

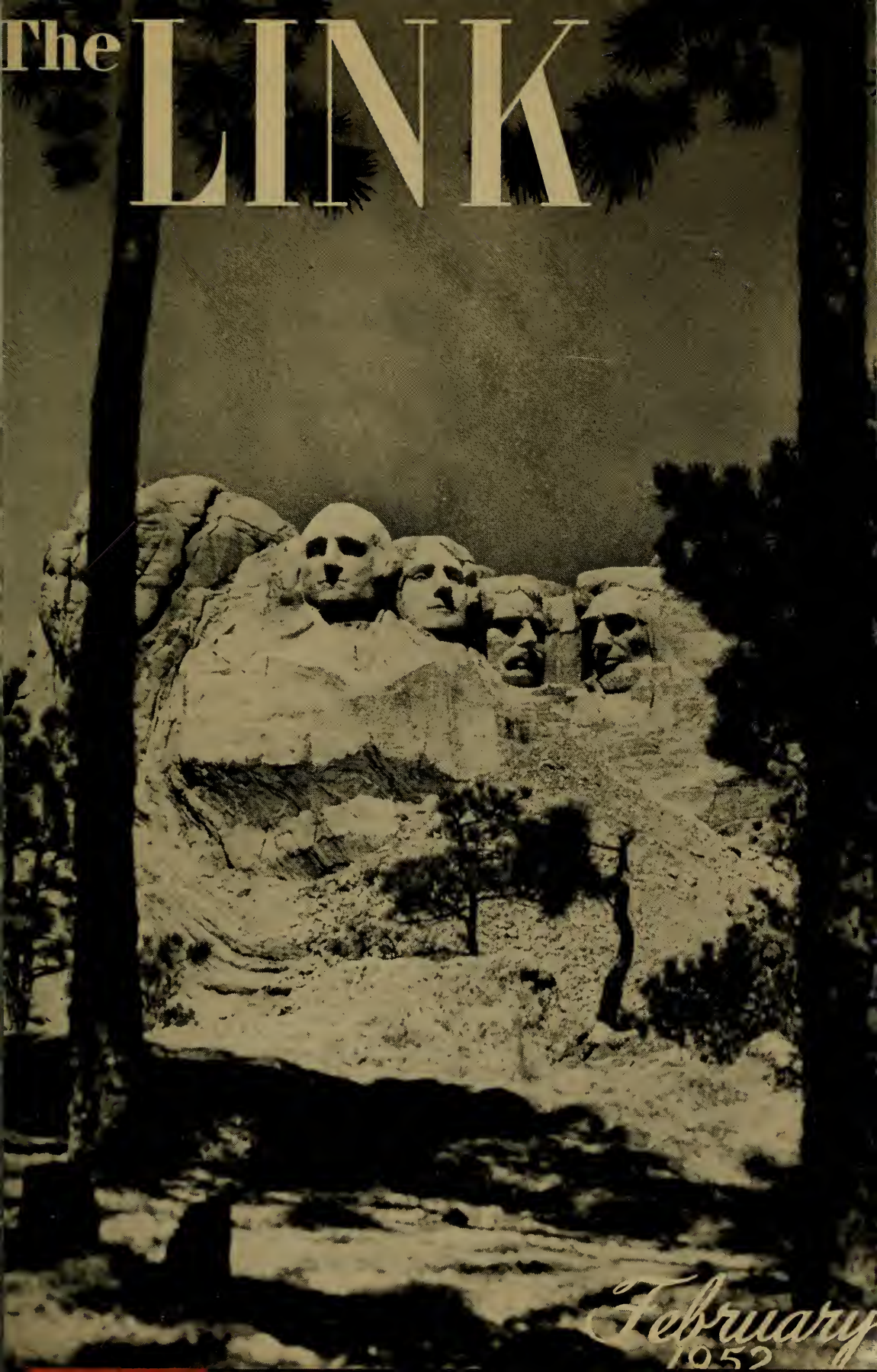








# The LINK



*February*  
1952

February 1952

## Contents

### *Stories*

	PAGE
Cupid Has Long Ears .....	Hugh Connor 1
The Valentine .....	Lillian E. Andrews 16
Never Forget .....	Grace Chapman Nash 25
No Hollow Victory .....	L. J. Huber 32

### *Articles*

Timepiece of the Nation .....	William R. Kreh 4
The Doubtful Treasure of Captain Kidd .....	James L. Harte 7
Table Lamps from Empty Bottles .....	C. V. Jackson 13
This Is the Infantry .....	Josh M. Drake 19
UFP News .....	21
Korea—Ireland of the Orient .....	George R. Flamm 23

### *Regular Features*

A Word Triangle .....	3	UFP Study Outlines .....	35
Link Lines .....	11	Recreational Activities .....	44
Cover Story .....	15	The Low-Down .....	46
DisChords .....	31	Daily Rations .....	47
At Ease! .....	48		

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# ♥ CUPID HAS LONG EARS

FROM THE FIRST DAY I moved into the neighborhood and saw June Anders watering the petunias in her yard, I had been singularly possessed with the notion that she would look much nicer watering the carnations in mine.

Beset by the picture, I had made several stabs at establishing diplomatic relations patterned along the good neighbor policy. From lawn mower and water hose to rake, hoe, and hedge shears, one by one I had borrowed and returned them while mine were allowed to soak up a lot of inactivity in the garage. At the end of a month no incident had been fostered that accounted for more than just the shakiest of neighborly civilities.

The situation was one that transcended *cherchez la femme*, but without co-operation from *la femme*, when on Saturday morning I heard the front gate open, and short, quick steps clicked on the flagstone walk. I caught a glimpse of June as she approached my door.

She rang the bell and waited, tapping

a dainty number four on my front porch.

I maneuvered to the edge of the roof and yelled, "Up here!"

She scrambled down the steps and looked up at my grinning face hanging over the eaves. Her usual complacent demeanor had abdicated in favor of a more rebellious countenance.

"Is this brute yours?" she demanded, straightening her slim, shapely arm and pointing a well-manicured finger at the brute in question.

"Well . . . yes," says I, "but he's not a brute. He's a genuine springer spaniel with a pedi—"

"I don't care what kind of a whosis he is," she interrupted. "You'll have to tell him to stop chasing my turkeys."

I subdued an irritating urge to grin.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll tell him, but you see, he's a bird dog and—"

"Then kindly educate him to the difference between wild fowl and purebred Yucatan turkeys."

She led me to believe the conversation

was ended by turning and bristling out the gate with only a sidewise glance at the brute, who had found a cool spot in my tulip bed and was probably dreaming of chasing cats—or turkeys. I collected my paint and brushes and managed to climb off the roof without breaking my neck.

Yucatan turkeys indeed! Who did she think she was? Well, I'd show her!

An hour later I leaned against Miss Anders' doorbell, then stepped back and flicked a speck off my Sunday suit.

She opened the door and stood there with her hands on her hips, in the kind of attitude you find when the cleanup man has been called out on a low fast one with bases loaded.

"Well, Mr. O'Brien?" she demanded. I flinched but didn't bolt.

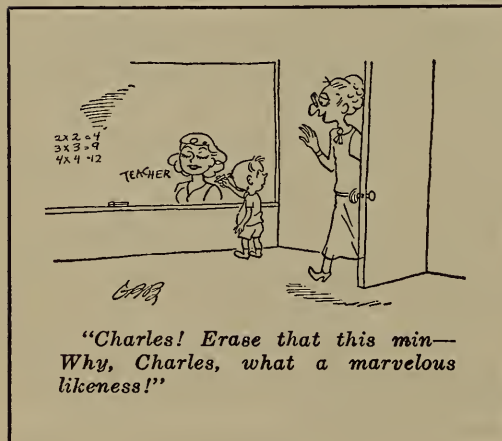
"A peace offering," I suggested timidly, pointing to the napkin-covered plate balanced on my finger tips.

"Beware of Greeks bearing gifts," she murmured. I thought I detected a trace of *jeu d'esprit*.

She glanced around my shoulder. "I hope you didn't bring that turkey buzzard with you."

"Please, Miss Anders." I looked hurt.

"All right," she conceded. "He's not a turkey buzzard. He's a genuine . . . something or other."



"Springer spaniel," I offered, "with a pedigree."

She smiled, and out of habit I almost asked to borrow her lawn mower. Then she laughed.

"You look silly standing there. Hadn't you better come in?"

"Thanks," I said, and traversed the threshold without tripping. I placed the plate on the tea table and, with proper finesse, unveiled the peace offering.

"A cake!" she cried.

"Yes, ma'am, a cake. I baked it this morning."

"YOU baked it?"

"Yes, ma'am. This morning."

She shook her head. "Well, really—"

"It was nothing." I made proper gestures to show the insignificance of the act. "I was a mess sergeant. Pretty good, too. All the time I spent near the front I was never fired on once by the men in my company."

She picked at the icing and tested it. "But you shouldn't have bothered. A peace offering, as you call it, was hardly—"

"I felt that I should make amends for Butch."

"Who?" she asked.

"Butch. The spaniel. I thought it my place to carry the sword, or bury the sword, or something."

She smiled at me and I felt like Mortimer Snerd.

"I suppose I was a little hasty this morning. Would you like some coffee? I'm dying to sample your cake."

There was only one answer for that.

"While the coffee is boiling, perhaps you'd like to see my turkeys."

I said I would, and she led me through the kitchen, where I waited until the coffee was on the stove. Then we went into the back yard.

"They're purebred Yucatan," she beamed. "Aren't they wonderful?"



They looked like ordinary turkeys to me. They stood around and made turkey noises, but I fashioned an interested expression on my face and said "Hmm," professional like.

"They are very sensitive," she explained. "That's why I was so concerned."

"I understand," I answered, sticking out my chin determinedly. "I'll get rid of Butch."

She turned and caught my arm. "Oh, please don't! There's really no need."

"Yes," says I, "there is no other way. Butch isn't the kind of dog that can be confined. He needs exercise." I conjured a picture of him sleeping in my tulip bed. "I won't have him bothering your turkeys."

She started to protest.

"Please," I said, holding up my hand. "Please. It will be best for all concerned."

She looked sweet, and just a little sad.

"Won't he be a great loss to you?"

"Yes," I answered, allowing my head to hang slightly. "Yes. There will be a void."

She looked at me with eyes that were beginning to moisten.

"The evenings," I said, "will be the hardest to bear."

Later when I returned home, Butch was crawling off the davenport as I entered the door. I bent over and scratched his head. He always seemed to have a look of profound intelligence in his big brown eyes. He seemed to understand.

I walked to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello, George? Mike. Yeah, fine. And you? . . . Good. Yeah, he's fine too. . . . It worked. I've got a date for tomorrow night. Thanks for lending him to me. I'll bring him home in the morning. He's sure a good bird dog, George!"

## A Word Triangle By Virginia B. Weddle

1. . . . .
2. . . . .
3. . . . .
4. . . . .
5. . . . .
6. . . . .

Clues :

1. The strongest man
2. Pertaining to the Arian sect
3. Covered with mire
4. Speak
5. Upon
6. The fourteenth letter of the alphabet

(Answers on page 29)

A milk bottle fished out of the Atlantic Ocean was found to contain a mysterious message, but the writing was too blurred to be deciphered. The FBI conducted tests, and at last six words stood out in startling clearness: "Two quarts of milk, no cream."

—Arkansas Methodist

✚ ✚ ✚

The moon was high, the lane was bright.  
I looked at her in the pale moonlight,  
With every hint and every glance  
What I craved was real romance.  
I stuttered and stammered as time  
went by.

