Vesper Service.

Marines Who Tell the Story of Christ

By THOMAS R. RAGLAND

IT is Sunday night in a church near Twentynine Palms, California, and unlike many churches on Sunday night, the lights in this church are on! The visitor who drops in and takes a back seat is immediately struck with the fact that this is a different type of service! It is being conducted entirely by nine Marines from the Marine Corps Base at Twentynine Palms. The visitor has

Cpl. Joe Kildow gives his Christian testimony to a group of Twentynine Palms young people.



heard that Marines are a rough bunch and not very religious, but he listens to these Marines sing religious songs—there are quartets, duets, solos, congregational singing—and he hears them read the Scriptures, give testimonies and even preach!

“I am happy to say to you tonight that five years ago I gave my heart to Christ, and though the way has not been easy, I have been blessed in every way. It is fun to be a Christian, and I would not trade the Christian life for any other way. Why don't you become a Christian too?” He hears a burly Marine tell what Christ means to him!

Who are these fellows? Well, they are the Chapel Gospel Team of the Marine Corps Base at Twentynine Palms. They began first as a small group of Christian men who simply wanted to get together for fellowship and learning. This was in February, 1957, and they called themselves the



Several members of the Gospel Team stand before the altar in Christ Chapel, Marine Corps Base, Twentynine Palms, California.

Young Men's Fellowship Club.

Each week this small group met for a period of singing, testimonies, sometimes an outside speaker, a religious film, Christian entertainment. Then one night, someone said, "We are feeding only ourselves. We need to branch out and serve others." CDR Alden A. Read, chaplain and sponsor of the group, said: "Why not develop a gospel team and serve not only the men of our base but churches of the surrounding area, too?" The men immediately responded to the idea—and the Chapel Gospel Team of the Marine Corps Base at Twentynine Palms was born.

Up to the Fall of 1958, the team had traveled over eight thousand miles and appeared before nine thousand people. They had participated in over fifty services in twenty-four

CDR Alden A. Read, Chaplain Adviser, talks with PFC D. E. Walding, PFC Claren Osmun, and PFC Tom Ragland about schedules and activities for the coming months.



cities. Now they are booked far ahead into 1959. All engagements are fulfilled during liberty hours.

Military personnel, of course, is constantly changing, so the team is not today what it was when it first started. But the requirements for membership on the team are high: dedication to God, experience in service, study in personal evangelism, active participation in the chapel services—or in a civilian church, and the unanimous vote of the other members of the team. The men come from nine denominations and they witness in all types of churches.

It is, however, not only in civilian churches that they witness, they witness at home—right at the Marine Corps Base. Perhaps their greatest contribution is in the monthly vesper service which they sponsor at the base. Again, singing, special music, testimonies, sermons, and the presentation of special guests furnish the content for these services. Chaplain Read says,

“Indirectly, as a result of the work of the Gospel Team, church attendance has increased not only on the Base, but in the churches

of Twentynine Palms. The services which the men have rendered to the Base Chapel have been invaluable.”

■ ■

LIFT YOUR EYES

Lift your tired eyes
To mountain peaks
Below a cloud,
Where beauty speaks
“Amen!” out loud.

Lift your tired eyes
From an endless task . . .
Strength flows anew
If you but ask
God to walk with you.

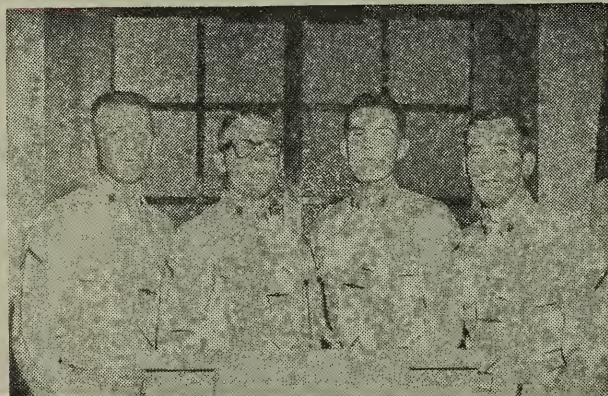
Lift your tired eyes
And watch a star;
Breathe a prayer
Right where you are,
For God is there.

—BEATRICE BRISSMAN

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Gospel Team Quartet: PFCs Walding, Reeves, Shaw, and Ragland. They are marvelous music makers.

A familiar sight after services—Marines and a group of young people gathered around the piano to sing.



Letter from Commanding Devil

By R. G. HUTCHESON, JR.

FPO, Hades

From: Commanding Devil
To: All Duty Devils and Tempters
Subject: "Dirty jokes," circulation of

Enclosure: (1) "Compilation of Sex Stories" (SATPERS 13013)

1. Enclosure (1) is the most recent collection of sex stories (sometimes known as "dirty jokes") prepared by the Bureau of Satanic Personnel, Publications Division. It is to be given the widest possible circulation.
2. For most effective use, Duty Devils and Tempters will pass out these stories whenever groups of men are gathered together about the deck doing nothing.
3. Although immediate results may not be apparent, our mission is being accomplished so long as men laugh at these stories and consider them "funny." They can then be counted on to pass them on to others. Our long-range aim, in utilizing these stories, is to encourage men to think of sex as "dirty" (the term "dirty joke" is our own invention) or "funny." Thus the purpose for which the Enemy created sex is clouded over, if not completely lost, and sex is made to serve our purposes rather than the purposes of the Enemy.

COMMANDING DEVIL

A Second Look at Love

By GLEN F. STILLWELL



A mile-high wall of misunderstanding . . .

BRAD Prescott lolled on the sofa smoking moodily, the serious thought of separation and divorce gnawing at his mind. He had quarreled again with Alice. It was, of course, not the first time during their fifteen years of married life that they had had differences, but at the beginning tempers had merely flared momentarily to be smothered out quickly with kisses.

However in recent years, their differences had increased and their quarrels were rarely followed by the quick caress and murmured entreaties for forgiveness. Of late, when they were not arguing—usually over some trivial matter—they were simply in the middle of a cooling-off period which needed only a chance remark to set off the spark again. He had a feeling, as he sat there, that this time their quarrel was for keeps.

His thin, angular face thoughtful, he silently watched Alice preparing to retire. While at other times they might be discussing the day's events, or the children, Bob and Lorrie, not a word now passed between them except when Alice said coldly, her hazel eyes avoiding his, "There's a letter from your mother on the coffee table."

He guessed by the way she spoke that the letter would prove she had won another argument. His sister's boy was ten years old as Alice had maintained, not nine as he had insisted. Such things were often the almost incredible causes of their argument. "No, that isn't what he said at all. It was—" Or, "Joe was married to Ella in 1940, not 1938. I know because—" And then they would bicker endlessly until they had lost the gist of their original differences in bitter accusations, Brad

being coldly sarcastic and Alice, shrill-voiced and insistent.

Alice wrapped her robe around her slim, well-knit figure and left the room. She was a dark-haired, handsome woman who knew how to dress, and who could be gay and good company in any crowd. Yet the irritating accuracy of her memory for trivia—he only challenged her statements because he wanted to get things straight—annoyed him beyond measure. This was the wall arising between them, a wall as high and as formidable as any Brad, an architect, had ever seen.

When he heard the bedroom light switch click, Brad unfolded the letter, which was addressed to Alice but was meant for him, and read it hastily. It was apparent that this time neither he nor Alice had won their argument of a week ago. There wasn't a word about the age of his sister's boy in the letter.

"Do you remember old Mrs. McConnell who helped care for you

when we lived in that house on Chestnut Street?" Brad's mother wrote. "She passed away yesterday . . ." Brad re-read the paragraph and suddenly it pulled him back sharply to that time, long ago, when he was a kid, wide-eyed and secure in the belief that the world was his apple. But that was before his dad and mother had separated.

His eyes became glazed as he vividly recalled the wintry day that his father had left them forever. It had all happened so undramatically that he hadn't felt its impact until long afterward, when the snow was melted and the spring had come . . . and the summer. And then the years had passed like a train of cars, picking up speed as it rolled along.

He had never asked Janet, his only sister, how she felt about it and now that seemed rather odd but he guessed it was because they rather expected their father to return someday.

Long after midnight, on the eve-



ning previous to his father's departure, his parents had sat in the darkened, old-fashioned parlor talking while he crouched outside the sliding doors, trying to hear what was being said. He had sensed that something was wrong when they secluded themselves after the others had retired but his eleven-year-old mind could not then grasp the significance of this unusual conference.

He had been pretending to read in the dining room, but he wasn't reading. He was listening intently to the low murmur of their voices, trying to catch their words, but hearing only snatches of cold, dispassionate speech, the speech of married people whose love had become cold ashes.

The next day the world was white with soft, new-fallen snow. It wasn't extremely cold because he could remember how the snow had drifted in upon the porch and had melted around the edges, leaving little pools of water. Inside the house, everything appeared to be just as it always had been, yet a veil of inexplicable gloom appeared to be hanging over it. His father, invariably jovial and talkative, was silently packing his things for his walk to the station, while his mother was making only the necessary remarks to be expected of her.

He hadn't thought it unusual for his father to leave at this time because he then worked in another town and spent only occasional weekends with them.

When his father had finished packing, he kissed them all, said good-by to grandma, and strode out of the house. Brad remembered watching

him making new footprints in the snow and he was hoping that he'd turn, as he sometimes did, and wave to the small faces pressed against the windowpane. But he hadn't looked back. And neither Janet nor Brad had seen him again until years later.

There had been letters from him, Brad recalled, and occasional phone calls, but these had gradually ceased and he had become, finally, only a vague indistinct memory of a kindly person who had once held them on his knees and had sung to them in his mellow tenor voice.

Warned by the hurt yet cold look in her eyes, Brad had never asked his mother why this had happened.



She had struggled along to shelter and clothe them, to give them an extra portion of love in compensation for their loss, yet it seemed utterly senseless and cruelly wrong.

Brad remembered the telegram telling of his father's death. It was like the closing of a book with the early chapters yet unread. And he was greatly saddened.

NOW he closed his eyes and saw again the drifted snow and the fast fading footprints. The mantel clock chimed ten and he arose doggedly. Bob and Lorrie, who were attending a neighborhood party, would be along shortly and he wanted to talk to Alice alone.

He walked unsteadily into the bedroom and stood at the foot of the bed. "Alice," he called softly, "are you asleep?"

"No. If you're coming to bed, don't forget to leave the door unlocked for the children."

Brad sat down heavily on the edge of the bed. "Alice, will you forgive me?" he mumbled. "I was wrong. I've been wrong all along, about everything."

Her face was turned from him, her dark hair flowing outward on the pillow. She stirred but did not speak.

"I'm never going to argue again, never," he said, then as the full meaning of the statement struck him, he shook his head. "No, I didn't mean that. I mean, I'm going to end my senseless use of bitter words to win a point that is unimportant."

He heard her sharply drawn breath and when she turned toward him he saw that she had been cry-

ing. "You say that when I should be saying it," she cried. "Oh darling, what is happening to us?"

Compassionately Brad bent and slipped his arm around her. "Nothing that we can't prevent," he said. "I know it now and I'm always going to remind myself of it, no matter what happens. The trouble is, I guess that in looking forward I sometimes forgot to look back."

"Those senseless arguments, that's what it is," she said. "That's caused all the trouble."

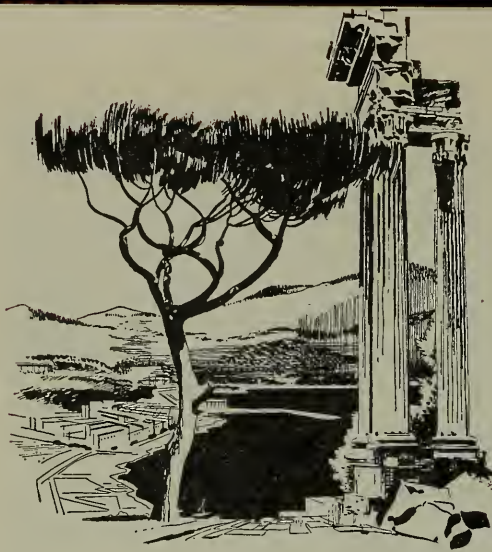
Brad shook his head. "If we didn't argue constructively we'd have a cold silent war on our hands. That's the worse thing that could happen."

