

The

LINK

June - July
1951



Contents

Stories

	PAGE
The Red White and Blue Man	A. V. Linde 1
Georgie's Growin' Up a Man	Marion Walden 7
Seven Seconds of Heaven	Richard F. Armknecht 16
I Remember the Sarge	Ernest F. Weekes 31
The Double Lucky Strike	Samuel Stanley 35
In the Pawnshop	Nicholas Kushta 42

Articles

United Fellowship of Protestants	5
Ideas Spell Dollars	C. V. Jackson 14
Revolution in Boatbuilding	Prescott Fuller 19
Our Barefoot Navy	William O. Foss 33
Fathers Are Funny	45

Regular Features

Link Lines	13	The Low-Down	46
Topic Talks	22	Daily Rations	47
Fourth of July Quiz	41	At Ease!	48

Photo Credit: Covers, *Christian Science Monitor*

THE LINK is the official publication of United Fellowship of Protestants, published bimonthly by The General Commission on Chaplains at 815 Demonbreun St., Nashville 3, Tennessee. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Editorial offices and Headquarters: 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington 2, D. C. Subscription price to civilians: \$1.25 a year; \$1.00 a year in lots of ten or more to one address; 25c a single copy; 20c each for ten or more. Distributed free of charge through chaplains to members of the armed services and patients in Veterans Administration hospitals. Copyright, 1951, by The General Commission on Chaplains. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission. Any similarity to persons, living or dead, in the fiction appearing in THE LINK is purely coincidental.

Thomas A. Rymer, Editor

Staff: Charles D. Giaque, Arline Allbritten, Dorothy Lamott, Julia Easley

THE RED WHITE and BLUE MAN

by A.V. LINDE

THE boys in Tank Town Tavern were giving old Lonz a bad time again. When, as always, he couldn't think of an answer, he'd turn his scrawny little neck slightly to the left, wrap his feet tight around the bar stool and spit vehemently and accurately into the old brass spittoon alongside the black pot-bellied stove.

Most times he didn't mind. He'd park his little red, white, and blue wagon, that flew the American flag as proudly as any battlewagon, outside the tavern and come in and drink beer and josh with the boys.

"What makes you such an all-fired American?" they would ask him. "What's your country ever done for you? Look at you now, an old man, hauling junk in a little old kid's wagon and getting most of your grub out of the market dump, stuff that people who aren't half so crazy about this country wouldn't even touch. What's so hot about that?"

He didn't have any answer for them except that he was proud to be able to make his own way and pay for his own beer. How could he tell them that it seemed good just to stand and breathe the free air that came whipping in off the bay? It just seemed sweeter somehow than the air had ever been in the Old Country where he was raised. He didn't know why. He just knew it was

so.

Ah, the fellows that hung around here, he didn't mind what they said. They didn't mean it, and he knew they'd be the first to argue the other way if they thought that would rile him. It was just all part of the tavern fun. They wouldn't even bother kidding him if they didn't like him. Old Lonz knew that.

But tonight he was mad. His deep blue eyes turned midnight blue, and his prickly two-day growth of white beard was bristling out of the red in his face.

There was a newcomer in the crowd. He looked like a seaman, big and rough but with nervous hands and a cocky way that would have been taken out of him a long time ago if he hadn't been so big. Old Lonz was mad because the stranger's laughter was tinged with a sneer and he had remarked, "You're an old fool!" in such a way that even the other boys had not liked it and had become silent.

He gripped his glass so hard that Blackie the bartender leaned toward him and said gently, "Take it easy, Lonz."

"I'd like to spit in his eye!" Lonz muttered. "I'd like to spit right in his eye!"

He planked his glass down on the counter, sloshing the bit that was left, wiped his hands on his stiff coat and climbed off the stool. He didn't even

answer the good-bys as he limped off. His old wound, of Spanish-American War days, was hurting worse than usual. Must be going to rain. Maybe that's what made him so crabby. Well, if that young fool had followed old Teddy at San Juan the way he had, he'd know why it was a proud thing to be an American!

Old Lonz gripped the handle of his little wagon and wandered morosely down the street pulling it after him. It was a good little wagon. It had hauled a heap of scrap and paper in the last war, and it was a faithful friend that never answered back but followed him wherever he wanted to go.

He knew it was one of those times when the hurt in his leg would not let him sleep. Those nights he spent wandering about the waterfront. He knew each dock and warehouse. He knew the watchmen and when they made their rounds. They would stop to chat with him as he passed by.

He stopped a moment to listen to the gentle slapping of the waves against the dock. It was a windless night, and the water was gentle, but there was the moist smell of rain in the air. He drew a small flashlight from his pocket. Its light caught the familiar shapes of empty boxes and a small figure of a man.

"Hello, Paddy," he called. "It's just me, Lonz."

"Hello to you, Lonz," Paddy called back. Lonz limped on, comforted by the familiar voice in the dark. Paddy was making the rounds, and, suddenly, Lonz envied him. Paddy was as old as he, but he was still of some use. Hadn't he hinted to him once that real important stuff was kept in that warehouse?

It was a black night with thick drifts of dark mist swirling around the lamp-posts, making the street darker than

usual. He watched the twinkling lights of little boats setting out for the Strait in time for early morning fishing. He heard the warning melody of a bell buoy ringing off the water, and he could smell king salmon in the air when he sniffed and imagine their pink and silver bodies darting through the black, cold water. He took a square of cut plug from his raggy pants pocket and cut off a bit with his knife. It was good and bittersweet.

It was a night to watch and listen and smell. Lonz was very tired, and he pulled his wagon onto the dock deep in the shadows against the opposite side of the building Paddy guarded. Paddy would not mind, he knew, if he just sat there quiet-like.

He set to watching the faraway circle of light flashing from Angry Bay Lighthouse. Soon the lights and the lapping of the water were coming in blurred waves of sound and vision, smaller and smaller and then not at all.

He awoke suddenly, not realizing for the moment that he had been sleeping. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. He heard a soft noise at the doorway of the warehouse and saw Paddy's shadow crouched there. Paddy was striking a match.

"Oh, Paddy, it's Lonz again," he called, and he flashed his light upon him.

The shadow became a form that turned toward him. It was not Paddy but the cocky young man he had seen in the tavern. Old Lonz was not more than ten feet away, and he could see that the hand that held the match was arrested above a long fuse that ran under the warehouse door. The other hand held a small pistol that gleamed blue in the light.

"What do you think you're doing

there, big fellow?" old Lonz growled.

"Put down that light, you old fool, or I'll blast your head off!"

The match burned out against his fingers, and he swore.

Anger mounted red in old Lonz's face again, and his mouth was working. In defiance he flashed his light square in the big one's face, aimed, and spit right in his eye.

The gun went off, but not where Lonz was. He was behind his little wagon, and he drove it hard at the groping, blinded figure. He heard the crack of steering wheel against shins, and the hated one fell flat across the wagon, grabbing for Lonz and catching his left arm in a vicious grip. Old Lonz twisted painfully, raised his right arm high, and let him have it hard across the temple with his flashlight.

The big fellow crumpled, moaning. He tried to heave himself up from the wagon but lost his hold on Lonz. Old Lonz cracked him again across the head almost gleefully.

"Call me an old fool, will you!"

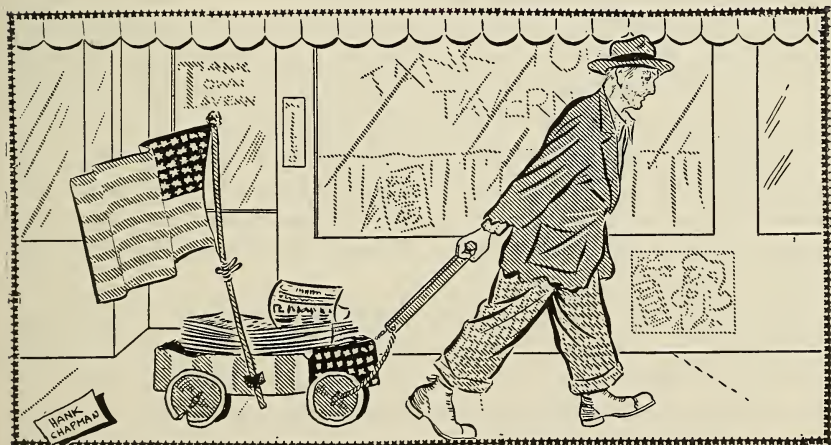
This time the big fellow lay flat and still, his arms dangling. The gun fell from his limp hand to the dock, and Lonz had time to breathe and think.

He picked up the gun, gripping it tightly as he called, "Paddy, where are you?"

There was no answer, and cold fear for his friend filled Lonz's heart.

But first he had to see about this fuse. He pried open the warehouse door and squeezed his thin figure through. He followed the fuse, picking it up in his hands so that the big fellow could not fire it if he came to. His light followed it. There beside a charge of dynamite was Paddy, unconscious and bound.

He played his light about until he found a desk nearby with a telephone, but its dangling wires told him it could not help. This was his to figure out. He limped over to Paddy, took his knife from his pocket and worked at the knots. Paddy was coming to and feeling his head. When he was free, he staggered dazedly to his feet, slowly



Old Lonz gripped the handle of his little wagon and wandered morosely down the street pulling it after him.

comprehending. He shook his head as though to clear it.

"Thanks to you, Lonz," was all he could say.

Lonz had no time for talk.

"We got to get that fellow," he warned, "we got to get him fast!"

Paddy straightened and coiled the rope, clutching it for a weapon. Lonz, holding the gun in his shaking hand, inched open the door. They crept stealthily over to the figure. He was not moving, but Lonz whacked him to make sure he wasn't pretending, and for fun.

He and Paddy set to work folding the unconscious man's arms to his side and binding him tight to the little red, white, and blue wagon. When they had him done up good, old Lonz hauled him away to the waterfront precinct.

Lonz read about it in the papers, but it was full of big words about a sub-

versive plot to destroy material and moral confidence and things he did not understand. He did admire the picture of the little wagon in the paper for the flag stood out so good, and he was button-busting proud when some high Navy man came around to tell him he'd done a great service for his country, though he'd rather it had been someone from the Army.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Jardin, you've done your country a service."

Nobody had called him "sir" or Mr. Jardin for a long, long time. He wasn't paying attention to what else the man was saying as he pinned a little medal on him. He was thinking that now he knew for sure how to answer the boys next time they joshed him.

"It ain't what your country can do for you that counts," he'd say. "It's what you can do for your country.

"And if any one of them dares argue that one, I'll spit in his eye!"

No Time to Hate

In this busy, fast-moving world in which we live, hate is a luxury no one can afford. With so many individuals and world problems needing our all out attention and efforts, there is absolutely no excuse for spreading the poisons of vindictiveness and vengeance, either between individuals or between groups.

Hating, in reality, is a childish outlet for our emotions. It is an emotional display which helps no one and hurts everyone, the one who hates more than the one who is hated. The victim is hurt only on those few occasions when he is unfortunate enough to come in contact with the one who hates. But to the latter, hate is like a shadow. It is with him all the time.

There is no simple, universal formula for removing the poisons of hatred from our pattern of living—no such thing as throwing the switch of hate on and off. It is a personal, and individual problem—something each of us must solve alone. We must emphasize those things in our lives that lead to a greater brotherhood of man—we must avoid those that give us cause to hate. For truly, today more than ever, there is no time to hate.

—Trumbull Cheer

United Fellowship of Protestants

Christian youth in the armed forces know what they want and have a way of getting it.

Requests have come in from a sizable number of servicemen, as well as from chaplains, for some type of organization or program similar to the Service Men's Christian League in the late war. Furthermore, they have proposed certain improvements on the World War II organization. Their requests have been quite specific.

First of all, service personnel want to meet in small groups in which an intimate fellowship of Christian youth will be possible. Second, they want the program to be a continuation of the experiences they have had in young people's societies in their home churches. Finally, they want the groups to be co-educational!

A committee composed of representatives of the United Christian Youth Movement, the General Commission on Chaplains, and the Chiefs of Chaplains of the Army, Navy, and Air Force has considered the servicemen's requests and has come up with a plan that it confidently feels will fill the bill. The movement will be called United Fellowship of Protestants.

Definite plans have been evolved, and the committee is in the process of selecting a Director for the Fellowship. This Director will serve on the staff of the General Commission on Chaplains and in the matter of policy will be related to the staff of the United Christian Youth Movement. Cooperation

with the various branches of the Armed Forces will be effected through the offices of the Chiefs of Chaplains. A staff council comprising representatives of these agencies has been appointed. It will set up the program and develop plans for the administration of the Fellowship.

All Protestant denominations will be requested to acquaint their pastors and lay leaders with the purposes and plans of United Fellowship of Protestants so that men and women entering the service may be encouraged to continue their active connection with a Christian youth program while serving in the armed forces.

Civilians remaining in church youth and young adult groups will be urged to maintain vital contacts with those affiliated with U.F.P. units. In this way it is felt that the Fellowship may be of mutual aid—both to those in and those outside the service.

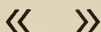
In the formulation of U.F.P. groups at military installations, stress will be placed on the provision of opportunities for self-expression and Christian fellowship. Accordingly, small cohesive groups will be formed in which service men and women may develop a sense of belonging and a freedom of expression in matters associated with their spiritual development. It is felt that best results will be achieved when the size of the group is limited. Thus, it is conceivable that several such groups may be organized on a single post, station,

base, or ship, all integrated through the local chaplain.

Meetings of the youth groups will not interfere in any way with the regular worship services held by chaplains for service personnel. Chaplains feel that the U.F.P. program will serve to increase the interest in the regular church services. The attempt is simply to provide meetings which will take the place of such organizations as Christian Endeavor Union, Methodist Youth Fellowship, and Baptist Training Union with which young people have been affiliated as civilians.