The moon was yellow and so was I!

# Timepiece of the Nation

BY WILLIAM R. KREH

**K**EEPING the country informed of time that is accurate to one-thousandth of a second seems like a formidable task—but this is being accomplished by the U. S. Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C.

Located on a seventy-two-acre site five miles northwest of the Capitol Building, the observatory is the source of regular radio time signals by which clocks are set throughout the nation.

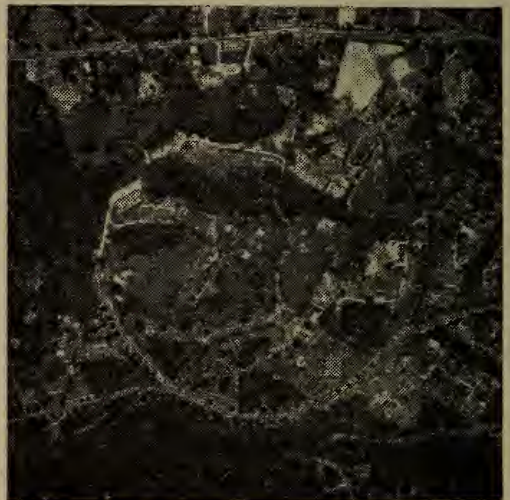
In order to determine such accurate time, the observatory makes continuous studies of the stars. It then adjusts its master clock on the basis of its findings and flashes the correct time every other hour for radio distribution. Time determination and correction take up most of the time of astronomers at this small but vitally important government project. Corrections may be made as small as a few thousandths of a second each day on the master clock.

The master clock is a tall panel with a large dial and controls on the back that resemble those of an ordinary electric clock. Several other clocks run with the master clock to help provide an accurate check. These standard clocks now in use at the observatory are quartz-crystal controlled. In this type of clock a small quartz crystal, which is enclosed in a vacuum tube and kept in a constant-temperature oven, takes the place of the pendulum or balance wheel that is found in other types of clocks. The crystal oscillates 100,000 times a second and controls an electric current which is used to drive a synchronous motor clock movement. These clocks are all checked by astronomical obser-

vations, and their rate of error is determined. During the period of a few days the variation in the daily rates of these clocks does not ordinarily amount to more than one-thousandth of a second!

Star time is determined by a tall, vertical metal tube that resembles a telescope. This is one of the only two photographic zenith tubes in the world. Both were developed at the Naval Observatory after years of research. This instrument determines when a star crosses the meridian—the north-south line passing directly over the observatory. The pin-point light from the star shines to the base of the tube, where it is reflected in a basin of mercury. The mercury, acting as a mirror, sends the light back up to a photographic plate in an automatic camera.

Four separate photographs are made as the star crosses the meridian, and



*The Naval Observatory from the air*



*Twenty-six-inch equatorial refracting telescope—just one part of the mechanism required to tell us the correct time*

the time of each star movement and the clock times of the exposures enable the scientists to determine the rate of error of the observatory's master clock.

The time-determining instruments at the observatory are mounted in a vault secured to solid piers, which are set deep into the earth so that tremors or vibrations do not affect them.

In August, 1865, the Naval Observatory started sending time signals three times daily to the fire-alarm and police stations of Washington, D. C. Every midnight the observatory also furnished the correct time to the Western Union Telegraph Company for communication to the offices of the company throughout the United States. This was the begin-

ning of the present elaborate system for the regular distribution of "Naval Observatory Time" by Western Union.

The observatory was moved from downtown Washington to its present site in 1893. The location is the highest point in the nation's capital, being 275 feet above the Potomac River. It consists of a huge circle, two thousand feet in diameter. The circular shape of the grounds was designed to keep the observatory's delicate instruments from being affected by heavy vehicular traffic. A law passed in 1894 provides that no public street, avenue, or thoroughfare can run through the circle. Massachusetts Avenue, one of Washington's most heavily traveled streets, interrupts its

straight path to make the required detour when it gets to the observatory, and the heavy traffic gets no closer than 1000 feet to the sensitive time instruments.

The Naval Observatory time signals first were sent out in order that navigators could check their chronometers before leaving harbor. Since then, many special uses of the signals have arisen. These include longitude determinations for precise surveying and map making, and gravity determination by means of which minerals and oil are located. Radio monitoring stations use the signals in checking the frequencies of broadcasting stations, while seismologists use them in co-ordinating earthquake records. Radio and television are two fields that particularly benefit from the modern efficiency of time determination.

The Navy Department has no special agreement with any telegraph company but furnishes time signals free to all firms and individuals who provide wires for the purpose to the transmitting room. By far the most widely known user of

the time service is the Western Union Company, which since 1877 has been furnishing the observatory time to all cities of more than 20,000 population in the United States.

In addition to sending time signals within this country, the observatory also transmits them to Canada, France, England, Mexico, and South Africa. It also receives and records foreign time signals, thus furnishing a continuous basis for international time comparison.

Recently, there have been proposals to move the observatory from Washington to a site in the mountains near Charlottesville, Virginia. Scientists and astronomers claim that their work is being hindered by an increasing amount of Washington smoke and haze. The proposals have been taken up in Congress, and it is expected that eventually the move will take place.

Such a move, however, will not change the observatory's time service except perhaps to improve it. No matter where it is located, the U. S. Naval Observatory will continue to serve as an accurate "timepiece" for our nation.



The Soviet educator Mitschurin was discussing insects at Moscow University. "I have here a flea," said he to the students, "on my right hand. I now order him to jump over to my left hand. The flea obeyed, as you see. Now I repeat the experiment, and the flea obeys again. Now I remove the legs of the flea and order it to jump. You see that it doesn't jump. Therefore, gentlemen, we have scientific proof that a flea whose legs are removed becomes deaf."

—*Boston Naval Shipyard News*

A diplomat is a chap who, when asked what his favorite color is, replies, "Plaid."

—*Parade*



Andrew Carnegie, the Napoleon of the steel industry, said modestly to a group of visitors at his plant one day: "No important step is taken except by unanimous vote." A minority partner added audibly, "And God help the man who isn't unanimous!"

# The Doubtful Treasure of Captain Kidd

By James L. Harte

SOME chests of treasure buried by the famous, or infamous, Captain Kidd (according to which school of historians you follow) were recovered at the turn of the seventeenth century from a spot on Gardiners Island, off the north shore of what is now East Hampton, Long Island. In the dramatic trial at England's Old Bailey that resulted in his hanging, Kidd revealed this cache, the spot of which is yet marked by a small marble monument. This was the only admission to buried treasure that Kidd ever made.

However, for more than two hundred years treasure hunters have searched along the North American seacoast for the legendary loot of the captain. And today, aided by the newest scientific gadgets of the atomic age—everything from Geiger counters to weird, Buck Rogers-like apparatus—dozens of new parties are undertaking further search. Most of these are of unscientific but adventurous folk bitten by the treasure bug. Many are ex-GI's, their thirst for adventure whetted by the tales of the ancient pirate still told round the world.

Reputable sources affirm that Edgar Allan Poe, who believed that Gardiners Island concealed more loot than had been recovered, dug there on at least two occasions in vain efforts to substantiate his belief. Poe claimed, with his nimble imagination, to have deciphered a code allegedly left by Captain Kidd to unlock the mystery of the hidden treasure. Most authorities report the code to be contained in a series of digits reading 44106818. It has never meant anything to anyone other than

Poe, who, if he had decoded the message within the number, died without revealing it.

Poe did find treasure for the world, however, in his diggings on the island, for they gave him the base for his immortal yarn "The Gold Bug."

Others, over the years, have assaulted the earth of Gardiners, until finally, some years ago, the Gardiner family, which has owned the island since 1639, prohibited further treasure hunting on the property. Despite the ban, stealthy attempts have been made to get around it, thus adding even so modern a touch of lawlessness to the mystery, murder, superstition, plunder, and intrigue that are the long-time elements of the Captain Kidd legend.

Another of the oft-visited scenes of reputed treasure is Oak Island, Nova Scotia. Ancient scuttlebutt insists that the pirate secreted a hoard of ill-gotten gold here, but repeated exploration has failed to unearth such plunder or even a remote indication that any was buried here.

Superstition helps guard the Oak Island cache, if it exists. For here the demon Aziel, in the form of a huge phantom dog, stands guard over the treasure for his master, Satan. Many superstitious, God-fearing Nova Scotians have claimed to have seen the shadow monster, others to have heard its unearthly howls. And dejected treasure hunters, perhaps to alibi for failure, have added weird tales to the continued saga of the ghostly Aziel.

A story, long ago proved to be a hoax, that has circulated widely since



the late 1800's, states that the Astor family fortune was founded on the discovery of treasure hidden by Kidd on Deer Isle, Penobscot Bay, Maine. This bit of fiction has been responsible for a great number of treasure hunts along the Maine coast; and even today, despite authenticated denials, there are many who insist on believing the yarn and who waste time and money on forages planned accordingly.

Will the searching parties, the never-say-die's, of the atomic age, with scientific attack upon the unyielding soils of such reputed hiding places, unearth long-buried millions or prove that such millions never did exist? The answer, for the future, seems to lie with the past. For over two centuries the hopeful and the adventurous have continued to search, from Nova Scotia to the West Indies, despite rebuff, discouragement, failure. And even if the equipment and

knowledge afforded by modern science and invention meets with the same result, it is safe to wager that the search will continue for centuries to come. For the die-hard adventurers will believe only what they want to believe in answer to the unanswerable question: Did Captain Kidd bury millions in doubloons and pieces of eight, or nothing at all?

Actually, historians are not even sure that Captain Kidd was a swashbuckling freebooter. Balladeers and masters of fiction have added to the legend by picturing him as a gory pirate swinging a vicious cutlass and making countless victims walk the plank. Historians of the sea immediately take away some of the color with the flat statement that there never has been an authenticated case of any pirate's disposing of an unwanted prisoner by the method of walking the plank over the side of a ship.

Other researchers, delving specifically into the life of Kidd, claim that he was the victim of a political frameup, being a privateer but never a pirate. Such a conclusion lacks the excitement of the blood-and-thunder novels that perpetuate the pirate legend and lend themselves to blood-curdling screen dramatization which even further perpetuates the fiction and not the fact.

William Kidd, later to become the Captain Kidd of classic pirate lore, was born in Scotland about the year 1645. The best-authenticated of his biographies lists him as the son of a Calvinist minister. He received a better-than-average education before taking to the sea. He prospered as an honest seaman and eventually came to the Colonies in command of an English privateer. His English home was of the better class; he is noted by some historians as having been a good husband and father. Marriage records list him as "William Kidd, gentleman."

From the time of his birth until he neared the age of fifty, about 1695, Kidd lived a prosperous but uneventful life, with no indication of the bloody legend that was to live on after him. Then the fates ordained that he should meet up with the English Lord Bellomont, then governor of the Massachusetts and New York crown colonies. Bellomont, termed crafty and ambitious by the historians of the period, sought a trustworthy, able sea captain to head a privateering expedition specifically aimed at the seizure of French ships and cargoes in the then-current war between England and France.

Detractors of William Kidd claim he eagerly seized the chance to engage in legalized piracy. Other historians aver that he refused to accept the appointment but was forced into it by the wily Bellomont, who, as governor, could refuse clearance papers to Kidd's trading vessels then tied up in New York harbor.

