









# The LINK

A vintage photograph of a woman standing in a cornfield. She is wearing a white dress and a wide-brimmed hat. She is holding a corn cob in her right hand and another in her left. The corn stalks are tall and dense, surrounding her. The overall tone is sepia or aged.

*October - November*

# *Omnipotence*

BY CLIFFORD THOMAS

Shall destiny in this historic age—

Through man's persistent selfishness and hate—

Destroy this planet with atomic rage,

And absolute oblivion be our fate?

The ego that would mold all to its will

Is blind to that Divine Creator's plan,

Which sure and ceaselessly is working still

In spite of all the waywardness of man.

In things eternal there is much to learn,

And many paths of knowledge must be trod

Until with one accord we humbly yearn

To find the peaceful way and walk with God.

And thus His will shall rule in every realm,

When He is truly Master at the helm.





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Jack Lewis ("Dear Ambassador:" page 3) has written about Marines before in *THE LINK* ("Dear Senator:" and "A Rose for Randi," that sprightly serial about two leathernecks who closed in on Hollywood). You guessed it—he *was* a Marine during the last war and still holds his first lieutenant's commission in the USMCR. Summer before last at Camp Joseph H. Pendleton he was assigned the job of writing the continuity and narration for a 35-minute film, "Operation Readiness," which dealt with the Marine Corps Reserve program. Another successful script he's written is for a "western." Mr. Lewis is now farm editor for the *Santa Ana Register* in California, but last time we saw him he was on another Reserve stint and thinking of signing up for regular duty again. Looks like a case of once a Marine, always a Marine at heart.

Joseph C. Salak ("Picture-Signatures," page 9) appears to make a hobby of hobbies. He has written about a number of them for *THE LINK* and drawn a great deal of favorable comment among our readers. We think you'll find this one particularly fascinating—can be practiced by anybody even in such effortless moments as when doodling on one's desk pad.

Thomas W. Cousen ("Chewing Gum, Joe?" page 18), we are told, is a capable interpreter, accountant, and mining engineer, but the spark of creativity

made him leave his regular employment and settle in the wilds of Guazapares, Mexico. He lives with a Mexican family and writes articles on the country and the mysterious tales which he hears the natives tell around the evening campfires. *THE LINK* carried his feature, "Mexican Jumping Bean's Secret," earlier this year. Both of these articles were written in collaboration with Mr. Salak.

Frances Hunt ("Dear Mamie . . ." page 25) reveals a little secret about this spirited and likable character. Her story was written over ten years ago. "Actually I have been writing since 1930," Mrs. Hunt confides, "but one little refusal slip way back there discouraged me so, I never got enough spunk to try again . . . sending anything out, that is. However, I never stopped writing . . . just kept on and then I'd pack them away. Recent acceptance slips have shown me I should not have allowed myself to have become intimidated!" Oh, these hardhearted editors! We're glad she's brought her brain children out in the open.

Mrs. Hunt is the wife of a warrant officer, and they and their little girl have been living in a trailer while he's been taking aircraft maintenance officer's training at Chanute Field, Illinois. We hope this life affords her time to write some more!

Ona F. Lathrop ("If He Ever Gets Back . . ." page 42) surprised us by revealing that she is "the wife of a college professor, a mother, and a grandmother, with time now to follow my short-story writing hobby." She likes to write about real people, says, "Most of my heroes and heroines turn out to be my own children or family members," but the ones in this story are not.





Somewhere in French Morocco,  
1 August 1949.

The United States Ambassador to  
France,  
The United States Embassy,  
Paris, France.

Dear Ambassador—

As an American citizen I am appealing to you to help solve a dilemma which has got a bit too far out of hand for one man to cope with. I realize that you are an extremely busy man, but things have reached a point where I am afraid you are the only person who can help me. I'll explain.

After the war I decided to go into import-export business. That's how I come to be in Morocco. I saved a few thousand dollars while in the Marines

and I had heard the old China-duty leathernecks tell about how much money could be made in the trading business. China seemed to have more than its quota of traders, though, so I picked Morocco.

Now North Africa isn't exactly what Humphrey Bogart and some of the other film heroes have depicted it. Instead, it's a slow-paced section of Nowhere and very little ever happens. In the past year I have done rather well in the import-export trade, but my life has been sadly lacking for excitement. I guess that's what started the whole thing.

It was when I received a letter reminding me that I am still a corporal in the United States Marine Corps Reserve that I first began to get ideas.

This letter told all about how it was to my advantage to attend two weeks of summer training each year, thus qualifying myself for future promotion in the Reserve ranks.

As I said, trading sugar and salt for rugs, dates, and an occasional piece of ivory is not the most exciting life and I jumped at the opportunity to do some summer training. The only question was, where would I find Marines in this part of the world?

Well, to make a long story a bit shorter, I wrote to the Marine Corps telling them that there were no Marine units close enough for me to serve with. I asked if it would be okay with them if I did my training with the French Foreign Legion. They agreed and sent me orders to report at once to the garrison at Fort Croix de Crowe. Since the Fort is located only a short distance from the town where I had set up my business this was simple enough.

Now my French is surprisingly poor when you consider that I have been here for over a year, and I find that some Frenchmen speak equally poor English. At least those in the Foreign Legion do. It took me at least thirty minutes to get across to the adjutant at the Fort what I was trying to do, and all the time we talked he kept pushing papers at me and I kept signing.

I was able to pull enough French out of my nostalgic high school classroom memories to get across the fact that I was a Marine, and that I was supposed to do duty with him. He wasn't real sure what a Marine was until I took off my shirt and showed him the big globe, eagle, and anchor tattooed on my chest.

He dived into his desk and pulled out an old movie still. It was a photograph of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, and they were all decked out in dress

blues. Remember back in the thirties when they made that series of pictures about the Marines? I gathered from what the adjutant said—his name, incidentally, was Lt. Duval—that he was very, very impressed with Marines and had seen the films all of five times. At least, he spoke more respectfully after that.

I signed the rest of the requisitions and was issued a complete set of equipment and Legion uniforms.

There wasn't too much of the training that I hadn't been through before. Marching, drilling, and learning to shoot are the same in any language. It was all rather basic. I will admit, though, that trying to make a beachhead over a sixty-foot sand dune has complications that we didn't run into at Guadalcanal. Learning to do the manual of arms when the orders are in French isn't so simple, either.

Now, since I am a Marine Reservist, that made me a visiting fireman and I had a few special privileges. I could come and go as I pleased, and I really seemed to be getting along quite well. The adjutant, Lt. Duval, just to show how much he thought of the Marines, had his ancient photo of the two movie leathernecks framed and hung on the wall behind his desk. They even allowed me to wear my Marine Corps emblem on my cap.

About the third day I was at the Fort the Lieutenant called me in and introduced me to the commanding officer, a rather stately old colonel named Laroux. There was just one thing about the old fellow. He was obviously very bad tempered and sour on the world in general. At first I thought it might be because he had been stuck in Morocco when his heart was still in gay Patee, or wherever colonels' hearts really are. He

seemed a bit restless and before I left his cook, a big fellow with a black mustache and no hair, came in with a bottle of funny-looking liquid. The Colonel took a big spoonful of it. Then I was quite sure it was ulcers that made him so unpleasant. I bring up this point because I'm afraid most of my troubles hinge on this particular fact.

However, life went pleasantly along for the next few days. I even managed to do a bit of business on the side. I was standing outside the gate of the fort one evening when an Arab came by with a pair of the most beautiful elephant tusks I have ever seen. They were seven feet long if they were an inch. I stopped him and tried to haggle. He didn't understand me and I don't know Arabic so it was tough going until the guard at the gate offered to interpret. I bought the tusks for two thousand francs, a very slick business deal if I do say it.

The guard was an American named Dan Canfield who said he was a writer. When I asked why he was in the Legion he pointed out that there hadn't been a really good French Foreign Legion novel since *Beau Geste*, and that he wanted to try one.

I dragged the tusks back to the squad room and crammed them into the back of my wall locker, where I planned to keep them until my two weeks' tour of duty was over.

The next morning things started to happen. In a particularly foul mood the Colonel called a surprise inspection. We were all standing strictly at attention before our bunks when he chose to look through my locker. At the same time one of the ivory tusks chose to tumble out. The heavy tusk hit him, knocking him back against Lt. Duval, and they both went down in a pile. I leaned over

to help them up and while I don't understand French as well as I might I'm sure their words were anything but complimentary. That ended the inspection.

I expected to get a call to report for captain's mast or whatever they have in the Legion but nothing happened, and that worried me. I was sitting on my bunk when the writer fellow, Canfield, came over.

"You'd better get rid of that ivory," he told me. "If the Old Man had that stuff fall on him again he might have you spending the rest of your two weeks buried up to your neck in a sand pit or something."

"What would you advise?" I asked him.

"The Colonel is plagued with ulcers, isn't he?" Dan offered. "What's a doctor advise? Milk!"

"And there isn't a cow within eight hundred miles of here!"

"Maybe if we traded the ivory for a goat and had his cook serve him goat's milk it would improve his humor."

He was kidding, but the idea seemed to have hidden merits. I asked if he knew anyone who'd trade one milking goat for two ivory tusks. Surprised, he said it could be arranged.

It wasn't a nice-looking goat. In fact, it was quite shabby when you stopped to consider what my pair of tusks would have brought in New York. Still, it was a goat. We took it over to the rear of the Colonel's quarters and tied it to a palm tree.

"What about the cook?" I asked Canfield. "Has he been tipped off?"

"He thinks it's a smart idea," he replied. "He says the Colonel's a pretty nice guy when his ulcers aren't acting up. If the goat's milk does the trick, he'll see to it that we get credit."

"We might even get promoted," I suggested, and he grinned.

Dan Canfield and I were sitting in the long squad room that night when we heard the craziest noises you could ever imagine. I've never heard anything like it before, and I'm afraid that if I ever get squared this time I'll still dream about it at night.

We leaped across the room and out into the courtyard that served as parade ground, and stopped dead. It was horrible. Col. Laroux was running across the courtyard as fast as his short little legs would carry him. The goat we had left at his door that afternoon was close behind, head down, bleating at the top of its lungs.

There was little we could do but stand there. Others were doing the same thing. Things like this just didn't happen in the Legion. Who ever heard of the commanding officer being chased by a goat? Especially a slightly mangy and highly bedraggled goat.

Suddenly the Colonel fell down and the goat was upon him. Legionnaires seemed to spring into action, everyone rushing toward the Colonel and our shaggy, enraged gift. By this time it was hard to tell whether the goat or Col. Laroux was making the most noise.

When we pulled the animal off there was an amazing sight to behold. I have heard of goats eating tin cans and hanging around junk yards in hope of finding a tasty morsel of paper, cloth, or what-have-you, but never before or since have I ever heard of a goat that liked hair. The goat had completely devoured the Colonel's goatee with the exception of a few straggly hairs that it seemed to have missed.

If Col. Laroux's corpuscles were half as red as his face I don't think we Americans have any corner on all that red blood we're always claiming. When Lt.

Duval showed up to help him back to his quarters several of the Legionnaires were still holding the goat and arguing over what should be done with it. Canfield and I slipped off into the shadows.

"What're we going to do now?" I asked him there in the darkness.

"I don't know," he said. "It's your goat, so it's your responsibility."

"But you helped me get it," I argued.

"It was your ivory that paid for it," he countered.

I didn't have an opportunity to say more, because I could hear one of the French sergeants shouting my name at the top of his lungs. I decided to give myself up before they sent out a detail to bring me in.

Lt. Duval was waiting in his office. In the room beyond I could hear the Colonel still raving in high-pitched French syllables. The first thing I noticed on entering the adjutant's office, though, was that the picture of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in the Marine outfits had been turned to the wall. Duval was in a stern mood.

"The Colonel just had an accident, as you probably know," he stated calmly and with more than a trace of coolness. "The cook has admitted that you are responsible for the goat being on this post."

I was surprised at how his English had improved since my arrival at the fort, but I also felt that this was no time for compliments.

"I am responsible, sir," I admitted, "but I was thinking only of the Colonel. I felt that goat's milk would improve both his stomach and his disposition."

"The goat didn't improve his disposition the least bit!" Lt. Duval pointed out. I didn't try to argue that with him for the Colonel came rushing out of the inner office, still speaking so rapidly that

I couldn't understand him. Lt. Duval's answers were equally fast and the deep purple began to fade from the Colonel's face. Before long he even began to smile a bit. I began to feel better, too.

"I appreciate your trying to help me cure my stomach trouble, Corporal," he finally told me, and I gathered that the adjutant had gone to bat for me. "But please," he added, "will you refrain from bringing elephant tusks and goats on these premises?"

Being an old Marine who had been read off a good many times, I did a snappy "Yes, sir!" and saluted. Then I beat it. With only two more days to go on my tour of duty I figured that was no place nor time for a further exchange of pleasantries.

As I left I glanced over my shoulder and saw Lt. Duval again turning the picture of the two film actors so that they looked down across his desk. I struck out across the courtyard to find Canfield and tell him that I had taken care of everything.

He wasn't in the barracks and no one had seen him. It wasn't until I sat down on my bunk and picked up my Legion-issue cap that I knew something was wrong. My Marine Corps emblem was no longer on it. A piece of paper was crammed inside under the sweatband. It was a note from Dan Canfield:

rine Corps emblem off your cap and putting it on my own so that they won't try to stop me when I go out the gate. Thanks for everything.

**Dan**

Lt. Duval must have been rather surprised to see me again so soon, but he smiled as he opened the door and invited me in. I was talking very, very fast as I handed him the note but all he did was nod and smile some more as he read it. Then he went into the next room and came back with Col. Laroux, who had got around to shaving the rest of the hair off his chin.

This time there was no raving in French. They were both quite business-like as they glanced at me, and Duval took a sheet of paper out of his desk. It looked familiar but I couldn't tell what it was since I was looking at it upside down.

"Corporal, we have been expecting this man Canfield to desert," the Colonel observed in very precise tones. "Writers usually do, sooner or later. All they want when they join the Legion is to gain a bit of atmosphere and then they are off over the nearest sand dune."