Groundwork for the organization of

United Fellowship of Protestants has been done by Mr. Thomas A. Rymer, Director of the General Commission on Chaplains, Dr. Luther Wesley Smith, a member of the Commission, and the Chiefs of Chaplains and their representatives. Dr. Smith, who is chairman of the Commission's Committee on Youth Program and Executive Secretary of the Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Convention, has promoted the organization of United Fellowship of Protestants with such vigor that the budget for the program has already been underwritten for three years.



Say, have you taken a look? "June is busting out all over!" In fact, this month's calendar looks like a cavalcade of American history. First there's June 6—that's D-Day, of course. Then there's June 14—Flag Day. And in the same month there are three other dates that tell the story of American progress better than a thousand words.

There's June 17, 1775—the Battle of Bunker Hill, when a handful of colonists held their own against a mighty empire, standing their ground until a new democracy—the United States of America—was born.

There's June 20, 1782, when the Continental Congress adopted the official motto of our country. "E Pluribus Unum—" "Out of the Many, One,"—one nation peopled, built and defended by men and women of many backgrounds, many races and many creeds.

And there's June 26, 1945, when fifty-one nations signed the Charter of the United Nations, pledging their united efforts for world peace.

Added together, those dates tell quite a story—a story of teamwork and all that teamwork can win. First, with a unity that astounded the entire world, thirteen colonies won a war and established a government based on freedom and equality. Then, with the same unity, the American people built a new nation—the finest, most prosperous country in the world, where freedom is the birthright of all, regardless of their birthplace, the color of their skin or the way they worship God.

Now, with the United Nations, American teamwork reaches out. We're working side by side with all the freedom-loving peoples of the world to win peace and security for all.

Georgie's Growin' Up a Man

BY MARION WALDEN

GRANDMA Addison flicked at a bit of lint on the top of the old walnut washstand that served as table, desk, and cupboard in her shabby front room. Her eyes snapped as they turned back toward her caller.

"I'll show them Slappeys where to head in at!" she snorted, borrowing slang from George, her fourteen-year-old grandson. "Why, Oliver Farr! You know as well as I do that when Georgie was two and his ma and pa was kilt, them good-for-nothing kin of his ma's wouldn't lift a finger to help raise him. Wanted to put him in a orphans' home!"

"I know, I know," Oliver answered patiently, "but Mrs. Addison, you got to realize this is serious. They took it to court, to get appointed legal guardians."

"I c'n see right through 'em, like they was glass," Grandma declared. "When Georgie was a baby, he was just a nuisance. Now he's a good willin' boy, he'd be a extry farm hand, free fer nothin'. 'Specially bein' as their own kids won't stay home 'n help, now they're big enough to break away." She twisted up a loose strand of gray hair and jabbed a side comb over it. But she was beginning to realize that mere defiance would do no good. "What they goin' to do?" she asked Oliver.

"Well, a snoop—I should prob'ly say investigator—from the county seat come into the grocery store yesterday, askin' about George workin' an' so on. An' she says on next Tuesday—that's day

after the city picnic—she's comin' here to check up on what the Slappeys claim."

"What's that?"

"Well—" Oliver hesitated.

"Go on. 'Twon't make me any madder'n I am."

"Well, they claim you ain't so prosperous."

"Pshaw! We get along fine. I got my pension, an' Georgie helps with the garden, an' chickens, an'—"

"I know. It's all right, but I was wonderin' if you mightn't do somethin'—" he glanced around the room, "—somethin' to sorta make a better impression. George saves up a lot o' what I pay him, don't he?"

"That's hisn. I won't touch it. He's savin' it for collidge. I wanted my oldest son to go to collidge, an' he never come back from the first war. An' I wanted Georgie's pa to go, but he couldn't wait to git married. But Georgie's goin'. I won't touch his money."

Oliver shrugged. "That ain't all they claim," he went on. "They claim you're gettin' along in years. They claim George needs a man's hand to guide him."

"Oh I am, am I? An' he does, does he?" Maybe, though, it was true about needing the man's hand. Some of the folks around town thought Georgie was kinda cowardly. They didn't say so, but she knew. It was her fault, too, because she had always been against fighting.

"Fightin' ain't no use," she had always told Georgie. "Fightin' seems real brave, but it never got a body no place." She'd urged him to ignore the taunts of Bully McPhane, and Georgie had done so quite courageously until this summer. She'd recently had a run-in with Bully herself, chasing him out of her strawberry patch, and Bully had made insulting remarks about her ancestors and called her "Old Mother Witch." Then Georgie had wanted to fight him. She'd pulled him off bodily. "Sticks an' stones may break my bones, but words can't never hurt me," she'd declared. Ever since, she'd been steering the other way whenever Bully hove into sight when George was with her.

"Maybe I shoulda let him fight," she said aloud to Oliver. "I guess folks kinda think he's a sissy. But he ain't," she said fiercely.

"No, he ain't. No indeedy," Oliver agreed. "I and him been sparrin' back in the storeroom a bit when there ain't much to do, and I tell you he c'n stand right up to me. I don't know if you knowed I was sommat of a boxer in my day. Was sparrin' partner to the Midwest champeen fer awhile." Oliver stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and his chest expanded a trifle.

"You been a reg'lar father to Georgie," Grandma said. "But I'm afeard that won't prove nothin' to the Slappeys' snoop."

"I don't guess so. Anyhow, thought I'd best warn you. Day after the picnic. You comin' to the picnic?"

"Oh, sure. I wouldn't miss it. I always like to see the races, 'specially, an' the prizes the merchants donates."

Georgie had to be told something about the Slappeys' petition, but Grandma tried her best to calm his feelings. "'Tain't no use to get huffy an' mean,"

she insisted when Georgie's big brown eyes turned dark and he declared, "I won't go."

"We use our brains to fight our battles. That's what the Lord give 'em to us fer. Now just you leave it to yer Grandma." She looked at him critically. "I want you to take fifty cents," she said, "an' git a barber-shop haircut."

"No soup bowl?" asked Georgie in surprise.

"No. Yer gittin' too big for that. An' we c'n afford haircuts, I guess."

She pondered the other points of her conversation with Oliver Farr, but after two days of racking her brains she still had few ideas of how to fight this.

"Let's see," she argued with herself while she packed watermelon pickles and prune cake for the picnic, "they say I'm too poor. I'm too old an' feeble. I ain't a man." All three were problems, but the last was a stumper. "If I c'd only show somehow he's growin' up manly. But how?"

She and Georgie trudged off toward Wood Creek Park where the annual picnic took place, Georgie carrying the heavy basket. He was tall and lanky, but he had good muscles in his shoulders, and he swung the basket easily. Crossing Broad Street, she caught sight of Bully McPhane a block over. "Let's go down Broad," she suggested.

Georgie looked surprised, but followed without saying anything. "Shucks," Grandma repented silently. "Now that's maybe what I shouldn't ought to do. Maybe I should let him fight, show folks he's growin' up a man." A wisp of an idea floated through her mind. It was exactly opposed to her principles, and rather terrifying, but she fingered it over.

It was a fine day, and the whole

town had turned out for the picnic. The women were unpacking baskets and spreading cloths with newspapers underneath on the long board tables. Small children rushed for first turns on the swings and teeters, and a group of men lost no time starting a game of horseshoes. Bully McPhane came into view, swinging his bulky hips. He stood eyeing a basket of pears at the far end of the tables. Georgie had started down toward the creek but was still easily within hearing. Deliberately Grandma walked toward Bully. "Run along, Bully," she said. "Shoo! Git!"

He dodged and ran a few steps in the direction Georgie was heading. Then he turned and sneered. "Old Mother Witch," he called softly, and added some richer phrases. Georgie whipped around and in two or three strides reached Bully. He stepped close in front of the bigger boy, thrusting his face inches from the other's.

"What did you call my Grandmother?" he asked threateningly.

"You heard what I called the old—"

Georgie leaned back and his fists began to harden. "I'm gonna knock—" Then he hesitated and looked toward Grandma. All she needed to do was shake her head. But she didn't. In the short pause Bully edged away.

"You gotta catch up with me first," he called as he started running.

"I'll catch you," Georgie yelled furiously. They tore down a long slope which led through a little thicket, and then out of sight. "Fight! Fight!" screamed a few other boys, and there was a stampede in the same direction.

The whole horseshoe crowd decided to take in the excitement, and gradually even the table-setters. Old Mr. Swanson, who was over ninety, hobbled down the slope. The children left the swings and teeters.

"What's wrong?" Oliver Farr asked, arriving late.

"It's Georgie and Bully McPhane," Grandma explained, her thin lips trembling. "Oh my, Oliver, maybe I shouldn'ta let him!"

"Go on, he'll do all right." But Oliver looked very anxious.

"I ain't agoin'. I can't bear to see," Grandma declared.

"I'll stay here with you," said Oliver. "It's time to start the races, anyhow." Oliver had superintended the races since anyone could remember.

"Mind the baby, will you?" said young Mrs. Sally Eckers, shoving the buggy toward Grandma and hurrying down the slope. They must have gone some distance for the shouting, though enthusiastic, was far away.

"Oh my, oh my," wailed Grandma. "What if Georgie gets hurt?"

"He won't get hurt—bad," Oliver tried to assure her. "Only thing, I hope he wins—first fight, and all." He was noticeably nervous. He looked at a fat gold watch. "Shucks! It's past time the races were starting. I ought to start 'em anyway, whether anybody's here or not."

"You an' me c'd run a race," Grandma giggled, partly to hide her extreme anxiety.

"Well," said Oliver, "there's the ladies' fifty-yard dash. Prize is two pair of ruffled curtains from Hixon's Dry Goods. You could run that."

"Oh, Oliver—" Grandma protested. But the curtains would dress up her front room. Give a prosperous look to it. "I'm gonna do it!"

In a loud voice Oliver announced the race. "Entrants line up right acrost here," he called sonorously. "Now take it easy, Mrs. Addison. Stop and rest a bit by the butternut tree," he advised.

"I don't think it's legal."



"Sure it is. It's a race, and you run it. 'Tain't our fault nobody else was here."

Grandma trotted briskly down the course, and more slowly back.

"Second prize is a box of chocolates, courtesy of City Drugs. You win that too," Oliver announced. "Now how about a potato sack race? Want to try that?"

"Oh my goodness no, I couldn't do that. What's the prize?"

"'Twouldn't be a bit hard, take it slow. The prize is a blue plush arm-chair from Hill's Furniture Store. Come on, now. Set down whilst you get the sack on, and I'll help you stand up."

"Oliver, I won't let you help me. I'm agoin' to do this legal," she insisted as she drew the burlap sack over her cotton stockings and lavender calico dress. She found that by taking short steps and holding the sack wide there was no danger of falling.

There was still faint shouting from the distant arena, and no one seemed to be returning. Oliver looked down the list of races, and Grandma won a pink rayon dress, size sixteen, for a girls' ball-throwing contest. She thought the announcement said "girls from twelve to twenty," but Oliver insisted it was "twelve to seventy"—that the seven just looked like a two. Then there

was a lovely set of dishes for a standing broad jump. Grandma had scarcely finished jumping when the din from down the slope began to grow louder. Her conscience smote her. Here she and Oliver had been fooling around while poor Georgie was likely getting half-killed. Still, she thought she heard cries of "Ye-a-a-ay, Georgie!" Did that mean that Georgie had won? She peered anxiously through the approaching crowd for a sight of her grandson.

At the first glimpse she nearly keeled over. Georgie was licked, if she ever saw a loser. Beat up! Blood still oozed from a badly cut lip, and one swollen eye was rapidly turning a vivid purple shade. His hair was wild and dirty, his pants were torn. For Grandma the picnic was over. She wouldn't listen to Oliver. She hustled Georgie home, carrying the picnic basket herself. Even those lovely prizes Oliver insisted she had won fairly and delivered later in the day didn't compensate for her humiliation as she patched up Georgie's lip and dressed his eye.

"It's like I always say, fightin's no use. Gettin' messed up like this!" She examined his pants to see what could be done with them.

"Grandma, you don't understand—"

"Don't talk to me. I don't want to hear no mention about it. Here them Slappeys is sending their snoop to look us over tomorrow, and you lookin' like someone that was sent for an' couldn't come. Now, I tell you, unless they especially ask, you keep outa sight. You hear me?"

The next day, with the new curtains up and the beautiful blue-upholstered, near-mahogany armchair placed carefully over the hole in the carpet, things looked at least a little brighter. Grandma picked some of her giant petunias, put them in the gravy boat which came

with the new set of dishes and set them on the washstand. She dressed herself in the pink two-piece dress, and she had her hair crimped in front. She placed the box of chocolates beside the flowers, its cover hospitably off. At least the place had an air of prosperity, if you didn't notice where generations of cats had worn the nap off the cushion seat of the old patent-rocker and that the imitation leather of the couch was cracking badly. She wondered whether the new chair would be more impressive if the guest sat in it or sat across the room facing it.

The guest decided that without hesitation. She sat on the straight chair beside the washstand, opened a notebook, and took out a pencil which she held poised. She was frighteningly tall and muscular and scrubbed-looking. A neat dark suit fitted her athletic figure closely. She wore low-heeled walking shoes. Her name was Miss Jones.

"Have a chocolate," offered Grandma.

"No, thank you," Miss Jones said, but she looked at them, and the petunias, and then around the room a little. Then she wrote something in her notebook. Grandma suffered keenly, wanting to know what it was.

"Now the boy—your grandson, I believe," the visitor said. "I'd like to see him. He's here, of course?" Then, looking up, she almost screamed, "Great heavens! Who's that?"

Grandma's insides all twisted up in a hard knot. She'd warned George over and over to keep out of sight, but apparently his curiosity had got the better of him, and there was his battered face framed in the window between the ruffled curtains. One eye was shut, and varicolored today, and his lip was mangled and swollen.

"Georgie, come right in here. Ain't

you ashamed—such manners," she scolded. He didn't look quite so bad inside. She'd mended up his pants, and he wore a clean shirt. "Georgie was in a little accident yesterday," she explained in embarrassment.

"Well, I'd like to talk to him," the caller said. She seemed to have overcome her first surprise. "How were you hurt?"