"But you said—" Alice began.

Brad raised his voice. "Look now, I know what I said. You don't have to—" He stopped midspeech and clapped his hand to his forehead. "There I go again. It's not the arguments. It's the accusations, the senseless shouting and contradictions." He bent down and pulled her close to him and kissed her again and again. "Honey," he went on, "the world is full of real hurts and heartaches and I argue with you about a boy's age. I say he's seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven. Do you agree?"

Alice laughed softly on his shoulder. "No," she said. "Let's argue constructively about it. I say he hasn't even been born. Won't Janet be surprised?"

Brad's arm tightened around her knowing that she knew there would be more arguments, inevitably, but that neither of them would ever forget this moment which marked the end of a cold, silent war. ■ ■



Statement of Faith in a Letter

By **BRUCE HILTON**

WHEN a battle-scarred, bearded old man began dictating a letter one day in the winter of the year 58, he had no intention of writing a book of theology.

But Paul, striding up and down in his room in the Greek seaport of Corinth, dictated such warmth and wisdom that Christians are still turning to that letter for help nineteen hundred years later.

And scholars say about the epistle—to the Christians at Rome—that no single book has had a greater influence on the theology of the Christian church.

But on that cool day in Corinth, the old apostle had just two things on his mind: his concern for the little group of new Christians in Rome, and his lifetime longing to preach in the capital of the Roman empire.

The Roman Christians, he knew, had no experienced leaders. Many of them had only recently come back to the city, after the emperor's ban against Jews in the capital had been revoked.

Disorganized, unsettled, and with

no written record of Jesus' teachings, they were likely to have trouble following the new faith.

Paul knew they were also in real danger. Mad Nero was the emperor; already the Christians were feeling the sting of suspicion because they wouldn't worship at his shrines the way patriotic citizens did.

"I Long to See You"

As he dictated, Paul must have looked longingly out at the harbor, where sailing ships were loading goods for the Roman markets.

For years, Paul had been trying to reach the capital. His letters are full of his wish to establish a strong Christian church right under the nose of the Emperor he once served.

And the Lord, appearing to him in a vision (Acts 23:11), had promised that someday he "must bear witness also at Rome."

But always there had been something more urgent. Always there was a young church, closer at hand, which needed guidance immediately.

Even now, as he wrote from

Corinth, Paul knew the trip to Rome would be delayed again. He had business in Jerusalem.

All during his four-year journey, Paul had been collecting money for the poor members of the church at Jerusalem. This wasn't merely for charity's sake; Paul hoped the offering would help the gentile churches feel closer to the "mother" church, and he hoped it would prove to the stubborn Jewish Christians in Jerusalem that the gospel could truly reach non-Jews.

After taking the money to Jerusalem, he could go to Rome. But there were two good reasons why he should write a letter in advance:

(1) He knew the trip to Jerusalem would be a dangerous one. He had been threatened many times; both the Jews and their Roman conquerors had given him some narrow escapes. He might never make it to Rome, and some guidance in the Christian way was badly needed there.

(2) He knew the Roman Christians would have heard conflicting stories about him. After all, hadn't he once been a member of the Roman "FBI" hunting down and arresting Christians? And wasn't he considered a heretic by some of the leaders of the church, because he believed the gospel was for uncircumcised gentiles, too?

This letter was a chance to present his beliefs—to present his credentials in advance.

What the Letter Says

Unlike the books of prophecy such as Amos and Micah, or biographies like the Book of Esther or the Gospels, Paul's writings weren't intended

for public consumption. They were human documents, written by a friend to a few friends.

As he dictated, he followed the regular form taken by all personal letters of that day: a greeting (1:1), a prayer (1:7), and a word of thanksgiving (1:8). Often he left sentences unfinished, or got tangled up in his own grammar as he wrote.

Since he knew only a few of the Roman Christians, there were fewer details of practical problems to discuss. What he said in the letter is summed up in Romans 1:16, 17.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel. I see it as the very power of God working for the salvation of everyone who believes it, both Jew and Greek.

"I see in it God's plan for imparting righteousness to men, a process begun and continued by their faith. For, as the Scripture says, 'The righteous shall live by faith.'"

From The New Testament in Modern English by J. B. Phillips. Published 1958 by The Macmillan Company. Used by permission.

The power of God. . . Paul, who had once tried the Pharasaic method of earning his own salvation by strict obedience to the law, spent his years as a Christian preaching the foolishness of such attempts.

The only way to salvation, he wrote, is the way of utter trust and utter dependence upon God. We can never earn or deserve the favor of God. It is a gift, unattainable by any amount of good deeds.

This doesn't mean that no change is required in a man, however. Paul says we're no longer like criminals

before a judge; we become like lovers who give all our life in love to the one who first loved us.

We do right, not because the law says we must, but because our new condition—oneness with Christ—makes us *want* to.

To the Jew and the Greek. . . . Since salvation is no longer based upon strict adherence to such laws as the Jewish dietary and ceremonial statutes, the non-Jew has as much of a chance to enter the kingdom as the Jew does. Christ came for all the world, Paul says.

The apostle spent the largest part of the letter—what we know as Chapters 1 through 8—in explaining his idea of righteousness.

In Chapters 9, 10, and 11 he tried to show how the Jews, God's chosen people, fit into the plan of salvation.

And in Chapters 12 to 15, Paul guides his inexperienced readers in such practical problems as obedience to the Roman authority, facing temptation in a pagan society, passing judgment on fellow Christians, and self-satisfaction.

Just before beginning the 16th chapter, a series of personal greetings to friends of his who now lived in Rome, he dictated this hopeful note:

“. . . Now, since I no longer have any room for work in these regions, and since I have longed for many years to come to you, I hope to see you in passing as I go to Spain, and to be sped on my journey there by you, once I have enjoyed your company for a little. At present, however, I am going to Jerusalem. . . .” (Rom. 15:23-25).

Ambassador in Chains

But the old man was never to see Rome as a free man.

In Jerusalem, while he was observing a ritual of purification, somebody spread a rumor that he had brought a Greek into the Temple with him. A mob quickly formed, and tried to kill him.

Roman soldiers fought off the crowd and, lifting him above their heads, carried him to safety. He was placed in protective custody.

Red tape and politics were to keep him there for six years. For the first two years he was in prison in Caesarea; then an appeal to the emperor brought him to Rome—in chains.

There he had his long-awaited chance to testify, when he defended himself in the emperor's court. There he met the Christians of Rome, receiving them in the rented villa where he lived under guard.

Paul was never able to make Rome his headquarters for an assault on Spain. Instead, it became part of his missionary attack on the whole world.

For, although Paul was beheaded and buried in the capital city, somebody had saved a letter—written from Corinth, years before.

■ ■

THE PLAN

Each man at Service

Service to each man

In a nutshell is

Your Post Chaplain's Plan.

—LESLIE CONRAD, JR.

Letter from Home

By MINNIE MAY LEWIS

Dear Johnny:

Easter, with all its promise, will be unusually significant this year to the little mining community of Spring Hill, Nova Scotia. The resurrection of those miners entombed so many days last October in that tragic disaster, gave new emphasis on the miracle of life.

They who were "dead" lived. What joy! What wonder! "We talked, we sang hymns, we prayed. God answered our prayers," they said.

The others? Didn't they pray? Sing hymns? Of course, they sang and prayed and wore brave courage. God heard and cared. We cannot know "why" some came back and not the rest. It is always so.

Yet we do know that God loves man. That he so loved that he gave his only Son to know death on a cross. Subjected to the black desolation of hell to save mankind from his stumbling sins.

Heaven and earth blended into one song of joy that first Easter morn when God brought forth from the tomb a victorious, living Christ. Death was forever conquered; God's redemptive plan completed. Christ's earthly mission fulfilled; our earthly mission begun. Man, at last, had eternal hope and purpose.

All honor and gratitude for those courageous survivors who miraculously quit their tomb, but especially for those who failed to return yet through faith live. May this portion of faith and Easter blessing be yours to keep. "Because He lives, we, too, shall live."

Love,

Mom



Bob Crosby

That Bob Crosby Family

By GASPARD ST. ONGE

Find here some ingredients of success

ASK TV Star Bob Crosby and he'll tell you—humility is one of the greatest virtues.

"It transcends talent, charm, poise, everything else," says Bob. "It is absolutely essential to a good performance."

He was reminiscing, delving into childhood and youth, reliving school days and the faltering start of his musical career.

"You know," he went on, "when I was thirteen years old I was asked to sing at an amateur show. The orchestra played the introduction. But I couldn't utter a peep. The musicians looked at me with question marks on their faces. They

played the introduction a second and third time. Then they gazed in wonder. I couldn't sing a note. I was shaking with fright and fled the scene in terror."

This same stage fright was with Bob some years later when he auditioned for Orchestra Leader Anson Weeks in San Francisco. This time he was almost paralyzed, he says. His heart hammered. His legs were like boiled macaroni. And his arms were clamped to his sides because he had forgotten his suspenders.

But somehow he sang the song and landed the job.

Was there some connection between this youthful panic and the

fact that among his friends Bob always was referred to as Bing's brother? In high school at his native Spokane, Washington, Bob's rich and mellow baritone often was in demand. But the guy who did the singing was "Bing's brother." The same held true in college.

When Bob asked a girl for a date, he often felt she said "yes" to bask in the reflected glory of Bing.

Small wonder then that when Bob took his first faltering steps in a musical career, there was uneasiness, fear, hesitation, and sometimes despair.

But he felt he had something to offer. His voice was good. He was fast learning the techniques of music. He could sing. Crowds applauded. If some of the applause was for Bing, the day would come, he felt, when he would be recognized for his own accomplishments. It was worth working for.

These experiences, engraved on a juvenile mind, live with Bob today at the age of forty-four. They are part of the impact which lead him to the conclusion that humility is so important.

When his daughter Cathy, now nineteen and sweetly pert, joined Bob's CBS-TV show Bob knew well that a humble heart was part of Cathy's character.

"When I noticed," says Bob, "that Cathy had an honest desire to work, that she did not feel she knew it all, and that she was trying to learn to sing and dance, I knew she'd make the grade in show business. After that it was merely a matter of training."

In one respect, however, Bob had the best of Bing. His daughter had become the first girl in the numerous Crosby clan to sing for her supper!

But still Bing was there—by proxy. When Cathy swung into her act, it was with Bing's son, Cousin Gary, at her side.

ABOUT the time Bob was negotiating a switch from an afternoon network show, which he did for four years, to an evening spot, the family moved into a new and modern home in Beverly Hills. But if luxury and comfort are the lot of the family now, consider what happened some time ago when "rugged individualism" seemed to be the more appropriate byword.

It may have been the result of Bob Crosby's familiarity with the forests of the Pacific Northwest. Or it may have come from Mrs. Crosby, the fiery-haired Powers model June Kuhn, who married Bob twenty years ago and stuck through the grim days with an eye on the greater heights.

Anyway one morning black headlines screamed that three of the Crosby kids—Chris, Bob, Jr., and Steve—had vanished during the night.

An army of policemen, sheriff's deputies, and neighbors deployed through the craggy Santa Monica Mountains and woodlands adjoining the Crosby home.

But later in the forenoon when Timmy Wellman, son of Movie Director William Wellman, booted his horse into a eucalyptus grove, there was the culprit trio. The boys had

made camp, lit a fire, heated chili con carne, and established friendly relations with nature.

The escapade had been hatched as a result of cold war relations with their nurse. Chris answered his father's pointed questions "in the woodshed."

"We weren't scared," he said. "Well, Steve was a little bit. But Bob and I weren't."

Dad was not too severe. Today he looks back upon it with tolerance.

"If you have a good kid," he says, "you shouldn't spoil him with too rigid or too confining discipline. Some children need more discipline than others. For some a spanking is the right thing. For others it isn't. The individual nature of the child has to be taken into consideration. And always one has to use reason."

IN this regard he tells about the time Cathy came home from school crying that no matter how hard she worked, her teachers always said she wasn't doing enough. It seemed to her that being Bob Crosby's daughter was a handicap. She wanted to go away—some place where she wasn't known. She mentioned Switzerland. Her parents agreed.

En route to Lausanne, her first stop in Europe was at Copenhagen. At the airport she was besieged by reporters who wanted a story from "Bob Crosby's daughter."