"Yes, sir," I agreed, standing at attention before him.

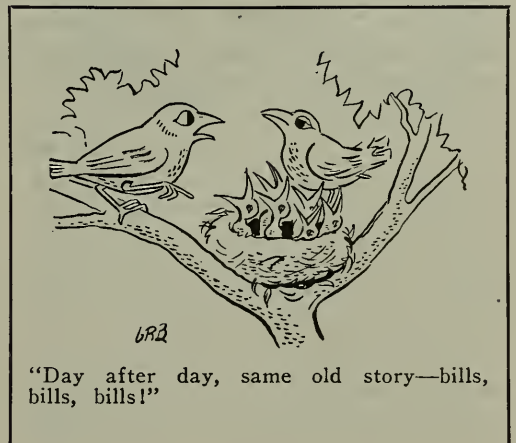
"We didn't think you would be the one to help him make his escape, how-

Dear Ernie—

I told you I was after material for a book on the Foreign Legion and I want you to know that you have sure helped a lot. With your exploits of the past several days I can write a magazine article for one of the publications back in the States that will set me up right until I can get my book done and published.

So when you see an article about you and the French Foreign Legion in one of the big magazines you'll know that I haven't forgotten you.

Incidentally, I'm borrowing the Ma-



ever," Duval put in. "That affair with the goat was a very well-planned way of attracting attention while your friend left the Fort. Very well-planned, indeed."

I started to say something but he waved to me and pointed at the paper on his desk.

"Our records show that you will be detached from the Fort as a member of the Marine Corps Reserve day-after-tomorrow. Is that not true?"

"Yes, sir. It is," I replied. I was wondering just why I had ever wanted to spend two weeks in the Legion in the first place. I was also wondering about Canfield and the goat. Had he trumped up the whole thing just to get a story? I'm still wondering.

"There's just one little thing, Corporal," the Colonel stated, picking up the paper from the desk. "When you joined us and you were signing the requisitions for your equipment you signed an extra piece of paper."

He held it up. "This," he said, "is an enlistment contract for the minimum

hitch of five years. It looks as though we will be seeing a lot more of you!"

Well, Ambassador, that's my story. I have nothing against the French Foreign Legion. As a matter of fact, it's probably the best group of men I have ever served with outside of the Marines. (Come to think of it, it's the *only* duty I've done outside of the USMC.) However, I feel that by continuing in the import-export field I could better improve foreign relations than if I remain in the Legion.

If you have some time and can give this problem some thought, I will be forever grateful. Incidentally, they have taken down the photograph of the two movie stars so I don't know just what to expect for the next four years and fifty weeks.

Yours,

Ernest K. Dobbermann,  
Private, French Foreign Legion,  
Corporal, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve,  
CITIZEN, U. S. A.

## VETERANS QUIZ

BY ADELYN JACKSON RICHARDS

Here's a brain-teaser based upon a word which has a connotation dear to every one of us—**VETERANS**. The definitions will enable you to select the eight correct words, and the letters spelling the word **VETERANS** will fall into the pattern indicated. Solution on page 28.

V	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Serviceable; worthy
-	E	-	-	-	-	-	-	Duties
-	-	T	-	-	-	-	-	Lovers and defenders of their country
-	-	-	E	-	-	-	-	Field exercise of troops
-	-	-	-	R	-	-	-	A gift
-	-	-	-	-	A	-	-	Adorn
-	-	-	-	-	-	N	-	Advancing in military order
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	S	Commanders

# Picture-Signatures

BY JOSEPH CHARLES SALAK

“WHAT’S in a name?” is a question which picture-signature artist Cal Heisler probably asks himself figuratively every day. Though not a Shakespeare, a calligrapher, or an interpreter of hieroglyphics, this veteran with a flair for creating pictures from the letters of a person’s name has developed a profitable business from a hobby of his youth. As a result of his wrist capers he had his postwar plans pretty well under control by the time he received his service diploma.

It all happened about 1941 after Cal Heisler of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, represented the *Glenwood Post* at the all-American finals running of the Soap Box Derby in Akron, Ohio. When he was not industriously engaged in the mechanics of his slim blue soap-box racing car, Cal was drawing picture-signatures as a part-time hobby. From his own name he worked out a fat little penguin. The amusing creature fascinated him so

much that he sent it to Robert Ripley. On April 5, 1944, his creation gained national recognition when it appeared in the famous syndicated feature “Believe It Or Not.”

From that time on Cal Heisler’s life was changed. Requests for similar creations poured into his mailbox. His first picture-signatures were drawn in India ink and sold for a dollar. Then came requests for signa-

ture designs on match folders, playing cards, and table napkins. The field of successful items was inexhaustible, and Cal went to work.

Suddenly the smoke of war shadowed his ambitions. In 1944 he entered the U. S. Navy. In spite of being in uniform and handicapped by naval routine, Heisler did not allow his new circumstances to interfere with his plans. He rented an office in Chicago and had his mail delivered there. Orders were forwarded to him. Every moment of his spare



Cal Heisler's trademark

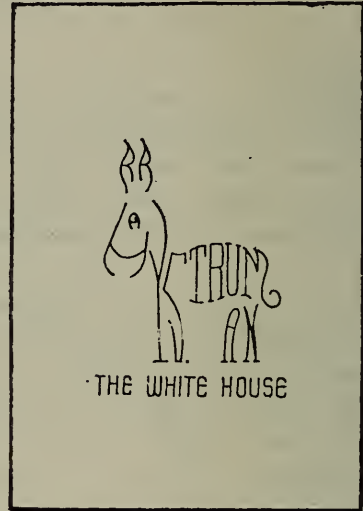
time was used in filling these orders until in 1946 he was discharged from service.

Returning to Glenwood Springs, he opened his Cal Heisler Designing Company in Colorado. He designed his picture-signatures on cardboard and sold them for \$5 each, deductible when orders for any other monogrammed item with the same signature design were received.

Today the young creator manages his own company, employs two veterans and a secretary, and has introduced under his clever trademark "Unique as a Penguin's Tuxedo" picture-signatures on napkins, coasters, match folders, playing cards, and attractive stationery.

The procedure of operation is very simple. After the picture-signature is perfected, which often requires an hour and a half of painstaking work, it is India-inked and a zinc etching is made for each design. Mr. Heisler says that

names containing 10 to 17 letters are best to work with. The first letter of a person's name is usually the key to the



form which will be incorporated in the final picture-signature. You can experiment yourself by using the letter *J* to form the trunk of an elephant, and the letter *H* makes for the start of a Scottie dog.

Among his customers perhaps the best known is President Truman, for whom he originated a set of match folders using the President's full name, Harry S. Truman, and shaping it into the form of a donkey symbolic of the Democratic Party. He created a Model-T picture-signature from the names "William and Martha" for William Ford, grandson of the late Henry Ford, and Martha Firestone, daughter of Harvey S. Firestone, when they were married.

This master of designs has not allowed our twentieth-century demand for progress, speed, and production to interfere with his minute attention to detail; and he strives to incorporate in each picture-signature all that is suggestive of the customer's occupation, hobby, or sports.





# *Destiny and the Bookbinder's Apprentice*

BY HAROLD HELFER

THE destiny of mankind sometimes seems to hinge on such small, everyday, apparently irrelevant things, like an elderly man's taking a worn book to a bookbinder for a new cover.

It was in London at the turn of the nineteenth century. The proprietor of the bookbinding shop wasn't in, so the man turned the book over to a young apprentice. The youth stared at the title of the shabby tome. It was *Conversations in Chemistry*.

"That's rather an odd title, isn't it?" he remarked. "I don't think I've ever heard of it before."

"I suppose it is a rare book," the elderly gentleman replied. "It's out of print. That's why I'm having it rebound. I'm quite fond of it."

"Whatever is it about?" the young man asked.

"It's the talk of two young girls, Caroline and Emily, about chemistry," the customer explained. "It makes the subject of chemistry simple and easy for anyone to understand. Why, even I can fathom it, and I've no head for that sort of thing as a rule."

Later that day the proprietor of the shop found himself frowning at his apprentice several times. He was usually quite reliable, but he seemed to be terribly absent-minded all of a sudden and not at all himself.

"Is there anything the matter, Michael?" the proprietor asked. "You seem upset."

"Oh, no, I'm all right, sir," the young man answered. "I read a little bit of that book the new customer left and I suppose I've been thinking about it."

The next day Michael showed no signs of settling back into his old established groove. If anything, he was even more daydreamy and indifferent to his work. This went on for three or four days.

Finally his employer said to him, "Now see here, Michael, something is the matter. I've never seen you behaving like this before."

"It's that book, sir," the apprentice replied. "To tell the truth, I haven't started rebinding it yet. I've taken it home and am reading it. I can't get my mind off of it."

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Michael," declared the proprietor. "To be a good bookbinder, you must concentrate on what you are doing."

"I'm going to quit my job here, sir," the young apprentice answered.

"What!"

"Yes, sir. I've been getting some ideas, reading that book. I'm going to see what I can do."

"Now, Michael," remonstrated his employer. "Despite your present lapse, you do have the makings of a good bookbinder. I wouldn't do anything rash if I were you."

"My mind's quite made up, sir," was the steadfast reply.

"If you quit me, I shan't rehire you,"

warned the proprietor sternly. "You'll regret it."

It is doubtful that he did. For the young apprentice's full name was Michael Faraday who went on to become one of the great pioneers of electricity and one of the most renowned scientists of history.

Yes, if the old gentleman hadn't decided to have his book rebound or if he had gone to another bookbinder there is a good chance that life as we know it today might be quite different. For one thing, you might be reading this magazine by candlelight.

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### IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Abigail Smith and her fiance, John, stood before her father, the Reverend William Smith. They had a story as old as time but new and important to them. They were asking his permission to marry. John was a struggling young lawyer. This profession, in the year of 1764, was considered a necessary evil in the American colonies.

They did not get the parental sanction so, like many before and many since, they married without it. Abigail's father used John as a topic for his Sunday sermon. His text: For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine and ye say, he hath a devil.

This direct and uncomplimentary advertisement of his new son-in-law made the young man stand out like a Russian veto. People became interested in him and his struggle. It brought many to his doors, it made others shy from him. But, good or bad, it was publicity.

The battle was not easy. But Abigail had faith in her John. She stood at his side as they took the good with the bad. Thirty-three years after the wedding her faith was rewarded. Her husband became the second president of the United States. His full name was John Adams. —L. J. Huber

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The original Jack Robinson, whom folks are constantly promising to outdo in speed, is a person of disputed identity. An old English tale says Jack was a sociable citizen who used to make visits of cyclonic haste about the neighborhood, departing ere his host had scarce bid him welcome. Another account credits the peculiar use of Jack's name to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who in a speech to Parliament denounced a fellow M.P., John Robinson. Sheridan declined to name him outright, but said he could do so "as soon as you could say Jack Robinson." Yet another source is found in the words of a song written by a stage-struck London tobacconist in which he wailed, "A warke it ys as easie to be done, as tys to saye *Jacke! Robys* (robes, or clothes) *on.*" —William J. Murdoch

# SHADOWS OF THE EAST

BY TED McDONALD



*The tiger drew back with a sharp, snarling cry, and then launched itself full upon its new assailant.*

EARLY morning in Northern India. Huge, banner-like leaves of tropical trees swaying lazily in the light breeze rising from the Ganges. Interlaced boughs and long, rank grass of a Bengal jungle overlapping each other in dark-green masses as far as eye can reach. In the foreground, a small, circular clearing in which stand fifteen or twenty natives, in cotton shorts and colored turbans, dark, slim, supple as figures of India rubber; and half a dozen tall, active-looking men, in pith helmets and white jackets, with the fair complexion and light hair of Englishmen.

By the quick, watchful looks of the British officers as well as by the rifles in their hands one might have guessed they were out for a day's shooting. And

so they were. Tracking the most dangerous game in all Asia—the royal tiger of Bengal—and that, too, in the most dangerous fashion.

Today there was to be no easy popping at the forest-king over the high sides of a howdah strapped on the back of an elephant. The work was to be done on foot, and to the native beaters was assigned the perilous task of rousing the animal from his lair.

The sportsmen were soon at their posts, all being practiced hunters with one exception. He was a fresh-faced, bright-eyed lad of nineteen, newly arrived from England. Good shot as he was at partridge and red deer, this was the first time he had faced the tiger on his own ground. As he strode away

to his allotted post it was plain from the stern set of his lips and the flush on his face that the rough jokes leveled at his youth by his brother officers had stirred Ens. Treverton's Cornish blood, and that he meant business.

The beaters also disappeared, and for a time the stillness of the forest was unbroken. Then amid the dead hush came the whiz and crackle of rockets and firecrackers thrown out to scare the tiger from his den. In another moment followed the deep roar which grates so unpleasantly upon the strongest nerves when heard for the first time; and instantly the whole forest was alive with the hiss and explosion of the rockets, the yells of the beaters, the answering roars of the infuriated tiger, the crash of broken branches, and the screeching and twittering of birds frightened from their coverts by the uproar.

Suddenly this confusion of mingled clamors was pierced by a shriek as of someone in mortal pain or terror, accompanied by a roar to which every noise that had gone before was as a firecracker to a peal of thunder. Instantly all the sportsmen were running at full speed in the direction of these sounds.

The nearest to the fatal spot was the young ensign, who, as he sprinted toward it, with pulses tingling and the blood coursing like fire through his veins, never stopped to think what chance he was likely to have in a single-handed fight with an enraged tiger. It was enough for him that a man was in danger, and that he had a chance of saving him. Bursting through the matted bushes he sprang out upon the bank of a tiny stream.

Directly in front of him a man lay dead in the trampled grass, his skull crushed as if by the blow of a sledge hammer. A second beater who had evi-

dently slipped and fallen in trying to save his comrade was attempting to scramble to his feet, still clutching the crimsoned dagger which he had plunged into the side of the tiger. Over him, its cruel fangs gleaming white in the sunshine, stood the jungle beast.