"I was in a fight," Georgie answered calmly.

"And were you beaten?" Miss Jones asked with apparent interest.

"Not by a long shot," Georgie proudly declared. "I won."

"Georgie!" exclaimed Grandma. "You never—"

"You wouldn't let me tell you, Grandma."

"Was it on decision?" Miss Jones inquired.

"No, a knockout. You see, Bully's heavier than me, and he came rushing in like a crazy rhinoceros, and before I got used to him he clipped me a couple. Then I could see I was faster on my feet than him, so I kept my guard up and just let him wear himself out for awhile, and then once I caught him wide open and came up with a left hook, like Mr. Farr's been showing me, and he went down for the count."

Grandma was speechless. Miss Jones was writing in the notebook again. What would it be this time? She was so nervous it was hard to sit still. "I'm agoin' to make us a cup of tea," she said, rising.

"I'll help set the table," Georgie offered. "Can we use the new dishes? Grandma won a set of dishes," he explained to Miss Jones. "At the picnic yesterday. It was the standing broad jump, wasn't it, Grandma?"

"Standing broad jump!" exclaimed Miss Jones.

"Oh Georgie! You don't hafta tell all that," Grandma protested, hurrying out to the kitchen to cover her confusion. She put a stick of wood into the stove and took off a lid to set the kettle to boil. When she came back into the front room Miss Jones was at the side window looking out at the garden below. Grandma had to pass the wash-

stand where the open notebook lay, and she couldn't resist taking a peek.

"No evidence of extreme poverty" was the first entry. Then it said, "Boy seems a manly young chap" and finally, "Grandmother amazingly active."

"That'll show them Slappeys," Grandma gloated in a satisfied whisper.

ADD MORTUARY

He sat . . . waiting for death.

On his left were six men, none of whom paid much attention to him. Most of them knew him in an impersonal sort of way. None of them cared for his aspirations, his hopes, or his heartaches. Behind them stood the man who had ruled that this was to be his destiny. He wanted to cry out, to do anything to break the grip that held him here.

Yet, he sat . . . waiting for death.

Not that death seemed close to him. Outside, the trolley cars rumbled across the intersections, carrying a motorman and passengers who could do nothing to help him. Even if they knew of his plight, he told himself bitterly, none of them would likely volunteer to help.

Again, the picture of the great city with its thousands of passers-by came to his mind. His lips twisted into a false grin as he thought of them and how they must envy him his adventures, his narrow escapes, his courage, his work. So many persons had a different idea of that work from the one he entertained now.

Maybe death would not come tonight. The thought gave him little comfort. He knew it was near—inevitable—and he waited for the tinkling sound that would herald it for him.

Behind him he heard a roar that resembled the sound of a waterfall. No, it was a teletype machine, but his heart sank even as he thought of it. He had had aspirations, while going to school, of becoming a teletype operator for a news service. But now . . . now he knew all was lost.

When death would come, he knew what it would mean. He had lived it many times. But would it be "unexpected," "without warning," or "as a surprise to his family"? Oh, yes; he told himself, he knew all the clichés. He knew death would make his fingers quiver.

Then he heard the sound of the bell. And he knew death was near.

Grabbing the telephone receiver, he rasped into the mouthpiece: "*Daily News* obituary desk!"

—Larston D. Farrar

LINK LINES

By the Editor

News of the soon-to-be launched program of fellowship groups in the Army, Navy, and Air Force, as reported in this issue's article, "United Fellowship of Protestants," will be a source of satisfaction to chaplains and others who have discussed with us the need for such a program.

Much can be gained from regular church attendance. Through chapel doors one enters a different world. The music, the prayers, and the preaching quiet the mind, clarify vision, and quicken the realization of God's presence. There is much to be gained, also, from fellowship groups. Congenial spirits gathered for discussion of topics and questions of mutual interest or joining in some appealing project can have fun of rich meaning. Men and women who remember happy times in church groups back home will want to participate in organizing United Fellowship groups in the service.

While United Fellowship may be a significant part of a chaplain's program, it will also be intimately related to youth work of many denominations. It will tap the resources of these denominations to produce program material that will bear the imprint of no single one. The chaplain of a particular faith who serves as spiritual leader to men of various faiths will find a valuable tool in a program built by denominational leaders working together.

A very large segment of Protestantism has united to form and finance this highly cooperative endeavor. Protestants of many creeds are almost universally characterized by sympathetic understanding of the right of others to hold different opinions. Because of this attitude and because in fundamental beliefs we are united, it is quite natural for Protestant denominations to join in this important project.

United Fellowship of Protestants is not a complicated organization. As a matter of fact, it is not so much an organization as an idea; not so much an idea as a program; not so much a program as a bond of comradeship that draws and unites those with common interests.

The splendid backing of the idea behind United Fellowship of Protestants by denominations, their Christian Education Boards and their youth leaders, and by the United Christian Youth Movement, is evidence that "Because your Church cares, it shares."

One of the tragedies of modern religious activity is the fact that most of us play the game from safe and comfortable seats in the bleachers. While our pastors and chaplains struggle to do what we know needs doing, the majority of us are content to sit back and give forth with praise or criticism of their efforts.

Those who recognize that the principles and practice of the Christian religion are the very foundation of our American way of life, have reason to rejoice in the increasing participation of lay Protestants in religious activity.

Ideas Spell Dollars

BY C. V. JACKSON

YOU may not be a budding Edison or Marconi, but if you pride yourself on being a practical man, you should be capable of producing practical ideas. It is inspiring for the small-time inventor to recall that unbelievable wealth has been earned by simple, essentially practical ideas—many of them nothing more than a new slant or an improvement upon an old and familiar subject.

Have you ever thought of cashing in on your brain waves? Do they serve merely as entertainment for an idle hour? Do you assess them for possible value, or do you create them, play with them for a brief time, and then relegate them to the limbo of forgotten things? Though you may make no pretense of having inventive genius, perhaps at one time or another you have made up your own tool for some particular job, improvised upon a process or recipe, or thought up a nifty labor-saving device for the Little Woman. Brother, they may all be money-spinners of no mean order!

The wavy kink in hairpins, paper clips, 'safety' can openers, the piece of eraser on the end of your pencil—all have been, and in many cases still are, terrific little money-makers.

Possibly one of the largest fortunes ever netted by a really simple idea was earned by Harvey Kenne, the man who "invented" the shoestring. For what was, after all, only a glorified piece of cord, he realized a cool \$1,250,000. The inventive genius who followed in the footsteps of Harvey Kenne earned the mighty useful sum of \$150,000 for the

stupendous improvement of affixing a metal tag to each end of the lace to facilitate its threading through the eyelets of the shoe.

Fortunes were earned by the two inventors who gave the world barbed wire and the linotype composing machine. Then there was the humble Wisconsin mechanic, C. Latham Sholes, who with two colleagues devised the first Remington typewriter. His brain child made him a millionaire many times over. Even the young man who introduced the umbrella rib to a rain-soaked civilization netted \$800,000 for his idea. A shoemaker named Blakey won a personal fortune of \$500,000 for his invention of a small iron shoe-protector to preserve leather soles.

While on the subject of shoes we must not forget to mention O'Sullivan. His story is a perfect pointer to the simple manner in which many of these dollar-earning ideas originated. O'Sullivan was no great inventor but a humble workman whose nervous health was suffering because of the constant, machinery-produced vibration at his place of work. He sought to remedy the trouble by placing a rubber mat in front of his bench and found that when he stood on this the shaking of the adjacent machinery worried him not in the least. The idea was, he decided, a winner, but he felt disposed to take it no further.

In fact, O'Sullivan might have been well content with his rubber mat for the rest of his working life if some light-fingered gentry had not removed

it. Whether this fell deed aroused the fighting blood of the Irish is not recorded, but it most certainly made O'Sullivan set his "gray matter" to work again. By the following day he had devised another form of vibration-absorber that would defy the attempts of the lightest-fingered sneak thief. O'Sullivan nailed portions of another rubber mat to the soles of his shoes. It soon occurred to him that he had here an idea that might be worth good dollars in the markets of the world. The astuteness of his conjecture can be easily judged these days when we attempt to estimate the total number of *rubber heels* sold annually. Instances are on record where inventors have scorned a lump sum award for their bright ideas and have taken it instead in the form of an annuity. In the days when match boxes had strips of sandpaper gummed to each side, a man hit upon the brilliant idea of saving a certain well-known match firm many thousands of dollars a year by suggesting that a single piece of sandpaper on each box would be quite sufficient. His idea was hailed as a great economy, and he received the reward he demanded—\$5,000 a year for life!

Quite a large proportion of the world's devices and useful gadgets have been the work of amateur inventors, by whom I mean men and women who seek creative ideas as a hobby rather than a full-time occupation. Do not be overawed by the famous figures of science—they are only human themselves and therefore not infallible when it comes to overlooking some comparatively simple solution to a problem.

Remember that Charles Darwin spent all of twenty years vainly trying to germinate the pollen of the cosmos flower, only to have a rank amateur named Ursula Webber succeed where he had failed!

War brings forward a large number of budding inventors to help in its successful prosecution. Many of these people could do worse than concentrate on peacetime ideas: gadgets for the home and factory; drugs to heal the sick; inventions that will promote greater production with more economy in manpower and fuel.

The art of invention is not found in the curriculums of our universities or other high seats of learning. It is acquired at the loom and the laboratory, the workbench and the kitchen, and is best learned by practical-minded men and women engaged in practical work.

To the amateur inventor I would say use your powers of observation; seek out inefficiency in any shape or form and strive to remedy it. Know exactly what it is that you are striving to create—state a problem accurately and more times than not you have, in general, stated the solution. Obtain all the data you possibly can on the subject. What, if anything, has already been done toward the solution of the problem that you have set yourself?

Finally, be determined. Shelve a problem, if you like, but always return to it. The solution may be there waiting for you at the very next tryout.

So, forward, amateur inventors. Remember, small ideas can earn large dividends!

Man's life is no brief candle. "It is a splendid torch which I want to make burn as brightly as possible."

G. B. Shaw



THERE was that flicker the moment I saw her, and then there wasn't anything more. After two weeks I began to doubt whether it had really happened at all.

Not to me. I was sure about that part. But to her. HAD she really let her eyes say "Me, too" when our glances met? I began to wonder.

Not that I saw her every day. About three times a week would be more like it, while we were both waiting in the drafty barn that is the upper level of Massachusetts Avenue Station in Boston. We traveled in different directions, but evidently she had to be at that place the same time every weekday morning, in order to reach her employment, just as I did.

Dozens would be waiting with us, of course, but nobody else like her. There couldn't be. What I'm trying to say is this: she was the loveliest girl I ever saw, and her face kept looking out of my memory whenever work gave me half a second to think. And at night! That was when I invented scheme after scheme to get to know her. In the right way, I mean, for with her there couldn't be any "fresh guy" approach. I'd seen her handle the fresh ones. It was swift, efficient, deadly, the way she did it. I didn't want to get that sort of treatment.

So for a couple of weeks I just looked. Then I began touching the brim of my hat, with just the hint of a smile. Sometimes I thought she smiled back, but I realized that she was just looking pleasant, and at the same time a little on guard, the way a nice girl has to look when a wolf might be in the offing.

It was like that for six months. Several times I spoke to her. And her answers were polite enough, but something about them always stopped the

next remark in my throat. You couldn't have called it a brush-off. It was more like she was scared—and yet she didn't look the scary type.

Then it happened.

It was autumn, and the usual crowd was in the station. I had taken my place as near her as I dared, and I knew she knew it. All of a sudden there was a flurry among the waiting passengers, and I saw a mouse running along the platform. Perhaps he'd dropped from a produce truck; perhaps he was just lost; but at any rate he was thoroughly frightened, dodging about in that forest of human legs and wondering which way was home. He came right at us—and SHE turned with a little gasp and tucked her head against my chest. My arms went around her like they belonged, and for seven seconds I held the life of her, the warmth of her, the beauty of her, just as if I owned it.

Of course the mouse was gone in a second or so. I didn't see it go. What was happening was too wonderful. But just as suddenly as she had turned to me she pulled away, smiled a little, a sort of wondering smile, and said, "Oh, I'm sorry! It was hardly sensible of me."

"But I liked it!" I assured her.

"Thank you," she replied. It was the old treatment. There was nothing more to say.

After that for a week or so nothing happened. If anything, she was just a little more reserved. But this time I had a real memory—seven seconds of heaven. For that long I had held her in my arms, and she had liked it! I couldn't have dreamed it. The more I thought about it the more I realized that it wasn't enough. It couldn't stop there. Yet it had, and I didn't know what to do next.

Then I got another break. We were standing there, six feet apart, when a girl, plain but nice, rushed up and greeted her, "Why, Peggy Marshall! How wonderful to see you again!"

The rest of the conversation I didn't hear. Our busses came, and the other girl got on the one with Peggy. Now I knew her name. I could add that to my dream.

And so things went on for another week. Then tonight I got what looked like the biggest break of all—in the evening paper. There was a picture, illustrating a feature article about a new polio serum. It showed a girl in a laboratory. Although there was no name, there couldn't be two faces like that. But when I looked again I got scared that maybe there *could* be. The girl *looked* like Peggy—but could she be doing that?

Was it Peggy? I had to know, and right away. The article gave the name of the lab. I looked up the number and dialed it. Nobody answered the ring; they had all gone home for the day. I HAD to do something!

I threw on my raincoat and walked to the tunnel, took the train for Mass station, and waited there, not for my usual bus but for the one Peggy always took. I was careful to stand exactly where I had held her in my arms. Maybe it would bring me luck. Luck was all I needed, for if the girl were really Peggy . . . !

The bus ground its winding way deliberately through the dark, deserted streets. Rain fell steadily, blurring the street lamps. I got off at the corner and walked the half block to the lab. I had no idea what I was going to do, but when I got there I could see a light burning inside, and the shadow of a man, probably a janitor, moving around. I pushed the buzzer beside the door.