Bellomont, with a number of English aristocrats, including King William III, outfitted a ship and issued letters of marque to Captain Kidd, with the captain and his crew to sail on a "no plunder, no pay" basis. The aristocratic backers of the affair hoped to gain huge profits from this legalized looting of the French.

The history of William Kidd from that point on is a confusion of contradictory tales, from which little truth can be sifted. The controversy between detractors and "truth seekers" rages on, the first claiming that Kidd immediately turned one-hundred-per-cent pirate and fraternized with the freebooters he was supposed to capture, the second saying that he followed his command to the letter and plundered only the French ships. In his own defense Kidd admitted that his crew, tasting the high adventure of legalized piracy against the French,

determined to go whole hog and turn pirate completely. They mutinied and deserted when Kidd sternly refused to enter into the game. This mutiny led to the alleged murder of William Moore, chief gunner, by Captain Kidd. The murder, as sworn to in the later Old Bailey trial, gave the balladeers of the day the theme for the famous pirate's lament containing the lines that soon were sung from the lips of most of the New World colonists: "I murdered William Moore and laid him in his gore."

Ugly rumors of Kidd's actions found their way to England, where a hot political fight was then being waged in Parliament. The rumors of Kidd's villainy became grist for the political mill as the opponents of the aristocratic element that had sponsored the Kidd voyage attempted to smear the aristocrats with the same tar. No attempt was made to ascertain the truth of the rumors; instead, each tale was embellished until Captain Kidd was painted a blood-drinking ogre and in sheer defensive desperation the Lord Chancellor, himself one of the backers of the expedition, sent orders to Bellomont to arrest Captain Kidd if he returned to the Colonies.

Kidd, unaware of the turmoil, sailed into a West Indies port with loot taken from a ship of France, and then learned that he had been proclaimed a pirate. Leaving his prize, the captain took passage on a sloop bound for Boston, anxious to clear his name and seek a pardon. Crafty Bellomont, fearing for his own neck because of his part in the venture, caused Kidd's arrest, detention, and shipment in chains to England for the trial which then ensued. There Captain William Kidd, political pawn, was adjudged guilty of piracy and hanged.

The loot which he had brought into the West Indies was acquired by the Crown. This is the only known treasure,

except for the few chests on Gardiners Island, traceable to Captain Kidd. Its history is clear; it had never been secreted anywhere. And no historical fact is available to indicate that Kidd ever cached any other treasure.

Yet certainly, as the storytellers argue, there were no banks in those days, and the pirates of the time had to hide their ill-gotten gains in secret caves or bury them in the ground of little-known islands. They say that sometimes the buccaneers themselves forgot where they

stashed the loot, and that Captain Kidd must have so forgotten when he, on trial for his life, could tell of only the few chests buried on Gardiners.

And so the hunt goes on, with or without magic numbers, with or without codes real or imagined, for the millions that may or may not lie buried. And doubtful it is if this atomic age, or the age that is to follow, will succeed in sifting truth from legend and ending the controversy over Captain Kidd.



## Evangelism by Verse

Ten little Christians, standing in a line.  
 One disliked the preacher; then there were nine.  
 Nine little Christians stayed up very late.  
 One slept on Sunday morning; then there were eight.  
 Eight little Christians on the road to heaven.  
 One took the lower road; then there were seven.  
 Seven little Christians got into a fix,  
 One disliked the music; then there were six.  
 Six little Christians very much alive,  
 But one lost her interest; then there were five.  
 Five little Christians wishing there were more,  
 But they quarreled; then there were four.  
 Four little Christians, cheerful as could be,  
 But one lost his temper; then there were three.  
 Three little Christians knew not what do,  
 One joined a sporty crowd; then there were two.  
 Two little Christians—our rhyme is nearly done—  
 Differed with each other; then there was one.  
 One lone Christian won his neighbor true,  
 Brought him with him to the church; then there were two.  
 Two earnest Christians, each won one more,  
 That doubled their number; then there were four.  
 Four sincere Christians worked very late,  
 But each won another; then there were eight.  
 Eight splendid Christians—but nothing rhymes with sixteen,  
 So we simply note that in a few more rhymes there would be  
 1,024, which would be quite a churchful.

—LAYLAND G. SMITH in *The Watchman-Examiner*



# LINK LINES

By J. A. Lacy

## Your Point of View

I often think of something "Uncle Joe" said. When life looks mean or hard, that's when I think about it.

Uncle Joe is a native of Walden's Ridge, in the Tennessee Cumberlands. Everybody knows him. And it used to be that when a newcomer wanted to explore some hidden gully or farther range, this man could show him the way.

We were on the way from "Nigh Top" to "Fer Top." The path had run out long before we descended into the last dark ravine. Brambles tore our clothing. Each big rock and fallen tree trunk could have concealed a rattler. Then the climb to the point was hard and devious, and we saved our breath.

But when we reached the top, Uncle Joe spoke. He waved his arm out over the way we had come and said: "When you go down that-a-way, and come up this-a-way, and look back that-a-way, it's so purty!"

It takes a high mountain to give you a beautiful view, and religion is like a high mountain.

Many scraps of experience, taken separately, are ugly. Why do hard things happen? The future is hidden, and the path to your chosen goal seems devious. Especially if Uncle Sam is ordering you about!

But if we climb above ourselves into friendship with the Eternal God, we may see the beauty of meaning in our lives.

That's how it was with a gallant Dutch woman who survived Nazi con-

centration camps in the last war. Her husband and two oldest sons were shot. A younger son and two daughters were imprisoned. She herself was imprisoned for her work in the Dutch underground. Life fell to pieces.

Then when existence in the crowded women's cell seemed unendurable, friends in the underground movement managed to send in a bag of clothing. No letter could be included, but at the bottom of the bag she found scraps of cloth that carried a welcome message. Each could be recognized as a piece cut from the garment of some well-remembered comrade. They clearly said that all these friends were still at liberty and still behind her. She pieced them together and hung them on the wall like a flag of hope.

Years later Count Bernadotte rescued the survivors of the prison at Ravensbrück. She was nursed back to health in Sweden and one day found herself in a plane that was carrying her back home. Soaring into the clear, clean sunlight, she felt that she never wanted to return to a world that held all the filth and horror she had known. The plane seemed to be traveling on a snow-white highway. Then she saw a break in the clouds and reluctantly looked down. But there below lay a beautiful patchwork quilt made of farms and woodlands, fields and streams.

"My scraps of cloth came to mind," she said, "and I began to feel some hope that all the tornness and brokenness of our earth could be pieced together again." Looking at the world from that height, she saw harmony in a patchwork of the whole.

Later this woman, Mme Boissevain, made popular in her country the patchwork skirt, which not only made possible a gala celebration of the coronation of the queen but became as well a sym-

bol of spiritual recovery in this ravaged land.

I guess that few of us will ever go down into such a dark valley as she came through. But if the love of God sustained her so that when she climbed into the safety of peace she could see

the whole pattern from God's point of view, we can too.

Uncle Joe was right. Life gets pretty tough at times. But "when you go down that-a-way, and come up this-a-way, and look back that-a-way, it's so purty!"



There is no argument about the coining of *spoonerism*, the term used to describe those tongue-stumbling distortions of words such as Sternel Coopnagle—Colonel Stoopnagle, that is—promulgates so prolifically. In recent years William Archibald Spooner was an erudite scholar, lecturer, and warden at Oxford University, and his unintentional lapses in speech gave rise to the word *spoonerism* to describe transpositions of the first letters in adjoining or closely linked words. And fat's a thact!

—WILLIAM J. MURDOCK



During the Civil War a "traveling evangelist" held meetings in various camps where troops were either resting between battles or waiting to be called into action. He finally arrived at the camp of a Vermont regiment. In talking with the colonel he bragged that he had just baptized twenty-five men in a Massachusetts regiment.

The colonel listened as politely as he could until the man had finished, and then called his adjutant. When he came the colonel said: "Adjutant, detail fifty men to be baptized. I'm not going to have it said that any derved Massachusetts regiment has more piety than we have!"

—JENNIE A. RUSS



The last shot of World War I was fired by order of an American army officer named, ironically, Peace. He was Colonel Willis Grandy Peace, and on the morning of November 11, 1918, he was in command of the Eleventh U.S. Field Artillery, on duty in the Argonne forest. A minute or so before eleven o'clock that historic morning a German shell came screaming into the Eleventh Artillery's sector, killing several members of Peace's staff. Whereupon the colonel ordered retaliatory fire at the enemy. A big U.S. gun boomed, and on the stroke of eleven the shell burst over the German lines.

(Incidentally, Colonel Peace died at his home in Laguna Beach, California, at the age of sixty-four, in February of 1941, and thus failed to witness our entry into World War II.)

—HAROLD WINERIP

# Table Lamps from Empty Bottles

By C. V. Jackson

HERE is an attractive hobby-project with which to while away a bit of your leisure time. It is a comparatively simple task to convert an empty bottle into an expensive-looking reading lamp for your desk or bedside. Bottles and jars of all shapes and sizes may be used, but particularly suitable is one with a slim neck and a low, bulbous body, as illustrated in Figure 1.

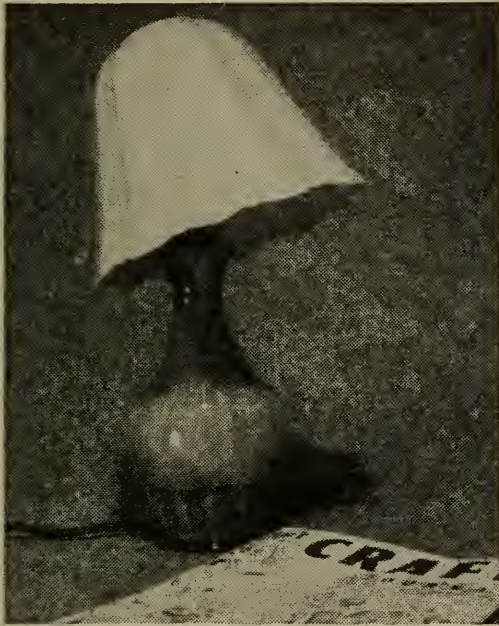


Fig. 1

Ordinary mineral-water bottles are usually unsuitable. When the electric-light globe and the shade have been added, the completed lamp has a tendency to be top-heavy. However, if a tall, slim stand is desired, any unsteadiness can be overcome by filling the lower part of the bottle with sand or pebbles.

In addition to bottles, large preserving jars of either glass or glazed earthenware, old jugs, vases, and decanters make quite handsome lamp stands.

Possibly the most ticklish job, when you begin to make your reading lamp, will be to bore a hole through the base of the bottle to permit the entrance of a length of electric cord. Fortunately, this is not nearly so difficult as it may sound. All you need is a medium-sized screw driver and a little oil.

Decide where the hole is to be made, then gently tap at this spot with the edge of the screw driver until you have roughened the surface of the glass. Allow a drop of oil to fall on the spot and then begin to rotate the screw driver gently against the glass. After a few seconds of this, wipe oil and powdered glass from the spot and again gently tap the glass with the edge of the screw driver. Repeat this simple technique of tapping and rotating with the screw driver until a hole has been bored completely through the wall of the bottle (see Fig. 3). The whole procedure should not take longer than ten or fifteen minutes. If in doubt, have a tryout on another empty bottle or jar before commencing work on your lamp stand.