One moment's halt, to steady his hand, and the ensign fired. The tiger drew back with a sharp, snarling cry, showing that the shot had told, and then launched itself full upon its new assailant. The trusty double-barrel was still at his shoulder, and his finger on the trigger. The flash, the crack, the monster's hoarse, bubbling growl, the shouts of his comrades rushing in to help him—all came together. For a moment he stood motionless, hardly knowing what he had done; but the bullet had flown true, and the terrible Bengal was harmless forever.

"*Feringhi* (European)," cried the rescued man, with a dignity that somewhat overawed the English lad, "Seyd Ahmed never yet forgot a good deed or a bad one. Not many of the sahibs would have ventured their lives for me. I owe my life to you, and I pledge you the faith of an Afghan that that debt shall one day be paid in full!"

Three years came and went and the memorable December of 1879 was passing over Afghanistan. Two days of hard fighting upon the heights around Kabul had ended in the defeat of the British army. The English had abandoned the city and fallen back to their camp at Shirfur, two miles off. Mohammed Jar with twenty thousand Afghans at his back was marching in triumph up to the citadel through the narrow, crooked streets of the town. And Lt. Treverton was standing unarmed and a captive, with a bad gash across his bold, brown face, amid a ring of yelling enemies.

So gallantly had he borne himself in that day's fight, and in the other battles which preceded it, that the chief of the tribe which took him, always eager to secure for his warriors the guidance of a *Feringhi* officer, offered his prisoner life and liberty if he would join the Afghan army and give the wild mountaineers the training which they needed. To the amazement of these reckless men, accustomed to change sides whenever the fancy took them, the loyal Englishman flung back the offer with disdain and defied them to do their worst.

"Shall this dog scorn us to our faces?" growled a fierce-looking warrior, drawing his keen sabre. "Death to the unbeliever!"

"Hold!" cried the chief. "He must die otherwise than by an easy sword-stroke! Lead him away, my sons. Tomorrow he shall feel what it is to meet the vengeance of the Afghans!"

Night came at last, black and dismal, as if gathering into itself the gloom of the deeper night which was about to engulf the doomed captive. Weary, weary work, crouching there in the darkness, listening to the savage revelry of the Afghans on the hillside without, counting the creeping minutes of the few hours that lay between him and a death of prolonged torment. The flies that swarmed in the stifling mud-hut into which he had been thrust irritated his unbandaged wound with stings which his bound hands rendered him powerless to ward off. But the torture of his own thoughts was such as no physical pain could aggravate.

What were the tiger's jaws to this? To expire in lingering agony, with none but hostile faces around him, and no one to tell how he had died! His name would be entered among the "missing" and his comrades would say with a careless shrug, "Poor Harry's had a

short term of service!" and his mother would wait in vain for news, and—

What was that strange sound which suddenly broke the stillness that had followed the revelry outside? It was so faint that few men would have noticed it. But Treverton's quick ear had heard it too often before not to recognize it at once. It was the sound of a knife cutting through the mud wall of the hut!

The doomed man trembled with the thrill of sudden hope. No enemy would seek entrance in such fashion. The unknown worker must be a friend. And yet what friend could he have among these bloodthirsty savages whom he had never seen till that day?

The sound continued and presently a large piece of the wall broke in. Through the gap came a hand holding a knife, just visible to the Englishman's straining eyes in a gleam of moonlight sifted through a chink in the roof. A few more strokes widened the gap, a face appeared, and then the lithe figure of an Afghan slithered through the hole, a finger pressed warningly upon his lips.

One stroke of the knife loosed Treverton's bonds, and obeying the signs of his unknown friend he crept out after him through the aperture. In another moment he stood in the free air once more, and as he looked up at the starlit skies and drank in the mountain wind he felt like one who had risen from the grave.

"Christian," said his rescuer, standing tall and shadowy before him, "Seyd Ahmed's debt is paid at last! You save me from the tiger's jaws. I save you from the torture of the Afghans. Yonder path is unguarded, and leads to the camp of your people. Farewell! But remember, sometimes, how an Afghan keeps his pledge."

# "With All My Love . . ."

BY FLORENCE HOLMES RYAN

DEAR MYRA-DEAR,

Tomorrow's sun will shine  
On happy bride—or bride whose happiness  
Will be my aim, the goal of all our house.  
The sun will shine on me, a happy man.

We Winburns welcome you to share our lodging,  
Our kin, joys, sorrows, weal and reverences,  
And beg the privilege of sharing yours.

We Winburns, since your childhood days, when you  
And Brother John and I would roam the woods  
Or deck your hair with daisies from the hill,  
Have claimed you for our clan, and we are one.

On later nights beneath the stars, when I,  
With passages of poorest poetry,  
Revealed my adolescent heart, and John,  
By telling of his run that saved the game,  
Your favor tried to win, I could not guess  
He loved you just as I. So do we all.

At college on my desk your picture stood  
And bade me work to match perfection that  
Was you. At proms, my girl was prettiest.

My play, a feeble thing whose soar was brief,  
Not being strong as love of which it told,  
Was still in praise of you. Who knows? With you  
Beside my chair to read, inspire and judge,  
I yet may write brave lines to win applause.  
These words I'll sing—grace, virtue, beauty, faith,  
Beneficence—for these words sound of you.

To murky fox-hole, muting whine of death,  
To foreign mercy bed, relieving pain,  
Came thoughts of you that lessened conflict's hell.  
Your worth I know.

My heart gives thanks because  
 You've come to see the wisdom of this way.  
 When heralded by Lohengrin you walk  
 The aisle and low before God's altar bow,  
 I'll pray to Him, "She's lovely as the life  
 She so deserves. Please let it ever be."

Were it not for the shell, O Myra-dear,  
 That made of me a broken, wasted man,  
 I could not say to you, as now, in truth,  
 I do, that I shall know real happiness  
 Tomorrow morning when you marry John.

With all my love, your brother-soon-to-be,

BERNARD

## *An Army Lullaby*

BY CLAUDIA WATSON STEWART

Sleep, soldier's baby boy,  
 Too young to be knowing  
 He has gone away on the big, soaring wings . . .  
 Rest, 'til your waking,  
 'Gainst the heart that is breaking,  
 Sleep, tiny baby boy,  
 While "Mommie" tries to sing.

Oh, there will be yearning  
 Until his returning . . .  
 Across the "big drink" on the white caps of foam,  
 His thoughts will be wending  
 To those he is defending—  
 His little sonny, Soldier Boy,  
 And "Mommie," at home.

Sleep, soldier's baby boy,  
 Keep sleeping and growing—  
 Such a teeny, weeny baby boy has naught else to do.  
 Oh, "Mommie" is praying  
 HIS hand will be staying  
 All wars of tomorrow—  
 That none will claim you.

# "Chewing Gum, Joe?"

BY THOMAS COUSEN—SALAK



THAT refreshing stick of chicle you enjoy chewing—do you know it comes from the steaming green inferno of southern Mexico, where the territory of Quintana Roo and the states of Campeche and Tobasco border on Central America? More than 5,500 tons of chicle (the raw material base for the manufacture of chewing gum), are produced annually in Mexico. In the territory of Quintana Roo there are 7,200,000 chicozapote trees.

The natives who gather the sap of the chicozapote tree are called chicleros. Their battle against the dense jungle to secure this raw material starts in July, before the rainy season sets in. A small group of experts start out in advance to place chalk marks on tree trunks where incision is to be made to tap the juice. The chicleros follow with razor-sharp machetes to slash one-third of the tree's circumference. No tree is tapped more than once in five years. After the sap is collected it is boiled and poured, bubbling hot, into wooden molds. When it cools and hardens into cakes it is chicle.

The value of chicle as a confectionery delicacy was discovered by James Adams, an American, in 1866. At that time General Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, in exile from the Mexican revolution, sought haven in the United States. Unable to speak English, he employed James Adams as his interpreter.

During their many conferences the General occasionally took out a small block of gummy substance, cut off a piece, and chewed it like tobacco.

Adams' curiosity was aroused and he questioned the General, who merely smiled and shrugged his shoulders. But when he left New York, the General gave Adams some of the chewy material as a parting gift.

Adams experimented, mixed the substance with different colors and various flavors. He tried it on his friends. Their response to the gummy stick was enthusiastic. So Adams packaged it and introduced it as chewing gum.

Since then chewing gum has become popular with young and old throughout the world from Alaska to Zululand. During the last war American soldiers were greeted on every landing with gleeful shouts from children, all clamoring for "Chewing gum, Joe?" In Turkey grandpas sit in doorways chewing gum instead of smoking hookahs. In Mexico City the crowded streets ring with the cries of youthful hawkers selling "chicle."

A big industry furnishes a sweet delicacy to millions from the sap of a tree that grows in the green, hot hell of the jungle.

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October 16 to 24 has been proclaimed United Nations Week by the United Nations Secretariat. October 24 is an international holiday.



# Army Lawyer

BY LOUIS C. FINK

With this issue we conclude our series on the interesting experiences of Lt. Fink in Army court-martial cases. All names other than Lt. Fink's are fictitious.

## Chapter Six

A FEW months after the invasion of Normandy we had a series of court-martial cases which epitomized pathos. Cases which brought out the sympathy of judges and lawyers alike. Cases in which guilt was evident, cases in which the accused were as self-accusing as any I have ever known.

*S. I. W.*

Those are the initials pencilled on the medical tag which accompanies a victim. They mean Self-Inflicted Wound. Back of them are heart-rending stories of complete satiation with war. Tales of men who took all they could of blood and death and then could stand no more. Epics of men who were brave up to the point where nerves crack, and who then shot themselves.

Their purpose was always freely admitted. They shot themselves to avoid further combat. But they didn't say combat. They said, "all the noise, the stink, the monotony" of war. They were filled with it up to here, and they couldn't stand any more. Then they got toying with a rifle, thinking how easy it would be. Just a pull on that trigger, a little pain, and then home—invalided out of battle. Never mind about the shame, never mind about deserting your buddies, just think of home. "To die, to sleep, no more." But they weren't quoting Shakespeare. They were

considering how best to end that awful fear, that awful hate of the war around them.

For some reason, men of great emotional feeling are the ones who shoot themselves. Happy-go-lucky, irresponsible people don't do it. That type may desert, but they don't shoot themselves in the foot. The moody, brooding, introspective type, usually with deep religious convictions, is more likely to slip.

Invariably, they used the same method. A rifle, and one bullet into the foot. Almost always the right foot. Depending on how close they held the muzzle of the gun, one toe was partly blasted away. There was pain, but not more than a man could stand.

The Table of Maximum Punishments, which prescribes upward limits for the punishment of some offenses, puts no limit on self-inflicted wounds. Death can be meted out under the law, although I never heard of a case where it was. But because of the gravity of the offense in wartime, the cases went to a general court. That's the one with a minimum of five members, although it usually operates with seven or more.

While the patient was still in the hospital his case might be investigated by a special agent belonging to the Counter Intelligence Corps. These agents were soldiers in plain clothes. Questioning a suspect, they were obligated to warn him of his right not to make a statement. Most of the men, however, had a strong guilt complex and they wanted to make a clean breast of the whole thing. So they signed a full statement, detailing all the circumstances of their *S. I. W.*

Three things are necessary psychologically if a man is to stand trial. He must be sane enough to assist in his own defense. He must know right from wrong. And he must have the moral

character to be able to adhere to the right as he sees it.

Five of those S. I. W. cases came and went, and they all ran true to form. I could do little for the men except bring in evidence of faithful service. Most of them had a string of ribbons. American Theatre. European-African-Middle East Theatre. Battle stars, Good Conduct usually, Combat Infantryman's Badge. I dressed them in their finest, and got as many certificates of good behavior as I could.

One of the men I defended was Mickey. Freckle-faced, red-haired, not yet twenty, he looked so young that it was hard to believe that he had committed a crime. It was hard to picture him in battle at all. It was hard to believe that he had killed many Germans before the strain grew too heavy on him and he shot himself.

Mickey had taken more than an immature man should be asked to take. And then, in a cold Italian snowstorm, his patrol was trapped in an old farmhouse. A German gun zeroed them in, caught the farmhouse in a direct hit. Mickey was the only man left alive out of eight. Seven who had been his close friends died before his eyes.

Mickey's mind blanked out for awhile. He left the house, but he doesn't remember how. He went back to Rome, but he isn't sure whether he walked or rode. He does know that in Rome he was picked up by the MP's as a deserter. The officers had no time to bother with men who left their posts. Their best remedy was to ship them back to their front-line outfits, so back went Mickey. He cried part of the way, for he knew he couldn't stand any more artillery fire. He protested, but nobody would listen. He begged for any job, as long as he didn't have to hear those guns.

A campaign was on, and nobody had much time for Mickey Ahearn and his troubles.

They brought him up near the front, where he could hear the guns again, and issued him a new set of clothes. And a new rifle. In a little office they told him to go into the next room and dress in his new issue. Mickey tried, but he couldn't stand it. The next thing anybody knew the lieutenant in the office outside heard a shot. He rushed in and there was Mickey on the floor, bleeding in the right foot. He lay down screaming, "I did it. I can't help it, but I did it. You made me do it!"

Well, Mickey came to us eventually and he duly signed a confession like all the others. Here, I thought, was certainly a case of too much strain. Here was a man who in a crucial moment lacked for a few seconds that "ability to adhere to the right" as he saw it.

I decided the case was worth more than the usual effort. I went to the hospital registrar and asked for Mickey Ahearn's medical records. They were in a huge folder, for Mickey had been in a great many hospitals. All his treatments were recorded at length. There's a rule that medical records cannot be removed from the registrar's office, but I used my very limited charm on the girl in charge of the files and she made an exception. I went back to my own office, determined to read every line of Mickey's case.

It was nearly midnight before I finished, but I found what I wanted. Near the bottom of the file, where I would have looked first if I had any brains at all, was a little slip of paper. It was just a pencilled note.

"A court-martial against this boy will never stick," it read. "He will never be held accountable. T. J. Asst. Medical

Inspector." The only other clue was the number of the hospital. Let's call it the 179th Station Hospital. Anyway, it was the hospital they took Mickey to when he shot himself.

Next day I saw Mickey. He was well now, and had been working in our post office. He was not confined to the ward while awaiting trial, for he made a good record with us and nobody believed he would run away to avoid trial. I told him I'd like to postpone his case because I believed there was an outside chance of proving him not guilty.