After a little the man came, but he wouldn't open the door. He kept me standing there in the partial shelter of the dripping doorway while I shouted what I wanted. He must have been pretty deaf, but in the end I found that Peggy did work there and that she was a technician.

Rain or not, I walked a dozen blocks before the bus caught up with me. I was grinning like an ape, humming a tune. The most wonderful thoughts kept racing though my head. The *next* time I held Peggy Marshall in my arms it would be for a lot longer than seven seconds! And I'd not only hold her, I'd kiss her, and tell her I loved her,

and after that it would be heaven seven days a week, for years and years of weeks. And that would all happen no longer away than tomorrow, and what if we *were* both late to work? Getting engaged wasn't something we did every day of our lives!

There couldn't be any doubt at all now, considering that it was Peggy herself in the picture, and that the camera couldn't possibly have lied when it showed her fearlessly, in the best laboratory technician style, shoving that hypodermic into a living, squirming mouse!

That Peggy!



Silver Lining

During the early 1930's, one of the nation's leading heavyweight boxers was a colorful ex-fishmonger from the streets of Chicago. His given name was Harry Krakow, but under the sobriquet of "King Levinsky" he beat some of the best scrappers of his time—headliners like Jack Sharkey, Charlie Retzlaff, Paolino Uzcudun, Tommy Loughran, Tuffy Griffith, Lee Ramage and Jimmy Slattery.

But one night the Kingfish met the lethal-punching Max Baer, and what wide-shouldered Maxie did to the Chicagoan was pathetic to behold. For twenty rounds he battered Levinsky around the ring so that the latter's body and face were bloody and slashed. It was a savage trouncing, and only a kind of animal instinct and courage enabled Levinsky to finish the fight in a vertical position.

His friends were chagrined when the bout was over and Levinsky was led to the dressing room. "Poor Kingfish," they lamented, "the guy's done now. Those dreams he had about the championship are out the window. He's probably crying like a baby in the dressing room right this minute."

A few of them headed for their pal's quarters, bent on consoling and cheering him. They opened the door, and found the vanquished on the rubbing table.

"King," one of them murmured gloomily. "I don't know how to begin. . . ."

Levinsky, however, was incredibly undaunted. Grinning from jawbone to jawbone, he greeted them happily. "Hi boys!" he exclaimed. "How'd you like the fight?"

"Well, gee—," stammered one uncomfortably.

But the effervescent fighter let him get no further. "I don't like to brag," he beamed broadly, "but tell the truth, boys—kin I take it, or kin I take it!"

—Harold Winerip

Revolution in Boatbuilding

BY PRESCOTT FULLER

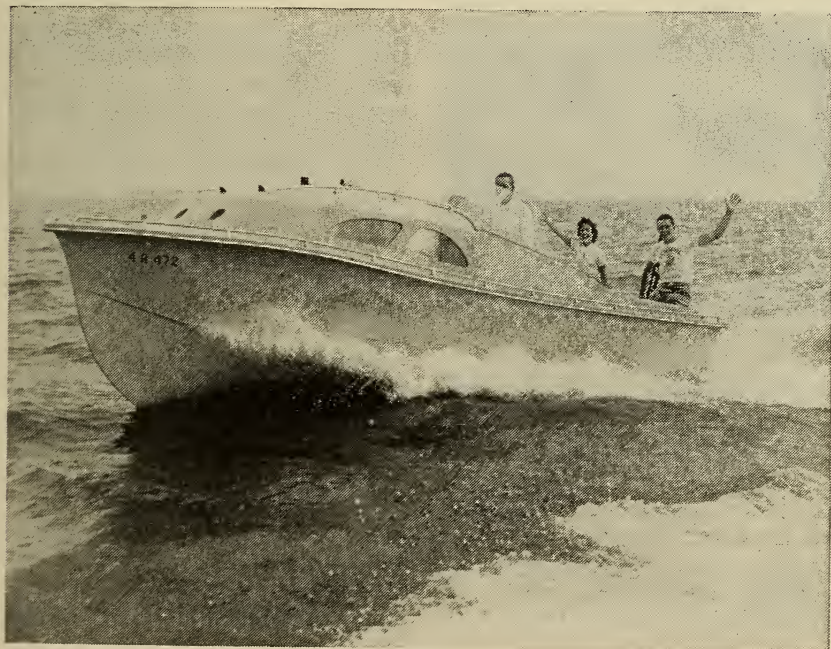
A POTENT little revolution has erupted within the usually staid and conservative small-boat industry. Out of ten years of research and experimentation has come a combination of new materials and new production methods which may well change completely the manufacture of small-boats for civilian and military uses.

This is no half-cocked prophecy. The Beetle Boat Company of New Bedford, Massachusetts, which has been turning out conventional wooden craft since 1791, now can produce a one-piece, seamless, leak-proof, rot-proof, permanent-color, glass fiber-plastic 24-foot

cabin cruiser in one day! Four to six weeks are normally required to build a boat of wood or metal.

In successfully producing the 24-foot cabin cruiser, the Beetle Boat Company has reached a high-water mark in its line of plastic boats. Since 1946, it has used the same materials and production methods described above to turn out highly successful single shells, dinghies, rowboats, daysailers, outboards and speedboats. They range in size from eight to fifteen feet.

Before attempting to build the 24-foot cabin cruiser, Beetle engineers decided to see what kind of punishment



their other boats could take. Deliberately, they set out to destroy various models of their line. They exposed them for long periods to alternate soaking and sun-baking. They allowed them to stand moored in ice. They buried them in sand. They ran them onto pebble-beaches, drove them head-on into docks, dropped them from a helicopter, and fired 38-calibre shells into them at close range. Finally, a sample hull was subjected to laboratory weathering tests simulating thirty years of actual use conditions. Every boat tested came through without noticeable ill effects.



The enthusiasm felt by the Beetle Boat Company is indicated by an incident which took place at last year's National Boat Show. Carl Beetle, president of the firm, was looking at a 45-foot luxury cabin cruiser displayed by one of America's leading boat manufacturers. He turned to a companion and said, "Some day soon, we'll produce seamless boats as large as that."

This revolutionary line of plastic

boats grew out of three indisputable facts: (1) No matter how good a piece of wood is, it will eventually rot; (2) wooden boats have many seams, all of which require caulking; (3) any material produced by nature must be continually protected against the weather.

The synthetic material used in the new Beetle cruiser, which with a minimum of upkeep will literally last a lifetime, is a combination of LAMINAC (a polyester resin), and Fiberglas reinforcing mat. LAMINAC Resin is a thermosetting plastic which will not change its shape once it has "set." In its original state it is a clear, almost transparent liquid to which any desired color may be added. It may be cured to form strong, scuff-resistant solids. It may be cast. It may be laminated or molded with such reinforced fillers as Fiberglas mat and cloth, paper, cotton and nylon. Fiberglas mat is made up of chopped glass filaments laid out in random jackstraw pattern for great tensile strength and stability. Each fiber, more pliable than ordinary glass, is ten times finer than human hair and stronger than piano wire for its weight.

This combination of materials is one of the strongest known to the industrial world today. For example, a 12 x 12 inch block could support a U. S. destroyer without being crushed. A modern automobile could be hung from the middle of a 2 x 4 of the material, nine feet long, without snapping. And a railroad passenger coach could be hung from a rod of the material four inches in diameter without its pulling apart.

The method by which these two materials are laminated and formed into a 24-foot cabin cruiser has been developed into simplicity itself. No rubber bags are used as in previous methods, and no intense pressure or heat is applied. The Fiberglas mat is impregnated with

liquid LAMINAC Resin, allowed to set to a gel state, then baked in an oven.

First, sheets of Fiberglas mat are unrolled on a work table. Patterns for various hull and deck sections are laid over the mat and cut out with a power cutter in the same way a woman cuts out a dress.

During this mat-cutting process, a wax-base parting agent is applied to the interior surface of two molds—one for the hull of the boat and one for the deck. This makes for easy separation when the two sections are "set" and ready to be removed from the molds.

Sections of Fiberglas mat are now laid in position in the molds, and LAMINAC Resin is applied with a spray gun to impregnate the mat. Layer after layer of this laminate is built up until the desired thickness is attained, differing somewhat in various hull and deck sections as strength requirements vary.

The LAMINAC Resin has an added catalyst, which generates heat and sets up hardening. When the two molded pieces have reached a gel state, the deck is taken from its mold and lowered atop the hull. Added resin and mat are applied at the joint between the hull and deck sections, after which the single hull-and-deck unit is allowed to harden at room temperature.

Next, the one-piece boat is removed from the hull mold and baked for several hours in an oven at slightly above 200°F. After oven-curing, mold flashes are sanded off and the boat is ready for fitting out.

The finished cruiser has an 8½-foot beam and an over-all weight of approximately 3,200 pounds. Depending principally upon engine-power specified, it will be priced to the owner at between \$4,500 and \$5,000. An open utility "bass boat" version, built on the same hull, will cost between \$3,500 and \$4,000.

Large or small, the use to which manufacturers are putting laminates or Fiberglas and LAMINAC Resin are both varied and widespread. In addition to the Beetle Boat Company, a number of other firms are making plastic craft—Winner Manufacturing Co.; Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co.; Wizard Boat Co.; Small Boats, Inc.; Ray Green & Co.; The Anchorage; Ford Molded Fiber Co.; Lunn Laminates, Inc.

Also available to the public today, utilizing this same combination of materials, are food trays, fishing rods, luggage and lamp shades. Industry is finding it a superior material for such diverse products as tote boxes, decorative wall and table surfaces, radomes and similar aircraft parts, mannequins, skylighting panels, insulation for resistors and coils, and potting compounds for impregnating armatures and potting capacitors.

These are some of the products already available. In addition, products ranging from strong garbage cans to indestructible coffins are being considered by a number of manufacturers.

Hitherto philosophers have sought to explain the world. Our task is to change it.

—Ernst Toller

Believing the Unbelievable

JUNE 3-9

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

Have you ever thought that faith sometimes asks you to believe the unbelievable? Doesn't faith have a right to do this? Can it be faith, otherwise? Why is it necessary for faith to go beyond the things that we can prove? (Hebrews 11:1)

Why is it better for us to trust God rather than our own understanding of things? (Proverbs 3:5) Why is our faith in Him rewarded with security? (Proverbs 29:25; 30:5) Do we always act as if we believe this? Why don't we?

We are told that the National Bureau of Standards has perfected a new atomic clock so accurate that it will gain or lose only one second in three million years! Is that unbelievable? It would have been unbelievable before this atomic age!

But the submarine was unbelievable years ago! And supersonic speed in aircraft was unbelievable until recent years! And rocket-propelled planes were unbelievable, and so were guided missiles and radar and electronics!

Have you seen the tremendously complicated machines that solve the most intricate mathematical problems in a fraction of the time that it would take a human brain to figure them out? It's unbelievable! But they are facts, as real as the orbit of a planet or the

recurrence of seedtime and harvest.

So we must believe sometimes in the unbelievable if we are to push back our horizons and claim new frontiers and be real pioneers to enrich our civilization.

How should these matters help us to believe in some Christian teaching that we may have felt was unbelievable? Do we have any right to doubt the power of God in anything? As you recall some of the theological beliefs that may have been difficult for you, don't you feel they too may not be any more unbelievable than television or electronics or atomic fission?

Doesn't this teach us to pray with new confidence? (James 1:6) Anna Shipton would increase our confidence by these words of triumphant experience: "I have never committed the least matter to God that I have not had reason for infinite praise." Many Christians can say that and more! For God doesn't fail us when we reach out to Him in simple, believing faith!

Don't you believe you set limits to your own future when you deny your faith the right to live and grow? Franklin D. Roosevelt declared: "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today."

Make way for the unbelievable!

Making Life Right

TOPIC TALK FOR JUNE 10-16

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

Have you ever had the feeling that you are somehow at cross-purposes with life? Do things go wrong so often that you carry a sense of real frustration? If so, have you ever felt that you are chiefly to blame?

What recipe did Jesus have for a well-integrated life now and for our eternal happiness? (John 3:7)

What does it mean to be *born again*? We usually think of this new birth as a definite spiritual commitment of our life to Christ as our Lord and Saviour, asking Him to accept us as a devoted follower of His teachings and as a faithful servant to carry forward His ministry of love and helpfulness to others. It will mean that we confess our sins to Him and ask His forgiveness. Why do we believe this? (I John 1:9) Why should we confess our sins? (Jeremiah 3:13) When we have confessed our sins and have accepted His forgiveness, what should we do next? (Numbers 22:34)

How does the parable of the prodigal or lost son teach us that we need to retrace our steps again to renew our fellowship with the Father from whom we have strayed? (Luke 15:11-21)

This will mean that we try to do everything possible to clean up our lives, shedding unworthy habits, going to helpful instead of hurtful places, avoiding temptations and companions who would mean our downfall morally or spiritually.

Then we should set high motives and worthwhile goals for ourselves.

We should be persistent in trying to follow the highest ideals and finding worthy and helpful companions.

Why is it so important to avoid bad companions who would drag us to unworthy levels? (Psalm 119:115; Proverbs 1:11-16)

Sin, of any shade or degree, is defiance of God's will for us. If we crave His forgiveness we should try to avoid a repetition of the sin from which we have asked to be freed and forgiven.

Afterward, we are obligated to forgive others. Why? (Matthew 6:12, 14, 15; Ephesians 4:32)

Richard Salter Storrs gave us these wise words: "God forgives—forgives not capriciously, but with wise, definite, Divine pre-arrangement; forgives universally, on the ground of an atonement and on the condition of repentance and faith."

Our praying for forgiveness of our sins is something to be proud of for it is the highest duty of a soul that has been stained by sin. Jean Paul Richter wrote: "Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else when forgiving another."

We must try to live consistent and consecrated Christian lives at whatever cost. Did Jesus give us a good rule to cover our duty of good conduct to others each day? (Matthew 7:12-14)

Life can be right when we follow Him as Lord and Saviour!