Another stage in the project is the attaching of the light socket to the bottle, and much here depends upon the size of the neck. If this is narrow enough, the base for the socket can be cemented directly into the bottle, after it has been connected to the ends of the electric wires. If, on the other hand, a vase or a jar with a wide mouth has been used, then a disc of wood should be cut to fit the mouth of the jar and then glued

into position. The disc should have a hole bored through the center so that the end of the cord can be connected to a batten-type socket (that is, a socket that secures or screws onto an adapter), which is then screwed onto the disc.

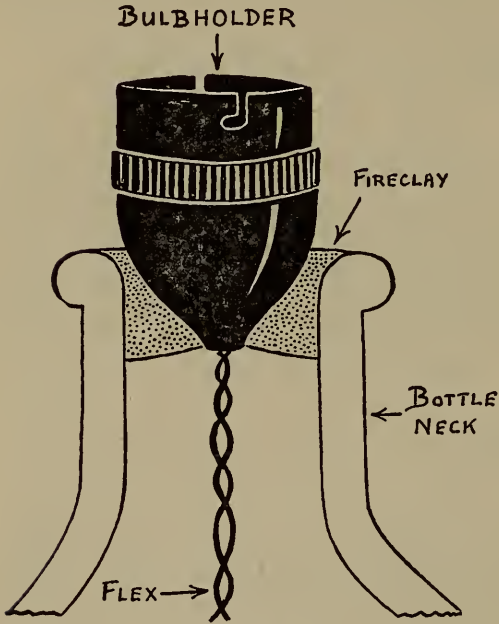


Fig. 2

For really awkwardly shaped bottle necks, plaster of Paris or fire clay can be used to give a very strong joint. A cone-shaped piece of fire clay should be placed in the mouth of the bottle, and then the socket pressed down into place so that it leaves its impression in the clay and also forces the wedge of clay into a perfect fit with the walls of the bottle neck. This collar can then be removed and a hole drilled through its apex with a pencil to permit the passage of the electric cord. It should then be placed in a low oven or near a fire and baked hard.

When completed, the collar of fire clay is cemented into the mouth of the bottle with a strong adhesive, and the socket, in its turn, is bedded down and

cemented into the collar after the necessary connection has been made to the cord.

Attach a five-ampere wall plug to the other end of the cord, cut one of the wires, and insert a small two-way switch, if this has not already been incorporated in the socket—and the lamp stand is complete.

Decoration of the lamp offers much scope for originality. If the bottle is opaque, it may, of course, be left untouched; but a plain glass bottle will need a coat of paint or a filling of colored sand, if only to hide the length of cord which passes through it. Should the bottle be especially attractive in itself, you may wish to leave the original labels in position, applying a coat of clear varnish to protect them.

Occasionally it is possible to find suitably shaped bottles complete with raffia covering. These may be left as they are, and, beyond going carefully round them with a glue brush to ensure that the covering is firmly adhering to the bottle, you need not work on them further. Or you can glue colored cord or braid around a plain bottle, the lamp shade being subsequently trimmed with the same material.

Another good idea is to put small quantities of two or three different shades of paint into a single container and, without attempting to mix them, pour them straight into the bottle. This, of course, will have to be done *before* the wiring. And if you have already made the hole in the base of the bottle,

How dull it is to pause, to make  
an end,

To rust unburnished, not to shine  
in use,

As tho' to breathe were life!

—TENNYSON

this must be temporarily plugged. With the paint inside the bottle, slowly revolve the vessel until the inner walls are completely covered with a coating of paint. The mixed colors will produce a gay, marbled effect—one, moreover, that cannot be chipped or washed off, being on the inside.

The final touch to your lamp is a suitable shade. And a worth-while investment is the kind of shade holder that enables you to tilt the shade to any desired position.

Here's wishing you happy reading!

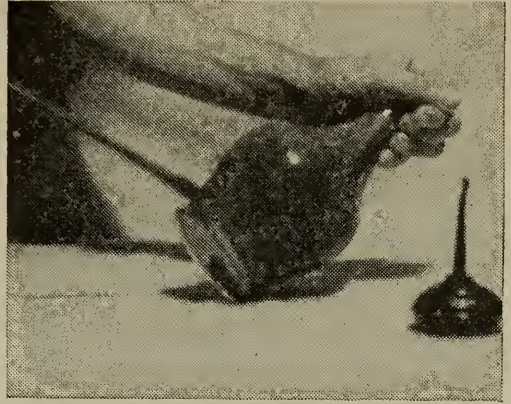


Fig. 3

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## *Faces in the Rock*

### *Our Cover*

From the side of Mount Rushmore the faces of Washington, Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Lincoln look out over the Black Hills of South Dakota. This is the first national memorial to be federally authorized, though financed by the State of South Dakota.

The American sculptor Gutzon Borglum carved the 60-foot heads from the living granite near the top of this 6,040-foot peak. Borglum died in 1941, just as the 14-year job neared completion. He predicted that one inch of stone would erode in 100,000 years.

These men will be remembered, not merely because their visages have been cut in rock, but because they labored greatly to make freedom and democracy real in the lives of American citizens. Looking at Washington, one thinks of Valley Forge and the confidence that weathered every setback. Jefferson's thoughtful countenance brings to mind the Declaration of Independence with its affirmation of equality before God. The forceful features of Roosevelt suggest his courage in curbing trusts, regulating business, and conserving natural resources. The big heart of Lincoln speaks through his chiseled face to recall the phrases that changed Gettysburg from a bloody memory to a prayer for a new birth of freedom under God.

Not only the faces but also the words of these Americans have been cut in granite. Yet the enduring value of the words lies not in the manner of their engraving in stone, but in their power to speak to the hearts of free men.

### *Stone Mountain*

A massive monadnock of gray granite 1,686 feet high near Atlanta, Georgia, is the site of a Confederate memorial to be carved on the northeast wall of the mountain. Work was begun in 1917 and continued 1923-25 by Gutzon Borglum. In 1925 Augustus Lukeman took up the task. Only a small section has been completed.

# The Valentine

By Lillian E. Andrews

Wayne Morris had bought valentines of Dame Lyttleton ever since he was seven years old. But tonight he was afraid to step into her tiny shop and buy one of the temptingly pretty valentines, all paper lace and flowers and white doves with scrolls in their pink bills. Scrolls that said "I Love You" in shining gilt letters.

Dame Lyttleton was old, but her eyes were still good. Would she recognize in the tall young vagabond the little boy she had so often patted on the head? Dared he risk buying a valentine?

As Wayne hesitated he saw that the big glass jar of gum drops and the gayly painted tin canister that always held spicy flagroot discs were both gone from the window. He wondered if the British soldiers and the Hessians, quartered for the winter in Philadelphia, had eaten all the gum drops and flagroot.

But it was a valentine and not sweets he wanted now. It must be a very cheap valentine. He felt in his ragged pockets where two or three small coins jingled lonesomely. He was lucky to have even those. Few of the men in the patriot ranks had as much. The majority had no bottoms to their pockets and nothing to put in them.

He had been extremely fortunate in safely delivering the thin sheet of paper hidden in the patched sole of one of his worn boots. Now he ought to be getting out of Philadelphia and back to Valley Forge as fast as possible. Instead, he stood here risking his life while he looked at valentines.

The valentine was for Anne Hollis. He was determined to see Anne before

he left the city. All the British and the Hessians shouldn't stop him.

He gave a sudden start as the sound of bells filled the air. "Butter bells" the citizens of Philadelphia called the bells of Christ Church, because they always rang the evening before Market Day warning all good housewives to rise early and go to the market stalls to buy butter and eggs and vegetables from the farmers and their rosy-cheeked wives and daughters. The familiar sound of the bells saddened Wayne. It was not pleasant to be here in his own home city and know that at any minute he might be hunted down like a rat.

He looked about him sharply. Then he stepped into the little shop. The bell tinkled. There was a rustle of starched skirts, and Dame Lyttleton appeared. Her face was as round and her apron as white as ever.

"I'd like to buy a valentine," announced Wayne. "This little one with the white dove and the scroll will do."

Dame Lyttleton peered at him. The gaunt, swarthy young fellow puzzled her. His voice had an oddly familiar ring. But no! He couldn't be anybody she knew. Just a ragged, half-breed Shawnee probably who had come to town to peddle baskets or herbs. Now he was buying a cheap little valentine for his sweetheart. But she peered at Wayne again as she gave him the valentine and took the coin he handed her.

"Another minute and she would have recognized me," Wayne told himself as he hurried out into the gathering dusk.

He turned several corners until he came to a large brick house with a hedge

in front of it. The shades were still undrawn, and he could look into a cosy, old-fashioned sitting room where the candles had just been lighted. An elderly lady in a gray silk dress and snowy white fichu sat in a big armchair. Near her sat a girl embroidering a sampler. Her hair shone golden in the candle-light, and her cheeks were rosy with something more than the warmth of the room as she glanced up now and then to meet the admiring glances of the other two occupants of the room.

Wayne's big hands clenched into fists as he looked at them. British officers! Handsome, gallant-looking young fellows, resplendent in spotless uniforms. And he stood outside, shivering in his ragged garments, while they made love to his sweetheart!

As they rose to go, one of them held Anne's hand so long Wayne had a wild impulse to rush in and kick him down the steps. Instead, he slipped through the hedge and made his way stealthily round to the back door. The door knob turned easily. A gray-haired old Negress, stirring something in a mixing bowl, glanced up. She looked surprised and then indignant.

"What yo' doin' here?" she demanded sharply. "We don' want no Injun baskets or yarbs. And next time yo' come aroun', knock!"

Wayne laughed softly. "Don't you know me, Aunt Dicey?" he asked.

The old woman dropped her spoon. Her eyes rolled wildly.

"Fo' de lan's sake, has yo' done turned Injun, Mr. Wayne?" she quavered. "It jes' cain't be you, but it is!"

"S-s-h!" Wayne warned her. "I've just got a little walnut juice on my face to make me look like a Shawnee. It'll wash off. Can you call Miss Anne? Don't let her know I'm here if you can help it."

His heart was pounding. There was a quick, light step, and Anne was in his arms. Kisses came first. Then words. Tender, passionate words.

Anne was trembling with anxiety. "Oh, Wayne, how did you dare to come here?" she asked. "The city is full of British soldiers. Two of the officers have been calling here. They've only just gone."

"I saw them," said Wayne grimly. Then his face brightened again. "I came to bring you a valentine," he told her. "Here it is! I've given you a valentine every year since we were children, and I wasn't going to fail this year."

Anne kissed the cheap little valentine and thrust it into the bosom of her dress.

"I'll keep it always," she promised. "But, oh, Wayne, do go now!"

Her cheeks were wet with tears as Wayne kissed her again. Then he was once more outside in the chill dusk. The street lights were far apart and made only spots of light in the gloom. Two Hessian soldiers came around a corner. They eyed Wayne suspiciously.

"Halt!" commanded one of them gutturally.

Wayne did not obey. Darting through a gate, he heard the heavy boots of the Hessians as they lumbered after him. Before him loomed a large mansion. Here and there among the dark masses of shrubbery stood tall, ghostly marble figures. Wayne recognized the statues as old friends. He was on "Society Hill," where he had often played as a child.

Something soft and white brushed his cheek. Snow! The welcome flakes fell faster and faster. He flattened himself behind one of the statues. He heard the Hessians searching and grumbling, but they did not like the eerie loneliness of the place. Sullenly they gave up the chase and went back toward the street.

Wayne wanted to shout for joy. A wave of exultation flooded through him. Half-starved, shivering, ragged, one of the Valley Forge "scarecrows"—but he was happy. Some day Freedom would be something more than a dream. Some day he would buy Anne the finest valentine in Philadelphia!