"But that's impossible," protested Cpl. Ahearn. "I did it, and I gave that C.I.C. fellow a confession. They've got all the evidence they need."

"Give me a couple of months to find out," I pleaded.

"I'll probably only get a sentence of four or five months," said Mickey. "I'd rather get it over with now. My girl knows about this and she wants me to clean it up as soon as I can."

I violated a long-standing rule about never predicting the outcome of a case. "Ahearn," I argued, "I'm pretty sure I can beat this case. You've told me what you went through in Italy and I know what the worry since then has meant to you. I wouldn't ask you to wait unless I thought there was a good chance. Wouldn't you rather have a clean record than one with a court-martial on it? Stick it out for a while longer and let me see what I can do."

Eventually he agreed. He was arraigned on the charges and I asked for a postponement. Meanwhile, I had taken a long chance and written to the Adjutant General in Washington. Who, I wanted to know, was the Assistant Medical Inspector of the 179th Station Hospital in Italy on January 15th, 1945? The Adjutant General surprised me with an answer inside of a week. The



man was Lt. Col. Thomas Jordan, Medical Corps, a psychiatrist. He was still with the 179th, although that outfit had a new post office number and I guessed they might be in France.

The deposition was prepared carefully. I asked Col. Jordan what his duties were. I asked him what his qualifications were as a psychiatrist. I asked him if he remembered examining Cpl. Mickey Ahearn right after he shot himself in northern Italy. I asked him if he remembered making the pencilled notation, and I attached the note so he wouldn't forget. I asked him if, in his opinion, Cpl. Ahearn was responsible for his actions when he shot himself. Did he, in short, possess the strength of character to adhere to the right under those unusual conditions?

Then I gave the deposition to the Trial Judge Advocate who added a few questions which didn't harm our case any.

It took six weeks and more for that deposition to cross the ocean and return to the hospital. It was in perfect

form when it came back, but Mickey and I were nervous wrecks waiting for it. Every day he came to see me. "Haven't we waited long enough? Let's go ahead with the trial. I could have half of my sentence out of the way by now." But we stuck it out until the deposition came back and then the case went to trial speedily.

The T J A had his usual case. Identify the accused, produce medical evidence of the *corpus delicti*, the body of the crime. In this case that meant a doctor to state that Ahearn's foot was indeed healed from a bullet wound. A bullet which apparently entered the upper surface of the second toe and carried away with it most of the toe.

Then the introduction of the confession by the C.I.C. agent. There was the neat typed statement, signed by Ahearn, to the effect that he had shot himself while changing his clothes in a room in Italy, and so on. I made my usual attempt to show that the C.I.C. man had used promises or threats to induce the confession. The effort was useless. There were depositions from other witnesses. Not men who saw the bullet fired, but men who could swear that Ahearn was alone in that room, that one shot was heard and that one bullet was missing from his new rifle, and even that he shouted, "I did it," as he writhed on the floor. I objected to the introduction of those screams, but I don't remember what the court's ruling was. Eventually, the T J A rested.

As defense, I began by saying that we did not deny one single item in the bill of particulars. The facts were substantially as stated. Then I read from the Manual the part about a defendant's sanity, stressing his ability to adhere to the right as he saw it. And then I asked to introduce the testimony of Col. Jordan.

That day marked one of the bitterest debates I've ever had in a courtroom. In the hot southern summer, the T J A and I argued about the admissibility of Jordan's deposition. He had seen it, of course, and did not believe the diagnosis of a severe mental strain would hold water. The T J A is charged with defending justice, and of protecting the accused. He objected strongly when I began the deposition, which commenced with an itemized account of the shooting, and the remarks made by Ahearn to the doctor immediately thereafter. It was, in effect, a confession of guilt.

The T J A shouted that I was condemning my own client, and I asked him to mind his own business. The two of us ignored the court in a most unseemly manner, and engaged in a private debate. The words got hotter and hotter. Finally, I blurted out, "Look, Captain, you run your case and I'll run mine." He was red in the face, but he sat down. His objections were in the record, and nobody could say he had not tried to protect my client in spite of me.

The deposition went on. Jordan was identified as a capable psychiatrist, graduate of specified colleges. He was classified by the Army as a specialist in psychiatry. He had occasion to examine Cpl. Ahearn immediately after the shooting. In his considered opinion the corporal was not morally responsible for the action. At the time of the event in question Cpl. Ahearn was under such great emotional stress that, although he knew he was doing wrong, he lacked the moral character to do what was right.

The case came to an end, and we all withdrew except the members of the court.

After a longer delay than usual, we went back to the courtroom. I waited for the dismal words, "The court is

ready to hear the record of previous convictions." That's always a sign that your man is guilty. Instead, the president motioned to me. Stand up here. You and the accused and the assistant defense counsel.

We stood there very straight. "The court finds the accused of the charge not guilty, and of the specification not guilty." I had all I could do to restrain a grin. Then I thought of the corporal next to me. He was unusually serious.

"May I speak to the court, sir? I just want to thank every one of you for . . . for the verdict." He started to choke, and I led him from the room.

People who think that Army courts are too severe may ask themselves what punishment they would have awarded to Cpl. Ahearn.

I wondered what I might do if I were on the court making the decision, and I decided to ask some men still in combat. I wrote to every soldier I knew who was still in action.

These men, who saw death every day, and who knew both the strain of war and the danger that followed a comrade's defection, gave answers that ran in a pattern. They were almost identical, and they came in two forms.

Half of them wrote back to me, "Shoot the . . . Any man who pulls a stunt like that to get out of fighting isn't worth the expense of a court-martial."

And the rest, the other fifty per cent, sent this word, "Let him go. How does any man on a court-martial know what he'd do after a few weeks of artillery shells? Shoot himself? I've been close to doing it myself a dozen times."

Nobody knows how much he can take. Everybody has a breaking point but you never know when the point is reached

until you've stretched your mind and your will all the way.

### Chapter Seven

In every serious case I always requested a psychiatric examination, in the hope that some doctor might be found who would testify that the soldier-being accused either did not know right from wrong, or lacked the character to adhere to the right.

Our post psychiatrist throughout these years was an eminent man. A grim, forbidding soul, he was the height of generosity. Though he had the face of a bear, and the voice of a wolf with a sore throat, he was actually the soul of kindness. No one will ever know the countless number of cases I referred to him, the cases of unhappy married life, of emotional disturbances, of maladjustment to community living. To all such men he lent a sympathetic ear, and many times his advice proved helpful to them. He kept no record of these informal consultations. They were not on the books; they were done on his own time.

The psychiatrist and I had many hours of debate on this question of moral responsibility. I never knew him to testify that a man lacked the moral courage to adhere to the right. His response to that request was to argue that such a plea would release every criminal.

"Obviously," he used to say in his gruff voice, "there is no man who can adhere to the right under a great enough stress. Every criminal yields to some power greater than himself when he does wrong. All of us act in self-interest; we do what seems best at the moment. To say that one man lacked the moral character to adhere to the right would be to free every criminal, because we all act according to the pressure of circumstances. I don't be-

lieve there are any criminals; there is only crime. However, man must have laws to prevent anarchy. Unless we punish men, there will be no deterrent to wrong."

It was a philosophy I violently disagreed with, although I was nowhere the Colonel's equal at debate. I had seen too many instances of personal heroism in the hospital to believe that men act in their self-interest always. I could cite the Colonel himself, who gave untold hours to help soldiers who had emotional troubles.

His response to that argument was that a man who had done seemingly generous things was actually yielding to a desire for self-satisfaction. That the inner joy he received from such helpfulness was his compelling motive. And that generous things were done only because the doer enjoyed the feeling. It was, in short, the doctrine of an absence of free will. I don't believe it and never will.

Maybe we act because of selfish interests, yet how explain the heroism which was daily reported to us at the hospital where so many of our patients were fresh from the battlefield? I don't mean the recorded heroism for which a man gets a medal. Too often those citations are for isolated, unpremeditated acts.

I'm speaking of the thinking, calculated bravery which other patients related to us about the men they knew.

About actions which entailed great suffering, sacrifice, or pain. Did the inner satisfactions overcome the normal human dread of pain? I don't think so. There is something higher within us which makes us, when the occasion arises, do things of which the human race can be proud.

I never defended a criminal, no matter what the crime, who didn't have something worth saving within him. Most Army offenders could trace their boyhoods to unhappy or poorly-managed homes, or to no homes at all. The soldiers who in their youth were well versed in those homely virtues which somehow fall into disrepute in a modern world—those were the men who overcame the temptations to desert, to steal, to commit sexual offenses.

The great, great majority of our soldiers avoided trouble altogether. The cases I have described are the reports of legal action. They are isolated cases. They are life histories which silhouette the good records of most of our soldiers. These cases do more than silhouette the lives of the men who died. They make their dead youth immortal.

Cynicism may be rampant, but the misdeeds of a few serve to outline and emphasize the contribution of so many who, believing war is wrong and hating its horrors, nevertheless gave years of their lives in a conscientious effort to a cause in which they believed.

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The Marine had talked until he was blue in the face. Obviously, the native didn't understand a word of English. The Marine, undaunted, continued to explain.

"I want five or six coconuts," he would say repeatedly, "coconuts, five or six."

Realizing the native didn't understand a word of what he was saying, the Marine picked up his gear and prepared to leave the scene. He was walking down the road when the native, now climbing the tree, shouted clearly, "How many you want, Mac, five or six?"—*Donald B. Catalano*

# “Dear Mamie . . .”

BY FRANCES HUNT

December 20

DEAR MAMIE:

The cutest thing! So here I am sittin' in the office lickin' Christmas seals, see? An' it's after office hours an' I really shoulda been home, but the boss says Miss Schultz these Christmas cards is gotta go to our customers today an' I want you should put them Christmas seals on the back of the envelopes . . . on the flap. On the flap yet! So what can I do? Well, so I'm sittin' here lickin' Christmas seals when all of a sudden the phone rings, which it ain't unusual durin' office hours, but this is *after* office hours, see? So I picks up the receiver an' I says Hello, Schnubble's Kipped Herring, the herring with more oomph to the bite, your order please, you know, like I always do, when a man's voice, the *nicest* man's voice, says I beg your pardon. So I tell him again who we are an' he says Well I'll be darn. So I says What number are you callin'? An' he says Granite 0090 an' I says This *is* Granite O-O-ni-in-O. You must have the wrong number an' he says Yes maybe I have. So I says Try Federal O-O-ni-in-O or Trinity O-O-ni-in-O or somethin'. An' he says Yes thank you, I will. So because he's got such a nice voice I don't want

him to hang up so I says I'm sorry you got the wrong number but why don't you call us back again sometime, say when you gotta yen for a herring. You know, you gotta sound businesslike an' what else could I say quick-like? So he laughed an' oh, Mamie, he's got the nicest laugh! The kind that's ketchin', you know. So I laughed too. Well, so we got to talkin' an' Mamie, we talked for half an hour, me an him! Gee, but he's nice. He says he's gonna call me again soon. Ain't it thrillin'! Gee, maybe he's somethin'! You never can tell can you? Well, anyway I thought I'd write an' tell you about it cause I figgered you'd be interested.

Yourn,  
Sadie



*Well, so I'm sittin' here lickin' Christmas seals when all of a sudden the phone rings. . . .”*

P.S. Gee Mamie, so what if he's married?

December 27

DEAR MAMIE:

The boss is out sittin' in conference so I gotta make this snappy, but can you imagine . . . here it is a week since that guy first called an' he ain't called back yet! Ain't it always that way? Just when you think you got somethin' you aint got nothin'! Now what's the matter he don't call me do you suppose? An' he had the *nices*t voice too! Oh well . . . say Mamie, the boss is ringin' an' I gotta go now. I'll try an' write more next time. Course if anything *should* develop, I'll let you know right away.

Yourn,  
Sadie

January 15

DEAR MAMIE:

So listen to this! It's Saturday afternoon, see, an' I'm sittin' here in the office wishin' all the herring would go drown themselves an' wonderin' what am I gonna do tonight what with no date or nothin' when the phone rings. An' who do you think it is? Yeah! The man with the *voice*, you know! Well, I'm so excited I can hardly talk on account of it's been so long I figured he ain't ever gonna call again. An' what do you think? He wants me to go to dinner with him tonight. Well now, there's no reason why I can't go because I ain't got nothin' to do anyway an' this is about the third Saturday in a row I'm stayin' home, but you know Mamie, after all, you don't give a guy a *first* date, even if you *have* got sit-itis from sittin' home so much, do you? So I says to him real sweet like Thank you very much fer askin' me an' I sure would

*love* to go, but you see I'm busy to-night. So he says Well how about tomorrow night? (which is Sunday). But I figgers I might just as well make him think I'm popular, so I tells him I'm busy Sunday night too. I mean there's no use lettin' him know I got nothin' to do Sunday night either, is there? So he says he's sorry an' I say I'm sorry an' he says he'll call again sometime an' I says Yes do an' then he hangs up an' before I know it there I am sittin' there with an empty receiver in my hand. An' I start gettin' mad at myself on account of here's a guy who asks me to go to dinner with him an' I gotta go an refuse on account of I gotta silly notion it ain't proper to accept right off the bat in a hurry like that! Now ain't that screwy? So cause I want him to think I'm rushed to death I gotta sit home an' paste pitchers in my scrap-book yet! Now ain't that somethin'? But then he did *say* he'd call again so maybe he'll call early next week an' we can make a date for the week end or somethin'. I'll let you know. What shall I wear? If he should call again I mean? Do you like my blue with the bows down the back or the black with the buttons down the front best?

Yourn,  
Sadie

P.S. Gee Mamie, so what if he don't call any more?