What she hadn't realized was that the Danes had been listening to her father's records for years and felt that they knew him as well as people do in Peoria or Pawtucket.

So dad gave daughter Cathy a lecture. "This situation," he told her, "is something you will have to live with. You must fight against the tendency to be either an extreme introvert or an extreme extrovert."

Cathy gave it much thought. Time and hard work made her mountain of sorrow melt into a molehill. About her schooling in Switzerland, Bob grins: "It was nice to send her to a place I couldn't afford."

Now Cathy has finished high school and is being tutored by dance and vocal instructors. She reflects the versatility with which this family abounds. One of her most delightful chores is choosing dresses. She has scores of them. And as many pairs of shoes and hats. Bright colors are her passion.

On the other hand, sixteen-year-old Chris, a high school junior, has such a yen for machinery he has won the rating "a good mechanic." He plans to go into electrical engineering. But in the meantime he also likes to toot a horn.

Bob, Jr., fourteen, a ninth-grader, is the nature lover, friend of birds, wanderer of the woodlands, and instigator of the overnight exploration that caused the big hunt and the parental headaches. On the side he has a mania for drums.

Eleven-year-old Steven, now in the seventh grade, is a great guy to amuse himself. His is the acquisitive instinct. As his father puts it: "Steve is like a squirrel, always hiding something, pennies, marbles, whatever he considers of value. He should do well in money matters."

And little Junie Malia, seven-year-



Gary, Bing's son, and Cathy, Bob's daughter, team up to sing.

old second grader, snaps sparkling blue eyes in a head which is unconcerned with money or careers.

All but Junie Malia have one horror in common—*arithmetic*.

Only Cathy is concerned with dates. Her advice to teen-agers is: "Don't start dating until you are fifteen. Then find someone who shares your interests or whose interests you can share."

ALL the work and worry of this family's busy world is seasoned with the fun and foolishness which is Hollywood. But foolishness had something to do with Bob's start in the entertainment business.

During one of the more insane moments in American history, the walkathon craze hit Spokane, as it did so many other cities. Bob was

offered a job singing for the weary contestants. He was often heard on radio broadcasts from these madhouses. It was one of these broadcasts that led Anson Weeks to call Bob to San Francisco for the audition and later a spot in the band.

In 1935 eleven New York musicians asked Bob to lead their orchestra. Thus was started the famed Bobcats. By 1938 the group had hit the big time.

Later the Bobcats moved to Hollywood and clicked in such movies as *Let's Make Music*, *As Thousands Cheer*, *See Here*, *Private Hargrove*, *Pardon My Rhythm*, *Meet Miss Bobby Sox*, *Kansas City Kitty*, and many more.

On television Bob became the guest of Jack Benny, Alan Young, and a host of other stars. Finally came his own CBS-TV show.

"TV," he says, "has some problems not appreciated by the public. One of these is the constant necessity of guarding against offense. The television actor must be his own censor. The closeness of TV to children makes this precaution doubly essential."

In this regard Bob finds Mrs. Crosby an invaluable aide. "She has never been in show business," he points out. "Therefore, she can provide the layman's view of what should and what should not be done.

"And," says Bob wincing, "her criticism is objective."

■ ■

• Starting at the bottom is a great idea—unless you're studying swimming.

—HOWARD YAGER

By WARD L. KAISER

The Missionary—1959 Model

TALK to people in Meadville, Pennsylvania, and you're likely to hear them say, "These missionaries are a pretty swell bunch. Why, you'd hardly guess they're missionaries—they seem so normal!"

These people speak from personal experience. For into Meadville each summer pour some 125 missionaries under appointment to foreign fields, for six weeks of intensive training.

New Features

Are these people right? Very largely. The 1959 model missionary differs sharply from what a lot of people expect him to be. *He looks different.* Say "missionary" and many people conjure up a vision of a sober single woman or married couple in their middle 50's, more interested in graves than the gravy.

Today's typical church representative possesses an inner glow that not only helps him personally, but gets through to others. The modern missionary is in love with life. You can tell that, just as surely as you know it when a fellow's in love with a wonderful girl.

The modern missionary not only looks different, *he acts different.* This is so because he carries different responsibilities and approaches them

with a different attitude than many of us would expect. Large numbers of people have a faulty picture of what the missionary does because their picture is outdated. As with missiles, so with missionaries—a lot has happened in the last twenty-five years.

Speaking to this point, Dr. John S. Badeau, president of the Near East Foundation, says, "We must have a new type of missionary. In the first place, it calls for a person of ingenuity. He must have million-dollar brains on a missionary salary. In the second place, the new missionary must be marked by high professional competence." Rajah B. Manikam, well-known missionary statesman, has said, "The day has now dawned for the missionary who is the friend, philosopher, and guide of a young church, who is willing to get behind the cart and push it along rather than pull it from the front."

New Terminology

Because new patterns of partnership are emerging, some denominations have changed even the names by which they identify personnel. One church sends "fraternal workers" rather than "missionaries." The new name suggests their role: to work

alongside native Christians, helping where asked but never bossing. Today's missionary must be as ready to take suggestions from local Christians as his predecessors were to act on orders from their governments.

But the big change in the modern missionary goes still deeper: *He is different*. You can't tell a 1959 model missionary by the clothes he wears, the language he speaks, or the company he keeps. Neither can you spot him by the work he does—over fifty job classifications are currently being filled by missionaries. The truth is that missionaries deal with human needs—whatever they may be—in the most competent way they can.

Those skills are varied. In the field of agriculture, missionaries develop projects, run experimental farms, work with farmers as County Agents do in the States, and teach. In industrial work there are openings for civil and sanitary engineers, builders, maintenance men, and mechanics. The field of literacy requires trained linguists to teach adults to read (44 per cent of the world's people over fourteen are illiterate) and writers who can produce simple reading material. In medical work, churches use dentists, general practitioners, surgeons, anesthesiologists, specialists of almost every kind, public health men, nurses, X-ray and laboratory technicians, pharmacists, hospital managers, and dietitians. Social centers employ case and group workers. There is need for workers in the field of labor and industrial relations, since newly developing nations face problems in this area. There's more to mission service than preaching.

Responding to God's Call

There is another side to this—while the 1959 model missionary is different in certain important ways, he is basically the same. The same, that is, as his counterparts of one hundred or even nineteen hundred years ago. Ever since New Testament times Christians have known that the message of the gospel is theirs to share. The call to missions has been understood as God's call to the entire Christian community. A missionary, then, is first and foremost a Christian who cannot be satisfied with the answer, "Here am I, O Lord, send George."

Now—The "Amateur" Missionary

In our day, a vast new dimension of the Christian movement is being thrown open by the non-professional or "amateur" missionary. Why shouldn't the Christian in the armed forces or on a business trip abroad become the Lord's good will ambassador? Recent figures indicate that there are one million American troops stationed outside the continental United States. In addition, some thirty-seven thousand Americans who work for the U. S. Government live abroad, and some twenty-four thousand who work for American business concerns. We have ten thousand students overseas, fifteen hundred teachers, and four thousand who serve with international and philanthropic organizations. To the above figures add those who go abroad as tourists—current estimates say two million a year—plus those who work for foreign companies and governments abroad. Then add the

wives and dependents of all the foregoing. If every Protestant Christian took his religion with him, how our missionary effort might be multiplied!

In actual fact, amateur missionaries may have real advantages over professionals. While Afghanistan lets no Christian missionaries in, a friend of ours and his wife now live there. How come? Because he's a teacher, not a missionary; because his salary check comes from the United States Government, not a church agency. His basic job is to assist the Afghans in setting up an educational system. Meanwhile, he discovers that his wide experience and personal contacts provide him with frequent opportunities for a direct religious witness.

Churches, recognizing this potential, are beginning to set up training programs for laymen going overseas.

Two-Way Traffic

Missions is a two-way street; some missionaries travel east, others west. Traditionally, missionaries have come from the "Christian West," but today the "younger churches" are rapidly maturing to the point where they can send out their own missionaries. Thus the distinction between "sending" and "receiving" countries is breaking down. The Philippines, for example, receives missionaries; it also sends them. Thus the Reverend Jorge Quismundo of Manila has been sent as a fraternal worker of the Filipino church to teach in Indonesia. As one who comes out of a background that is in some respects similar to their

own, Jorge finds a ready entree into the thinking of the Indonesian people. It would be difficult—but not impossible—for a white, middle-class American to achieve this same level of understanding with persons of a different culture.

Still more revealing is the fact that in 1959 missionaries are being sent to the States. Kyoji Buma, a youthful minister of the Church of Christ in Japan, is currently serving his second term in the U.S.A. As an outsider he looks on our American ways with a refreshing new perspective. As an Oriental he has put new breadth into our sympathies. As a Christian he has added depth to our thinking. All in all, he has done us American Christians great good. It is to be hoped that the Christians who leave our shores are as effective as those who come to us in serving the real needs of human beings in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

A good look at the 1959 model missionary gives confidence at this point. ■ ■

She Was Quacked

A woman walks into a psychiatrist's office leading a large white duck by a gold chain.

"You can't do anything for me, Doc," she tells him. "It's my husband, I'm worried about—he thinks he's a duck!"

"Do you keep brown sugar?" asked the lady in the little country store.

"No," said the storekeeper. "When it gets dirty, we throw it away."

—ROBIN MAYERS



Cooks at work in the kitchen at the United Nations Cafeteria. Some 12,000 "food transactions" take place daily. The UN chefs must step lively.

The Culinary Oasis

By **HAROLD HELFER**

UNITED Nations headquarters in New York quite often will rock with controversy and dispute as it reflects the tempest of these times. But there is one part of this steel-and-stone structure in Manhattan that remains unruffled and serene, no matter what international difficulties may be brewing. And that is the kitchen.

It doesn't make any difference whether UN delegates call for a whale steak, spiced pie or a soft-

boiled egg, more soft than boiled . . . the UN chefs can take it in stride.

Whatever oratorical fireworks may be exploding in the discussion and political chambers, the two-hundred foot long kitchen is an oasis of hospitality and good-will.

The chefs are prepared for their own international problems. The delegates and representatives of Burma, Ceylon and Pakistan want everything full of spices. The South Americans

want pies, pies, pies. With Americans, it's all kinds of salads. Australians and Englishmen carefully scan the menu but nearly always settle for the same thing—some kind of roast beef. There is a difference though that UN chefs have caught on to. The Australians are likely to be more connoisseur-ish about the beef itself, while the Britisher is more fussy about the Yorkshire pudding that goes with it.

The tastes of these different people from the four corners of the earth are so varied that the menu that is put out is intended "only as a guide." Thus, although whale meat isn't on the menu, you can get it if you ask for it . . . and people from Scandinavia and some from other seafaring nations too are always asking for it.

The favorite dish of the Russians is sturgeon. Occasionally they'll ask for borsch too. The Soviets might have their difficulties in the council chambers but they can find no fault with the UN kitchen and restaurant service. All the dishes they want are there for them.

If you like fresh-killed young lambs, and like them served up *a la Arabique*, that is, roasted whole, you can get that too. The Yemen delegates are especially fond of this.

Some of the delegates have very simple tastes though. Take India's Krishna Menon, for instance; he has the same lunch day in and day out . . . a bowl of tomato soup and a side dish of vegetables.

The lunch menu . . . and lunch is the main meal of the day at the UN . . . resembles the voting blocs

International chefs help world peacemakers

Meals in the UN cafeteria range all the way from cups of tea to whole meals. The kitchen staff includes a chef, a *sous-chef*, a roast cook, a soup cook, some *sauciers* (gravy cooks), and *legumiers* (vegetable cooks), two pastry chefs, a butcher and a chicken butcher who is in charge of the poultry and fish. During working hours and until about 4:00 P.M. the kitchen is very noisy. Well-lighted with neon tubes, it has a shiny series of ovens, dishwashers, and drying machines. The original equipment, which cost around \$300,000, includes separate deep-freezers and cold storage rooms for meat, ice cream, sea food and fruit.

in the General Assembly. There are numerous food specialties from the countries of the Afro-Asian bloc, numerically the largest in the Assembly, and there's at least one or two typically South American dishes listed on the menu every meal, and so on and so forth.