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## Teddy Bears Grew in Brooklyn!

Great oaks from little acorns grow, and great fortunes have been built on the most trifling occurrences. Just because he was able to see the angle that everyone else missed, a Brooklyn man made a picture in a newspaper yield a million dollars! It happened this way.

In 1904 Morris Michtom, European immigrant who had settled in Brooklyn, was running a small shop. Michtom was happy in Brooklyn and devoted to the new land of his adoption. With Mrs. Michtom's help he was able to clear a satisfactory profit from the store. Not enough for the Michtoms to live in luxury, but far beyond anything they could have hoped for in their native lands. And Michtom knew that in this new land of America there were always undreamed-of opportunities.

One day Michtom was reading in the paper about President Theodore Roosevelt. The colorful Teddy personified for him everything that he admired in his new homeland. At this time the newspapers were reporting the incidents of Roosevelt's vacation and hunting trip in the West. On this day there was a photograph of the President with a small bear cub that he had come across during his expedition. Michtom looked, admired, and approved.

Thousands of other people saw the same picture, but it was Michtom only who got an idea that made a fortune. Aided by his wife's nimble hands, he cut a piece of old brown cloth into the necessary pattern, stuffed it and sewed it up, and put it in the shop window with a card reading TEDDY'S BEAR.

The Michtom's homemade bear cub sold quickly. A second, likewise. Then another, and another. Before they knew it, immigrant Michtom and his wife were in the toy-making business.

The enterprising Michtom decided to write to the President asking permission to call his new toys "Teddy bears" and place them in the regular channels of trade. The genial "T. R." replied personally, giving his amiable consent.

Teddy bears made a terrific hit, and ever since they have held a steady place in the world of toys, where fads and fancies come and go. Brooklyn immigrant Michtom made his fortune because of his faith in the unlimited opportunities of America and because a picture in a newspaper suggested an idea to him that no one else thought of!





# This Is the INFANTRY

By Josh M. Drake

**J**OE, whether you volunteered for the infantry or found yourself assigned to this branch after being drafted, you can wear those crossed rifles with pride. There's little glamour associated with this outfit, but every ex-infantryman is proud to state that he once served as a doughboy. It's a "he man" outfit.

You will spend the first two or three weeks of basic training getting into condition for your first long hike. You don't have to be an athlete to be a doughboy. If you have a normal healthy body and a fighting heart, you can make the team even if you weigh only 120 pounds. Time and again I have seen skinny kids loaded down with rifle, ammunition, and full field pack walk mile after mile, hour after hour, twenty, twenty-five, and even thirty miles a day. Nothing seemed to be holding them up but the will to go on and on and on as long as the others.

Infantrymen are conditioned mentally and physically to take the abuse a doughboy often has to take. First you will walk five miles without equipment. A few days later you will do the same

distance with full field equipment. Every week you will hike farther until you are as hard as a granite slab. Between hikes you will learn to clean, fire, and assemble every infantry weapon. You will also take calisthenics every day.

After the first week of basic training you will work the soreness out of those muscles that you seldom used before. You will also notice that your appetite is keener than ever before. You will be so hungry when the chow whistle blows that you can hardly wait to fill your plate with that good army food. The food may not be so fancy, but it will be nourishing. Lean meat, vegetables, milk, and fruit—the kind of chow that sticks to your ribs after a day of running the obstacle course, bayonet practice, and marching.

You will get up early and find yourself hitting the sack before ten at night. You won't have any trouble sleeping while taking basic training, for you'll be tired when the day's work is over. But this will be a satisfying kind of "tired," for you'll be working with a bunch of tough young Joes like your-

self. You will laugh at fatigue because after a night's rest you will wake up the next morning a little tougher and a little wiser than the day before.

After about four months you will complete your basic training and will be ready to take your place as a rifleman, machine gunner, motorman, or company clerk in a regular infantry division. The guys you trained with will be sent as replacements to all parts of the world. Few of you will be assigned to the same regiment. It's always a little sad to tell your buddies good-by; you always find yourself marveling at the way a bunch of fellows grow to like each other in a few short months.

In the regular infantry company you will get your first assignment. You will meet your first sergeant, who will send you in to report to your company commander. Either the C.O. or Top Kick will assign you to your regular job. If you are good at typing, you could find yourself working in the orderly room. Or you could be a cook's helper, or work in the supply room. However, most infantrymen find themselves carrying a rifle in a rifle platoon.

The men in the platoon are the Joes you will eat, sleep, and work with as a team for the next several months or several years. There are approximately forty men in a rifle platoon, which is commanded by a lieutenant. There are also eight sergeants in a platoon. They may have voices like a whip or a fog horn, but underneath all that fruit salad, noise, and military bearing they are really big-hearted guys.

If you do your job well and prove to those sergeants that you are trying to be a good soldier, they will treat

you swell. If they see you are anxious to learn, they will go out of their way to give you the benefit of their years of experience.

If you would like to be a leader, you have only to be a good soldier and learn the duties of those above you. The army cares not what your religion is, how much property your parents own, what color your skin is, or how much schooling you have.

If you are a willing worker and can do the job, the army will advance you—and to hang with your background!

Ten years ago they said the old infantry would soon become obsolete, but it's still very much a part of our armed forces. And between you and me, Joe, the infantry is here to stay!

After serving a few months in an infantry division you wouldn't trade your job in a rifle platoon for a job in any other branch of service.

You will sleep in muddy foxholes. Some days you will walk until you feel you're going to drop in your tracks, but you won't drop out of a hike because you'll know you have "guts" the same as the other fellows.

Sure, the infantry makes real "he men." And by "he men" I don't mean loud-swearing, hard-drinking trouble makers. You can advance just as fast and be just as rugged as those few who conduct themselves in an indecent manner in an effort to prove they are rugged soldiers. The quiet, clean-living, hard-working doughboy is respected by his comrades and superiors more than the other kind, in combat or on post. After serving eight years as a doughboy I should know.

## UFP News

Corporal Charles J. Green, acting president of the UFP group at Camp Stewart, Georgia, writes:

"In our organization we have one member from each battalion represented on the post to form a planning board for our services from week to week. Meetings are already planned two months ahead.

"On October 14 we used the theme 'Our Faith in Prayer.' We had all the lights in the chapel turned out, and

candles were lighted. We had a movie screen and a slide projector, and pictures were shown on the screen during the service, which was very impressive. We used such pictures as 'Christ in Gethsemane,' 'The Head of Christ,' and 'Christ at the Door.'

"For the last service planned we are having an all-musical program around the theme 'Our Faith in the Kingdom of God.' We have a choral group from Jessup, Georgia, coming for that night;



### REFRESHMENT TIME

"Mosquito Unit" of United Fellowship of Protestants paused during its refreshment period for this picture. It was taken on Tuesday, October 16, 1951, in the base chapel at K-6 Air Base, Korea. The name of this UFP group is taken from the designation of the mission in which its Air Force organization is engaged.

Officers of Mosquito Unit are Lieutenant Kenneth L. Oden, president; Sergeant Jay Brown, vice-president; Sergeant Robert Nally, secretary-treasurer; Chaplain Art Brenner, adviser.

In addition to servicemen, the UFP group includes, as a full-fledged member, Dr. Choon Yu, Korean doctor on the base. He is shown at lower right.

also sailors, a quartet, and an organist. We know that this will be one of the high lights of our UFP services.

"Our group has grown to forty-two members in just four weeks."

Discs are being prepared that depict the UFP emblem on both sides. These can be worn on a cord or chain about the neck. They will be sent free of charge to chaplains requesting them. Write to United Fellowship of Protestants, 122 Maryland Avenue, NE., Washington 2, D. C.

THE LINK needs pictures of UFP groups like the one on page 21. When

sending them, be sure to identify all persons shown.

Call the attention of members of your UFP unit to "Daily Rations," found on page 47 of this issue of THE LINK. Regular readers of the Bible will tell you that referring to it daily pays big dividends.

UFP groups will profit by agreeing on some person, organization, movement, project, etc., for united prayer. Pooled prayers propagate power.

Many UFP units have given names to their groups. What's yours?

Write and tell us about your group meetings. Send us news items and pictures for this column.



## Crafty Veteran Gets Shaw's Autograph

For thirty years World War I veteran Rev. Cornelius Greenway, of Brooklyn, had been collecting autographs of famous people from all corners of the globe. No matter how celebrated and important a person was, the "Reverend" never had much difficulty in securing his autograph.

A few years ago he ran into a veritable Gibraltar in the person of the late George Bernard Shaw. The Irish dramatist never replied to any of the good pastor's kindly requests. For seven long years he tried in vain.

Then one day Mr. Greenway read Shaw's war play called *O'Flaherty, V. C.* Quickly he sat down and wrote the wizened gentleman an ego-blasting letter, calling the play an inaccurate presentation of World War I. After all, the pastor had been gassed, wounded, and decorated during that time and felt qualified to offer criticism—and, by this method, perhaps receive an autograph—if there should be a letter of reply.

Shortly afterwards a reply came from Ireland—an acid, caustic note—without a signature! The pastor was quite depressed with the result of this plan.

Then one morning, unobtrusively, a post card arrived which read: "Tell the truth! Is this what you were after?" And down at the bottom of the card was the scrawling signature "George Bernard Shaw"!

—MALCOLM HYATT

# Korea—Ireland of the Orient

By George R. Flamm

## Conclusion

**K**OREA is one of the oldest nations in the world. Its history can be traced back 4300 years; its written history antedates the time of Christ. Korea was a civilized country in the days of the Roman Empire.

No one has definitely determined where the first inhabitants came from. Most historians and ethnologists think they came down out of Manchuria. In fact, the word "Korea" is derived from *Korai*, the name of a prehistoric kingdom in Manchuria.

The Koreans are of Mongolian stock. They are neither Chinese nor Japanese but are a distinct race. They are slightly taller than the Japanese.

Like the Chinese, the Koreans wanted to be left alone centuries ago. They disliked and distrusted foreigners. Korea finally became known as the Hermit Kingdom, and in recent years the people have often been referred to as the Irish of the Orient.

Yet they were not left alone. Because of the way Korea forms a natural bridge between Japan and the continent of Asia, it has become a battleground for other nations.

As early as A.D. 200, Japan attacked Korea.

In the sixth century a Chinese army of three hundred thousand men tried to conquer Korea. They were pushed back. China came back with an army of a million men. The Koreans again drove them out.

In the thirteenth century Mongols took over the Hermit Kingdom and forced the Koreans to build a fleet with which they tried to invade Japan. Failing in the Japanese invasion, the Mongols withdrew from Korea and headed westward, conquering most of Asia and Europe.

Japan again attempted to occupy Korea in the sixteenth century; but the Koreans, with the help of the Chinese, successfully repulsed them. Korean-invented ironclad warships (the first ironclad warships in history) were used in this resistance.

Then the Manchus took over. Except for a few periods of independence, Korea was under the political domination of China nearly to the turn of the twentieth century.

It is natural, then, that the Koreans mistrusted outsiders throughout the centuries. As late as 1800 there were signs throughout the country that read: "If you meet a foreigner, kill him. He who has any friendly relations with a foreigner is a traitor to his country."

In 1894-95 Japan drove all Chinese influence out of the Hermit Kingdom. At about the same time Russia started to covet warm-water ports, and Korea became a political football kicked about by Russia and Japan. The Russo-Japanese War, of 1904-5, was fought, largely, over Korea. Japan won. At first the Nipponese established a trusteeship over Korea, and then, in 1910, they took it over as a colony. They tried to

change the customs of the country but were largely unsuccessful.