January 28

DEAR MAMIE:

So it's a whole week since he called an' it looks like it's gonna be the *fourth* Saturday night in a row I'm sittin' home. What a sap I am. So I have to go an' let on to a guy what wants to take me out to dinner that I'm so popular I can't go out the *first* time he



asks me, an' what do I get? *Calluses* from sittin'! Gee, a chance of a life-time, maybe, an' I have to put on the ritz! Miss Popularity, that's me! Yeah! This is the last time I'm gonna pay any attention to them books on How to get your man an' hold him stuff! It says here on page twenty that the first time a young man calls you, you should refuse. It's supposed to be more ladylike or somethin' an' besides, it says here, it makes him more interested. Well, I'm tellin' you Mamie, it's the nuts! Any time you get a chance to go to dinner, take it! Fergit the ladylike stuff. It don't get you nowhere. An' you can take it from me. I know! Believe me, the next time a guy asks me out, I'm gonna accept before he finishes askin' me! Well, so it's closin' time an' I gotta be goin' home. Did you say your new boy friend has cauliflower ears or that he's called Floyd Rears? It's kinda hard to read your writin'.

Yourn,  
Sadie

March 1

DEAR MAMIE:

It's been a long time since I wrote you I know, but the boss has been on a rampage lately an' I ain't had much of a chance to write. Besides I ain't had nothin' interestin' to tell you till now. Remember that guy with the elegant voice I been waitin' to hear from an' he didn't call me? Well, today he called! Yeah! Gee, I was so surprised I almost fell over on account of it's been so long I never expected to hear from him again. Well what do you think? He wants another date. But on account of Schnubble's Kippered Herring is holdin' their annual dance this Saturday night I can't make it Saturday night an' Mom's havin' the Kleinbaums to dinner Sunday night an' I gotta help her so I can't make it

Sunday night either, we gotta date for next *Monday* night! Yeah! You see Mamie, I wouldn't let him get away without somethin' *definite* this time. I ain't takin' no more chances. Gee, so I can hardly wait! I'll let you know right away what he's like an' everything. Gee Mamie . . . I'm so excited, Monday seems like years from now!

Yourn,  
Sadie

March 4

DEAR MAMIE:

Gee . . . so you're excited too huh? So when did you ever send a letter by special delivery an' air mail too yet? Sure I'll do what you say. On the night that he comes over I'll ask him to drive me to a telegraph office. I'll tell him I gotta send my boss a telegram about business or somethin' see, an' if he's a catch I'll wire you that we got the swellest shipment of trout you ever seen. If he's not good an' not bad I'll say our mackerel ain't up to par see? Well Mamie four more days an' we'll know. Gee ain't it thrillin' Mamie, just like a story in a book huh? Well don't fergit an' look fer my telegram on Monday. It'll tell the whole story!

Yourn . . .  
With great expectations,  
Sadie

P.S. Oh gee Mamie, so what if he don't show up?

MARCH 7

MAMIE GLUTZ  
4615 B STREET  
SAN DIEGO  
CALIFORNIA

MAMIE, BELIEVE ME, *ALL THE HERRINGS AINT AT SCHNUBBLES!*

SADIE

# LINK LINES

## By the Editor

A young navy man and his bride bought a house in California. For two people who love each other the months spent in establishing a home can be packed to overflowing with delight. If income is limited there is the added fun of seeing just how far a dollar can go. Since this young couple liked trees, they went to a near-by grove and dug up half a dozen or more eucalyptus sprouts to plant in that 50' x 100' area that was their own world. They tended these sprouts carefully with frequent waterings and fertilized them with manure carried from a rancher's corral.

For two or three years they rejoiced in their trees' rapid growth. They even boasted of their gardening ability to their friends. But after a time questions began to arise. Did we plant too many, and are they in the right place? The answer of the trees was to grow more and more. Roots under the driveway lifted and broke the cement. Other plantings were crowded out. Beautiful beds of flowers withered and died. With trunks the size of a man's body the one-time saplings towered high above the little cottage.

Reluctantly, the couple decided that some of these six-year-old trees must be taken out. After careful search they found a man who did that type of work. The price he quoted was a staggering seventy-five dollars for the tree near the high power lines and fifty dollars for each of the others. So far as I know, the trees still stand and are getting bigger every day.

This little story may start Southern Californians to boasting. Many of us

think they do so on the slightest provocation. They may assure us that things grow that way in their wonderland. They may repeat the old story that if you stick the handle of a worn-out broom in California soil a new broom will grow overnight. Claims like that led someone, not a Southern Californian, to describe the area as "a land where every little creek is a river, every little hill a mountain, and every man a liar."

Since gardening is one of my hobbies I was interested in the phenomenal size of these young trees, and am willing to give credit to the soil and the climate. But the experience of this young couple reminds me of something that happens to many of us. Habits so little that they could be "tossed over the garden fence" have a way of growing and growing until they take possession. Better things are crowded out.

The editor does not want to moralize. He just wants to comment that if the young California couple can dig up the money to get rid of those undesirable trees, the fragrance of their winter eucalyptus hearth fires may be comparable in pleasure to the personal satisfaction that comes from digging out an annoying habit.

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### SOLUTION TO VETERANS QUIZ

(Puzzle on page 8)

V A L U A B L E  
S E R V I C E S  
P A T R I O T S  
M A N E U V E R  
O F F E R I N G  
D E C O R A T E  
M A R C H I N G  
O F F I C E R S

## This World-Wide Fellowship

OCTOBER 1-7

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

As we come again to this World-Wide Communion Sunday, we are reminded of the world-wide fellowship that exists among Christians. Why did Jesus intend that bonds of good fellowship and a sense of unity should bring us closer and closer together? (John 17:11) Shouldn't our faith that we have in common bring us a large degree of unity? Is that what Paul meant when he wrote of the unity of the faith? (Ephesians 4:13)

This World-Wide Communion brings us to a world-wide remembrance of Him whom we call Lord and Saviour. How is this true? (Luke 22:19)

What do you like to remember most about the first Lord's Supper? (Mark 14:16-26) How should our remembrance of Him affect our lives?

The World-Wide Communion is also a world-wide sharing of His grace. Is His grace essential to us as Christians? (Hebrews 12:28) Should we try to grow in grace? (2 Peter 3:18)

Grace is a quiet, pervasive loveliness that should be as natural to a Christian as fragrance is to a flower or as love is to a mother's heart. Grace brings us happiness. A great English preacher, R. W. Dale, wrote: "The great Christian graces are radiant with happiness. Faith, hope, charity, there is no sadness in them; and if penitence makes the heart sad, penitence belongs to the sinner, not

to the saint; as we become more saintly, we have less to sorrow over." Grace indeed lights the heart with happiness, and happiness is contagious and, in its own way, is also cleansing.

But our World-Wide Communion should be also a world-wide sharing of the hope that the love of Christ may permeate and cleanse and conquer our human frailties and override all our inconsistencies and disloyalties and bring righteousness and resulting happiness to us.

Hope does something to our spiritual climate. It either dissolves the clouds or garments them with rainbows. Why do you suppose the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews called hope an anchor? (Hebrews 6:19) Has it ever been an anchor to you? And have you ever shared that anchor with some other storm-driven soul? What did it mean to you when you did? Isn't a shared hope more useful—and more lasting—than one that isn't shared? Isn't this as substantial a miracle as the sharing of a lad's luncheon long ago? (Mark 6:35-44) Wouldn't it help the cause of world peace if we had more of these miracles of shared hopes?

Let's pray that this World-Wide Communion may further world peace!

And may our communion together enrich our spiritual lives!

# Values in Life

OCTOBER 8-14

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

What do you think are the greatest values in life? Do you think anything can outweigh, in God's sight, the worth of our soul, His priceless gift to us? Let's never forget those forthright words of Jesus: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8:36, 37)

How did Jesus show His own great estimate of the value of an immortal soul? Let His words to Zacchaeus reveal His estimate: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19:10)

It was not enough for Him to seek us; He seeks us out so that He may accomplish His divine mission by saving us from the dreadful and the eternal consequences of all of our sins. For our Saviour could never content Himself with less than this! He would never willingly waste, even in the case of one obdurate soul, the agony and the forgiving love of His offering of Himself on His cross!

Then we come to another of the great values of life: we learn, as Christians, to make Christ the *center* of our lives and *the standard of all our values*. This is what had happened to Paul when he was able to write that whatever gain he had, he counted as loss for the sake of Christ. (Philippians 3:7) Why is this so important to us? Or have we gone so far as to learn that He is really more important to us than all else in life?

Have we really made Him the center of our lives? And have we really made Him the standard by which we measure all other values, for this life and for eternity?

Can we be Christians otherwise?

There is a story concerning a man who went to a small midwestern community to win men to Christ. But he somehow got the idea that he would start a store there and make enough money to help carry his mission financially. The store prospered beyond his wildest hopes; he found it hard to break off the profitable venture. But spiritual apathy and then spiritual atrophy set in; he lost his passion for souls. And he lost his health also and I understand he has been unable to enjoy any of the great wealth that came when he forsook a holy purpose to gain gold. *He had ceased to make Christ the center of his life and the one standard by which all other values and gains should be judged.* That tragic fate can come to any of us, in some measure, if we forsake Christ as the greatest value life can ever bring to us!

What strange words of Jesus does this throw light upon? "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." (John 12:25) Does this have any special warning for you? How?

How will it affect our daily living if we really make Christ the chief value in our life? (Colossians 1:9-17)

*Let's put Him first!*

# Fly Your Colors!

OCTOBER 15-21

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Are you ashamed to let your comrades know you are a Christian? Are you afraid to honor Christ among the ones who are closest to you? Why?

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "If a man cannot be a Christian in the place where he is, he cannot be a Christian anywhere." Why is this true? How does it challenge us to fly our colors as Christians, wherever we live and whatever we do?

Haven't you noticed that a sincere Christian changes the moral and spiritual climate about him? He can make the day brighter and better for his fellows. I have read that a great Boston newspaper one day, when Phillips Brooks was in the midst of his great ministry in that city, ran a statement that the day had begun rather gloomily; then it added that Phillips Brooks had walked down the street and all was bright again!

That was not primarily a weather report; it was a studied tribute to a great Christian citizen who radiated Christian well-being and offset a few clouds in the sky!

And it was also a testimonial to the Christ who walked down the Boston street in a man who had found his life in Him!

If we need courage to fly our flag of Christian faith, we may remember what Leigh Hunt said: "When moral courage feels that it is in the right, there is no personal daring of which it is incapable."

The physical and moral courage of Theodore Roosevelt sound in these

words: "It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong men stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly; so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat." Bravo!

Do you recall the courage that Paul found through Christ? (Romans 8:39) Have you found that too? Why have you not found it?

Why should a Christian be above fear? (Hebrews 13:5, 6)

Is the Lord always with those who stand for Him? (Judges 6:12) Why?

Nobody admires a coward who will not stand up and be *sounded*. If we can't stand loyally for Christ in spite of ridicule or persecution, we are unworthy of Him who died for us on His cross!

Do you know a good battle cry to screw up your courage? "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." (Philippians 4:13) Can you think of any situation where He would be inadequate for your needs? *I can't!*

Fly your colors!

*Fly 'em high!*

# Fight These Giants!

OCTOBER 22-28

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Have you never seen a giant? Then look around you! And within you! You will find plenty of them. Some are sly, scheming, slippery. Some are coarse, brutal, bestial. Some are larger than the others—and are steadily growing larger.

They are enemies of all that is best in us. They would keep us from being worthy of eternal life!

Let's look at them. And let's fight off their evil advances!

One of the worst of these giants is Impurity. What are some of the evil deeds of this giant? And how do the evil consequences of impurity fasten themselves upon those whom this giant enslaves? (Titus 1:15) How can you resist him and escape him? (James 1:21-27)

Of course this giant swears and mouths all vile and filthy words. And he would gladly teach you to become as proficient as he in the vile and wanton filth that nests in his mouth and in his mind. Martin Luther classed profanity and cursing as terrible offenses in the sight of God. Yet the giant Impurity has no scruples about putting his vocabulary into the unsuspecting mouths and minds of little children and he teaches his filth to all whom he would at the last cut off from God.

Another giant is Impiety; his *alias* is Godlessness. He is still the fool he was known to be in Old Testament days. And he will not rest until he does his utmost to make fools of all the rest of us.

But he has developed his own technique of warfare; he induces us to make idols for ourselves, and these become a crafty fifth column to sabotage our inner defenses and build a wall between us and God. How do our idols keep us from God? (Ezekiel 14:5)

Have you no idols in your house and in your heart? Don't you remember the moments when you carved them out and set them up and bowed your knee to them? Haven't you found them harder to demolish than to fashion so patiently? Can you shut out their grinning faces when you kneel to pray to God?

Better fight this giant Impiety who generals all your grinning idols in their insubordination!

We have time for one more giant, a heady, big-feeling sort who has been through the schools and has an honorary doctor's degree. The philosophers and the schoolmen have an air of deference when they speak his name: Secularism.

He hasn't much time for God, nor much patience with worship and hymn-singing and prayer. He is more concerned with the merely material and secular than he is with the eternal realities in our immortal spirits.

How should we fight this suave giant? (James 4:4) He fights on many fronts, with heavy bombers!

Beware lest he teach you to grin impishly at God and tug at your own bootstraps when you yearn for the ideals that God sets in your heart!

*Fight these giants!*

# Keep True to Your Dreams!

OCTOBER 29-NOVEMBER 4

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Schiller left us a sentence that will repay our study: "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth." That's wonderful advice! And what are some of these dreams?

One is the dream of getting an education. Wise old Benjamin Franklin gave us these sage words that every aspiring youth would do well to heed: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him." A man may well dream of getting himself ready for the best possible life. And he should always keep true to that dream.

Another of the dreams of youth is the bright dream of a happy home, with wife and children and security. Pliny once declared: "Home is where the heart is." And George Moore was able to paint this picture of home: "A man travels the world over in search of what he needs and returns home to find it."

Then youth dreams also of a successful career. Don't we have a right to dream that our work shall be known and valued? (I Corinthians 3:13)

But a career involves work. The words of Thomas A. Edison make this very clear: "I never did anything worth doing by accident, nor did any of my inventions come by accident; they came by work."

Should a young man ask God to guide him into a proper career? (Acts 9:6) If he once feels he has made a wise choice, should he let anything swerve him from that dream?