Begin now! *There is no better way to find joy and eternal life!*

Managing Our Ambitions

TOPIC TALK FOR JUNE 17-23

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

What was the greatest ambition that Jesus had? (John 4:34) Can most of His disciples today say it is their meat to do God's will? In what other far-reaching way did Jesus stress the vast importance of doing the Father's will in every possible way? (Matthew 6:9, 10) And how did He show this consuming desire when He suffered agony of spirit in the Garden of Gethsemane? (Luke 22:41, 42) Can we always be sure that God's ways are right for us? (Hosea 14:9)

But don't our ambitions often tug at us to go in ways that we feel are not God's ways? What should we do about this? How can we manage our ambitions so well that they will not get in God's way as He strives to direct us?

Perhaps the best way is to make our ambitions conform to thoroughly Christian ideals of character and loving service of God and our fellowmen. How did Jesus teach us on this matter? (Mark 10:44)

What great ambition did Paul set before us as Christians? (Philippians 3:13, 14) How did he urge us to strive for the highest personal abilities and capacities, that we might use them for the glory of God and the help of others? (I Corinthians 12:31)

How did the writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes discourage ambition for riches in themselves? (Ecclesiastes 5:10) Why does the love of money so often get out of hand and debase a Christian man's sense of values? (Matthew 19:23, 24) How would you try to avoid this great danger? Do you know

men who have mastered this problem and managed this ambition successfully? What do you think were the reasons for their success in this effort? Do you think you have the character to put God above wealth? Is your confidence based on the fact that you have already succeeded in this attempt thus far?

How does Christ help us to reach our goals and achieve real success? (Philippians 4:13)

Character is essential to our true success, and cheerfulness and courage play their part also. It was Charles Kingsley who said: "The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it comes."

Frances E. Willard, who should have known what she was talking about, said: "Success doesn't happen. It is organized, pre-empted, captured by consecrated common sense!"

We Christians ought to have far more certainty of managing our ambitions and achieving success than other men, because we are operating on Christian principles, with God backing us. Said H. M. Field: "Everybody finds out, sooner or later, that all success worth having is founded on Christian rules of conduct." Haven't you discovered this?

Can't you manage your ambitions better because of being a Christian?

You should try!

If Life Caves In

TOPIC TALK FOR JUNE 24-30

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

It is a tragic day in a mining community when the earth caves in around the toiling miners. There are deeds of sacrifice and courage to match the dogged endurance of men who hope and struggle for a return to home and life.

But life often seems to cave in about us and crush our hopes and snuff out the flickering light of our courage. How shall we meet the darkness and uncertainty of these days if they come to us and to those whom we hold dear?

Perhaps you have heard the story of a thirteen-year-old girl, Lizzie Johnson, who became a bedridden cripple. For twenty-seven years she bravely endured a life that would have tested the courage and the faith of the strongest man. She was a Christian and she set herself to the task of making bookmarks to sell so that she might contribute to the work of Christian missionaries. It is said that she earned twenty thousand dollars in this way. She made life a beacon that shone to far-off lands and brightened underprivileged and sin-burdened lives. She refused to become a casualty to hopelessness and resentment! She saw no reason why a bedridden body should house a vindictive, cantankerous spirit or breed cynicism and unfaith in a life that she determined to keep sweet and Christian!

How does God bring us strength and courage in such disaster? (Psalm 27:1)

Have you ever thought how these dark hours help us to find and nurture

the best that is in us? David Mallet wrote: "Who hath not known ill fortune, never knew himself, or his own virtue." How much Lizzie Johnson must have discovered in herself! And you and I can be as brave and persistent if life caves in around us!

Perhaps we should remember these wise words of Hugh Redwood: "Many a man has thought himself broken up, when he has merely been made ready for the sowing." Many an earnest Christian has found that gray skies and drenching rains can form the backdrop for the loveliest rainbows God ever made!

What did Job think about all this? Listen: "He knoweth the way that I take, and when He has tried me, I will come through as gold." (Job 23:10)

Should we expect that afflictions may bring us greater understanding and help us to be repentant and more obedient to God's will for us? (Job 34:31, 32) How can we be sure that our religious faith will bring us power to endure with God's help? (Isaiah 50:7)

How can we best find the tremendous confidence in God that Paul had? Listen to this admonition: "Be strong in the *grace* that is in Christ Jesus." (II Timothy 2:1)

Will His grace always be sufficient for our needs when life caves in? (II Corinthians 12:9)

Let's trust Him for courage and strength!

Christian Patriotism

TOPIC TALK FOR JULY 1-7

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

We Americans face solemn reminders as we come again to another anniversary of the founding of our nation. In a world racked by war and faced with the threat of vaster carnage, we ought to remember that our freedoms lay heavy obligations upon us if we are to continue to enjoy them and if we would be worthier of them.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg has said: "If America ever sags, the world's hopes sag with her." And this is true! Millions of the earth's poorest and most wistful are accustomed to think of us as a vast repository of wealth and power. Many of them look to us for bread and for hope.

But we might well remember the words of an earlier American, Daniel Webster, who wrote thus of us when we were not so wealthy: "America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—the laboring or lower class—to raise them to self-respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and the great duty of self-government; and she has proved that this may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank."

Notice that he speaks of self-government as a great *right* and a great *duty*. Citizenship has solemn duties for all of us. The man in uniform knows this.

He knows that his lonely vigil on guard or his dangerous part in battle is a demand that his citizenship lays upon him. He is guarding not only his own life but the lives of others whom he will never know. And others performed that same duty for him and for his forebears. We are caught in a mesh of mutual involvement because we were born free in a republic. Slaves do not carry rifles. These are badges of a freedom important enough to defend.

The great William Ewart Gladstone wrote these words: "Of the whole sum of human life, no small part is that which consists of a man's relations to his country, and his feelings concerning it."

But what is *Christian* patriotism? It is the patriotism of a Christian whose highest loyalty is to the God who created him and gave him a home in a free land and offers him an eternal home when this life is ended by the transition that we call death.

How can patriotism be enhanced by religion? (Psalm 33:12) What happens to a righteous nation? (Proverbs 14:34) How does God bless a nation? (Genesis 12:2; Deuteronomy 4:7; 28:1, 2) How has He blessed our own land?

What can we do to help our nation most in this time of crisis?

Will you strive for righteousness as well as for peace?

Be a *Christian* citizen!

Prayer Plus Work

TOPIC TALK FOR JULY 8-14

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

Jeremy Taylor once said: "Whatever we beg of God, let us also work for it." Fair enough! But do we act on this principle as often as we should? If we don't, is it because we are lazy and careless? Or is it only because we do not appreciate the fact that God expects us to help answer our own prayers if we *can* help?

There was a similar realization in the mind of John Ruskin when he wrote: "If you do not wish for His Kingdom, don't pray for it, but if you do, you must do more than pray for it, you must work for it." We ought to remember this great truth and try hard to make our own prayers come true, by working even harder than we pray, and more constantly.

We need more of a sense of urgency in all of our praying. We have no right to treat prayer with the sort of casual half-heartedness with which we would sit down to our morning newspaper. We should bring to our praying the best we have, of mind and spirit! If we were coming into the throne-room of a great world monarch, we should not come with careless dress and slovenly speech and ill-considered requests!

We shall bring a new dignity to each task if we enter upon it with a spirit of sincere prayer. And it will surely increase our chances of success! Xenophon gave us sage advice at this point when he wrote: "Pray to God at the beginning of all thy works that thou mayest bring them all to a good ending." If we

do this, there will be fewer unfinished tasks, and far better workmanship along the way. For a task important enough to pray about before we start it is also a task which we shall not easily leave. And it will demand good workmanship and conscientious planning and worthy preparation.

How does righteousness affect our prayers? (Psalm 66:18) If we think more of sin than we do of God, how can we dare to ask Him to help us?

How should we pray for the ability to pray at our best? (Luke 11:1) Do we learn to pray by praying? We should always remember that earnestness and sincerity are essential to good praying. What can we do to add to the likelihood that God will answer our prayers? (John 9:31; 15:7)

Don't we often defeat our prayers by failing to follow our petitions with righteous living and earnest efforts to help God to answer our prayers?

Is it an insult to ask God for an answer to a prayer that rises to our lips in a spirit of vanity and selfishness? Why?

How does faith help our praying? (Mark 11:24) Does our faith help us to work harder too and thus help to answer our own prayers? Isn't it true that a faith strong enough to help us to answer our own prayers will be made even stronger as we find our prayers answered more and more?

Pray in faith—and work!

When the Lustre Fades

TOPIC TALK FOR JULY 15-21

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

Have you had some bitter experience of disillusionment that sorely tried your faith and your courage? Perhaps you were following a great ideal and you ran into foul weather and heavy gales and you were tempted to run down your flag and call it a day. The lustre had been dimmed for you. Or perhaps you had taken sides in an issue where you felt a moral value was at stake. But something happened that made you feel you were fighting alone. No one was running interference for you and the going was tough and the cheerleaders were silent. And so the lustre was dimmed and you were tempted to quit.

But instead of quitting you fell back upon your faith in God—and in yourself! And this is tremendously important! It turns the tide!

Grenville Kleiser stressed the great importance of our having faith when he wrote: "Associate with men of faith. This tends to be reciprocal. Your faith will communicate itself to them, and their faith to you. Do your work in a 'faith' atmosphere, and you will work at a maximum advantage. You impress others by your own faith, and they will have faith in you only in the degree that you have faith in yourself."

The lustre will fade less often if we keep our faith bright! And it will help us tremendously if we keep busy at the best tasks we know!

How can our faith help to keep the lustre in life? (Matthew 8:13)

Does faith come naturally to the

righteous? (Psalm 64:10) Why is this true?

Does the measure of our faith sometimes determine what God can do for us? (Mark 9:23)

Does God expect us to have faith beyond the limits of our own understanding? (Proverbs 3:5) Why do you think this?

How can we best follow the admonition of Jesus to believe and not be faithless? (John 20:27)

Perhaps most of us need to remember that faith is something that *grows*. It does not come all at once. For many of us it is a slow process, requiring patience and real effort. It is poor business to plant a flower and then keep pulling it up each day to see if it is growing. It is wiser to tend it and enjoy its fragrance and its growing strength, rather than to uproot it with misguided solicitude. It will bear its own unmistakable evidences of growth and vitality if we assume it is growing and tend it accordingly and then enjoy its beauty and its fruitage. This may serve to keep the lustre in our life many times, rather than dim it by uncertainty and doubtings.

Let's remember this!

Another way to keep the lustre in life is to share it with others. How thoroughly Jesus showed us the truth of this by sharing the lustre of His life constantly with others!

Let's follow His example in this!

It will enrich our lives greatly!

That Greatest Book

TOPIC TALK FOR JULY 22-28

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

Of all the books that you have ever known, which have you found the greatest? Doesn't the Bible easily command that place in your life? Do you use it as much as you should?

If you were trying to tell someone else what the Bible is, what would you say? Daniel Webster defined it in these words: "The Bible is a book of faith and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of special revelation from God." Surely that is sufficient praise to commend it to anyone who wavers in accepting it as his greatest book!

We Christians claim that the Bible is a unique book, given us that we might find our way to the God who created us and provided for our salvation through the gift of His Son. A great New England preacher, William Ellery Channing, had this to say about the Bible: "The incongruity of the Bible with the age of its birth; its freedom from earthly mixtures; its original unborrowed, solitary greatness; the suddenness with which it broke forth amidst the general gloom; these, to me, are strong indications of Divine descent: I cannot reconcile them with human origin." Can you state the case better than he?

But suppose we listen next to a soldier, since most who read these words are in uniform. Listen to these words from one who made quite a stir in his day as a soldier of France: "The Gospel is not merely a book—it is a living

power—a book surpassing all others. I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure. Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, and admirable moral maxims, which pass before us like battalions of a celestial army. . . . The soul can never go astray with this book for its guide." So wrote Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena.

You too can enrich your life, whatever your uniform or your rank or rating, if you will delve into this great book every day for at least a few minutes.

But listen now to a great literary genius who left all the world indebted to him. Thomas Carlyle gave us these words about the Bible: "A noble book! All men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free, flowing outlines—grand in its sincerity; in its simplicity and its epic melody."

How can it help us to live uprightly and well? (Psalm 119:11)

How can it light our way in the dimness and the darkness that overtake us all? (Psalm 119:105, 130)

Why should we read this book and build our lives upon it? (Matthew 7: 24-27)

How can it bring us to repentance and belief? (Mark 1:15)

*Make it your book more than ever!
It will pay you rich and increasing dividends for life!*

Life's Greatest Investment

TOPIC TALK FOR JULY 29-AUGUST 4

BY ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

What is the greatest investment that you have made thus far? What is the greatest investment that you hope to make? Before you make it, think carefully about these words that L. N. D. Wells wrote: "The investment of personality in the program of Christ is life's most valuable investment." And that's true!

Have you ever thought that God is eager for you to spend your life at some one task that will offer you more—and draw more *from* you—than any other task? Believe me, you will probably be happier in that one task than in anything else that you can do!

Do you think there are any limits to the possible achievements of a Christian who had dedicated all of his powers and talents to the service of God and men? (I John 3:2) Listen to the challenge and the glory in those words: "Beloved, *now* are *we* the *sons of God*, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Service is a great word and a necessary word for a Christian. Leo Tolstoy once put it this way: "The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people." How much unhappiness and downright misery is in the world today because so many men have never set out to dedicate themselves to the work they *should* do but only to the work they have *hired themselves out* to do!

Charles M. Schwab gave us something very sobering to think about when

he said: "The man who does not work for the love of work, but only for money, is not likely to make money nor to find much fun in life." We have a right to enjoy our work, you see, and, unless we do, we may not achieve the success toward which we are trying to drive ourselves!

How did Paul think of a man's consecration to some worthy work for his Lord? (II Timothy 2:21) Can we afford to choose our life's vocation with less than the utmost of Christian loyalty and consecration? Why?