One thing that can be said for all the dishes is that an effort is made to keep them all reasonably priced. This is out of respect for the delegates from the poorer nations.

SOME of the dishes have transcended national boundaries and become general UN favorites. In fact, that is something of a tendency. Perhaps someday that is the way things will be with international affairs.

Three of the dishes that are among



In any language, the view of the river while dining is an excellent one.

the most popular at the UN are Belgian Fish Soufflé, Brazilian Iced Chocolate and Pakistan Siwayyone-Ka-Zarda. The chefs take their time with all these dishes, trying to give them just the right flavor pique, so it will seem just like home to the people familiar with them.

As one chef said: "No man or woman can be an efficient peacemaker on an empty stomach."

And that's sort of the goal and motto of the UN kitchen.

By the way, how would you like to serve Siwayyone-Ka-Zarda at home some day? Actually, it isn't quite as awesome as it may sound. Here is the recipe:

- ½ pound of butter
- 2 cardamon seeds
- 2 three-inch sticks cinnamon
- ½ pound of vermicelli
- 2 tall cans evaporated milk
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 teaspoonful saffron
- 1 teaspoonful water
- ¼ cup shredded almonds

¼ cup pistachio nuts

½ cup seedless raisins

Melt butter with spices. Add uncooked vermicelli and cook slowly about five minutes. Add milk and cook slowly until milk is absorbed and vermicelli is tender, about fifteen to twenty minutes. Remove cardamon seeds and cinnamon. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Mix saffron with water and add to pudding. Stir in almonds, pistachios and raisins. Cover and let stand five minutes. Garnish with small silver candies and serve. Serve warm. Yields about five cups.

Anyway, should you ever visit the UN headquarters remember to drop in at the restaurant, too. It will not only do your heart good to see the delegates, no matter how hectic the headlines may be, eating peacefully and good-naturedly away—but you might pick yourself up a recipe that is practically out of this world!

■ ■

The Conquest of Inner Space

By NORMAN CHARLES

IT will no longer come as any great surprise to learn that man has traversed the 250,000 miles between the earth and the moon. We are told that it could happen within a few years. When the moon is reached, Mars will soon be within range of man's explorations, and then the more distant planets. Man seems to be in the process of conquering space.

In view of these awesome developments in outer space, it becomes quite easy to forget that the only space which really matters to each of us, the only space which each of us needs to discover and explore is that occupied—in a figurative sense—by our own souls. Man's explorations of the universe are likely to result in unprecedented advances in human knowledge and power, but they will not alter in the slightest the truth of Christ's statement concerning the location of the kingdom of God. It is still within.

As exciting as it may be to probe farther and farther into the universe, we cannot allow outer space to become our first concern. We need to be concerned, first of all, with our own inner space.

The ancient truth that God himself resides within each of us remains

the most startling and significant knowledge possible. More exciting than the prospect of a trip to the moon is the realization that we need not travel to the moon nor to the farther reaches of the universe to find God. He is there, of course, but he is also much more accessible and near at hand. God is, as Tennyson has written, "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

The realization of God's presence is the beginning of all knowledge and power and the only true source of joy. Without this realization, all our efforts are likely to be empty of vital purpose and ultimately futile. Yet surprisingly few of us take seriously the practice of the presence of God. We give in to an indiscriminate search for distraction and finally to despair. We seek anything that promises to offer a momentary thrill or a temporary diversion.

A Man Who Practiced the Presence of God

There are always some, however, who are not deceived by the false glitter of things, and these men serve as shining proof of the presence of God. Such a man was Nicholas Herman, later known as Brother Lawrence, who survives in a slim

volume containing a few of his letters and conversations. He is not widely known nor was he especially famous during his own day. But his words are valuable for all time because they record the experience of a man who earnestly practiced the presence of God.

Brother Lawrence, who had served as a common soldier in the French Army during the Thirty Years' War, later entered a monastery where he was assigned the duties in the kitchen. For many years he remained on perpetual KP, realizing as well as the rest of us that cleaning pots and pans is one of the least glamorous of human occupations. Nevertheless, he transformed this menial chore into a joyous activity by his practice of the presence of God.

Brother Lawrence's approach to life is valid and possible not only in the kitchen of a seventeenth century French monastery, but also in a modern destroyer in the Mid-Atlantic or in an Army barracks in Texas. It is, in short, universally possible. His approach remains the only certain way to have life abundantly.

An awareness of the presence of God cannot be acquired haphazardly. It demands, in the first place, that we make the love of God the goal of all our thoughts and actions. We must give up trying to benefit ourselves and trying to impress others with our actions, and instead do whatever we do, in so far as possible, purely for the love of God. We must think first of pleasing him.

This does not necessarily mean that we have to change our daily activities; rather it means that we

must do for God's sake what we commonly do for our own. Brother Lawrence turned the cake that was frying on the pan for the love of God, and then he picked up a straw on the ground for the love of him.

At the same time, the practice of the presence of God demands that we acknowledge our absolute dependence upon God's mercy and make a full surrender of ourselves to him, confident that God will never deceive us. We must be willing to admit that we can do nothing unless God enables us to do it.

Unless we accept these conditions, we will never arrive at a proper awareness of the presence of God and the "fullness of joy" which such an awareness brings. If we can accept them—and these conditions comprise a major part of the "yoke" which Christ urged us to take upon ourselves—then we are ready to begin practicing the presence of God.

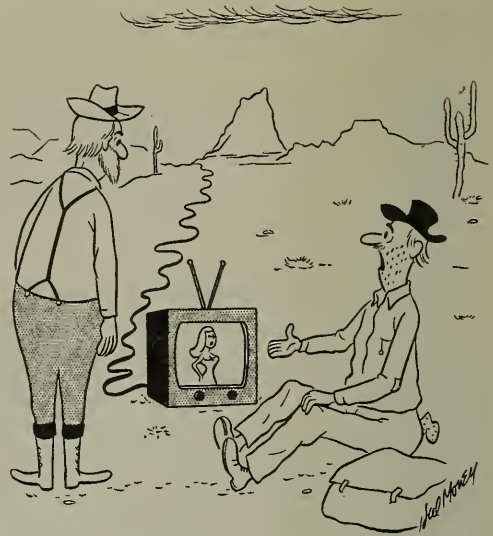
How to Practice the Presence of God

It is, of course, impossible to draw up a list of simple steps to follow in any matter concerning the human soul and spirit. Such a list is useful for starting a power lawn mower or even a jet engine, but the inner space of the human soul is seldom disciplined by simple steps. Nevertheless, the advice of men who have practiced the presence of God successfully can be of immeasurable benefit to us. The recorded experiences of these men—Brother Lawrence, John Woolman, Saint Augustine, and Thomas á Kempis, to name a few—reveal, in general, a similar pattern.

After first resolving to think and act purely for the love of God, we should set about accustoming ourselves to frequent "conversations" with him, focusing our attention upon the idea that God is intimately present. In these silent conversations we should be simultaneously praising, adoring, and loving God for his infinite goodness and perfection. Conversation of this sort is essentially the same thing as prayer. In its purest form, prayer is nothing else but a sense of the presence of God, our souls being at that time insensible to everything but divine love. For one who practices seriously the presence of God, the periods of prayer do not differ markedly from the rest of the day.

Most of us, however, need to discipline ourselves rigidly, to designate specific times of day for prayer and conversation with God. Eventually we may hope to think often and automatically of God's abiding presence, but at first we will need to remind ourselves at regular intervals throughout the day that God is always near at hand. Many of us learned during childhood to pray before meals and at bedtime. This is by no means a childish habit; indeed as we grow older our need for conversation with God becomes increasingly urgent.

There need be no outward show connected with these daily observances. All that is required during these periods is that we attempt to empty our minds of all except divine Love. We must come in meekness and humility, yet intensely eager to sense God's presence. He never dis-



"It cost \$3175. The set was \$175 and \$3000 for the extension cord."

appoints us. If we feel that God has deserted us, it is because we are putting the love of self above the love of God.

If we are in earnest about our daily periods of conversation with God, we will gradually increase them until an underlying awareness of his presence permeates our entire existence. This is the most awesome discovery of all, and the one most to be desired—the discovery that Christ himself will enter the inner spaces of our being if we confess to him our weakness and our longing. The conquest of our own inner space depends, paradoxically, upon our admission that we can do nothing unless God is with us. Unworthy though we are, God desires to be with us. He stands at the door and knocks.

The Disadvantages of Being a Christian

By W. BURNET EASTON, JR.

THE taxi which cuts in in front of me shouts from a sign on its back, "Go to church on Sunday—it will make you feel better." The billboard across the corner tells me, "Don't send—take your family to church this Sunday." The radio begins and ends with prayer, or what passes for it. Tin Pan Alley urges me to "Call on the MAN upstairs" and a Hollywood star informs all and sundry that "God is a Lovin' Doll." Almost every slick paper magazine carries at least one article on how "Religion is a good thing," and the American Legion started last year a "Back to God" campaign.

Christianity, or at least religion, has become respectable and even popular. Churches are filled as never before and, for the first time in our history, they are growing faster than the population. Everybody is being urged to get on the bandwagon, and it would appear that a lot of people are.

But bandwagons are notoriously shaky affairs and there are many

aspects of this whole popular religion-is-a-good-thing revival which are very disturbing. For the sake of the record, let me say that I am a Christian in the sense that I believe in biblical Christianity, and I try to live it as best I can—with the usual sorry gaps between faith and practice that flesh is heir to. Also I am an evangelist at heart, and I would like to see everybody have this faith too. I am convinced that if they would really accept it they would find it as indispensable as I do.

Nevertheless, there is something frightfully superficial about the way Christianity is being sold today. Christ does have the Pearl of Great Price, but what many of Christianity's hucksters forget to tell the public is that it is a Pearl of *Great Price*, for which a man must sell *all* that he has in order to get it.

IN other words, there are real disadvantages in being a Christian which the hucksters do not always tell us about. Since honesty is supposed to be one of the Christian virtues, we Christians ought not to

try to sell our product without making clear that there is a price tag attached, and that the price on that tag is high.

One of the characteristics of our contemporary culture which I can never understand is that so many people want to be called Christian. All kinds of people who are ignorant, or doubtful, or both, about the Christian doctrine, and who have no intention of practicing Christian ethics beyond conventional morality, seem to desperately want to be labeled Christian. Some, especially the more intellectually sophisticated, even distort the Christian faith into something it is not and still want to call themselves and their beliefs Christian. I cannot see why. There is nothing *evil* about not being a Christian.

In terms of social morality and ethics Christians are not more moral than non-Christians. In fact, I know some atheists who are more ethically sensitive and responsible than most Christians I know. And in our country all civil and social rights are granted without reference to a man's religion or lack of it. It is hard to see why people want to be labeled Christian. In order to be a Christian you have to be a little bit crazy—maybe more than a little bit! No sensible person wants to be crazy; people are only crazy because they can't help it! Wrote St. Paul to the Corinthians, "We are fools for Christ's sake . . . the refuse of the world . . . the scum of the earth." No man in his right mind wants to be a fool—refuse—the scum of the earth!

IN my sophomore year in college I took a course in philosophy. At that time I was thinking of entering the ministry, later I gave up the idea, and still later found that I could not give it up. But at the time, one day after class, I mentioned to my philosophy teacher that I was thinking of going into the ministry. He thought for a moment and then said, "I suppose it is like philosophy. You shouldn't go in if you possibly can stay out." Profound words those, and I suspect they apply to every vocation, but they certainly apply to Christianity. In some sense we Christians should say to everybody, and especially those on the fringes of the faith, "Don't come if you can possibly stay out! There are all kinds of disadvantages in being a Christian! It can upset your life no end!"

Without intending to be exhaustive, let me point out a few.

We Christians believe in a God whose existence we cannot prove either by philosophy or by scientific reason and techniques. Neither the greatest telescope nor the most powerful microscope has ever discovered anything which could be identified as God, nor a locus where he could be said to reside. Our atheist friends who disagree with us accuse us of wish-thinking and of manufacturing our belief in God because we are afraid of facing life alone and without a God. We do not believe this is true but we cannot *prove* that we are right and they are wrong. This difficulty, however, is a relatively minor one, for, in spite of the fact that we cannot prove God is, we are in the company of a great

many other people who believe as we do. (According to the opinion polls from 95 to 97 per cent of the population.) For the vast majority it seems more reasonable to assume, even if it cannot be proved, that there is a Creator of the universe rather than to assume that it all happened just by accident.