Although unable to change the customs, the Japanese did change Korea. During forty years of exploitation they stripped the country. They took away its minerals, its goods, shut down its fertilizer plants, cut down its trees, took most of the ships of its fishing fleet, stunted its industrial growth. They left behind still more hatred of the foreigner.

Then came the Russians and the Americans after the defeat of Japan in World War II. Both said they came as liberators, yet both stayed on as occupiers. Koreans, not understanding the world-wide struggle in which they were involved, were outraged again. They did not like it.

The Russians clamped down with a military dictatorship in North Korea, refused to let outsiders in. They made North Korea pay for Russian occupation. We still don't know what went on behind the Iron Curtain. Even United Nations observers were not admitted there.

The United States, on the other hand, was aboveboard during its occupation of South Korea. We made mistakes, it is true. Americans did not understand the Koreans. Most Americans stationed there did not try very hard to like the place or the people. The war was over, and they had not asked to be sent there. Apparently all they wanted to do was to get back home. This was a weakness in our occupation. On the credit side, the United States poured in money and goods. From the beginning of occupation through July, 1948, the United States spent more than 250 million dollars for assistance in Korea. It

started to restore the fertilizer plants so that the depleted soil could be enriched. Its money began to rebuild Korea's fishing industry, once third largest of its kind in the world. The American Military Government provided all facilities to permit the South Korean people a really free election for the first time in the nation's history. The United States put in plenty; it took away nothing.

Korean self-sufficiency could not be created in a year. We were progressing rapidly, but there was still poverty and hunger. The Koreans still resented Americans, benevolent and good-intentioned though we were. Americans were surprised to learn that children recited a nursery rhyme which, translated, says:

Birdies, birdies, fly away home.  
Do not sit on the pea-vine, for  
If you do the flowers will fall,  
And many people will cry.

In other words, Koreans were telling the Americans to get out and go back to their own country.

North Koreans never got a chance to say such things. Anyone opposed to the Soviet occupation was imprisoned. Maybe shot. If a North Korean even talked about the occupation, he had his food card taken away from him. Natives were not allowed to leave North Korea without special permission. Even so, two million North Koreans migrated to South Korea before the present armed conflict started. This, alone, is evidence that the Soviet occupation was very unpopular in North Korea. Since the start of the war, the migration has continued; it is impossible even to estimate the number who have escaped.

# *Never Forget*

*By Grace Chapman Nash*

TO quiet her baby's hungry cries with music, Fran Owens swept the bow across the strings of her violin. Outside, the sun's fierce heat beat down on the nipa-thatched roofs of prison barracks that stretched in rows along the foothills of the Marakini Mountains south of Manila. For almost three years they had endured this miserable existence—she and Al and their two sons, Ben and Dale. Now a third son, Billy, had been born, a prisoner. She paused to wipe the tiny beads of perspiration from his forehead, then went on playing.

What chance did he have against the enemy's planned starvation? She looked at his spindly legs, his sweet face that seemed too large for the rest of his body. The deep throbbing tones of her violin cried out her suffering into the humid air.

She thought of the coconut trees and banana palms heavy with fruit—beyond the barbed wire—and of Ben and Dale, six and seven years old, out searching the barren compound for weeds and scraps of Japanese garbage. She thought of Al, separated from her by the order "No communication between the sexes." His quarters were at the far end of the camp. And since the new Military Commandant had taken over, their secret meetings were too much of a risk. A day-to-day existence for all of them, with hunger slowly eating away their strength.

Billy's eyes had closed in sleep. But she played on, lost in her memories.

Suddenly her bow scratched and bounced off the string. The doorflap of her cubicle had been jerked open. A

Japanese soldier was staring at her. It was the same grinning face that had peered over her window ledge yesterday when she had played.

Frightened, she drew back when he stepped inside and pointed his bayonet at her violin. She dropped it into the case and turned to pick up Billy. The soldier reached out and snapped the case shut. Gripping it under his arm, he motioned to her. "You, come!"

Billy gave a start, a frightened cry. She held him close, remembering the tortures other prisoners had endured for not obeying commands. But she mustn't leave Billy. Whatever they demanded, he must go with her.

Cupping her hand over Billy's eyes to keep out the sun, she followed the Jap across the open field, deep cogon grass slashing her legs.

Now they were past the rows of prison quarters. He must be heading for the empty barracks down by the guardhouse—where her screams would not be heard!

His boots crunched against the slag as he led the way inside. She had lost sight of him in the sudden dark of the barracks after the sun's glare. All at once it was quiet.

A click that sounded like the lock on her violin case made her wheel around. Now she saw the brown uniform. He was beckoning her to play. Music, he wanted. That was all.

With vast relief she looked around for a place to put Billy. Everywhere were cobwebs and rolls of barbed wire.

"Boy-san?" the soldier asked.

"Yes, baby boy."

His outstretched grimy hands sent a shudder through her, but she gave Billy over to him. Nervously she picked up her violin. Anything to please him, she thought—anything to get her baby back into her arms and away. She'd play a folk tune, something an Oriental might understand. As she lifted her bow, the sound of his voice startled her.

"Mozart!" he shouted.

She began the "Minuet" from *Don Juan*, while he stood over her, sucking in, pleasurably.

As soon as she finished, his voice was excited. "Beethoven!" he commanded.

In a rush of memory she began the stirring "Rondo" from her favorite concerto. Now it seemed distorted, never-ending.

He backed away slowly, his lips parted in a grin as he rocked Billy in time with the music. Yet she could feel his eyes staring at her, never shifting. With all her strength she played on, praying that he would ask no more.

At last it was finished. She would put the instrument away. But he rushed toward her, uttering sharp, incoherent phrases.

Just in front of her he stopped and with a sudden gentleness handed her the baby. "*Dom arigato. Dom arigato,*" he said. Then, clapping his hands and bowing, he backed out of the barracks and disappeared.

She stared after him, bewildered by his thanks. He had said "Thank you" to her, a prisoner, a white woman!

In the hungry darkness that night she lay restless under the mosquito net. She felt he would come again.

Several days passed without his coming. Perhaps the music had satisfied him. The afternoon heat had settled like a steaming blanket over the camp. She got up and started to pull back the doorflap for air.

And there stood the soldier looking at her! With a shuffle of his boots, he grinned and stepped inside. "Music!"

She stood motionless, pretending not to understand. To give her music was to give her heart. How could she to an enemy?

His eyes scanned the cubicle. "Want music!" He waved his arms as if playing a violin. "Five year, soldier. Cello before. Want music!"

Determined not to yield, she hesitated, then shook her head, refusing him. Slowly his hand lowered to the sheath of his bayonet. "Music!"

Her body went weak. Kneeling down, she brought out the case from under the cot, where she had hidden it after the other encounter.

"Beethoven—'Rondo'!" he cried, and then backed into the corner, his arms folded while she played.

The piece was only half-finished when Billy's cry broke in. She stopped to pour him a cup of water, while hatred for this Jap seethed within her. His people were slowly starving her child to death.

The soldier clumped over to the cot and grinned down at Billy. "Boy-san," he mumbled, and, drawing out a small parcel from inside his coat, laid it beside the baby, then turned and shuffled out of the cubicle.

She stared at the package, then tore away the newspaper wrapping. Her eyes grew wide at the sight of brown sugar, a small sack of coffee. Holding it up, she breathed in the rich odor, rubbed the brown grains of sugar between her finger tips. Saliva flowed thick in her mouth.

With a sudden realization, she froze. He could make any demands of her now, in payment for this! No. She'd starve before yielding to his Oriental trickery.

But when she looked at Billy's wasted



body, she hurried to build a fire. Making a syrup from the sugar, she put a spoon of it on their mush for evening chow.

Always now she listened for the sound of boots, expecting the Jap to come demanding his price.

The day before Christmas jungle rains beat against the nipa roof while she scrubbed the worn clothes in a shallow bucket on the floor. A soft knock sounded on the wall behind her. She stood up, her hands shaking.

"Fran—"

It was her husband. She pulled back the doorflap and reached for his hand. "Al, to see you again!"

In the brief moment that he held her in his arms she felt a sharp pain of longing, then a feeling of strength. As long as she knew that he was there, she could go on.

"I've only a minute, Fran," he whispered. "I have a message for you from a Jap."

Fear caught her breath.

"He says for you to come to the water tap on the hillside. Bring Billy. One-thirty sharp. When you get there, pretend to wash your hands at the faucet. That's all."

"Al, do you know what he wants?" She tried to seem casual.

"No, Fran. But it's his risk, too. I'll be watching from the hole in the east side of my shack, in case you need help."

After the washing was finished, she woke Billy, put on his unpressed overalls and started out. The rain had let up, but the clay mud sucked at her feet on the trek up the hill.

As she reached the appointed place she could see two guards eyeing her from their sentry box a few yards away. Nervously, she turned on the faucet. . . . There came the sound of boots approaching.

Two soldiers stepped up and began



*The doorflap of her cubicle had been jerked open. A Japanese soldier was staring at her. It was the same grinning face that had peered over her window ledge yesterday when she had played.*

washing their rice buckets. As she moved over, she recognized one of them—the same Jap. But the other, who began speaking in clear English, she'd never seen before.

"I speak for my friend Suribachi." He motioned his head to the Jap she already knew and went on rinsing his pail. Neither of them looked at her; it was as if they were talking to each other.

"Suribachi wish to help you," he continued. "Not like see boys hungry. But he have no money. He say if you have jewelry, clothes, he sell. Buy food for you. Jewelry he take first. You put in small package, front of cubicle tonight. He get. Few days he bring back food. Yes?"

"Yes," she answered, scarcely moving her lips.

"What food you like?"

"Monggo beans," she said quickly. Meat and eggs would spoil in such weather, but the pellet-sized beans were protein-filled and they would keep.

Suribachi leaned forward and touched Billy's hand. "Boy-san," he muttered.

Reaching behind a clump of bushes, he brought out several freshly dug ginger roots, already washed clean, and laid them by the water tap. "You—Christmas."

Her face flushed while she fumbled for words. Then, remembering what he said to her in the empty barracks, she tried to repeat in Japanese, "*Dom arigato, go sari masta.*" ("Thank you so much, sir.")

The soldiers looked at each other and then grinned like children. Mumbling excitedly, they shuffled back to their post, rice buckets jangling from their belts.

Quickly Fran stuffed the wet ginger roots inside her blouse and hurried back to count out her few pieces of costume jewelry. If only she had her diamond brooch, emerald pin, and gold bracelet! But they had been seized with their home in Manila. Her fountain pen—she still had that! She picked up the emerald-green pen, turned it slowly in her hand. She stopped when her eyes

caught the name engraved along the side—"Frances C. Owens." With her name on it, the risk was too great. Ben and Dale were lying on their cots staring listlessly at the rafters. They were too weak now to go in search of food. Almost sobbing with despair, she snatched up the pen and stuffed it in with the cheap jewelry, tied the sackcloth in Oriental fashion.

On Christmas morning she pulled back the net and peered out. The package was gone, but inside the door were five green papayas. When she reached for the fruit, a card fell to the floor.

Its pidgin English assured her of honesty, best price, no commission, and food as soon as possible. She kindled a fire and dropped the card into it. The sudden brightness was like the hope that rose within her.

Fran sliced the papayas for stewing. With an added piece of ginger root for seasoning, they would taste like apple sauce. And hot ginger tea to go with their mush! It was Christmas after all!