Long ago a great Greek writer, Epictetus, wrote down these words that shine as if Paul himself had set them down for us in a prison cell: "Dare to look up to God and say, 'Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am one with Thee. I refuse nothing that seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt.'"

Do you hesitate, saying you have no great talents to offer your Lord in any field of work? Then Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, one of our foremost Christian missionaries, has this to say: "The consecrated, one-talent man or woman has promise of a larger influence for good than any intellectual genius who has not met the Master." So there's hope for you!

And do you say you don't know where God wishes you to invest your life? Then ask Him to show you!

Then listen and watch for His guidance!

I Remember the Sarge

BY ERNEST F. WEEKES

THE Sarge was a good egg. Good soldier, too. Regular, from out Texas way, with a face burned the color of the fall leaves along the old S. G. & A. high iron out of Plains City. He had a sort of mother instinct, like a bantam hen with a flock of unruly chicks.

"All right, you wire jockeys," he told us. "This Aachen deal is the hottest wire job in any man's book. Listen to the old man and you won't get hurt. And watch your step. It's Friday, the thirteenth!"

His hard eyes roved over us in a speculative stare, finally singling me out. "You, Quinn. Take the walkie-talkie. I'll keep you spotted. I got good cover here on the hill. Okay—move out."

We moved out toward our rendezvous with glory—and a lot of forms from the V. A. Peaceful, it was, like on Sunday behind the old roundhouse at Plains City after the Diesels closed the place up. Not a Kraut in sight. The war seemed awfully far away. Then the thing crackled in my ear.

"Quinn," the Sarge drawled, slow and easy-like. "You're working straight into a nest of tough guys. Back up, pal! Keep cover. Back—"

I guess I heard the first part of the explosion over the walkie-talkie. It must have been a heavy shell—and a direct hit. We never even found his watch. Later, we left a cross on the hill where we last saw the Sarge—and rode the Army into Aachen. Friday, the thirteenth!

That was a lot of Fridays—and an

ocean—ago. I'm just plain Johnnie Quinn again, back at my old job, firing the night mail run on the Mountain Division. But I remember the Sarge. I won't be likely to forget. . . .

Last night, going west on Number 17 we got stopped at Mountain Ledge. Hotbox. Nothing much at Mountain Ledge. Just a shelf carved out of the rock wide enough for the main line and a short siding. On one side, a thousand feet, straight up. On the other, a thousand-foot sheer drop-off, with the shanties of old Pedro Gonzales and his family huddled against the rotten rock wall.

Pedro patrols the strip. When a few thousand tons of rock crack off and come down on the right of way, he's supposed to "hold everything." Sure. Just like that! He has a telephone and flagging stuff, but I've seen 'em both fail. It's cooking with dynamite, if you ask me.

While they were fixing the hotbox, I saw a young guy fooling with something in Pedro's shanty. Turned out to be a walkie-talkie just like the one I had at home. I got mine at a salvage sale. He brought his from Camp Croft. We batted the breeze awhile, and I wound up promising to bring my outfit along the next night when I came back on Number 14. We'd see if we could exchange a little chatter on the fly before we passed the shanties.

That next night was a honey! Rain? Brother, I never saw the like! Not a good comfortable cloudburst, but a

howling, slashing gully-washer, with a forty-mile gale from all over the compass. Some enchanted evening! And I'd already signed out before I noticed the date. Friday . . . the thirteenth! But I didn't think of the Sarge. Not then.

We got away from the home terminal twenty minutes off the money, and old Buck Baker really mauled the 633 for all she had. But I know a trick or two myself, and I kept the big gauge reading twelve-o'clock all the way. We needed all the steam I could make. And then some.

We picked up a train order at Pine River and Buck growled a little when he read it out loud.

"No. 14 (that's us), ENG. 633, MEET PASSENGER EXTRA, ENG. 133, WEST, AT MOUNTAIN LEDGE."

I don't know why, but, somehow, I had kind of a funny feeling along my spine. The passenger extra would have to take the siding for us. Sure. But, just the same, there wasn't anything in my contract about liking a "meet" on that dizzy cliff on a night like this.

The storm really went to town outside Pine River. Our headlight was about as useful as a lightning bug in a Turkish bath. We couldn't even see the ground. But when I heard the hollow, rain-muffled rumble of the high trestle over Santos Canyon four miles west of the Ledge, I dug out the walkie-talkie and switched it on. All I got was a deafening assortment of cracks, pops, whistles and howls—and a strange, shaky feeling of uneasiness.

I shut off the steam line to our headlight generator, with its sparking brushes, and a lot of the static went out with the big bulb. Then I heard a voice. A voice that made my scalp crawl. Harsh, metallic with static, the

words came slowly, "Back up, pal. You're heading straight into—"

There was a vivid flash, a blasting roar of thunder, and the thing went as dead as a hammer. But I was across the cab clawing at Buck's arm.

"Soak 'er, Buck!" I screamed. "Quick! I—"

Buck must have been leaning on the brake valve. He gave her the air so quickly I slammed headfirst into the boiler head and bumped myself to sleep.

I wasn't out long. When I opened my eyes, Buck was leaning over me. I blinked stupidly. "What happened?" I managed. His grin shone down on me in the dim cab lights.

"Look ahead and see," he grunted. I gathered myself up and leaned out the gangway—and got sick around my belly!

The nose of the 633 was buried up to the number plate in a jumbled mass of rocks and trees and mud. Thousands of tons of it, heaped higher than the lightning flashes would show!

A light came skidding down the horrible mess. It was the kid from Pedro's shack. He was crying when I hit the ground to meet him.

"Tried to get to you," he sobbed. "Wires down long time ago. We got out of shanties just in time. Dad got passenger extra stopped. But I couldn't—"

I could have kissed him, the way I felt just then. "But you did, kid. You did it! I heard you on the walkie-talkie," I gulped. "If we'd hit that mess the way we were—"

My voice died at the look on his face. He backed away from me.

"Walkie-talkie?" he mumbled, slowly. Then he said something I won't ever forget. Not ever.

"Mister," he said, "I busted the thing just after you left here last night. It's buried—with all of our things under half the mountain!"

Our Barefoot Navy

BY WILLIAM O. FOSS

SCENE: On the pier is the official U. S. Navy band, composed of fifteen barefoot men wearing white skirts and undershirts, red skullcaps and red sashes, playing their usual welcoming music to the visiting ship.

Story behind the scene: This barefoot and oddly dressed band, which greets incoming ships at the harbor of Pago Pago, Tutuila in American Samoa, is the Fita Fita Guard and Band, native Samoan members of the U. S. Navy.

The Fita Fita guards—some 130 men strong—have been in existence since July 6, 1900, when the Commandant of the U. S. Naval Station, Tutuila, requested the Navy Department to permit him to enlist Samoan natives as landsmen in the Navy. Fifty-eight young Samoans were enlisted for a four-year

term which, however, could be terminated at any time if their services were no longer required.

The Guard was named "Fita Fita" because that Samoan term for *brave* was considered most suitable as a name for the organization.

Ever since the Fita Fita Guard and Band was first formed, the Navy Department has gone along with it in following native Samoan customs. For instance, the Samoans have little or no use for the white man's bothersome invention of pants. Even in this atomically minded age they prefer to wear the sarong-type skirt known as the *lava lava*. This is made of white cloth, trimmed around the bottom with blue stripes signifying the wearer's rating, a white Navy undershirt, turkey red



sash, and turban of the same material.

Shoes are another thing that is taboo with the Samoans. Consequently most natives have flat feet, which the Navy overlooks when enlisting the young natives into the Fita Fita Guard.

For working uniform they wear simply the "lava lava," and, since they treat their hair and bodies to frequent applications of coconut oil, the bodies of the Guardsmen glisten in the sunlight like bronze.

Today these barefoot Polynesian sailors form a most useful body of police, capable of preserving order and also of moving quickly to any part of the islands to suppress any disturbance.

In charge of the Fita Fita Guard is a staff sergeant of the Marine Corps. His assistant is a Samoan Chief boatswain's mate. A Navy Chief Bandmaster is the instructor and leader of the band. All other members of the Fita Fita Guards hold official U. S. Navy ratings and act as guards, prison-keepers, interpreters, orderlies and messengers.

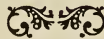
Because only a limited number of natives can enlist in the Fita Fita Guard and Band, their advancement in rating is accomplished through attrition. The waiting list of applications is always long because of the prestige which goes with being a Fita Fita Guard.

The Fita Fita Guard and Band is composed of the very best Samoans. A number of them are hereditary native chiefs. As the main police force in the island the Fita Fita Guards exercise strong influence upon their fellow natives. In fact, of recent years they have become more or less a preferred body, a sort of native aristocracy.

The Fita Fita Guard and Band should not be confused with the Insular Forces of the Navy, such as those located in the Marianas and formerly in the Philippines. The Samoans are a part of the regular Navy and receive regular pay and allowances, while members of the Insular Forces receive only half pay. Under current laws the Guards also are eligible for dependency allowances and retirement benefits.

These members of Uncle Sam's barefoot Navy enlist to serve only in the territory of American Samoa. However, at one time a group of the Fita Fita Guard saw brief service abroad the old station ship, *U.S.S. Ontario*.

American Samoa is under Naval administration. That this has proved successful was affirmed recently when the native chiefs of the island of Tutuila adopted a resolution that American Samoa continue under the Naval administration.



COVER STORY

This month's cover shows the beauty and artistry which can come from electronics. Buried in this lucite block is the fernlike pattern produced by the discharge of a miniature thunder cloud. A stream of electrons—tiny particles with a negative electric charge—was injected into the base of the block until its electrical resistance broke down. The pattern was delicately etched by electrons rushing from the discharge.

The Double Lucky Strike

BY SAMUEL STANLEY

AT the Lobo Blanco, Jake Conway, prop., the evenings were especially convivial during the winter months because the seasonal customers always returned from Tucson, just north of the border. They were the city's tourists, and they usually drove down in new, expensive cars. The little roadside cantina, they said, had atmosphere—some flavor of the primitive West. By the margin of a mile it was Mexican, too—geographically, at least.

There Ed Clark kept pretty busy. Sometimes he said emphatically, "I got no time for worryin'." Mornings, he swept and mopped the floor, dusted the furnishings, and tidied up the place, littered from the previous night. Later, after the siesta interval, he helped with the trickle of early customers. Like Ed, they were elderly, with creased, weather-roughened faces, and they wore faded denim clothing that belonged to a life outdoors. When they asked for their tequila and beer Ed talked with them, using first names. In the evenings, after the people from the city came in, he carried glasses. As he shuffled busily between tables and bar, he chuckled quietly from time to time over the customers' banter.

Ed liked it that way—liked the action and the sociability. "Where else would I go?" he always replied to questions concerning his long hours. "Don't have nothin' to do at home except sleep." These words were said with as much of a snort as his mildly wistful expression permitted.

Clark hadn't worked there very long.

About a year ago he'd suddenly appeared in the place. There was a weariness in his look.

"Jake," he announced briefly, "I need a job."

Uncle Jake Conway had looked up from his mopping of the bar at the slight, gnarled figure and his full-featured, somewhat massive face relaxed into a smile. "Hullo, old-timer, your luck run out?" They had known each other in the Pinalino hills country, where Clark once prospected for gold and Conway kept a general store. Uncle Jake hadn't asked any more questions. Clark had gone right to work.

One time, long before, Ed had struck it rich. He had married, built a house in Phoenix, and life had become a long holiday. He and Laura traveled through the eastern states, and at home they entertained with the lavishness habitual in their new social group. His happiness, like a vision translated, at last seemed complete.

Sometimes, though, Laura eyed her husband curiously. "Ed," she would ask, "are you taking care of your money?"

"Oh, it's O. K., honey," was the usual reply. "I've got some mining stocks that can't miss."

Several years passed—gay, untroubled years—but with each one Clark's wealth ebbed. And Laura's affections dwindled, too. One day she left. "You're practically broke, and you've never provided for the future," read the note she had pinned to a pillow. "I can't face it with you now."

Ed felt the world had dissolved into air like the traces of a desert mirage. Gradually he slipped back into the old ways, into the old contemplation of a never-ending hope—until at last, with the remnant of his money, he turned to prospecting again. Some day he would strike it rich and revive the glamorous past. If Laura could not be a part of it, someone would take her place. It wasn't as though he depended on her, Ed reasoned. His comeback, like that first success, would be achieved alone, even if the only resources he could count on were those within himself. Laura would see: he could remake his shattered world without her help.

But luck held off, and when after nine bleak years his last grubstake was exhausted he was faced with a sobering crisis. He wasn't young, and lack of security for the coming years weighed more heavily than before. Furthermore, it was a double security that he needed: from loneliness as well as from want. This loneliness was a recent thing, but it was growing, its development inevitable because of the memory of that halcyon past. It was a melancholy from which all his questing through the magically colorful desert and the rocky, pine-studded hills promised no relief. To resolve the whole problem, however temporarily, the fact was clear that somehow, despite his meager work experience, he had to find a job. With that job there would be companionship, and with it—Clark never lost the hope—a chance to save up another grubstake.

When he finally came to the Lobo Blanco, Clark fitted in easily enough. Uncle Jake, like many of his elderly, weather-worn customers, was a friend from the long ago. Clark found a room nearby, though he used it only for sleeping because the Lobo Blanco seemed

more like a home. That security from loneliness and want which he so sorely needed was there in the little cantina. The wanderer settled down to enjoy it. Moreover, the work wasn't really too strenuous—it helped quiet his unrest.