FOR Christians the situation becomes more embarrassing when we affirm the nature of God. We Christians absurdly affirm that the God who ordained the stars in their courses and stored up the energy in the atom, so loves this stupid biped who clutters up the face of the earth that he actually entered into our human existence as an obscure Jewish Rabbi, suffered all the injustices of human life and died a criminal death. This is incredible!

Other religions have claimed that their God, or one of their gods, has come into the world—but always as a hero, or a conqueror, or a philanderer, maintaining the full divine prerogatives a god should. Even the Buddha, who in his earthlife comes nearest to Jesus, was born into a princely family, had a highly successful career, lived to a ripe old age, and died in peace surrounded by his adoring disciples. The idea that God—the Creator of the Universe—would enter human life as an obscure peasant, suffer all human privations and frustrations and be condemned to an agonizing criminal death is just plain ridiculous. As St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, “It is utter foolishness to the Greeks.” It always is to the Greeks of all ages and

cultures including our own. When we add to all this our most important belief, that God raised Christ from the dead, it is worse than ridiculous, it is absurd. You see, to be a Christian you have to be more than a little crazy!

But unfortunately this is only the beginning. Once we Christians have accepted Christ—or to put it more accurately, once we have let ourselves be grasped by him—we find that we have to go out and tell people about it. It is too good for us to keep, and we have to try to persuade others to see what we see. That’s the rub! In our world, happily, you can believe all kinds of weird things as long as you keep them to yourself and do not impose on others. It is when you try to persuade others that they ought to believe as you do, and when you start interfering with their lives and beliefs that you get into trouble, and that is just what Christians feel compelled to do. Among other things, when you do this, you are in danger of being called “intolerant” and a “fanatic.”

Everybody knows today that there is nothing much worse, especially among the sophisticated, than to be intolerant and a fanatic. The sophisticated know that there is no such thing as THE TRUTH; all truth is relative. These wise folk say to us, “Do you really mean that Christianity is *The Truth*—The Absolute Truth?” And we have to say, “Yes. It is. God was in Christ, and Christ is *the Way, the Truth and the Light*. Somewhere, someday, somehow, every knee must bow to Him and every tongue confess Him, including you!” And then

these people say, "You are not only crazy; you're intolerant and a fanatic!" And we have to say, "Yes, I guess I am." It is all very embarrassing and it can be very unpleasant, especially if you want to make a hit with sophisticated people. Don't let yourself get caught in this position if you can help it!

THERE is another related disadvantage in being a Christian. Not only must we believe things we cannot prove, and not only must we witness to these beliefs, we also have to do things because of our beliefs. This can be quite obnoxious to others and even to us. We have to fight for causes which are frequently unpopular, particularly with the people with whom we would like to make a hit. This can be unusually disadvantageous when, as sometimes happens, we have to do something about the rightness of which we are not certain ourselves; we only *hope* it is right and know we have to do it. We often get caught between two fires. If we take an unpopular stand one group accuses us of having a martyr complex, or a more heinous neurosis; if we do not take a stand another group accuses us of being cowards and hypocrites. We are caught either way.

Sometimes we have to take stands and do things which seem harsh, divisive and even cruel. We are commanded by our Lord to follow the Law of Love, but this love is not sentimental. Sometimes, and this is not always understood, love must be hard and punishing. (I punish my children because I love them; if I

did not love them I would not bother to punish them.) Jesus was never a sentimentalist. He knew that on occasions he and his disciples would have to be hard, dogmatic and divisive, and he said as much. "Do not think I have come to bring peace on earth; I have not come to bring peace but a sword. For I have come to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother . . . and a man's foes will be in his own household. He who does not bear his cross cannot be my disciple." Harsh words those, but true! Anyone sitting on the edges of Christianity and thinking about coming in ought to consider them seriously.

In connection with the unpleasant duties of being a Christian, which, incidentally, can take a lot of time, another thing ought to be mentioned. There is a widespread cliché, all too frequently spread by Christian leaders who ought to know better, that, "If you do your Christian duty, no matter how unpleasant, you will always feel better afterwards." It simply is not true. At least it is not always true.

Some years ago I felt it my Christian duty to criticize my boss. I thought I made the criticism in a helpful and constructive spirit, but he clearly did not think so. Whether or not my criticisms were justified is beside the point. I and others thought they were, and I made them in Christian conscience. My boss called me in for an interview. I knew pretty well what was coming and I determined to try to practice the Christian virtues I profess. I would try to be fair, friendly and to apply

the principle of turning the other cheek. If I say so myself, on that occasion, I think I did tolerably well. I took what he had to say, which eventually led to my resignation, and left without rancor. But afterwards I did not "feel good" about what I had done; rather, I was mad as a wet hen! Worse, I felt that if I had really "told him off" I would have felt "just fine."

Again, one time I badly needed a job. Finally I found a very attractive one. The interview with my prospective employer was going well when he mentioned a man he had considered for the position but had turned down. By coincidence the man happened to be a good friend of mine, and I knew he needed a job as badly as I did. As a matter of Christian duty I began to "sell" my friend. I succeeded so well that in the end he got the job and I did not. Did I feel "good" or "virtuous" about it? I certainly did not. I was disgusted and resentful for weeks. The idea that just because we do what we believe is our Christian duty we are always going to "feel good" about it afterwards simply is not true.

THERE are all kinds of disadvantages in being a Christian. To mention only one other: We Christians are always under the command to live and perform better than we can ever manage. This can be very discouraging and it opens us to the criticism of being hypocrites. Nobody likes to be thought a hypocrite. In this day of popular religious revival the disadvantages of



Don Allen

"Will you disappear for a dollar?"

being a Christian ought to be made crystal clear to all outsiders. We should take seriously the advice of Jesus, not to build a tower until we have counted the cost. Or, as my old philosophy professor put it, "Don't go in if you can possibly stay out!"

Of course, if you cannot stay out—if you let Christ really get you so that you cannot stay out—Ah! That is another kettle of fish! Just thank God that it has happened, and come over on our side and fight. We are all a little crazy, but in spite of the disadvantages, it's exciting and lots of fun! And in the end, of course, we are going to win, because Christ has already won the victory. ■ ■

- We learn from experience. A man never wakes up his second baby just to see it smile.

—Table Talk

"What A Funny Name"

By ELIZABETH PARKS BRIGHT



AN attentive nurse in an immaculate white uniform and perky cap stepped quietly beside the bed of a small boy. His flushed cheeks warned her of danger. She hastily took a thermometer from her pocket.

"Johnny," she spoke softly, but firmly. "Open your mouth but do not bite the glass tube. Place it under your tongue."

"What's that thing, nurse?"

"A thermometer."

"Goodness, that's a long name! Who made it? My Daddy can make almost anything."

"First, Johnny, put this in your mouth. When I take it out, I will tell you the man's name."

Quickly the nurse glanced at the thermometer. Notwithstanding Johnny's red face the fever was

slightly lower. How grateful she felt for such an instrument to reassure her of the child's condition. She patted the little fellow's head as she spoke.

"Fahrenheit is the man's name."

"What a funny name!" Johnny declared as he drifted into dreamland.

PERHAPS the name did strike Johnny as funny but Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit's name has been jostled and elbowed along the road of life for nearly three hundred years.

In an ancient town of Danzig near the Fourteenth Century Church of St. Catharine, Fahrenheit first joined the human cavalcade in May, 1686. After becoming a successful merchant his natural love of science developed into action.

A cold winter day in 1705, Fahrenheit peered through the tiny window panes at the deep snow banked on the narrow street below. A smoldering grate fire in the small room failed miserably in its half-hearted attempt to throw out some heat. Occasionally the fledgling scientist took his cold hands from the warmth of his pockets and with an impatient gesture brushed aside the long hair falling over a broad forehead.

The sober face riveted on the packed snow scarcely escaped the frosty panes. The intense cold served the more for Fahrenheit to concentrate with driven energy on an experiment. He found by mixing equal quantities of snow by weight and common salt a degree of cold on the coldest day could be obtained.

Unfortunately when Fahrenheit concluded his experiment in securing artificially the lowest degree of cold he called it zero and the boiling point 212 degrees above. It would have made calculating much easier if he had employed zero as the freezing point instead of 32 degrees. Only three nations, Holland, Great Britain, and the United States adopted his scale. Had he used zero, the entire world would have used his plan.

The solving of this experiment inspired Fahrenheit to sell his business and pursue his education in Natural Philosophy.

Necessity in the seventeenth century compelled an ambitious student interested in special studies to seek out men in all countries possessing the knowledge of the subject desired. Fahrenheit studied in France, Germany, and England. After several years of training he settled in the then intellectual center of Europe, Amsterdam, Holland.

Not only was he a pupil, but a close friend, of the famous Dutch mathematician, Willem Jakob Gravesande, the first scientist to accept Newton's theory of gravitation.

AS a physicist the former young businessman became known as

a manufacturer of meteorological instruments. His natural creative ability never permitted him to follow established patterns or designs.

One morning Fahrenheit picked up a rude affair in his workshop. As he examined the primitive thing he recognized it as a weather glass invented in 1600. It contained a glass bulb and tube from which air had been partially expelled and filled with colored water. He remembered that in 1720 spirits of wine replaced the water.

Holding the crude glass in his hand, the inventive mind of the physicist devised another design and substituted alcohol for wine. Later he conceived the idea of using mercury and added the graduating scale that bears his name. Thus was ushered into the world the origin of our present-day thermometer, Greek word for "heat measurer."

The discovery of utilizing mercury instead of alcohol was the reason for Fahrenheit's election as a member of the Royal Society of London. This deserved honor and tribute to his skill gave him much satisfaction.

Busily engaged on a machine for draining flooded land, Fahrenheit, only fifty years old, sickened and died September 16, 1736.

One of our foremost Americans, the always intellectually alert Benjamin Franklin, became the proud possessor of a thermometer. There were probably no more than three or four thermometers at that time in the United States. And according to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, only two such instruments were in use in the entire Union Army during the War

Between the States. In 1870 a London Hospital, becoming the owner of a nearly foot-long thermometer, was the object of derision and ridicule by the English people. They lashed out against the absurd whim of foolish doctors. But today thermometers are as common as bread and butter.

The invention of Fahrenheit not only became a great benefit to safeguard the health of mankind but lent itself to the development of the world's immense businesses, such as

aviation, agriculture, food canning, condensation of milk and many others. Even crime has been detected by the use of a thermometer. A game warden in Colorado tested the body temperature of a slain buck and by this means was able to secure the conviction of an out-of-season hunter.

THE nurse leaning over Johnny's bed heard the feverish little lad repeat over and over;
"What a funny name!" ■ ■

The Silence

BY RICHARD R. SMITH

It was during those leisure hours,
When you do just what you please;
A group of us had got together
Just to laugh and "shoot the breeze."

The talk went on for hours;
We were getting in a rut.
We had told some funny stories
And the latest "scuttlebutt."

Then a stupid-looking fellow,
We had figured for a clod,
In a voice that kinda wavered
Said, "Fellows, do you believe in God?"

All at once the talking stopped.
I sorta hung my head.
And I felt like God was listening
For the words I never said.

I guess I can't just forget it,
'Cause I know I let Him down.
Of all the things I should have said,
I never made a sound.

I wonder just how I would feel,
If in some desperate prayer
I raised my voice to God for help
And found just silence there!



What Happened on the First Easter?

By EUGENE S. WEHRLI

IF you were asked what happened during the signing of the Declaration of Independence, you would be stumped if you are like most of us. But if you were asked what the signing of the Declaration of Independence meant, you could show how crucial it was for the American way of life. It is what the signing meant that is important, not the details of how it happened. While many of these details are lost forever, our history has been shaped by what happened at Philadelphia. It is the meaning of past events that shapes history; history is remembering what is meaningful, not recording all that happens.

Furthermore, to an American the Declaration of Independence means something different than it did to an English Tory of 1776, or to a modern communist youth. How can a communist come to see the meaning and truth that the Declaration of Independence has for us? The best way is to get him to participate in the thrill of the free life; in other words, discover through experience the meaning of independence.