A few days later she was making a broth of greens when the air raid gong sounded—a signal for prisoners to go to their quarters. But she couldn't let the fire go out—

The sound of thudding boots jerked her upright. A guard, camouflaged in his net of green branches, was running toward her. She covered her face against the cruel slapping that was sure to come.

He was almost upon her. She fell to her knees, trembling.

His voice was low and clear: "Have clothes, big bundle, ready tonight."

Slowly she raised her head. It was Suribachi, now far down the path.

Fran packed together what clothes they could spare. Then, looking around the cubicle for something more to put in the bundle, her eyes came to rest on



the case high on the shelf. She brought it down, opened it. Folding back the silk scarf, she took out her violin, ran her fingers along the smooth Italian finish. Against the radiant colors of the sunset, it seemed even more beautiful.

She plucked the strings softly, and memory carried her back to the time when she had played it in concert halls. . . .

Her shoulders straightened. "People can't live on memories." Resolutely she wrapped her treasure in with the bundle of clothes. The red sun had dropped into the China Sea, leaving only darkness and hunger.

She awoke to find the bundle gone from her doorstep. Only a few hours later the frightening news came: the number of guards around the camp had been doubled. If Suribachi did get the food, he couldn't bring it to them. Her violin sacrificed in vain! And food rations had been cut again!

Endless days crawled by. She stopped eating, dividing her portion among the boys. Al was trying to do the same, smuggling his spoon of mush to Ben and Dale whenever he could. Still, she could see them getting weaker each day. The aching numbness of beriberi, the disease of starvation, was setting in.

Then one night came a broken whisper: "Meesus Owens—"

Cautiously she answered.

"I speak to you, please." A soldier flattened himself against the barracks.

"Suribachi's friend. I come with message." He was putting something into her hand. Her heart jumped when she recognized the smooth, round surface of an egg.

"Suribachi say he swear promise to get you food." He crossed his heart and put another egg into her hand. "But takes time. Filipinos afraid." Another egg, another and another! The flimsy pockets of her dress were bulging.

"Mongo beans get higher price each day," he went on. "Maybe week more it takes."

But what was he handing her? No, not her violin! Suribachi was to sell it!

"Suribachi not sell violin," spoke the Jap. "He say, 'Keep. Too precious.'"

Trying to control her emotion, she thought of the pen. Surely that had brought a good price.

"He sell everything, but he keep fountain pen. He want—in memoriam," whispered the soldier. "He say tell you he look at pen, he think of you playing."

Before she could answer he had disappeared into the night.

A week later Fran was walking along the path behind the barracks when she saw Al hurrying toward her. This was where they had met before, shielded by tropical foliage. But now it was too dangerous. She turned back.

"Fran, wait. Don't turn around. Keep on walking. . . . Remember the Japs you met at the water tap?"

She nodded.

"One says to tell you the food comes tonight."

"Oh—" She wanted to scream for joy. She pressed her hand over her mouth. *Be calm. Don't try to tell Al about it. There's no time now.*

"I'm to meet him on the hillside, nine o'clock," Al whispered. "He'll deliver the stuff to me if—"

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## Solution to Word Triangle

(Puzzle on page 3)

S A M S O N  
 A R I A N  
 M I R Y  
 S A Y  
 O N  
 N

A low whistle on the left cut off Al's words. He veered from the path and headed up the hill.

Fran bowed low to a guard while he passed.

The food was coming tonight! Yet what if it didn't come?

Unable to sleep, Fran crawled out and sat on the steps. The tropical night was heavy with the distant mumbling of troops giving their nine o'clock allegiance to the Rising Sun.

How long had she been sitting here? Suddenly, with no sound of warning, a cold bucket knocked against her knees, and Al stumbled over her.

"My God, Fran," he gasped, and pushed her hand into the bucket.

"Mongo beans!"

His hand clamped over her mouth, and he pulled her inside. "Let me tell you what happened."

But she was sitting on the floor digging her fists into the beans.

"Fran, listen to me," he whispered. "That fool soldier left me standing while he ran a mile up the mountain to meet a Filipino. He got the beans all right, a fifty-pound sack. Carried it back, zigzagging his course to keep out of range of his own men. Soaked with sweat. 'I keep promise,' was what he said when he laid the sack at my feet."

Hundreds of beans spilling through her hands . . .

"That's why I'm late, Fran. Took him two hours. You think this is all the beans? They're hidden all over my shack."

With this rich supply of food Fran found herself tormented by the hungry stares of her friends. Little by little she distributed portions to them. Surely liberation couldn't be far off, with American planes bombing. The Japs were on edge. No sign of Suribachi since that night.

She was spooning into the children's plates the broth from the last few beans when the loud speaker blared, "*All food rations have been stopped. There will be no more!*"

Distant explosions rocked the endless night, while over and over the same question cried out for an answer: *How long can we last?*

It was morning. The heavy roar of planes sent her staggering to the doorway. American planes! Bundles were dropping out to them—parachutes!

In a frenzy of excitement she pulled the boys from their beds. "Americans, paratroops!" she cried. They stared up into the sky, clinging to her, their faces wet.

A sudden burst of cross gunfire, and she was pushing them into the ditch. They sprawled on their stomachs, faces pressed into the mud, while planes dived low and bullets hissed around them.

The firing let up, and from the Japanese barracks strode American soldiers, calm and low voiced. "Head for the tanks. They're waiting to take you to safety."

Lifting Billy into her arms and reaching for her violin, she followed Ben and Dale out to the road. Orange flames were shooting from the upper rows of barracks. "Al, Al!" she cried. But her voice was lost in the tramping of feet, the crackling of fire.

At last she saw her husband. His head was high—the Al she had known before!

Relieved, she started toward him. But her feet tripped over something.

A Jap lay dead, blood trickling from his mouth, his eyes open, staring up at her.

"Suribachi! It's Suribachi!" she gasped. Bending down, she saw the small gold letters of her name on the green pen sticking out of his pocket.

The ugliness she had once seen in

this man had disappeared. There was kindness in his face.

"*Dom arigato, dom arigato.*" His words kept ringing in her ears against the cries of comrades rushing past her.

She forced herself on. Someone

shouted, "Isn't it wonderful? A day we'll never forget!"

"Never forget," she repeated mechanically. She mustn't look back. But she knew she always would.

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## Dis Chords

Percy Faith, noted for his musical creativeness, has recorded an adventure in sound on his newest Columbia record release of "If I Loved You," from *Carousel*, backed by "Dizzy Fingers." His orchestration is a delightful mixture of strings and voices, the "magic" voices used only as an instrument in echo to the sometimes bowed and sometimes pizzicatoed violins.

Columbia's recording of the ballad "Green Sleeves," featuring Mitch Miller and his horns and chorus, is the culmination of a set of unique circumstances surrounding a centuries-old melody. The song, which dates back to Elizabethan days, has been dusted off and newly dressed to suit the times without losing any of its lilting charm. For this record, Columbia's "sound-conscious" Mitch Miller recruited a trio of French horns, a harp, and a keyboard glockenspiel imported from France. It is the crisp halloo of the horns and the imaginative use of harp and glockenspiel that instill fresh life into this old ballad.

In the annual Billboard Disc Jockey Survey, Ray Anthony was chosen top band of the year. Ray led the voting with 990 points, beating out Ralph Flanagan, who scored 939. Less Brown took third place, and Stan Kenton was rated fourth.

The practice of using a song written abroad and fitting a set of American lyrics to it, and vice versa, is a common and highly successful one. "*La vie en rose*," a prime example, was a tremendous hit on both sides of the Atlantic. Toni Arden's newest record, "When the World Was Young," with lyrics by Johnny Mercer, is the Americanized version of a tune currently enjoying much popularity abroad, particularly in Paris, where it is known as "Ah, the Apple Trees."

"Shrimp Boats," a new recording by singing star Jo Stafford, is based on an old Louisiana folk refrain sung in the shrimp-fishing communities around New Orleans. Traditionally, as the fishing boats leave for their months-long shrimp-hunting expeditions, the women folk gather on the shore to wave good-by and sing a musical phrase in Cajun, a native half-French, half-English dialect.

"Charmaine," a beautiful old standard currently enjoying fresh popularity gets a new Paul Weston arrangement. The Weston treatment features an opening and closing trumpet chorus by Ziggy Elman, famous for his horn play with the great Benny Goodman band of the late thirties. Ziggy's clear-as-a-bell "open" sound makes for pleasant contrast with the vocal interpretation offered by the Norman Luboff Choir. The coupling is Weston arrangement of a tender love song, "At Dawning," sung by the Choir.

# *No Hollow Victory*

*By L. J. Huber*

One week from tonight they are having a banquet honoring Coach Joe Johnson of Stone City High School. The committee was just here talking to me about it. The group is composed of the town's finest citizens. Actually they don't need my help, but they did ask me for a few suggestions just because I happen to be Joe's assistant.

They must have thought that they made a mistake when I started laughing right in the middle of the meeting. I didn't tell them what struck me funny, and they didn't ask me. They wouldn't have understood it anyhow.

In this business I'd heard of coaches and their assistants being fired for losing games. I had never heard of a situation like the one they were hatching. Even without being asked I was going to tell them this, but they stopped me. They asked me to have something to eat. There is nothing I like better. Except being associated with a man like Joe Johnson in this game of teaching boys how to play a game.

It all came about when we played Perry Point High for the championship of the Valley Conference. It was a late-winter night in March, and the weather seemed to be on our side. You wouldn't think that possible in a basketball game. But good weather made it possible for our followers, who had to travel forty miles, to get to the game. Which meant that we had as many rooters as the other club, and this was important.

The proceedings started like on any other night. Coach Pete Manders of Perry High came over to the bench to

shake hands with Joe and me. Just the usual formalities that are nothing new to a basketball fan.

All the game officials had been appointed by the conference. This meant that the referees, the scorekeeper, and the timekeeper were men who had been brought in from outlying districts. I had seen the black-and-white-shirted boys in action before, and I knew that the game was in capable hands.

"Our troubles are over," I confided to Joe.

"They are? Why?"

"We'll beat them by twenty points," I predicted.

"You're too good to be true," he told me.

"Everything is beautiful," I continued. "Good officials, a great crowd to make the noise, a good team. I'm so sure of this thing that I could roll over on the bench and go to sleep."

"Why don't you?" he asked as he grinned.

The game began and I was pounding myself on the back and telling myself that I ought to get out of coaching and start predicting the future. Which is a long way of saying that we were ahead by twenty counters at the end of the first half.

All this came about because Long Leo Jones, our pivot man, was having the time of his life under the basket. He had racked up twenty of our thirty-two points. Just eight more than the other team had been able to gather with five men aiming at the hoop.

From where I was sitting I could see the championship cup in our trophy

case. It looked mighty fine. Nice and new. Before it was all over it got a tarnished look that would have made a five-dollar watch look like pure gold.

At the end of the third quarter we still had a fifteen-point lead, with the board showing a 40-25 count. Then came the deal that made me wish I had kept selling insurance instead of getting into this business of showing boys how to put a bundle of air through a steel ring.

Joe and I both knew that Leo had two personal fouls on him at the end of the first half, but we weren't worried. He had three to go, and it might take him a long time to get them. So we figured. We were so very wrong that I shiver when I think about it. In his boyish enthusiasm he retarded the progress of his man going in for a shot. In short, he was holding, and he had foul number three. Within a minute he had the fourth one when he fouled the same lad.

"Take him out and save him?" Joe asked my advice.