Clark did save his pay. He kept it in a money belt tied around his waist. "Might come a rainy day," he explained to Uncle Jake, "and I got no time to go to the bank." Some of his earnings, however, were derived in other ways. Once on the chance that the deal might be profitable, he acquired a live rattlesnake from a Mexican rancher. On certain occasions he would deposit it on the bar by cautiously upending its basket, having first taken the precaution, borrowed from an early experience, of spreading water over the area selected. With a willow stick he would nudge a handkerchief to a spot just in front of the ugly head. Eventually someone, usually a stranger, would dare Ed to pick up the handkerchief. As he snatched for it, the rattler, which had slowly coiled, would lunge purposefully at his hand. On the slippery surface its belly scales failed to grip, so its strike was always short. The handkerchief was thus safely retrieved, after which happy ending the serpent, by means of a noose on the end of a pole, was prudently replaced in its basket. When this performance was put on after the city customers had arrived, they often rewarded it well. Slowly, steadily, the makings of the grubstake grew.

One night in January the cantina was crowded with visitors from across the border. Against the shabbiness of the plain, one-room interior their tailored clothes contrasted oddly. Seated around the unpainted tables, they reminded each other in gay tones of the "fascinating atmosphere." The nodding pace of the

afternoon hours had been sharply, if not quite tunefully, enlivened by sounds from a half-concealed corner where a shirt-sleeved entertainer belabored a piano of similarly venerable years. The riot of musical notes was halted for a moment when a chubby man in a panama hat nudged the player to ask for "My Gal Sal."

"Heck, no, friend," he condescended, with a slow nasal emphasis, as if the query had been painfully naive. "Guess you ain't heard them old tunes much. That was 'Ballin' the Jack.'" He flexed his hands. "Yuh want 'My Gal Sal,' eh? Well, move back a little and give me elbow room. Sometimes I kinda get lost in my art." The cigarette quivered and bounced to the floor as he pounded an opening chord.

A large-framed man who sprawled blissfully in his chair plucked at Clark's sleeve as he shuffled past a crowded table. "Say, old-timer, why don't you help your partner out? You look like a singing waiter," he chortled, straining to be heard.

Clutching his tray, the man-of-all-work paused without turning his head. "Shucks, you know us old coyotes git tempry-mental," was his chuckled re-

joinder. "Cain't sing only under a full moon."

Some minutes later, for the second time that evening, Clark was completing his act before the curious gaze of the throng. Business had been brisk, and behind the bar Uncle Jake looked on with grave approval.

Two men who had strolled in a few moments before failed to join in the applause. They were young men, and their garments—both wore a mixture of civilian and army dress—were like nothing commonly seen inside the Lobo Blanco. As the pianist resumed his clamorous efforts, one of the pair sidled to a position just in front of the door. The other, a hatless, bristle-haired youth, remained worriedly fingering his empty glass.

"All right, everybody. Line up against the wall, and keep your hands up!" shrieked the first man above the general hubbub. "The show's over."

As if by an electric shock the sounds of gayety were stilled; all eyes shifted instantly to the spokesman. A black automatic lent authority to his words despite the hint of self-conscious brava-do. His cohort shifted uneasily like a boxer awaiting the bell. The city



Eventually someone, usually a stranger, would dare Ed to pick up the handkerchief.

customers, as if unwilling to believe the event unrehearsed, rose uncertainly from their chairs. A girl with a blue kerchief round her hair broke into a nervous giggle.

The gunman eyed her savagely. "Shut up, sis," he growled, "this ain't no—" The deafening crash of a shot filled the room. Uncle Jake, who had stealthily lowered one hand behind his back, stiffened with terror. Not two feet away, the bullet had shattered a bottle on the shelf. The contents gurgled to the floor.

"Don't try no more tricks!" snarled the bandit. "Keep your mitts up, all of you! Next time I won't miss." His glance swept toward Clark, who stood stiffly, his lips working with inarticulate surprise. "You stay where you are, Shorty," he added, "and keep your hands up." Beneath a dark, shapeless hat the man's swarthy features were small and pinched, and his general leanness was accentuated by the hunch of his square shoulders.

"Hey, you!" he shouted at Uncle Jake. "Open up that cash register!" Still shaky, Uncle Jake obeyed. The snake, as if aloof from the proceedings, slithered calmly to one end of the bar.

Moving swiftly, the second intruder emptied the till and turned to the row of people standing, hands upraised, against the wall. Alarm had replaced the bewilderment on their faces.

"If this is a joke—" began a sandy-haired little man peering anxiously through steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Shut up before you get hurt," snapped the bandit. His actions were brisk and direct, and his pale eyes darted rapidly as he moved from person to person, extracting money, watches, and other valuables which he stuffed into his pockets. Clark was the last to be searched. When the shifty-eyed man

felt its bulge, he ripped the money belt off. The victim gasped a feeble protest, which evoked a curt "Tough luck, Shorty, you oughta put your dough in the bank."

Standing beside the cash register, hands above his head, Jake Conway's indignation rose to the point of eruption. "Ain't you fellows got no shame, takin' his hard-earned savings away from an old man?" he broke in. "Think you're tough hombres, huh, 'cause you got nerve enough to pull a lousy stunt like that?"

The room was quiet for a moment.

"Now don't that break your heart. He says we ain't got no shame," mocked the man with the gun. His thin lips drew back in a mirthless smile.

"O. K., so we ain't got no shame," his companion quipped. "He ain't got no nerve, either." The man wheeled abruptly and tossed the belt onto the bar, nudging it with the stick to a spot within a few inches of the dozing rattlesnake's head.

"All right, wise guy," he snapped, his eyes darting toward Uncle Jake. "You shot your big mouth off. Let's see yuh pick that belt up. Pop can keep it afterwards."

Clark stared frozenly at the tableau. There on the bar, close to those ugly jaws, lay his money belt, his hope in realizing the golden, long-cherished dream. And at the other end, hands still upraised, stood Uncle Jake Conway, his honest, rugged face drawn with fear. Whether or not the precious grubstake would be saved was Conway's grim, immediate choice.

Clark started forward. "Jake, don't try it," he began, pleadingly.

"Shut up and stand still," barked the shifty-eyed man. "Make up your mind, you." His head jerked toward the proprietor. "We ain't got all night."

Conway stood rigid while the color drained from his cheeks.

"O. K. then," muttered the bandit. "You had your chance." Seizing the willow stick again, he moved toward the end of the bar.

"Wait a minute," suddenly blurted Uncle Jake. "You're the guy with the nerve. You let an old man show you up? Go pick that thing up with your hand, like he done the handkerchief."

The bandit's eyes darted from the corner of the bar to his companion. "Aw, come on, let's get outta here," muttered the other, uneasily. "Pick it up any dern way. I'm holding the gun."

The shifty eyes measured the distance from the serpent's head, motionless as its half-coiled body, to the crumpled money belt. The distance, he decided, was about the same as it had been with the handkerchief. And he remembered, the snake's strike had seemed quite ineffectual.

With quick, nervous movements the man approached. After a tiny hesitation, his thin hand snatched at the belt. In the same instant the rattlesnake, fully coiled now, lunged savagely. This time, however, its belly scales clutched a dry surface and in the flash of a second the gaping jaws had clamped upon solid flesh.

As the snake coiled to strike again, the bitten man stared at his hand with horrified unbelief. In the dimly-lighted room no one spoke, and the second bandit stood as if paralyzed. On the bar the money belt lay untouched.

Uncle Jake was the first to recover. "Bite 'im back!" he trumpeted from his corner. "Show 'im he can't do that to you!"

With a choking half-scream the victim bolted through the open doorway. His companion, suddenly sharing his

panic, followed in frenzied pursuit. Three shots which rang out as the desperadoes vanished in the darkness went harmlessly astray.

"Please, won't somebody put that snake away?" the girl with the blue kerchief gasped at Clark, who was clutching his precious belt. "I'm sure we've all seen enough."

The murmur of voices freed from the stifling tension of the crisis rose in a crescendo as Jake Conway, his face beaded with sweat, sprang to the telephone on the wall.

"Sheriff's office!" Excitedly, he blurted the alarm. "—and one of them hombres won't go very far, 'cause he's bit by a rattlesnake!"

The tip proved its worth. Soon the injured man, still shaking with fright, was picked up at the nearest hospital. Shortly afterward the other was traced, and most of the loot recovered. Uncle Jake was considered the hero of the hour, but Clark was rewarded by the customers more handsomely than ever before.

"Best evening's performance that rattler ever put on," grinned Uncle Jake. "Ed, you got a job here as long as you want it. You're good luck for the place."

He added his donation, too. A hundred dollars had been presented to the Lobo Blanco by the publisher of the local newspaper. "—and in recognition of his courage and resourcefulness," the leading editorial stated, "we wish to commend a worthy member of our community, Mr. Conway, for his efforts in behalf of law and order on both sides of the boundary line."

The old prospector himself became the center of much attention, and he told the history of the rattlesnake act over and over again. "Saw a fellow do it once in a saloon up near Phoenix,"

he explained with a small, crinkly smile lightening the wistfulness in his features. "I paid him a couple of times for lessons."

Now when Clark counted his savings they totaled well over seven hundred dollars. It was an ample grubstake. Plainly, his opportunity had arrived.

But Clark didn't take it—anyway, not that one. He stayed on at the Lobo Blanco. He had a real place there. Gold had its glitter, but its light was almost too bright for tired, ache-weary eyes. The promise of security had an aura that was restfully, desirably warm. That promise was here in the Lobo Blanco, where all the things needed to bury the past were comfortably at hand.

Here was companionship and a home, the real treasure at the rainbow's end. It had become too precious to give up now in the misty hope of finding it again in some mirage-like fantasy of the future. He made his decision one evening as the sun was sinking behind the purplish, faraway hills—those same hills that once had yielded him their riches. It was a decision, however, that somehow didn't seem new.

So Clark put his money in the bank to be kept, he said, for that problematical "rainy day."

"Say, Ed," said Uncle Jake some

time later. "Where's that rattler of yours? Customers gotta be entertained. What are you doin', rehearsing for television?"

Clark was busily transferring some empty glasses from a tray to the bar. The corners of his faded blue eyes narrowed to match his smile.

"Shucks, I retired him," he chuckled, shuffling the glasses into a compact group. "That rattler brought me luck, and I don't believe in pushin' it no second time. Guess I'll get me another one."

Uncle Jake guffawed. "Thought meb-be it took sick from bitin' that fellow. They tell me *he* never took sick. Must have been a real tough hombre."

Clark set the tray down on the bar and regarded his friend curiously. It was early, and at the piano the professor was plucking at the chorus of "The Gang's All Here." "Say, maybe he was right," Ed murmured, half to himself. "Reckon I better keep that snake."

"Who was right?"

"Oh, the Mex thet sold him to me."

Clark rubbed his thin hair. "He said the rattler's fangs was pulled out. I never got around to lookin', though, and I ain't never took no chances."



The personal unpopularity of certain men won permanent places in the language for their names. For instance, there was Captain Charles Boycott, an Irish land agent whose unbecoming harshness towards his tenants prompted them to interfere with his food supplies and intercept his mail. There was also a French army officer who was insuperably strict with his troops and whose name was Martinet. Even the devil himself has his unearthly nickname appropriated for common use. Saxon miners blamed Old Nick for casting a spell upon their copper ore which, when they tried to melt it down, became white and tough. They called it "Kupfer-Nickel," or "Old Nick's Copper," thus clearing the ground for a better equipped mineralogist of a later date to name the element Nickel.

—William J. Murdoch

FOURTH OF JULY TARGET PRACTICE

It's time for target practice. How's your marksmanship in Americanism? Can you hit the bull's-eye?

To test your aim, read the ten statements below. Write down the missing letters at the end of each statement. Score ten for every correct answer. A mark of 100 rates you an expert; 90, a sharpshooter; 70 to 80, a marksman. Anyone scoring less than 70 is a yardbird and better go back for more basic training in the ABC's of democracy. (Answers on p. 44)

1. The Fourth of July is the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which declared the colonies free from English rule. It proclaimed that all men were created with equal rights, and that the purpose of the new government was to protect those rights. The author of this famous declaration was Thomas J——.

2. The motto of the new country was *E Pluribus Unum*, "Out of Many—One." One nation formed of many states; one union formed by people of many origins and religions. Throughout our history this nation prospered as new Americans, coming here from all over the world, worked side by side in harmony. America's secret of success, laid down in Revolutionary times, is still the same: national u——.

3. Lovers of freedom from many nations fought and bled in the War for Independence. One of the most famous was a young Frenchman who aided General Washington. His name was L——.

4. The Revolutionary War ended in 1781, when the British General, Cornwallis, surrendered at Y——.

5. Recently, millions of Americans had a chance to see the Declaration of Independence. It was displayed, along with other historic documents on the F—— train.

6. Ever since 1776 this country has believed that all men must have the chance to rise as high as their abilities permit. Today, seeking to end racial and religious discrimination in employment and in education, patriotic Americans are upholding our tradition of equal o——.

7. Because the U.S. has always stood up for the little guy against bullies, this country is often symbolized as a kindly but very tough old gentleman known as U——.

8. The Bill of Rights, consisting of the first ten amendments to the Constitution, goes hand in hand with the Declaration of Independence in affirming the rights of all Americans. The First Amendment guarantees four basic liberties: freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and freedom of r——.

9. Americans have always opposed dictators who shove people around, without respect for individual rights. In fact, one of the slogans of the Revolution was, "Taxation without representation is t——."

10. As long as Americans are prepared to stand up for one another's rights, our citizens will continue to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of h——.

How did you do? If you riddled the bull for a marksman's rating or better, you've proved you understand the meaning of the Fourth of July.

In the Pawnshop

BY NICHOLAS KUSHTA

THE door slammed shut, rattling the front window as the young man entered the pawnshop. The old proprietor behind the counter looked intently at the newcomer. "It's raining quite hard," he observed. As if to echo the shopkeeper's words a crash of thunder shook the shop and lightning silvered the street for one brief second.

The young man shuddered. "Yes," he said. "Quite hard." His eyes darted quickly about the store. His breath came fast. His hands were deep in his pockets now, and the coat moved as the fingers seemed to grope for something beneath the lining.

"You are rather wet. Why don't you shake your coat a bit?" The old man came slowly from behind the counter. He tried not to show his fear, but his hands trembled slightly. "Come by my stove and dry yourself a little."