A young man should dream another dream—to live a righteous life and have a good name among his fellows. Reputation and religion should go together. Why is this true? (Romans 14:18)

How important is a good name—a good reputation? (Proverbs 22:1)

Keep true to the dream that you may be honored by all who know you!

And it is good to dream of coming to the evening of life with health and happiness and financial security, to enjoy well-earned relaxation. So a man should guard his health and his finances, keep a happy and hopeful outlook and live wisely. It will pay one to save; it will be well also to study life insurance policies with the thought that monthly income can be provided for one's loved ones for years or may be provided for one's own retirement years if he finds it needful. This dream of a secure old age may bring a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!

But don't neglect an even more important dream—the dream of walking down to the end of the day with God, with trustfulness and faith and serenity, sure that the sunset will be a prelude to an eternal dawn with Him yonder.

Just how sure are you of God for such a dream? Listen: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (II Timothy 1:12b)

*Hold fast to this dream—always!*

# Peace, Reason and God

NOVEMBER 5-11

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Do we want a formula for peace as another Armistice Day comes to our distraught world? Perhaps it will be helpful to recall a statement by William Collins: "Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind." Doesn't this serve to remind us that peace is not impossible if we can reason with potential adversaries?

Men *should* be able to reason if it will insure peace. William Drummond was very forthright when he wrote: "He who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave."

Reason must prevail at a peace table if a peace is to be lasting and just. Tyrants are poor peacemakers; treaties signed under military compulsion will hardly be kept fully.

But reason should be used to prevent wars so that peace tables will not be needed. Any nation today should be smart enough not to start a war of aggression.

What nation, with our present knowledge of the staggering costs of war—and of rehabilitation and relief after war—could claim to be using reason if it deliberately chose to start a war? Can any nation believe that *we* would start a war?

If a great nation today were to turn its nitrate into fertilizer instead of gunpowder, it could bring such harvests from its fields and its hillsides that it would not need to covet the land of any of its neighbors. It would be busy—and rich—with its orchards and rotated crops, its herds and factories, with no

need to kill off its men by trying to steal the land of its neighbors, near or far. *Reason teaches us the wisdom of this!*

If all nations could safely limit their armed forces to a nominal police force and then unitedly deal with aggression through channels of the United Nations, what vast resources of men, money and materials could be made available for universities, trade schools, hospitals, scientific research, child care and extensive use of adult education for employed adults—to cite only a few of the golden investment opportunities we could find—if men no longer had to carry Mars on their bent backs!

*Reason would teach us this!*

Isn't it high time for us to apply our hearts unto wisdom? (Psalm 90:12) What is the beginning of wisdom? (Psalm 111:10) Does wisdom always lead to peace? (Proverbs 3:17) How shall we lead other nations to this wisdom?

God will continue to teach us. Can you think that the glad anthem over Bethlehem was to mock men who could never shake themselves free from wars? (Luke 2:13, 14) Can men dare to believe that world peace is only an empty dream and not a divine invitation to a greater civilization? (Isaiah 2:4) Can peace come in spite of the folly and greed and pride of nations? (Isaiah 11:6)

*Let's work for peace—with reason—and with God!*

*He will not fail us!*



# Resisting Enticements

NOVEMBER 12-18

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

No one is safe from enticements to evil. An enticement is stronger than an opportunity or an invitation. It is an invitation dressed up in seductive garments, luring us craftily and beguilingly to leave a path we know is right and yield our bodies or our minds, our hands or our hearts, to something that we know has every appearance of being evil rather than good. We are not enticed into a church service or a college education; an enticement is a gaudy and provocative invitation to something evil—a drunken spree or a brothel or a less lurid venture into an act of bald dishonesty or chicanery; it is an excursion into anything disgraceful or unworthy of our best, that calls upon us to lower our standards and turn our backs upon our ideals and tarnish our self-respect. That's always something to spurn and to flee!

What is a good motto for us to follow whenever we are tempted? (Proverbs 1:10) Why? (Proverbs 1:16-19) How should we meet each enticement? (Mark 13:33) Why is flattery so effective for one who would entice us? (Proverbs 2:16) Why is lust so destructive of the best in us? (Proverbs 2:17-19) Why is it foolish as well as hurtful? (Proverbs 5:20) Why is this an offense against God? (Proverbs 5:21, 22)

We might very well remember these words that were written by Thomas Hobbes: "Passions unguided are for the most part mere madness." No one can

afford to be mastered by his own passions. Don't you agree?

"Temptation," said someone, "is the fire that brings up the *scum* of the heart." And scum is bad!

Dr. Theodore Cuyler wrote some wise words that shout a warning to us: "No man was ever lost in a straight road. This famous saying, which was attributed to the Emperor Akbar, is worthy of a place among the Proverbs of Solomon. It is worthy, too, of a place in the memory of every Christian who would walk worthily of his holy profession, and would keep off forbidden ground. Going on pilgrimage to Heaven in the days of John Bunyan was not always an easy business, nor is it in our days. Then the chief hindrance arose in the form of violent opposition and persecution; now the danger comes from alluring temptations."

Come to think of it, would you say that any temptation is *really* a temptation that *isn't alluring*?

One of the costly results of yielding to any serious enticement is a bitter and shaming harvest of memories of the thing that was so wrong. No money can ever buy release from such memories!

That fact alone, if a man will ponder it, should keep him from being shamefully caught in the snare of the enticer!

*Let's remember this!*

*Safeguard your memories!*

*Keep a clean life for the future!*

# Our Thankful Hearts

NOVEMBER 19-25

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

Thanksgiving Day comes again, and our hearts are thankful for many things. But shouldn't our thankful hearts teach us some things that will make us better Americans and better Christians?

We should realize that we should have a spirit of praise, as natural and as refreshing and as contagious as the song of birds in the morning. Why should we praise God? (Psalm 33:1) Should our praise be fleeting or permanent? (Psalm 61:8) But how quickly, as Landor reminded us, are the ashes of incense burnt out! Our hearts should do better than that! God must find it very difficult to overlook and condone and forgive our easy forgetfulness of His unbounded mercies and His unnumbered gifts!

But our thankful hearts should help us to find courage for difficult moments and dark days. Do you remember how Job showed monumental courage in his afflictions? (Job 13:15, 16) That unswerving trust in God was inspired by a thankful heart. The good man's piety had fed upon his gratitude to God, and had found it good and sustaining in his darkest hours of physical and spiritual travail. Jane Crewdson has a beautiful little poem called "Gratitude," and in it she thanks God for every drop, the bitter as well as the sweet, in the cup God fills for us, and she praises Him for all His goodness has given us and for all that His grace has denied. That is an adult brand of religion, and Job had it too! If you and I don't possess it, this Thanksgiving Day would be a

wonderful time to commit ourselves to achieve it!

Our thankful hearts will help us also to determine to help others and try hard to make this a better world for all of us. That is a Christian obligation for us. "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." So we pray. Why should we pray this petition? (Matthew 6:10)

That prayer should shame us, every time we repeat it, unless we try seriously and consistently to make it come true in our present world. Far more than our own prayers and efforts will be needed, but we can do no less than our full part to make our world worthier of God when it needs Him so sorely and in so many ways.

Don't you think our thankful hearts will experience added joy when we realize that God has even greater blessings for us in the future? Can we imagine these fully? (I Corinthians 2:9) What do you think some of them will be? Will they be spiritual or temporal blessings, or both?

Why should we try to experience God's perfect rule in our lives? (Matthew 6:33) Will that add to our spirit of thankfulness? How?

Can't we realize this happiness to a greater degree today? How can we?

*Let's try!*

*Our singing hearts will make music for others all around us too!*

*And they need that!*

# Sow No Thorns!

NOVEMBER 26-DECEMBER 2

BY ROBERT C. LINTNER

"He who sows thorns should not go barefooted." So runs an old proverb. And it has words of wisdom for all of us.

It is another way of warning us that we reap what we sow. If the sowing is thorns, the harvest is bound to be thorns, and they don't make safe or easy carpeting for bare feet.

We can cut them down and destroy them or we can wear boots, but we'd better sow something better than thorns.

This is a graphic way of saying also that we often fall heir to the hurts we had intended for others. A wise old man, long ago, said it this way: "Who-so diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him." (Proverbs 26:27) Is this still true?

Do you remember the downfall of Haman? (Esther 6, 7) Truly, a man who builds gallows for another's death had better look well to his own neck.

Retribution, you see, is a hefty boomerang that sometimes cuts a far different swath from what we had intended. And a boomerang is very difficult to dodge!

Isn't it true, for instance, that the sins of a man's life catch up with him with startling certainty? What did Job say about this? "For thou . . . makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." (Job 13:26) What a *possession!* Did you ever realize that sins could one day return to be a possession?

That the man who sowed "wild oats" would one day find himself walking on thorns that cut deeper than he could ever guess? And could he ever have anticipated how far the harvest would spread into other fields than his own?

Thorns make a prolific crop! And they are worse than useless!

How do our sins bind us? (Proverbs 5:22) Read it aloud: "His *own* iniquities shall take the wicked *himself*, and *he* shall be holden with the cords of his sins." And he will never know beforehand how hard the cords of sin are to break, and how they *cut* and *how stubbornly they set limits to his freedom!*

In a world where men are willing to do almost anything to secure or maintain their political freedom, many of them willingly submit themselves to the shackles of sin! Why are they so shortsighted? Don't they know that thorns are no carpet? Verily, in a world where moral law still operates as ceaselessly as the tides, "He who sows thorns should not go barefooted."

The tides play no favorites; *the moral law is no respecter of persons!*

Here is a warning against spite also. Does spite usually misfire? (Psalm 37:15) Did Jesus ever warn us against spite? Why does He disapprove of it? Is there something basically wrong about it? What is the best remedy for it? (Mark 12:31)

Plant wisely, for best results!

Sow no thorns!

# Dis Chords

News of the Latest Recordings

"Work Songs and Spirituals" is the title of a collection recorded by Leonard de Paur's Infantry Chorus for Columbia Records. You'll delight in such limpid, sweet melodies and lyrics as "Water Boy" (Robinson), "Listen to the Lambs" (Dett), "Tol' My Cap'n," "Jerry," "Great Gawd A-Mighty," "Take My Mother Home," "Sweet Little Jesus Boy" (MacGimsey), "Honor, Honor," and "His Name So Sweet."

The West Point Glee Club of the United States Military Academy has invaded several fields in its new album of sacred, secular, and service songs. They include "Army Blue," "The Corps," "Trees," "The Lord's Prayer," "Kentucky Babe," "Over the Rainbow," "Gentleman Rankers," "Benny Havens, Oh!" (Columbia LP)

"Dorothy Kirsten Sings Songs by George Gershwin" in an album of the same name, her first for Columbia Records. The versatile soprano, a luminary of the Metropolitan Opera Association and an expert interpreter of popular songs, has selected eight songs from five Gershwin show scores. The songs have been arranged by Percy Faith, musical director of Columbia's Popular Division, who also conducted the accompanying orchestra.

From Gershwin's "Oh Kay" Miss Kirsten sings "Someone to Watch Over Me" and "Do Do Do"; from "Strike up the Band," "I've Got a Crush on You" and "Soon"; from "Let 'Em Eat Cake," "Mine"; and from "The Goldwyn Follies," "Love Walked In" and

"Love Is Here to Stay." (Columbia LP and conventional records)

Ray Anthony plays "Young Man with a Horn" for Capitol Records after numerous requests for a waxing of the Anthony theme. Fine trumpet work and smooth tempo are exhibited by this young man with a horn. The other side features the band on the venerable "Star Dust," which was penned in 1929 by Hoagy Carmichael and Mitchell Parish and never seems to wear out its welcome.

Another Capitol disc is "Show Me the Way to Get out of This World," with "Happy Music" on the reverse. Here Peggy Lee forsakes her ballad format and emotes two novelties with Dave Barbour's accompaniment. "Show Me" is a clever ditty scribed by singer-pianist Matt Dennis and Les Clark, projected at jump tempo. Pete Candoli blows the trumpet choruses. Second side features Peggy singing brightly, with guitar solos by Barbour.

In "Would You Like to Take a Walk" and "Goodnight, My Love" Capitol arranger-conductor Lou Busch blossoms forth with a coupling nostalgically recalling the wonderful Hal Kemp music, the rage of the 'thirties. Lou conducts the California Commanders Orchestra in a breezy, danceable treatment of "Would You Like to Take a Walk," from the 20th-Century Fox film, "Stowaway." "Goodnight, My Love," from "Sweet and Low," is moderately tempoed and delivered in easy, relaxed fashion.

# Land of Opportunity

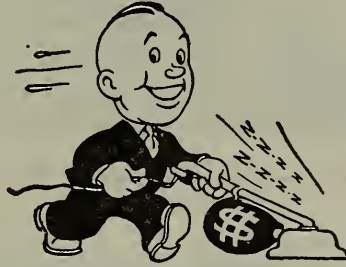
BY C. J. PAPARA

POSTWAR cynics and the easily discouraged, pointing to numerous government regulations and restrictions and high corporate taxes, like to say that the "rags-to-riches" success story is no longer possible in these United States. The incentive is missing, mourn the pessimists who maintain that the day of the Horatio Alger type of yarn is a thing of the past.

But many returning World War II veterans have sponsored a variety of prosperous ventures to prove that America is still a land of opportunity where a fellow with a bright idea, a modest supply of cash, and the gumption to work can still gain grandiose heights on his own merits without having to marry the boss's daughter.

Lloyd Rudd and Cy Melikian, two ex-GIs, staked \$3,000 on a vending machine for selling hot coffee that will return them a gross stake of \$3,000,000 in the first year of operations. Their small Philadelphia plant turns out about 20 such machines a day. These are set up in strategic places (ball parks, offices, factories) where thousands of customers insert their dimes for a quick cup of java.

Carl E. Kessler, an Indiana youth, used his savings to buy surplus government aluminum he spotted while on a training flight over Texas. Today, his factory in Stephenville, Texas, manufactures more than 100 aluminum gates



a day. Because they last a lifetime, the gates are eagerly sought by ranchers who no longer have to spend many valuable hours repairing and maintaining the con-

ventional wooden types.