Now what does this have to do with what happened at Easter? The example is used by way of comparison. First, the disciples lives were changed, just as the Declaration changed the meaning of life for the American people. The disciples were changed from a defeated group whose leader had denied knowing the Christ into a confident band ready to suffer martyrdom. Now they would obey his command even though he was not physically present to enforce it. He had captured their hearts. If we had no account of the first Easter at all, we would have to guess something equally as astounding or be baffled by this great change.

But what did the disciples experience that wrought so great a change? The details are not completely clear, just as in the case of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Yet some things are evident.

Jesus Appeared on Easter Day

The earliest accounts stress the appearances of Jesus and not the empty tomb. In the appearances it is strik-

ing that Christ came to the disciples alone. There were no appearances to Pilate or the Pharisees. What happened on Easter was not an attempt to "prove" to the enemies of Jesus that they had made a mistake. God did not make the resurrection a proof to outsiders. Only those who had been acquainted with the power of the life of Jesus experienced this mighty act of God. To those who had a man-centered view of the universe, God gave no sign.

What were the details of the appearances? While this was not the story's major interest, it is a legitimate question to ask. The series of recorded appearances begins with Peter. (See 1 Corinthians 15:3-8; Luke 24:13-35.) Paul describes Christ as appearing in a transformed body. It was not a physical body subject to objective scientific data but a spiritual body transformed by the gift of God (1 Corinthians 15:35-50). No scientific description could prove or disprove such a body. When we compare the accounts of the appearances in the gospels we see this generally verified. Christ passes through closed doors; he is recognized as worthy of worship—a worship the disciples did not accord during his physical existence. The details of his appearances are highly varied as we would expect of a spiritual body and of an event so filled with meaning. Appearances take place in Jerusalem, on the road to Emmaus, and later on the mount in Galilee. Some describe Christ's going through closed doors or vanishing; others eating. Christ came to disciples in different ways and



he was not bound by earthly existence.

Mark, while making very clear that Jesus was resurrected on the first day of the week, gives no account of any appearance. He is evidently reticent to describe such a tremendous experience. The other gospels give a variety of accounts. In one of the most impressive, Christ journeys with two men on the road to Emmaus (Luke 24:13-35). While not recognizing his transformed appearance, their hearts glowed as he explained the scriptures. Finally, they recognized him through the marks of his sacrificial suffering that were revealed as he broke bread with them in a meal similar to the Lord's Supper. Often during the days after Easter, Christ's presence was recognized when the disciples broke bread together and remembered his sacrifice for them.

The Empty Tomb on Easter Day

The story of Easter also tells of the empty tomb. The empty tomb alone meant nothing. All sorts of explanations were possible and no one would have suggested the resurrection had it not been for the appearances. The Jews, for example, maintained that the disciples had

stolen the body. Matthew answered that guards had been placed at the tomb. The rebuttal was, If there had been guards, how come they didn't tell us of the resurrection? The answer given was that the guards had been bribed to say that the body was stolen. From the inadequacy of this argument it is obvious that the account of the empty tomb alone got nowhere in proving or communicating the resurrection to outsiders.

Around dawn on the day after the Sabbath women came to care for the body which had not been prepared for burial. This preparation had been prevented by the beginning of the Sabbath at sundown on Friday. Now at the first daylight after the Sabbath they came to do this act of love. The gospels differ on what the women met there. Mark says they met a young man in a white robe. Luke says they saw two men in dazzling apparel. Matthew records the presence of an angel appearing like lightning. But the women's finding the empty tomb was not the basis of belief. Only John tells of two disciples visiting the tomb, and in his indirect way he suggests that the disciples understood the resurrection from the appearance of the grave clothes. If the body had been stolen, the clothes would have been gone or thrown aside. So also if the physical body raised. But the clothes were collapsed just where they had been on the body. Hence, the raised body was a transformed or spiritual body that supported no clothes.

(See next page for another interpretation of the resurrection of Jesus. It is good to see both viewpoints.)

The Meaning of the Resurrection for Us

What significance does the resurrection have? First, it shows that what looked like defeat was in reality a victory. Men had killed Jesus but God used it to accomplish his purpose. The power of God is greater than the worst that men can do. If men could have destroyed the Son of God, then they would have been greater than God.

The resurrection of the body does not say that a corpse must walk. The word *body* in Greek carries a meaning near to our word *person*. The resurrection of the body shows that it is the person, what makes you *you*, that is raised. Eternal life is not some impersonal essence or universal divine spark that survives; it is you, a person, who can abide in fellowship with God forever. Therefore, the kind of person you are is important. No Christian can describe what is beyond death, but he knows that God will be there and he can have fellowship with him.

The resurrection indicates that life is a gift from God. We are not immortal because of a divine inner nature. There is no life inherent in us. Death is real; we cannot master it. We do not live because there is something in us that cannot be killed, but because God gives us the gift of life. As he gave us life in the beginning of our earthly existence so he can also give us life again. We cannot give life to ourselves; God raises us. He is the source of life.

The resurrection has transformed our worship. Every Sunday is a re-

minder of Easter and its message for the Christian. For this reason the Christian changed his worship from the Sabbath. Our worship is a remembrance of the resurrection and of our dependence upon God for his gift of life. God is greater than any tragedy we face and defeat itself may be a means of victory with God.

But not only does it change the meaning of our worship, it also changes our life. The apostle Paul put it this way, "If you are risen with Christ, seek the things that are above." Paul says that we already participate in the death and resurrection of Christ. The Christian must die to self-will, but in dying to self, he is raised into Christ. We can experience the meaning of the resurrection here and now if we surrender ourselves unconditionally and in Christ seek the power of a new life.

Another View of the Empty Tomb

ON what, then, do our accounts of the Resurrection agree? On two things:

(1) That the tomb was empty. Paul's tradition implies this. So does the apostolic preaching in Acts. The four evangelists declare it. The silence of the Jews confirms it.

(2) That the Resurrection occurred "on the third day" and that Jesus appeared to many of his followers, both men and women, on this and succeeding days.

If we are faithful to the evidence, we must start from the fact of the empty tomb. The theory that the body of Jesus was stolen or hidden is frankly incredible. Had the Romans or the Jews removed it secretly, it

would have been easy to refute the Christians' claim by producing it. . . . If then we accept the empty tomb, one of two explanations is open to us. Either we say that Jesus was resuscitated from the grave in his former body—in which case we must face the problem of what eventually happened to it after "the forty days," or we may agree with a long line of Christians from St. Paul to Bishop Wescott, that the physical body of our Lord was transformed in the grave into a spiritual body, a body no longer subject to the ordinary limitations of space and time. . . .

From *Introducing New Testament Theology* by Archibald M. Hunter (Westminster Press, 1957, \$2.50).

An Easter Prayer

O Lord God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who arose again from the dead, we thank Thee for this Easter day. We rejoice that everywhere around the world today, men turn to Thee in joy to celebrate the victory of Thy son over death, over hell, and over the grave. Increase our faith this day in the living Christ—him who lives in the church, who lives in the risen lives of Christians, who lives in the great teachings which he gave and which are now warp and woof of the teachings of the world, and who lives in his own person. Help us to prove by our redeemed lives that Christ lives. And help us to win others to the Christ of Calvary and Resurrection morn so they, too, may believe. *Amen*

A Big Opportunity for Any Man

By DAN JORGENSEN

SPIRITUALLY we are poor when we should be rich, worried when we should have mental poise, weak when we should be strong! Why?

Is it not because we have failed to let God bless us through prayer? Prayer is God's opportunity to strengthen us and enrich us, but we do not turn to prayer as we ought.

This in spite of the promise set forth in the Bible, "Draw near to God and he will draw near to you" (James 4:8).

Draw near to God? How? In several ways. And by learning these ways we learn how to avail ourselves of the blessings of prayer.

Be Humble

First, we must "draw near to God" in the spirit of humility. This does not mean a spineless submission but it does mean dying to self. It does mean recognition of our need and a turning to God to answer that need. God blessed the despised publican who cried, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Through humility he gave God a chance to bless him.

We need to recognize how terribly inadequate we are as human beings. This ought not to be difficult for we

are constantly beset with fatigue, fear, and suffering. Yet we are proud and we strut and fuss and call ourselves great. Then comes a jolt and another and another. We die hard, but eventually we see that man is no god to be worshiped. We fall on our knees in humility and then God comes in. But not before.

Indeed, man's extremity is God's opportunity. The great preacher, Phillips Brooks, put it this way, "Prayer is not the conquering of God's reluctance but the taking hold of God's willingness." It is cooperative experience in which we give God a chance to work through us.

Seek God's Guidance

Second, we "draw near to God" when we seek his guidance. One of the outstanding men of prayer during the Nineteenth Century was George Müller of Bristol, England. He gave this explanation of his practice in prayer, "I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter. Nineteenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it is."

Isaiah, mourning his country's loss of the good King Uzziah, went into the temple to pray. He sought God's guidance and God pointed out, first of all, that Isaiah was a sinner and needed cleansing. When the cleansing came, Isaiah saw a need as God called, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" (Isaiah 6:8). It is the same today. When we seek God's guidance and confess our sins we see people in need. Indeed, God's call comes through the needs of people.

And we must seek God's guidance every day. I know people who pray with a pencil in their hand jotting down ideas which come to them in prayer.

Depend on God

Finally, when we "draw near to God," we must resolve to depend on God. Like the song suggests it is "take your burden to the Lord and leave it there."

If we believe God answers prayer, and he does, we must not fret when things don't turn out as we'd like them. Sometimes God makes us wait. Sometimes he says no.

The outstanding missionary to Burma, Adoniram Judson, records this experience: "I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came; at some time—no matter at how distant a day—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised—it came." He faced many disappointments in his life—change of mission field, a terrible year of imprisonment under adverse native rule, the death

of his wife. Yet in spite of these tragedies—perhaps because they impelled him to a deeper reliance on God—he was able to accomplish a heroic work in Burma.

One soldier who served in New Guinea during World War II told me how the men prayed in a particularly bitter jungle battle. He said some prayed silently, others out loud, and several even shouted. This young man had gone into service a nominal Christian but when he returned he had a rock-like faith that was a strength to his church.

Prayer is a power you can use every day. As you "draw near to God" in humility, look to him for guidance, and know in your inmost being that he will answer in his own way and in his own time, you will find that prayer is God's opportunity. ■ ■

WHERE PRAYERS ARISE

Not from the marsh of selfishness

Should prayer arise to Thee,

Not from the lofty mountain height

Of proud complacency.

From plains of everyday routine

Amid our work and cares,

Like incense soaring from the heart,

Should rise our earnest prayers.

—Gail Brook Burket in *War Cry*

Prayers

LORD, make us instruments of thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let us sow love;

where there is injury, pardon;

where there is discord, union;

where there is doubt, faith;

where there is despair, hope;

where there is darkness, light;

where there is sadness, joy;

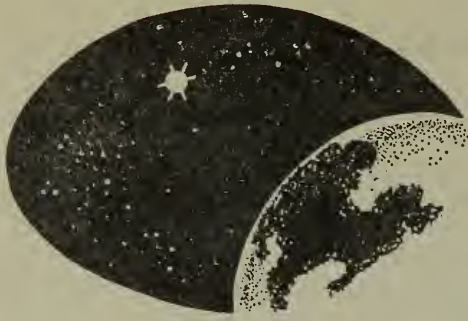
For thy mercy and for thy truth's sake. *Amen*

Forgive me, most gracious Lord and Father, if this day I have done or said anything to increase the pain of the world. Pardon the unkind word, the impatient gesture, the hard and selfish deed, the failure to show sympathy and kindly help where I had the opportunity, but missed it; and enable me so to live that I may daily do something to lessen the tide of human sorrow, and add to the sum of human happiness; through him who died for us and rose again, Thy Son, our Savior Jesus Christ. *Amen*

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name; through Christ our Lord. *Amen*

Father of all mankind, we hail with gladness the signs of Christ's advancing kingdom. Not till all the nations know and love him shall we be satisfied. The promises of Thy word are very precious to us, and they assure us that every knee shall bow to him, in reverence and glad surrender. Give us a share, we beseech Thee, in this great work of worldwide evangelism. Fill our souls with the broadening and enriching purposes of the cross. May nothing less than the best we can do for the advancement of the great cause satisfy us, and may the offerings we make of life and possession be such as we dare place in the pierced hand of our Lord. In his name. *Amen*

Holy Father, help me to remember that I do not have to live down to the level of my environment. Like the ship that is in the water and yet not a part of it, let me be in the world and yet apart from it. O Lord, my Lord, let the beauty of Jesus be seen in my everyday living. May I be not only a Christian by profession but a Christian in act and deed. Help me, O Lord, to be so busy in thy work that I will not have time to indulge in sinful practices. May thy Holy Spirit empower me, strengthen me, guide me and keep me. May he do for me what I cannot do for myself. *Amen*.