The old man waited. He had never seen the customer before. It was a smooth, clean-shaven face, not lined with bitterness or stony with callousness. It was a fresh face.

"May I take your coat?" The old hands reached out and touched the strong wet shoulders. He avoided the young eyes. There was terror in them. Perhaps it was desperation.

"No." The young man flinched at the unexpected touch. He had not noticed that the proprietor had come up behind him. He was careful to keep the owner before him now.

"I must pull the shades for the night. It is late, much later than one would think." The proprietor walked heavily and painfully in his slippers feet

toward the front of the shop. He looked hopefully out onto the street, but there was no one there to whom he could call for help. With a sigh he drew the shades.

"Now, then," said the old man, "since we are alone, we might have a cup of tea." A white kettle sat on the flat top of the potbellied stove. "The water is still boiling." He wished he had not said they were alone.

The young man took off his light gabardine coat and laid it across the back of a chair. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a ring with a huge stone. He turned the ring around his finger nervously, and the stone sparkled as it caught the light from the unshaded bulb in the ceiling.

They drank their tea quietly. The storm built up a furious crescendo, and from the warm security of the shop they heard the thunder and the wind-whipped sheets of rain against the outside walls. The light in the ceiling drew their shadows down the length of the store and buried them in the dark corners.

"I need fifty dollars," the young man said softly. "This ring—" He pulled it from his finger quickly, scraping the skin.

The shopkeeper held the ring close to his eyes and looked at it carefully. Then, he went behind the counter, with the young man following closely, turned on a light over a workbench, and fitted a jeweler's glass to his eye. "This is not a good diamond," he said. "It is not a good ring. Worth fifteen dollars on a loan."



"May I take your coat?" The old hands reached out and touched the strong wet shoulders.

"But I need fifty dollars," the young man persisted. "Just for a week or two."

"But the ring is—" the shopkeeper protested. "I am in business!" He did not turn to face the stranger behind him. He could not. He was sorry for the husky young man. "I would I had a son like him," he thought.

The young man was furious. "I am not one of your usual cheap customers. This ring was not stolen. I have had Cadillacs of my own, eaten caviar, been to Europe. And this ring—it is easily worth five hundred dollars someplace else!"

The young man went on, "My father gave the ring to me as a wedding present. A personal gift since he did not approve of my marriage. And my father has money!" The voice was lofty, but bordering on hysteria.

"I am not dishonest," the old man said gently.

"Just give me fifty dollars."

"It is worth fifteen."

"It has been hard," the young man's voice was desperate, "to get accustomed to nothing. I need fifty dollars."

The old man pulled open a drawer in his desk. It was heaped with bills. He placed fifteen dollars on top of the desk—three soiled five-dollar bills. "Business is business," he murmured.

The young man's hands, hovering for a moment behind the wrinkled neck, dropped to his sides. He groaned as though in pain. "My father has so much," he spoke to himself. He reached into his pocket and drew out a knife. He held it so tightly in his hand that his knuckles turned white. He raised his hand, the knife poised behind the old man's neck. He was still bent over the ring, scrutinizing it for flaws in the stone or defects in workmanship.

"She needs the fifty dollars," the young man pleaded. "My wife *needs* it! I married her, not knowing her family and she not knowing mine. I love her very much, and she loves me. I was a soldier when we married. My father disapproved. His only son! My father is a millionaire. Cyrus Bartlett!" The three soiled five-dollar bills mocked him. His wife needed ten of them for the hospital. He began to tremble violently, without control. The knife clattered to the floor.

"Brrr!" The old man shivered. "On a night like this we must have another cup of tea!"

The knife! He had not heard! There was another chance. But the young man was frozen with fear. He could not bend over. After a significant silence the old man went on, "I will let you have fifty dollars on the ring. I will

let you have more!" His voice was tired but happy.

"But," the young man said weakly, "A moment ago you offered only fifteen."

The old man turned now and looked sadly into the unbelieving young eyes. "Faith has no price," he said slowly. "Besides, you said my daughter needed the money, son."



By One Point

Son of a village storekeeper, the 18-year-old Mound Prairie, Mo., schoolteacher was a quiet young man. The only attention he had ever attracted was when, after whipping an unruly student, the big, husky father of the boy had objected so belligerently that the lean young schoolteacher had taken the parent on and whipped him too.

The thing that was bothering the schoolteacher was that he couldn't make up his mind whether to enter the law profession or the Army. He rather leaned toward the law but when he had a chance to enter a competitive examination for West Point he decided to do so.

He won the competition, beating out a fellow by the name of Higgenbotham by one point.

Had he missed one more question America would have lost one of her greatest military leaders.

The name of the Mound Prairie schoolteacher was John J. Pershing.

—Harold Helfer



ANSWERS TO FOURTH OF JULY TARGET PRACTICE

(page 41)

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Jefferson | 6. Opportunity |
| 2. Unity | 7. Uncle Sam |
| 3. Lafayette | 8. Religion |
| 4. Yorktown | 9. Tyranny |
| 5. Freedom | 10. Happiness |

Fathers Are Funny

There comes a time in the life of every man—well, nearly every man—when he stops sounding off about his exploits in battle; instead, his favorite topic of conversation is the latest antic of his precious offspring. This means he's joined the celebrated ranks of Fathers, Inc., carries the photos in his pocket to prove it and is entitled to all the privileges attached thereto. It means that a special day is set aside to honor him—a day when Dad is king-pin around the house and his loyal subjects gather around and pay him tribute. Sometimes, Pop makes quite a haul (for which he pays in the end, of course)! More often, he's blessed with a robe that fits him like a strait jacket, ties he can't abide and a muffler that makes him squirm.

But you can bet your bottom dollar it's not gifts of the package variety that Dad is thinking about. He's much more concerned about matters like the future happiness and security of his loved ones. Fathers are funny that way.

Every father—be he veteran or non-veteran, rich or poor, Republican or Democrat—wants to see his children grow up in a world where hatred, fear and want are extinct—where peace, plenty and human understanding are the order of the day. Furthermore, he wants to know that when Junior reaches manhood, he will not be denied any of the democratic benefits that are rightfully

his. Fathers of all religions, races and ancestries fought shoulder to shoulder to make sure that future Americans, without distinctions, might be permitted to live in dignity and enjoy equal opportunities in every walk of life. That's what he means by Americanism and that's what he fought for.

And finally, there isn't a father in captivity who doesn't want his youngsters to develop sturdy, robust bodies and alert, healthy minds, free from harmful superstitions, narrowing prejudices and vicious dogmas designed to destroy individual freedom.

One father summed up his wishes for his unborn child simply and eloquently. He wrote:

"Be just a healthy, alive person with a strong feeling for your fellowmen, a sense of humor, and an unswerving devotion to justice. Hate war, intolerance, inequality because of race or creed, and exploitation of one man by another. Take nothing for granted but carefully examine facts before drawing your own conclusions."

These wishes are not exactly unique. They are echoed by every father in the U. S. A. What better way to celebrate Fathers Day than to rededicate ourselves wholeheartedly to the task of building a peaceful, freer, more just and abundant America!



A. V. Linde ("The Red White and Blue Man," page 1) calls himself an outdoor sports enthusiast, especially fond of hiking mountain trails, stream fishing and camping out.



Marion Walden ("Georgie's Growin' Up a Man," page 7) likes to write about music, gardening and bringing up children. Born and raised in Minnesota, she has moved farther West and now resides in Seattle, Washington.



C. V. Jackson ("Ideas Spell Dollars," page 14) has appeared twice before in THE LINK with his deftly told hobby articles for the use of the G.I. Author of a textbook, *Hobbies for the Handicapped*, Mr. Jackson says "I earn my bread-and-butter as a handicraft teacher, and win my cake and jam with my pen."



R. F. Armknecht ("Seven Seconds of Heaven," page 16) has written innumerable articles which have appeared in *This Week*, *Etude*, and *Christian Science Monitor Magazine*; book reviews for the New York *Herald Tribune* Sunday Book Review Section; verse for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, and many other magazines. He is a commander in the Navy's Civil Engineer Corps.

E. F. Weekes ("I Remember the Sarge," page 31) knows well the subject he treats in this issue. For many years he worked with railroads in positions ranging from fireman to Inspector with the Bureau of Locomotive Inspection. He is now with Passenger Service. His venture in the field of fiction began with the acceptance of a railroad story by *Boy's Life*.



William O. Foss ("Our Barefoot Navy," page 33) writes: "I began my naval career by striking for coxswain, but fate had it that I should become a pen pusher, and I was honorably discharged as a Chief Yeoman." His article on "The Pigeon, A Forgotten War Hero" appeared in the April-May issue of THE LINK.



Samuel Stanley ("The Double Lucky Strike," page 35) spent the period 1942-45 with Col. "Flip" Cochran in North Africa. After his G.I. wanderings through Sicily, Italy, Egypt and India Mr. Stanley returned to New York to resume his writing.



Nicholas Kushta ("In the Pawnshop," page 42) is a veteran of World War II who served in an "assortment of capacities in the States (mostly in training camps)" and wound up in Alaska as a weather observer. "I then went to college, got my degree, began to teach and having lived through the first year (and still being of sound mind) I believe I will remain in the profession."

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH

Daily Rations



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

JUNE

**THEME: Standing Fast in Every
Good Work**

1. Time for Everything. **Ecclesiastes 3**
2. As We Hope. . . . **Ecclesiastes 11**
3. Remember Thy Creator
Ecclesiastes 12
4. Protector and Guide. . . . **Psalms 25**
5. God of Joy. **Psalms 43**
6. God Alive. **Psalms 84**
7. God of Kindness. . . . **Psalms 86**
8. God of Help. **Psalms 124**
9. God of Trust. **Psalms 143**
10. God of Happiness. . . . **Psalms 146**
11. Here Am I. **Isaiah 6**
12. His Names. **Isaiah 9:1-7**
13. Spread All Over. . . **Isaiah 11:1-9**
14. In Perfect Peace **Isaiah 26:1-13**
15. Make Them Strong. . . . **Isaiah 40**
16. He Goes Ahead. . . **Isaiah 45:1-17**
17. Quietly Wait
Lamentations 3:22-36
18. Slow to Anger. . . . **Joel 2:12-32**
19. Children Playing **Zechariah 8:3-8**
20. Lay Down Your Life. . . **I John 3**
21. Perfect Love. **I John 4**
22. He Hears Us. **I John 5**
23. A Mother's Song. **Luke 1:26-56**
24. A Father's Song. **Luke 1:57-80**
25. What Must We Do? **Luke 3:1-18**
26. I Know Thee. . . . **Luke 4:33-44**
27. Into the Deep. . . . **Luke 5:1-11**
28. Unclean. **Luke 5:12-26**
29. Follow Me. **Luke 5:27-39**
30. Thank God for You
II Thessalonians 2

JULY

THEME: Now Hear This

1. God's Favor. **Psalms 65**
2. Serve Him Gladly. . . . **Psalms 100**
3. God's Greatness. . . . **Psalms 145**
4. This Do and Live. . . **Deut. 4:1-24**
5. God Will Not Fail **Deut. 4:25-40**
6. The Beginning of Knowledge
Proverbs 1
7. No Malingering. **Proverbs 6:1-19**
8. No Bad Women. . . . **Proverbs 7**
9. No Foolishness. . . **Proverbs 8:1-21**
10. No Quarreling. . . . **Proverbs 17**
11. No Haughtiness. . . . **Proverbs 18**
12. No Intemperance. . . **Proverbs 20**
13. Walk Uprightly. . . . **Proverbs 28**
14. Two, Three and Four
Proverbs 30:7-33
15. Not Afraid. **Isaiah 12**
16. A Happy Future. . . . **Isaiah 35**
17. Assured of Help. **Isaiah 41:10-29**
18. O Hear Ye This. . . . **Isaiah 48**
19. Jesus' Good-bye. **John 16**
20. Jesus' Return. . . . **John 20:19-31**
21. Jesus on the Shore. **John 21:1-14**
22. Good-bye Again. . . **John 21:15-25**
23. No Respector of Persons
Romans 2:1-11
24. Peace with God. . . . **Romans 5**
25. Alive to God. **Romans 6**
26. Inward Conflict. . . . **Romans 7**
27. More than Conquerors. **Romans 8**
28. Final Salvation. **Romans 11:16-36**
29. Mutual Helpfulness. **Romans 15**
30. Hear Ye This Word. . . . **Amos 3**
31. Seek Good and Live **Amos 5:10-24**



There was a young poet from Japan
Whose lines they never would scan.
When they asked him why
He said with a sigh
I think it's because I try to get as
many words in the last line as I possibly can.

A man was caught off guard in the subway rush. They took him home and a cop knocked at the door.

"What is it?" called the wife without opening.

"Your husband," said the cop. "He was crushed flat as a pancake in the subway."

"I'm dressing," said the wife. "Slide him under the door."

—The Stethoscope

At a prayer meeting shortly after the minister and his wife had returned from a long trip, an elder offered up thanks for their safe return—but put his foot in it.

"Oh, Lord," he said, "we thank Thee for bringing our pastor safely home and his dear wife, too, dear Lord, for Thou preserveth man and beast."

A woman went to buy a bowl for her dog and the merchant said: "Would you like one with the inscription, 'For the Dog'?"

"It really doesn't matter," she re-

plied. "You see, my husband never drinks water, and the dog can't read."

It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven and Hell, and St. Peter called down to Satan telling him it was his turn to have it repaired. The Devil refused to do the job saying that his men were too busy to worry about fixing a gate. "Well," scowled St. Peter, "if you don't fix it I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement." "Oh yeah!" yeached the Devil. "Where are you going to get a lawyer?"

Two Negro lads were leaning against a post on a corner.

"How old are you?"

"Five. How old are you?"

"I don't know whether I'se four or five."

"Does this question of women bother you?"

"No."

"Then you'se four."



Churches and Organizations

Affiliated or Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS

ORGANIZATIONS:

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

CHURCHES:

Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, American	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, General	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, North American General Conference	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