Two vets have found that helping Cupid can be profitable. "Wedding by Dar-Ing" service, founded by Joe Darany and Hartwell Ingram, shoulders all the numerous details and responsibilities at Detroit weddings, to the relief of nervous grooms and impatient brides. The service takes care of the license, blood tests, invitations, thank-you notes, music, church appointments, photographs, hotel reservations, transportation for a fast getaway—and the rice. The fee is 20 per cent of the cost of the wedding—and the two men have all the business they can handle.

Seventeen former Marines, under the direction of an ex-Leatherneck lieutenant, are mopping up on Philadelphia homes for sums ranging from \$40 to \$300 apiece. A to C (attic to cellar) Housecleaning Service is a lucrative venture under Frank Loughney, who sends his three squads to Quaker City homes with mops, pails and brooms for a thorough, one-day top-to-bottom cleaning that relieves tired housewives of a dreaded chore. The fast-working Marines tackle and complete at least three homes a day, and business was never better.

Hugh Clay Paulk is amassing a for-

tune by writing himself into the hearts of customers. His letters and notes lend a personal touch to the mail-order business of selling Army and Navy surplus. The good will Paulk has built is reflected in wave after wave of sales as pleased customers tell their friends, who in turn pass the word on to others.

With wartime savings Paulk bought

a few thousand aviators' boots in 1946 from the government. He has since pyramided his Topeka, Kansas, venture into one dispersing many items grossing a half-million dollars a year.

American veterans fought a winning war—and now many of them are home to show the world that the United States is still the land of opportunity.

## AMERICA'S SWEETHEART

America's most glamorous girl, the Statue of Liberty, is 64 years young this month and just as far from retirement age as when she first gazed seaward and displayed her charms from Bedloe's Island in New York harbor.

The half-million-dollar baby was conceived by a French historian in 1876 on the one hundredth anniversary of American independence. Modeled by Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, young Alsatian sculptor, she portrays Liberty Enlightening the World in the figure of a woman who grasps a burning torch in her upraised right hand and in her left a book of laws inscribed July 4, 1776.

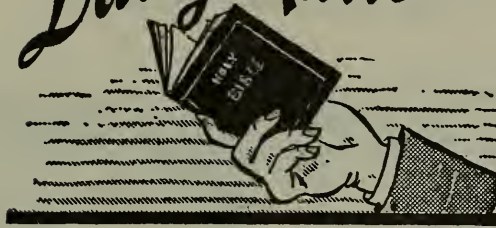
Although it took the French people four years to raise hundreds of thousands of dollars by popular subscription to build her, Congress and Americans in general were unimpressed by news of the graceful gift. It was not until nine years later, after Joseph Pulitzer got busy with a series of blistering front-page editorials in the *New York World*, that the indifferent American people were sufficiently aroused to raise the funds necessary to construct a suitable base for her to stand on.

The gigantic goddess, 152 feet high and weighing 225 tons, was officially presented to this country in 1884. Two years later, on July 12, the first rivet was put in place. On October 28, 1886, President Cleveland formally acknowledged Miss Liberty as an American citizen.

Since then America's No. 1 pin-up girl, once an immigrant herself and now our greatest national shrine, has greeted from her fifteen-acre welcome mat on Bedloe's Island more than six million immigrants to our shores . . . the land of opportunity.—JOSEPH C. SALAK

A  
BIBLE READING  
FOR  
EVERY DAY  
OF THE MONTH

# Daily Rations



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

## OCTOBER

**THEME: "The Voice of Experience"**

1. An Early Joan of Arc . . . **Judges 5:1-23**
2. God and Gideon . . . . . **Judges 6:1-18**
3. An Angel Messenger . . . **Judges 6:19-40**
4. The Three Hundred . . . . **Judges 7:1-14**
5. Fighting with Pitchers . . **Judges 7:15-25**
6. Bloody Captures . . . . . **Judges 8:10-35**
7. Converting the Jailer . . . . . **Acts 16**
8. Mob Violence . . . . . **Acts 22**
9. Sound Experience . . . . . **Psalms 25**
10. Spiritual Experience . . **Psalms 119:33-40**
11. Bible Experience . . **Psalms 119:105-112**
12. Resurrection Experience  
    **Matthew 28:9-20**
13. Thanksgiving Experiences . **Philippians 1**
14. Experiences in Zeal . . . . **Philippians 2**
15. Experiences with Christ . . **Philippians 3**
16. Experiences in Contentment  
    **Philippians 4**
17. In Obedience . . . . . **I Timothy 4**
18. In Faithfulness . . . . . **II Timothy 1**
19. In Achievement . . . . . **II Timothy 2**
20. In Inspiration . . . . . **II Timothy 3**
21. In Personal Integrity . . . **II Timothy 4**
22. Good Samaritans . . . . . **Luke 10**
23. Travelers . . . . . **Acts 17:1-15**
24. In Athens . . . . . **Acts 17:16-34**
25. A Call to Courage . . . . . **Joshua 1:1-9**
26. An Aged Warrior . . . . . **Joshua 14:6-15**
27. Peace at the Last . . . **Joshua 24:14-24**
28. The Chief Cornerstone . **Ephesians 2:8-22**
29. Live Earnestly . . . . . **Jude 1**
30. A Good Name . . . . . **Proverbs 22**
31. God and Me Forever . . . . . **Psalms 19**

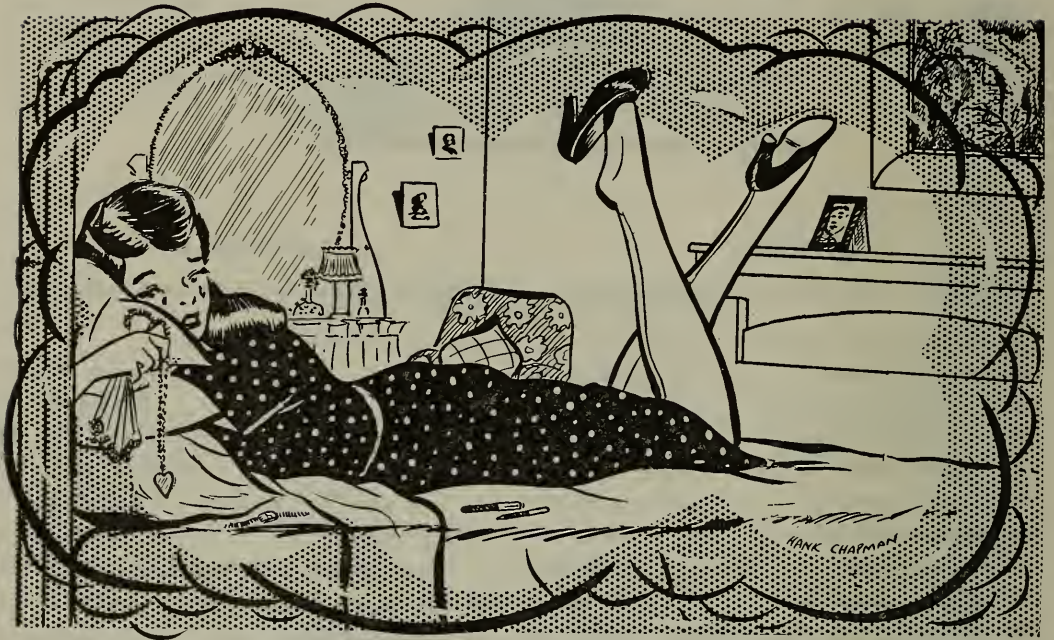
## NOVEMBER

**THEME: "Here Is Light and Guidance"**

1. The Pleasures of Heaven  
    **Revelation 7:9-17**
2. Joys in the Hereafter . . . **Revelation 22**
3. Triumphs in Faith . . . . **Hebrews 11:1-16**
4. Present Incentive . . . . **Hebrews 11:17-40**
5. True and False Wisdom . . **I Corinthians 2**
6. Be Helpful . . . . . **Galatians 6**
7. Laboring On . . . **II Corinthians 11:15-33**
8. The Voyage's End . . . . **Acts 28:11-31**
9. Jesus' Activities . . . . . **Matthew 8**
10. Disciples in Service . . **Matthew 10:1-23**
11. Rewards of Service . . **Matthew 10:24-42**
12. Sour Grapes . . . . . **Jeremiah 31:27-37**
13. Father Abraham . . . . . **Genesis 12:1-10**
14. Family Separation . . . . . **Genesis 13**
15. Brimstone and Fire . . . . **Genesis 18:20-33**
16. Brothers Parted . . . . . **Genesis 21:1-21**
17. Sacrificing a Son . . . . . **Genesis 22:1-14**
18. Early Romance . . . . . **Genesis 24:1-31**
19. Getting Engaged . . . . . **Genesis 24:32-67**
20. Twin Boys . . . . . **Genesis 25:24-34**
21. Deceit Brings Enmity . . . . **Genesis 27**
22. A Dream and Vow . . . **Genesis 28:10-22**
23. To Give Thanks . . . . . **Genesis 29:1-20**
24. A Grateful Life . . . . . **Titus 3**
25. A Blessed Life . . . . . **Romans 10**
26. The Living Word . . . . . **Romans 13**
27. The Basic Commandment  
    **II Corinthians 3**
28. Wash Me Clean . . . . . **I Corinthians 5**
29. Full of Light . . . . . **II Corinthians 6**
30. Guiding Light . . . . . **Psalms 121**

# If He Ever Gets Back . . .

BY ONA FREEMAN LATHROP



KAY Norton met her mother's train in the battered old jeep station wagon. She could just see her gathering up her silken skirts and frowning at the egg cases and the rabbit food in the back, but she didn't care. If, after all these years, her mother had finally decided to forgive her for marrying Tom Norton and was coming to visit them, then she could take them as she found them.

"Darling!" Mrs. Huntington Jarvis exclaimed as she descended from the train with her smart rawhide luggage in tow and her soft mink trailing over one arm. "But whatever have you done to yourself? You look so—so mature—so grown-up. My baby!" She held Kay off at arm's length.

"Well, after all, it has been six years you know," Kay smiled. "I'm not the little girl I was then, Mother. But it's

good to see you. You haven't changed a mite." Kay hustled her into the jeep and slid easily under the wheel, tucking her flying brown hair under a gay scarf.

"I should hope not! As hard as I work to keep my face and figure, I certainly hope a mere six years doesn't show," her mother said haughtily. "Where are Tom and the children?"

"Oh, Tom doesn't get out here from his job in the city until almost dark—it's such a long drive—and the children were watching the incubator and couldn't tear themselves away. Our little chickens are hatching."

Her mother frowned. "Oh, Kay, I can't believe you like leading such a grubby existence. My dear, look at your hands! And your hair! When have you had a permanent, or a manicure? Why do you let yourself go like this? My



own daughter! How can you live this way—with that man?"

Kay laughed, an easy self-satisfied laugh. "I guess it's because I love the guy, Mother. You wouldn't understand. You never did. This is the life he wanted when he came back from overseas. It's what he needs to put him on his feet again. He hates being cooped up in that office, but of course we do have to live. As soon as we can make our acreage pay enough, maybe he can give that up and live out here completely. It's been his salvation so far just to have it to putter around evenings and week ends. And it's wonderful for the boys."

Her mother shrugged an expensively clad shoulder. "Well, I never could understand you, Kay. No wonder we didn't get along. But I did want to see you and my grandchildren, so we'll bury our differences. Perhaps you'll change your mind when you hear what I've come to tell you."

Kay let that pass. Mother was always one for "guess-what-I've-got-for-you" games.

Tom had just driven in when they arrived. The little boys, five and three, in blue denim overalls, came racing around the corner of the house. They all met on the terrace of the rambling old country place.

"How do you do, Thomas," Mother Jarvis said formally. "And this one is Tommy, and the little one Dick, I suppose. Tommy is a real Jarvis, but Dick must look like the Nortons," she concluded. Kay led them all into the cheerful, shabby house and hastened to the dinner which she'd left cooking.

Over the delicious food Mrs. Jarvis unbent a little. "I must say you have become a very efficient person, Kay. I never dreamed anyone with your background could pick up such wifely vir-

tues as doing your own work and managing a chicken business. It's amazing that you should want to."

"Oh, I like it," Kay assured her. "After what I went through while Tom was away this seems like heaven." A warm glance flickered between husband and wife.

That night when the boys were tucked into their bunk-beds and Tom was out dressing rabbits for the Saturday trade, Mrs. Jarvis settled herself for a heart-to-heart talk.

"You know you can't go on living this way, Kay. No woman who cares about her looks or her future can tie herself up to a life of this sort indefinitely. Your father wants you to come home."

Kay laughed. "Just what does he think we would do? Move in on you and accept charity? Not Tom Norton!"

"Certainly not. He has an opening in the firm for Tom. We've bought the old Harris place—you remember that jewel of a house at the entrance to Country Club Place. It can be done over any way you like. We'll set you up until Tom is making enough to take care of the expense." She spoke very confidently, but she was pressing and unpressing pleats in her fine linen handkerchief with trembling fingers. Kay could see what this meant to her.

"Why the sudden change of heart, Mother?" she asked ruthlessly.

Her mother drew a deep sigh. "Your father isn't well any more, my dear. He needs someone to take over the business. You are our only child and since you persisted in marrying this—this man, we have decided to make the best of it and take him into the firm. Of course we would expect Tom to run the business the way your father dictates. But that shouldn't be hard. And I can get you into the best clubs, and

we'll put the boys into Plankington School."

She was going on and on, clutching at every straw to influence Kay. It was a temptation to consider it, Kay had to admit to herself. The best schools for her boys, comfortable living for herself with perhaps a maid or two, a soft job for Tom, and a secure berth for the future. You couldn't quite dismiss all that lightly.

Just then Tom came in. He was spattered with gore from the rabbits. His old coveralls were grimy and his battered hat sat on the back of his crisp dark hair. But there was a proud grin and a self-satisfied look on his contented face.

"Did you ever see finer meat than that? Talk about the cost of living! We'll soon be in the clear without the office pay check and I can quit commuting to that rat-race in the city." He didn't look like a big-city executive in a plush office, nor did he look as if he could ever be happy being one. Kay didn't even approach him on the subject when they went to bed.