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

The Christian and His Work

At a Conference on Industrial Relations, held by the Methodists last year at Cincinnati, Ohio, Dr. James Thomas of Nashville, Tenn., pointed out that there is a basic difference between simple living and simple-minded living. He said, "It is not enough for a Christian to work hard, mind his own business and get ahead. He must work hard and intelligently and his faith ought to drive him back against such questions as the ultimate meaning of his work, his use of the fruits of his work, and his constant attention to the primary task of being a human in the highest sense. To work and see one's job as a self-fulfillment, as service to God and fellow man—this is the task."

Religion in the Satellite Era

Religion is more urgently needed in the satellite era than ever before, but must be of "stronger stuff" and embrace all mankind, a symposium of ten faculty members of the Boston University School of Theology

agreed. One of the faculty members said, "A religion fit for the coming age must be of sterner and more sacrificial stuff than the worship of trivialities and frivolities of life, the 'peace of mind' tranquilizer and the other pseudo-religions in which we are indulging."

Wake Forest Calls for Integration

Last Fall the student magazine at Wake Forest College, a Southern Baptist institution at Winston-Salem, N.C., called for racial integration in the school's student body. "Thinking people realize the college will be forced to consider integration in the future, but a large majority of these people suggest a wait-and-see policy, a comfortable rut policy," says *The Student*. The paper adds, "The middle of the roaders are more dangerous than the Ku Klux Klan."

Christianity to Headhunters

Millie Larson, of Peru, a Wycliffe Bible translator from Solway, Minnesota, is helping to bring Christianity, literacy and civilization to members

of the headhunting Jivaros tribe deep in Peru's Amazon river basin. "They're great people—a lot of fun. And we're quite safe. It's against their code to kill women."

Presbyterians and New Church Buildings

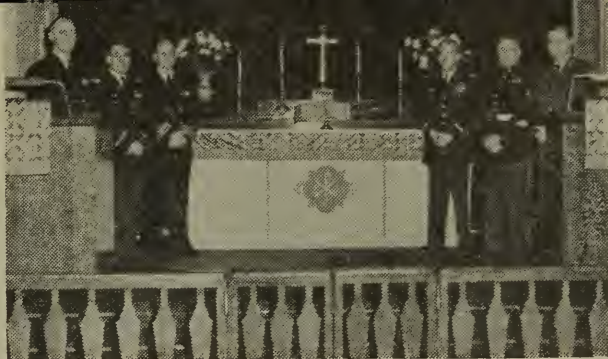
Negotiations for a \$5,000,000 emergency church building loan have been completed by the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and the New York Life Insurance Company. Presbyterians estimate that their denomination will need to build seventy-five to one hundred new churches a year as their denomination's share of the 100,000 houses of worship which will be required in the next decade.

Feed World's Hungry

Last year in the U.S.A., Dr. Leslie E. Cooke of Geneva, associate general secretary of the World Council of Churches, warned that if Christian democracy is to survive it must fill the empty stomachs around the world rather than simply preach freedom.

Common Front Against Atheism

Last Fall Bishop Otto Dibelius of Berlin urged that Protestants and Roman Catholics put up a common front against "the assault of atheism." The Protestant leader cited especially the "enormous pressure" put upon Christians in East Germany to enlist teen-agers in the Communist youth dedication ceremonies. In one city of 20,000 inhabitants, only three out of 200 eligible youngsters enrolled for confirmation.



Laymen's Day Observance

Last October, twelve laymen in the Bremerhaven, Germany, area participated in Laymen's Day observances held in the Staging Area Chapel and the Speckenbuettel Chapel. The theme of "Christian Laymanship" was interestingly and helpfully presented and the services made a tremendous impression upon all who attended. Here are shown participants at the Staging Area Chapel (left to right): CAPT Harry E. Davey, U.S. Navy; CAPT Robert E. Saks, U.S. Army; LCDR Frank A. Saks, SC, U.S. Navy; CAPT Murray Horton, U.S. Army; T/SGT Arthur H. Schmoyer, U.S. Marine Corps; and MAJ James O. Stinnett, U.S. Air Force.

Advice to Teen-agers

If teen-agers find life dull, they should "go home, hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork, rake the leaves, wash the car, get a job, study their lessons." So says Rev. Allen R. Blegen of the Lutheran Broadcasting Association. "Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your community does not owe you recreational facilities. The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something—the best of yourself, your time, and your talents."



Before You Commit Suicide

"Before You Commit Suicide, Ring Me Up" was the title of an unusual talk given by Dr. Klaus Thomas, M.D., of Berlin, to the Protestant Men of the Chapel, Berlin Command. Dr. Klaus has had extensive experience in dissuading people from taking their own lives. Shown in the picture are Dr. Klaus (center); Wm. C. Anderson (left), of the U.S. State Department in Berlin; and LT COL Henry Mastro (right), head of the Berlin Command C4 Division.

New Chapel for Merchant Marines

Ground was broken last year for the erection of a \$750,000 interfaith chapel at Kings Point, New York, to commemorate the heroism of six thousand American merchant seamen who died during World War II. Funds are being raised by public subscription. The chapel faces Long Island Sound and its beacon light will shine as a symbol of faith for American merchant seamen.

Bible Classes on TV

American University in Washington, D.C., offered last year for the first time Bible study classes on T.V. More than one thousand persons sent in registration fees of \$2.00 and

the sponsors were "astounded" by the tremendous public response to the venture.

Evangelism Through Ads

The Presbytery of Rochester, New York, last year launched a newspaper advertising program to reach the unchurched. Ads run in city newspapers on Sunday and Wednesday mornings and on Thursday evenings. The ads are designed "to bring about person-to-person contact" with the goal of "bringing outsiders within the bounds of the church."

Church for Taiwan (Formosa)

A grant of \$100,000 from the Henry Luce Foundation will make possible the erection of a modern chapel on the campus of Tunghai, the first Christian university founded in Taiwan (Formosa). Dr. Henry Luce, father of Henry R. Luce of New York, editor-in-chief of *Time*, *Life*, and other leading magazines, was a well-known educator in China in the early twentieth century.

Church World Service

The budget for Church World Service (CWS) this year, 1959, is \$3,925,720.00. This represents an increase of \$500,000 over 1958. The budget includes money for new programs in Africa and South America and the on-going work of CWS in every trouble spot of the world.

Cigarette Consumption

In spite of the cancer scare, the American consumption of cigarettes is on the increase. The Agriculture Department said that the 1958 con-

sumption was 425 billion cigarettes, or more than twenty-one billion packs. This compares with 409 billion cigarettes in 1957.

Think and Plan

Last year, Wm. Klipper of Akron, Ohio, a member of the management consultant firm of Hays Associates, in an address pointed out that presidents and other board and agency executives should set aside two hours a week to do nothing but think and plan. "Administrators must organize, delegate, execute, perform, and review; but they can't be doing all the time. They must take time to think and plan."

Communist Literature in East Germany

Communist authorities of East Germany have launched a drive to "purge" Roman Catholic libraries of books published in West Germany since World War II. . . . Meanwhile, output of atheistic literature by East German communists has reached a record level. . . .

Pastor Appointed to Work in Courts

A Milwaukee pastor was assigned as a part-time chaplain in district and juvenile courts in that city . . . Rev. Joel Dobbe, pastor of the Advent Lutheran Church, will speak one hour a day, four days a week, in the courts for a six-month period. He will also develop a program of spiritual counsel and guidance in the Milwaukee County Jail and Detention Home.

WAF Sorority

At the last meeting of the Pi Chi Sigma, Women's Air Force (WAF) Protestant Organization, the following officers were elected and are now serving: President, S/SGT Minnie E. Reese, McGuire Air Force Base; Vice-President, A/2C Kathryn J. Ferguson, Offutt Air Force Base; Secretary, (A/1C Mary Ann Rumzes, McGuire Air Force Base; and Historian, A/2C Patricia A. Lang, Lackland Air Force Base. Sixty members attended the annual meeting at Ridgecrest, N.C. There are now twenty-five chapters in Pi Chi Sigma.

News from the Canadian Churches

Last Fall Canadian churches called for international control and inspection of nuclear weapons . . . Criticized the Irish Sweepstakes as being operated by a racket or machine. Irish hospitals receive only 12 to 20 per cent of Sweepstakes receipts; and for every \$10 Canadians put into the Sweepstakes, only \$1 is returned to Canada . . . Said that gospel preaching cannot afford to ignore social evils such as intemperance, racial discrimination, obscene publications, poor housing, gambling and unemployment.

Christianity and Other Religions

Dr. Alford Carleton, executive vice-president of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, predicted last year that Christianity will still be face to face with Hinduism, Islam and Buddhism "when it is necessary to look in a history book to find what Communism was."

The Link Calendar

MARCH is the third month of the year and gets its name from the Roman war god, Mars. The Anglo-Saxons called March *Hlyd-monath*, or "loud or stormy month." The days are rapidly becoming longer. This is one of those unusual years when Easter comes in March. There is a good deal of controversy over the dating of Easter, but in the United States Easter is celebrated on the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon reigning at the Vernal Equinox.

Easter, of course, is one of the three great festivals of the church year, the other two being Christmas and Pentecost. Lent is the Easter season of preparation as Advent is preparation for Christmas. The term "Easter" really comes from the Teutonic goddess of spring, Eostre. Here is a sample of how a pagan concept has been transformed by Christian ideas.

This is a good month for evangelism. A University Christian Mission is being conducted in Honolulu March 1-5. From Palm Sunday (March 22) to Easter (March 29) we have *eight great days*—perhaps the eight greatest days in all the world's history. How about sometime during March an eight-great-days emphasis upon winning others to Christ? Some methods: Through preaching missions; personal evangelism; house-to-house visitation; evangelism through the Sunday school; etc.

Note also some other important events in March. 1—Articles of Confederation signed, 1781; 2—Americans in Texas revolt, 1835; 4—First Congress met in New York, 1789; 5—Boston Massacre, 1770; 7—Luther Burbank born, 1849; 8—Oliver Wendell Holmes born, 1841; 10—Bell invents the telephone, 1876; 12—Girl Scouts organized, 1912; 13—Blizzard of 1888; 14—Eli Whitney invents the cotton gin, 1794; 16—West Point established, 1801; 17—St. Patrick's Day; 18—Grover Cleveland born, 1837, 22nd and 24th President of the U.S.A.; 19—David Livingstone born, 1813; 20—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* published, 1852; 22—George III signs the Stamp Act, 1765; 23—Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech, 1775; 30—U.S.A. buys Alaska from Russia, 1867.

Helps for Lay Leaders

Since Easter comes this month, March is one of the most important months in the church year. The study articles emphasize the meaning of Jesus Christ, faith, missions, prayer, and the resurrection. These are for individual reading and for discussion in small groups. And for basic material from which lay leaders can prepare talks. May God go with you as you use these helps.

MARCH 1: The Inescapable Question (see page 15)

The Main Idea: It's not what your sweetheart thinks, or your neighbor, or anyone else—but what do *you* think of Christ? Sometime, some hour you'll come across this inescapable question—and how you answer it determines your destiny.

Bible Material: Matthew 16:13-20

Discussion Questions: Do you agree with the author that "Protestants are too vague about their faith"? Cite instances. How can we say that Jesus is both God and man? What did Jesus think of himself? What do *you* think of Christ?

Hymns: "Fairest Lord Jesus"; "O Master-Workman of the Race"; "The Light of the World Is Jesus."

MARCH 8: A Statement of Faith in a Letter (see page 26)

The Main Idea: Nowhere is the theology of Paul so clearly set forth as in the Letter to the Romans. This is a difficult book to read, but the person who digs into it will be richly rewarded.

Bible Material: Romans 1

Discussion Questions: What were some of the beliefs of the great Apostle Paul? What are the main ideas of the Book of Romans?

Hymns: "I Love to Tell the Story"; "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee"; "Forward Through the Ages."

MARCH 15: The Missionary—1959 Model (see page 34)

The Main Idea: The concept of a missionary has changed tremendously in the last several years. The modern missionary looks different, acts different, and is different. He not only seeks to win people to a decision for Christ, but he goes out to help them become better farmers, better educators, help them achieve better health, and the like.

Bible Material: Matthew 28:16-20

Discussion Questions: Who should be missionaries in times like these? Put yourself into the position of a Japanese Buddhist, how would you feel toward the missionary? What is the relationship of American missionaries abroad and the way people look at the United States? What can servicemen do to help the cause of missions?

Hymns: "Fling Out the Banner"; "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations"; "Jesus Shall Reign."

MARCH 22: The Conquest of Inner Space (see page 40)

The Main Idea: Man is gradually learning how to conquer outer space, but he more dearly needs to conquer the inner space of his own soul. This requires self-discipline and a practicing of the presence of God.

Bible Material: Luke 24:13-35

Discussion Questions: How can one practice the presence of God in his day by day living? Apply this to your work now and your chosen vocation.

Hymns: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"; "Take Time To Be Holy"; "More Love to Thee."

MARCH 29: What Happened on the First Easter? (see page 51)

The Main Idea: The details of the first resurrection are not completely clear; but the fact that Christ arose is evident and what the resurrection meant to the disciples is the important thing.

Bible Material: Matthew 28:1-15

Discussion Questions: If the resurrection is not a proof for outsiders, how does one prove Christianity to another person? What use should be made of the resurrection? How does the fact that there are a variety of accounts of the resurrection differing in detail affect our understanding of it? Recount the story of the empty tomb and discuss its meaning.

Hymns: "O Day of Light and Gladness"; "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today"; "Christ Arose."

Books

Are Friendly Things

Since Lent continues in March (the forty days prior to Easter), it is appropriate that we point up some books about Jesus and life and customs in his time.

Suppose you worked for a major TV network and you were told to imagine you had a budget three times larger than normal and you were asked to dream up a project, what would you suggest? This actually happened to Joy Harington of the British Broadcasting Company, and she suggested two things: (1) That B.B.C. take its film cameras to places where important things had happened, such as the Holy Land, and brings to people's homes the places whose names are familiar to young and old; and (2) that B.B.C. put on a series of plays on the life of Christ during the months between Christmas and Easter, the two great Christian festivals.

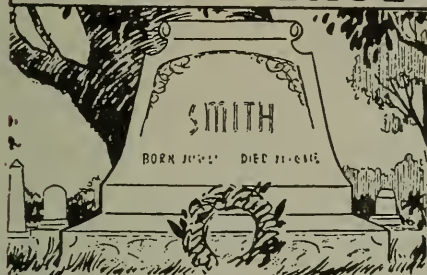
To her surprise both of these ideas were accepted. A documentary on the life of Christ was prepared and Joy Harington was asked to go to the Holy Land and film the outdoor scenes. We do not have space to record the results, but eventually from this project came forth a book *Jesus of Nazareth*, an imaginative retelling of the life of Jesus (Doubleday, \$3.50). It is a simple and beautiful account of Christ's life, and contains fifty-seven of the photographs taken in the Holy Land.

Another beautiful book (lovely sepia-toned illustrations) is *Life and Customs in Jesus' Time* by Joseph L. Gift (Standard, \$2.50). Accurate word pictures of the domestic, social, commercial, and political life in Jesus' times are given.

On the fiction side, an interesting novel of the period of Jesus' ministry is *The Thief* by Archie Joscelyn (Augustana Press, \$3.50). It is the story of Amos, long-awaited, first-born son of Eleazer, a wealthy merchant of Athens who returned to Judea at the decree of Caesar. Like Jesus, Amos was born in Bethlehem. Eleazer saw the Star, heard the shepherds announce the birth of the Messiah, and felt that his son would share in the kingdom of the Messiah. Amos knew of his father's hope and shared it; and he did play a part in the tragic events, for he was the thief crucified with Jesus. The novel pictures well the truth that some people of Jesus' time received him in faith while others hated him and sought to kill him.

For a lovely *Picture-Story Life of Christ* for children, and grown-ups, too, you will find Elsie E. Egermeier's book just about as perfect as could be. The illustrations are beautiful, the writing is chaste, accurate, and not verbose. (Warner Press, 1940, revised 1958. \$2.95.)

BIBLE VERSE



I COR. 15:54

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

FOR MARCH

Our verse for the month sings the song of the resurrection of the dead. We know that because Christ arose, we too shall rise. He was the first fruits of the resurrection, coming forth from the tomb in his immortal body. "Death is swallowed up in victory" because Christ was triumphant over death. He is the living Christ. That is why we Protestants use the symbol of an empty cross rather than a crucifix, for indeed, Christ came down from the cross and was buried in Joseph's new tomb and then arose from the dead. Take this verse into your heart!

LEFT-HANDED DRAW

I rode alone into the fight,
I waved my gun, declared my
might.
The foe I met, smiled, said,
"good day,"—
"I wasn't God, just made of
clay!"

—OSA WEBB

A Japanese who was visiting in America took a great interest in American expressions, but did not always understand them, so carried a Japanese-American dictionary with him. One day he overheard the expression, "Out of sight, out of mind." He promptly looked it up and came up with the following: "The unseen idiot."

—*Table Talk*

PHOTO CREDITS

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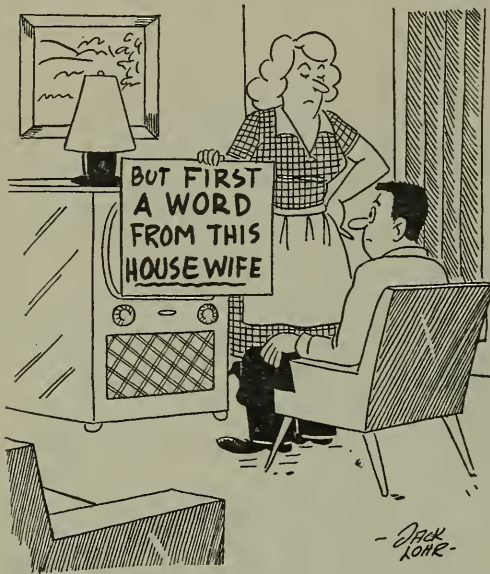
Ancient Christians in Greece

An inscription dated 200 A.D. and bearing the name of Aristophanes with a sacred symbol of the Christian faith above it has been found in the ancient city of Dimitrias. This indicates that there were Christians in Thessaly before Constantine recognized Christianity as the state religion.

Home is the place where nobodies are somebodies and the great of the earth are ordinary people.

The real test of courtesy and restraint is to have an ailment just like the other fellow is describing and not mention it.

AT EASE!



It had to happen someday—and finally it did. At the top of the editorial page of each issue of the *Milwaukee Journal*, just under the address of the newspaper, is this notation: “Address all correspondence to specific person or department.”

Last week a letter arrived addressed to “Specific Person, 333 W. State St.”

—*Milwaukee Journal*

After giving his patient a thorough physical examination, the doctor wrote out a long prescription. “And let me know how that works,” he said. “I’m having the same trouble myself.”

—Seaman Jacobs in *Pageant*

The sergeant glared at an undersized, sharp-eyed rookie and demanded, “You, there, what’s the first thing you do when you clean a rifle?” “Look at the serial number,” was the immediate reply. “The serial number!” roared the sergeant. “Why?” “To make certain,” explained the rookie, “that I’m cleaning my own rifle.”

A woman sent her dog to college for two years, and when he came home she was very excited.

“Tell me,” she said, “did you learn mathematics?” The dog didn’t move. “Geography?” Still no response. “Perhaps you learned a foreign language?” The dog’s ears perked up and his eyes sparkled.

“Speak to me in this new language you’ve learned,” she said, and the dog proudly answered: “Mewowwww.”

—*Table Talk*

Some children are a handful because they are too seldom an armful.

Keep your chin up—it will prevent gravy from getting on your clothes.

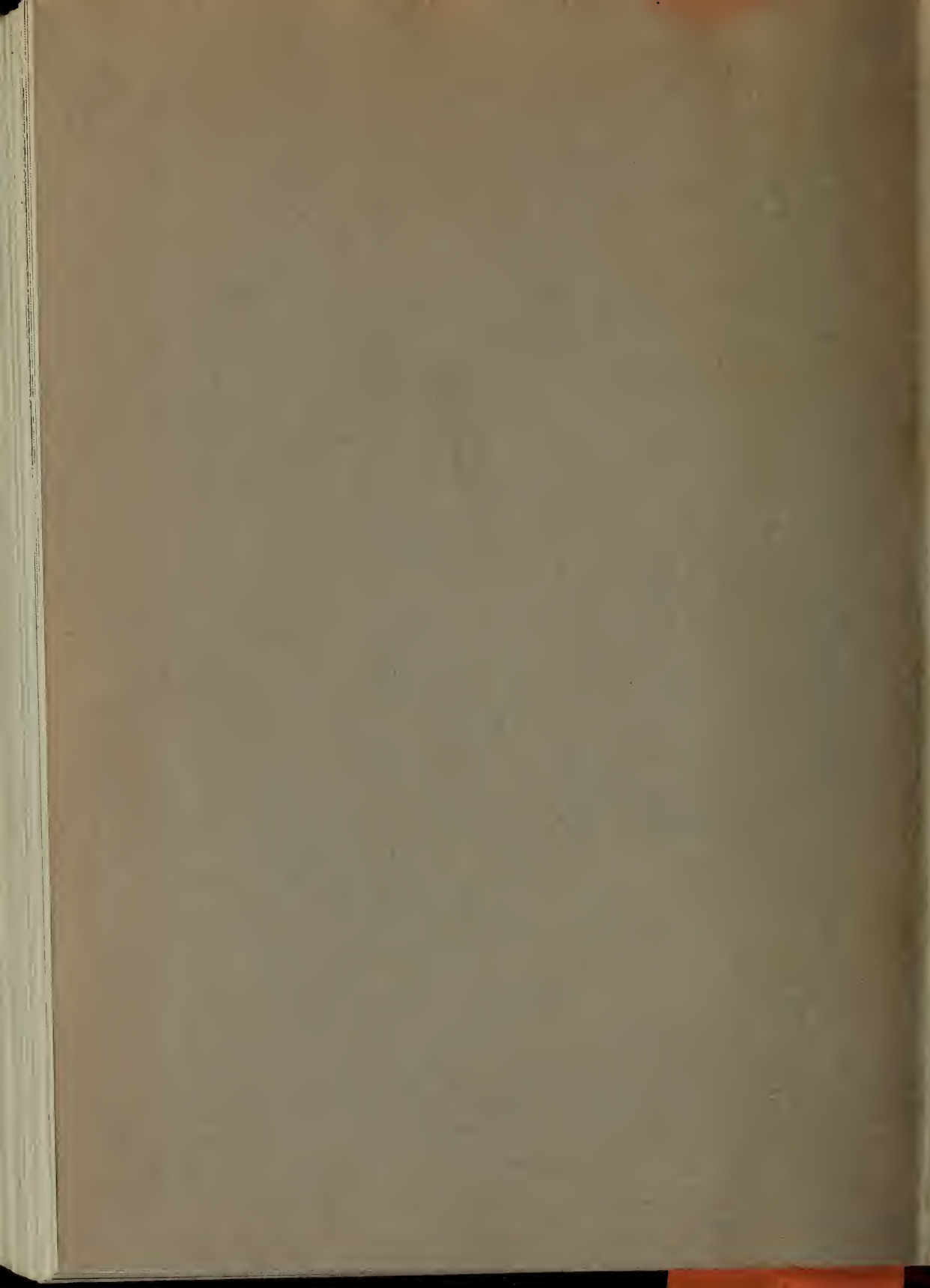
An elementary school teacher gave her small charges a lecture on the merits of brevity and then asked them to write a sentence or two describing something exciting. One of them promptly submitted the following: “Help! Help!”

—*Capper’s Weekly*

A bridegroom is a wolf whose whistle got stuck.—Dan Bennett







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