The next morning she took her mother to the train. Mrs. Jarvis drew up her skirts distastefully as she crawled into the jeep. "Well, my dear, I hope you won't be riding in this outlandish thing much longer. Shall I tell your father Tom will be coming in to see him soon?"

It was Kay's turn to shrug. "No, Mother. I don't think Tom and I will even consider your plan. He's an outdoor man and he just isn't the type to struggle with petty details the way Father has all his life. We are much better off right here. I'm sorry."

Her mother looked aghast. "You mean you are turning down our offer to give you a decent life and future? Kay, you must be insane!"

Kay whirled the jeep up to the station platform and stopped. She turned in the seat to face her mother.

"No, you wouldn't understand, Mother. But I'll tell you anyway. When Tom went overseas, I was sunk. My parents had cast me off. I had no close friends. I had Tommy to care for, and I had a job of sorts. I lived in one grubby little room with a sort of kitchenette behind a screen. But I got along.

"Then one day came a package. On top were Tom's good fountain pen and pencil set and an expensive wrist watch I had given him. I thought, 'This is it. Something has happened to Tom. They have sent me his valuables.' I threw myself on the bed and wept for hours. But under those things in the package was a heart-shaped locket carved from the plexiglass of a Jap airplane windshield. It was Tom's handiwork, I knew that, and it carried one word—HOPE. 'If he is still alive and if he ever gets back to me safely,' I promised myself, 'I will go to the end of nowhere with him and nothing will ever matter again.' Well, this may be the end of nowhere, but it's where he wants to be and it's where we stay.

"A letter from Tom a few days after the package told me he had sent his valuables home because he was going into more dangerous territory. We wives who have lived through that sort of thing have known real anguish. And now that he is back and we have Dicky too, nothing is too hard to do. I want none of your soft easy life. I want Tom, and my boys, and whatever is best for them. Good-bye, Mother." And Kay was glad the train pulled in just then and carried her mother away so that she could get back to her day's work.

# BATTLING THE BREEZE

A  
Department  
of Free  
Speech and  
Uncensored  
Opinion



## GERMAN YOUTH AND RELIGION

Recently I had opportunity to get acquainted with some American students who were on a trip through Europe. One night we were discussing religion, and it was of great interest for me to hear what they thought about the youth in postwar Germany and their standpoint on religion.

It seemed to me they thought that German youths grew brutish during the years under Hitler and that they reject church and religion. I feel obliged to explain the attitude of German youth, of which I am one.

The foreigner shouldn't forget that a great number of German youths in Hitler Germany had no opportunity at all to hear anything about Christ and his mission for the welfare and salvation of mankind. The Nazis crammed them full with faith in the Germanic deity, and young Germans came to think that God was something like a puppet in the hands of the "almighty Fuehrer." The Christian Church was unable to prevent the second great world war with all its terror and frightful operations. The German youth saw how churches, hospitals, and dwellings were bombed in the same way as war factories.

In 1945 the Church in Germany got her old freedoms back, but in spite of that she stands in such unnatural oppo-

sition to some self-evident events of life that many young people still reject her because of that. The priests should descend from their high pulpits and should come to the youth. If they miss this moment to win youth for Christian ideals, then there will be no Christianity any more in half a century.

In many discussions on this subject young people mentioned their good experiences in American churches in Germany. As a regular attendant of the "American Church of Berlin" I can only verify their statements. The minister of this church, Dr. Robert A. Siebens, has recognized that youth needs a practical and living Christianity.

Religion is a part of culture. Therefore the danger of losing religion is more considerable than one might think. Schools, organizations, clubs, and many other institutions are anxious to make the German youth familiar with the ideas of democracy. They forget that this is also a matter for the Church.

The Ten Commandments are the fundamentals of a democracy. It is characteristic that Hitler ordered removed from the Palace of Justice in Hamburg the plate with the Ten Commandments. He was afraid of them. He feared the warning voice of the Holy Bible.

Youth is opposed to dictatorship and bureaucracy. The Church, therefore,

should show them that Christian democracy is the great liberation from this yoke. Such teaching can restore religion, faith, and mutual confidence; it can create free, responsible people; it can cause the human rights of freedom and fraternity to prevail; it will restore the dignity of human personality.



*Gerd L. Froede*

When German youths have been taught these things they will turn toward the Church, which will make for the welfare of mankind and the preservation of an everlasting peace. For it is through the youth of the world that a happy understanding can be developed.

I'd like to express my hope, which is also the hope of my young fellowmen, that the American churches in Germany may continue their blessed mission to be a model for the newborn German Church.

*Gerd L. Froede  
Berlin, Germany*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Some of Mr. Froede's writing has previously appeared in the columns of "Batting the Breeze." In addition to his interest in the American Church of Berlin, he has been active in the World Youth Friendship League, serving as chairman of the Berlin branch.]

#### FAN MAIL

Let me mention to you the great value THE LINK is to its readers. . . . I sent a gift subscription to a civilian German friend, and in almost every letter he writes me there is a word of praise for this valuable book.

*Louise Marzella  
New York City*

(From a letter addressed to Louis C. Fink, author of the series of articles entitled "Army Lawyer" being concluded with this issue):

I phoned to the chaplain's office and obtained the copy of THE LINK which carries your first article. Aside from being most interesting, it is very humorous and highly instructive for youngsters coming into the service—they will learn a lot they can't get out of the Courts-Martial Manual.

*Hew B. McMurdo  
San Francisco, California*

In 1945, when I was in the service of the New Zealand Air Force and service in the Pacific, I was given one of your special edition copies of THE LINK—which I have still in my possession. Although now I am back in civilian life, I was wondering if you could supply me with some of your magazines or literature which may help me to more fully understand God's Word and the Christian way of life.

*J. A. Price  
c/- 14 Josephine Street  
Caversham, Dunedin, New Zealand*

The work you are doing is inestimable because it is that of God, I believe; reading THE LINK I feel a world linked by THE LINK. I wish your sacred work will be lasting forever with the blessing of God.

*Ken-ichi Morimoto  
231 Shimo-Shijugawa  
Haruyoshi, Fukuoka, Japan*

THE LINK is a valuable paper, but name signifies nothing. Why not change name to Christian Men or some more fitting name?

*Chaplain William H. Bergherm  
APO 154, c/o P.M., New York, N. Y.*

**NEWLY ORGANIZED SMCL UNIT**

Under the leadership of Chaplain Theodore Pfeiffer an SMCL unit has been organized for Hq. 2101 AFU, Fort George G. Meade, Maryland.

••

Twenty-year-old Cpl. Vernon A. Oswald is accomplishing a double mission at McAndrew Air Force Base, Newfoundland, according to the public information office of that base. In addition to performing his regular military duty as assistant to Chaplain Glenn F. Teska, he has taken over voluntarily as acting pastor of one of the most historic churches in the North Atlantic—the Anglican Church, St. Luke's Parish, in Placentia, Newfoundland. It is believed that he is the only airman in the USAF who, as a lay reader, has full charge of a church in the absence of the regular pastor.

Cpl. Oswald, who attended St. Albans Cathedral School in Washington, D. C., and William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, excelled in soccer, football, wrestling, and boxing.

He entered the service in October, 1946, and has seen duty with the Military Air Transport Service as a flight clerk on the Caribbean run and with the Airways and Air Communications Service. At Trinidad, British West Indies, he conducted Sunday school classes and directed the choir; at Langley Field, Virginia, he became an acolyte with Chaplain Shoemaker.

When he arrived at McAndrew Air Force Base in March, 1950, Oswald was assigned to the 1805th AACS Group, an Air Force organization whose primary mission is the operation and maintenance of vastly complicated radio equipment which furnishes all-important radio aids to navigation for aircraft flying the hazardous North At-

lantic. Newfoundland is on the North Atlantic air route connecting Europe with the United States and serves as an important terminal point for both military and commercial aircraft flying the long overwater route to Europe.

On his first visit to Placentia, original capital of Newfoundland, Cpl. Oswald discovered that approximately 200 members of St. Luke's parish were without a regular pastor because of weather and road conditions. The regularly assigned pastor, Father Camp, was able to come to the church from Whitbourne, some 50 miles distant, on an average of every two months to administer communion; but a definite need existed for a pastor who could be in charge of the services each week. Oswald stepped in. He and his parishioners get along famously, and in the past few months several new parishioners have joined the church. The corporal is doing his share to perpetuate friendly relations between nations.



*Interior of the Placentia Anglican Church, St. Luke's parish, with Cpl. Oswald at the pulpit. On his left is a plaque presented by King George III. Another prized possession of the church is a silver communion set contributed by Queen Anne.*



A Cockney was trying to make himself heard over the phone: "This is Mr. 'Arrison. . . No, 'Arrison . . . haitch, hay, two hars, a hi, a hess, a ho, and a hen . . . 'Arrison!"

—Good Business

⤴

Sailor (on train platform): "Isn't this air exhilarating?"

Porter: "No, sah, this air Norfolk."

—Dope Sheet

⤴

"I know a good joke about crude oil."

"Spill it."

"Can't. Ain't refined."

—Exchange

⤴

I wish I was a little egg,  
 Away up in a tree,  
 I wish I was a little egg,  
 As rotten as could be—  
 And when some bonehead chief  
 Would start to shout at me,  
 I'd throw my rotten little self  
 And spatter down on he.

—Exchange

⤴

Mother: "Tommy, what are you doing in the pantry?"

Tommy: "Oh, just putting a few things away."

—Exchange

A Milwaukee man took his grandchildren to the zoo. On the way home, he asked which animal they liked best.

"Grandpa," one of them said, "I think that big hippopotestant was the nicest of all."

—Milwaukee Journal

⤴

Traffic Cop (to woman driver in difficulties): "Hey! Don't you know this is a safety zone?"

Woman Driver: "Of course! That's the reason I crept in here."

—Watchman-Examiner

⤴

Up to sixteen, a lad is a boy scout; after that, he is a girl scout.

—Exchange

⤴

"Is there any truth in the report that MacTavish has bought the gasoline station?"

"Well, I don't know for sure, but the *Free Air* signs have been taken down."

—Exchange



"Wonder if the Topkick will call this A.W.O.L. too?"

## *Churches and Organizations*

Affiliated or Co-operating with

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

and the work of the

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

#### **ORGANIZATIONS:**

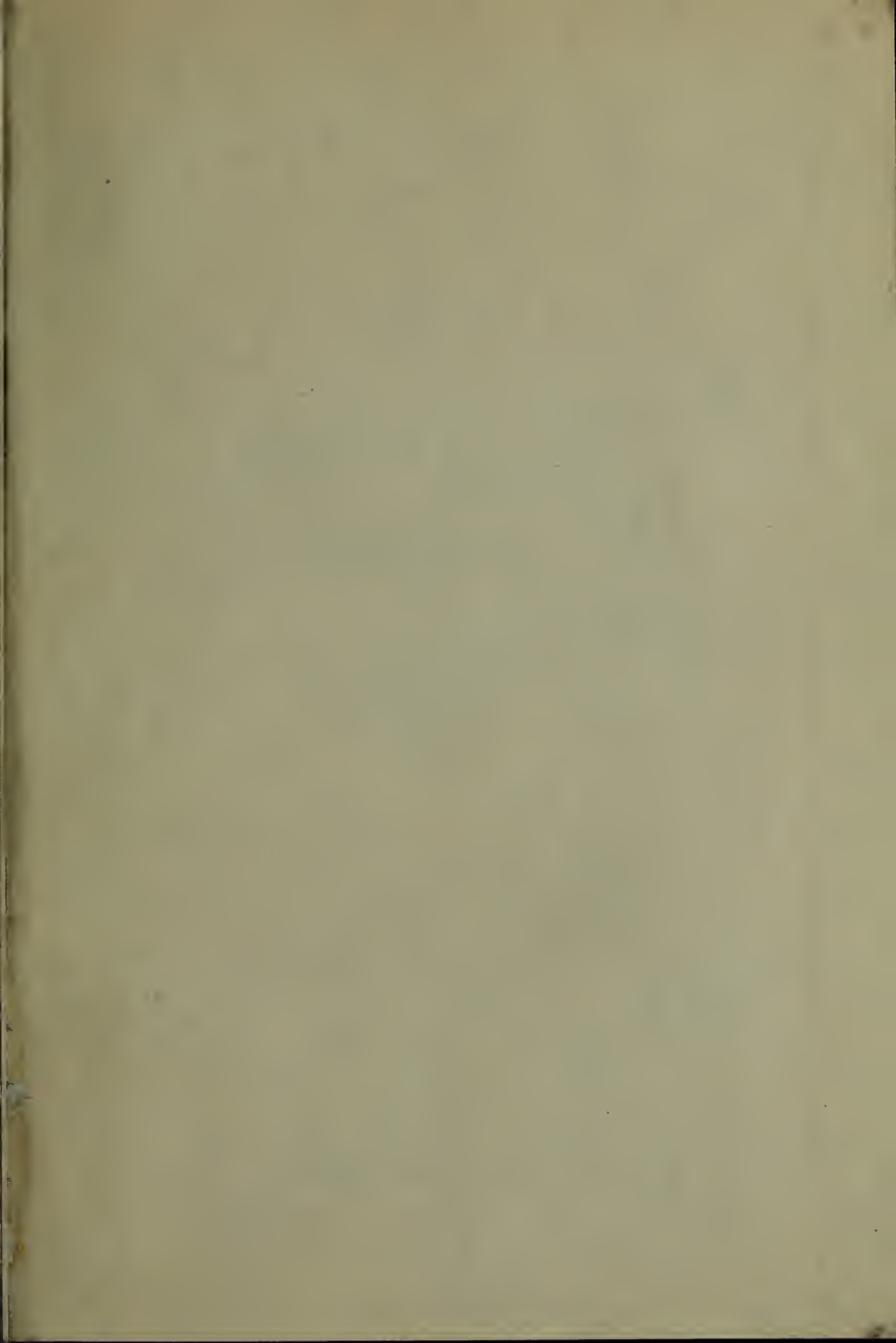
Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations  
International Council of Religious Education  
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America  
International Society of Christian Endeavor

#### **CHURCHES:**

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









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