"I would," I said.

We did that very simple thing. The boy who took his place was a junior with only one year's varsity experience. The action that followed our deed would be hard to put into words. It would scorch the paper. With our Long Leo out of the game the Perry center started moving like a professional. He took eight shots and not one of them even bothered touching the rim. Each one ruffled the net with an authority that made me think he had a magnet hidden under the hoop. Before we could say Leo Jones, they were ahead of us by one point. When we did say it to get him into the game, they had just four minutes to play.

The climax was fast and frightening. It made me wish I had rolled over and gone to sleep. Without any attempt at being dramatic, or without any effort at

being a hero, our Leo committed his fifth personal foul. Nothing happened. Not for a full five seconds. Then Pete Manders shuffled his feet and got on them. He knew that Leo had five fouls. The crowd knew it. Joe Johnson knew it. Yes, even I knew it. Everyone knew it except the scorekeeper.

Pete's captain called for a "time out," and Pete appealed to the referee. He called his associate into the conference. Both men knew that something was wrong. They consulted the scorebook. It was there in black and white. Leo had only four personals charged against him.

Somewhere during the course of the game the scorer had made an error. Either he had missed the foul completely, or he had charged it to the wrong man. Our only hope of winning the game was still in the fracas. Pete knew he couldn't argue with the book.

"He's got five on him," he said as he appealed to me.

"I only know what I read in the scorebook," I said sourly.

"You know it, Joe," he said as he appealed to Joe.

"You're right, Pete," Joe told him as calmly as if he were ordering a ham sandwich. "And Stone City wouldn't feel very proud if we had to have a scorer's error to win the title for us."

With that he took Leo out of the game. I saw tears in the eyes of two of the subs. The crowd sensed what had happened, and they fell into an ominous silence. They were good sports, but the turn of events had shocked them into thinking instead of yelling.

It would be nice to say that we won the game. It would also be wrong. We lost 45-44.

The town was quiet for a few days. The local paper reported the incident without comment. Then the right minds

got to work. Minds that knew Stone City had won a greater victory than a basketball game.

That's why I laughed right in the middle of that meeting. It takes a simple brain like mine to get simple answers. A lot of coaches lose their jobs for los-

ing ball games. Joe Johnson got a better grip and a banquet because he lost a championship. He also won himself a lifelong assistant. He might do better without me, but I kind of like the idea of working with a man who doesn't like a hollow victory.



## It's a Sporting Fact—

That the world-famous race horse "Kincsem" (active on German, Hungarian, and Austrian tracks from 1876 to 1879) ran fifty-four races, against the best of European entries, during its lifetime—and won every single one of them.

That the Chicago "White Sox" of 1908 hit only three home runs during the entire season.

That the lowest number of points ever scored against a professional football team during an entire season was a mere twenty against the New York "Giants" (in thirteen games) in 1927.

That Jack Sharkey is the only man who has ever fought *both* Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis. And that Dempsey's real first name is not Jack but William. (His full name is William Harrison Dempsey.)

That Bobby Jones and Gene Sarazen are the only two golfers ever to have won the U.S. Open and the British Open championships during the same year.

That in forty-one minutes of play in the 1924 Illinois-Michigan game Red Grange (the mighty "Galloping Ghost") carried the pigskin twenty-one times, gained 402 yards, scored five touchdowns, and passed for a sixth.

That tennis did not become a professional sport in this country until 1926.

That Ed Delahanty is the only player in the entire history of the major leagues who has ever been able to win both the National League and the American League batting championships. (He won the National League batting crown, with a .408 average, while playing for Philadelphia in 1899, and the American League batting crown, with a .376 average, while playing for the Washington "Senators" in 1902.)

That the longest run in football history was made in 1884 by one Wyllys Terry, of Yale—115 yards. (Football fields were 110 yards long at the time.)

That the first U.S. hockey team was formed in Pittsburgh in 1897.

—JOSEPH C. STACEY



# UFP Study Outlines

## What Commitment to Christ Means

**Ephesians 4:20-32**

February 3

By Raymond M. Veh

### *Aims of This Discussion*

1. To sense the meaning of true commitment to Christ.
2. To sense our oneness as followers of Jesus Christ.
3. To join with millions of Christian young men and women of the churches who are today observing Young People's Day and bringing to a climax "The Call to United Christian Youth Action."

### *Background Material*

Today brings Youth Week to a close. All over America, Christian young people have been affirming their loyalty to the church of Christ and to their common bond of fellowship through the United Christian Youth Movement.

Christian Endeavor unions and youth councils across the nation today are finding common ground for co-operation and fellowship on an interdenominational level. Today climaxes the biggest united effort of Protestant youth groups in history. Today big rallies are being held, and "The Call" sponsored over the last few months is expected to realize a million dollars for youth work.

### TWO KINDS OF MEN

One time as Jesus was talking to his disciples he spoke of two kinds of men.

One takes the worth-while things of life and builds his character upon them so that he is like one who builds on a rock foundation.

The other seems not to care much

for anything except a good time; he does not even select good things; his life is a jumble of worthless things, so that he is like a man who builds his house on a sand foundation.

Then when the real stress of life comes, when the winds of doubt blow and the storm of passion breaks, one man stands firm, and the other man crashes, even as a house built on sand. And mighty is the crash!

No one can merely assume that he has right relations with Christ. He must look within and make sure of commitment to Christ's way of life, his program of living, his presence within the heart. He must say with Paul, "To me to live is Christ."

To put it in the graphic words of our scripture, Paul suggests: "Put off the old man" (the old sinful frame of mind that yields to deluding passions and moral deceit) and "put on the new man" (the new attitude of mind, created to resemble God's and after the pattern of Christ's).

### TESTS OF OUR COMMITMENT

Paul brings the whole matter home by listing those things to be removed and those to be welcomed. Each exemplifies the measure of commitment.

*First*, we are to put off *the rags of falsehood*. Christians must be truthful even in trivial matters because if strict veracity is not maintained in the unguarded moment, it seldom remains long unshaken under stress of temptation.

*Second*, we are to put off *the rags of anger*. Although anger may be considered a gift whereby we arm our righteous passions against evil, yet, if it is mingled with malice, it is sin.

*Third*, we are to put off *the rags of dishonesty*. It often assumes insidious disguises that conceal the true character of the injury done our neighbor. It must be banished from our lives by honest work. God has work for us to do (Acts 20:34; I Thess. 4:11).

*Fourth*, we are to put off *the rags of corrupt speech*. It shows a corrupt heart (Matt. 15:19). It has power to destroy (Prov. 18:21). Its language is irrevocable. It is ripe for judgment (Matt. 12). Therefore, we are to replace it with edifying speech that builds our hearers in faith, holiness, and wisdom.

*Fifth*, we are to put off *the rags of self-will*. This is expressed in grieving the Holy Spirit. How can we maltreat that divine Spirit which works in us pure thoughts, chaste desires, and noble ambitions?

*Finally*, we are to put off *the rags of maliciousness*. It is expressed in five forms: *bitterness*, the irritable temperament that breeds constant antagonism to others; *wrath*, that fierce excitement that brings fever to our hearts, fire in our faces, swords in our hands, and fury all around; *anger*, the habit of bitterness breaking out in hatred, cursing, and strife; *clamor*, the cry of strife, noisy impetuosity, and brawling; and *evil speaking*, the license of speech which wounds reputations, outrages truth and character. All these are rooted in malice.

#### THE TRUE COMMITMENT

It is expressed in *the robes of the new man—benevolence, tenderhearted-*

#### Questions for Discussion

1. What does it mean to commit self to Christ?
2. Why does the Christian life call for self-discipline?
3. In your group there may be few declared Christians. The others may scoff at religion and make things hard for one who professes faith in Christ and the church. What can you do in such a situation?
4. How can the "mind" of Christ be our mind in all things?
5. What attitude should you take when a "buddy" insists on going places and doing things contrary to your way of life?
6. Have your group draw up a statement called "My Decision." Have it include the most vital stands or acts of service to which Christian men and women should be committed.

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*ness, and forgiveness*. Put on the robe of kindness which desires another's good, rejoices in his prosperity, pities his miseries, and aids him in his need (I John 3:17-18; Eph. 4:32). Put on the robe of tenderness which sympathizes, soothes another's sorrow, removes its sting, and dissolves doubts. Then learn to forgive the collisions of interests and opinions. Upon this foundation of understanding we live "religiously" with God and with other persons.

#### Audio-visual Aids

*The Calling of Matthew* (16 mm., black and white, 28 min.).—The gradual change in Matthew under the influence of Jesus. RFA and denominational publishing houses. \$8.00.

*No Greater Power* (16 mm., black and white, 20 min.).—A portion of the life of Zaccheus which portrays how Jesus changed this man's life. RFA and denominational publishing houses.

# "All God's Chillun"

**Acts 10:34-35; Rom. 15:1-7**

*February 10 (Race Relations Sunday)*

*By Raymond M. Veh*

## *Aims of This Discussion*

1. To appreciate the problems of underprivileged races.
2. To recognize the contributions of other groups to our civilization.
3. To assert the infinite value and dignity of every person in the sight of God, regardless of his race or color.

## *Getting Started*

Choose hymns and poems written by people of other races. Here is a suggested worship outline:

### *Call to Worship*

"In Christ There Is No East or West," stanzas 1 and 3

*Hymn*—"O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling"

*Scripture*—Acts 10:34-35

*Prayers* (with instrumental background)

Ask for sentence prayers in which members pray for help and guidance in treating people of other races and nationalities as they do their other friends.

### *Poem*

You might use "The World Is One," by Hinton White, or "Brotherhood," by Edwin Markham in *1,000 Quotable Poems*. Better still, choose a poem written by the great Japanese Christian, Toyohiko Kagawa, or by a Negro poet.

## *Background Material*

### ONE OF TODAY'S TRAGEDIES

This matter of color is a strange thing. We love varieties of color in nature. We thrill when we see a picture in technicolor. Every day we live in a pleasing atmosphere of color combinations. Yet we react against other

human beings who differ from us in the color of their skin. One of the tragedies of our day is that white people discriminate against those whose skins happen to be of a different color, no matter what their characters or abilities may be.

## THE MYTH OF RACIAL SUPERIORITY

Science and the Bible both agree on the one basic fact that the peoples of the earth have one origin and are therefore a single family. Here are some of the reasons given:

1. *In a physical sense, men of all races are similar.* The number of bones, the arrangement of teeth, arms, legs, and head are identical. Human blood is the same and can be classified according to types "O," "A," "B," and "AB," whether a person is an Eskimo, a pigmy, a Chinese, an Indian, or Mr. John Doe! Blood plasma, which is any type of blood with the red and white corpuscles removed, can be used to help any man of any color who has been wounded in battle.

2. *The color of a person's skin is due to the amount of certain designated chemicals, one of which gives the skin a yellow tinge, the other a brown.* All of us, with the exception of albinos, who lack color substance, have some of both these chemicals in our skin, along with a pinkish tinge, which comes from the color of our blood. Most people are between the extremes of white-yellow, dark brown, or black.

3. *Neither color nor race accounts for differences in intelligence, character, and civilization.* Other conditions produce

## Questions for Discussion

1. Why do racial tensions exist? Where do they exist today?
2. What is there in Christianity that came from Judaism?
3. Why do white people feel superior to the yellow race? What contribution has the yellow race made to civilization?
4. Do we have the "Negro Problem" in America or the "Negro Possibility"?
5. The black world is becoming stirred by bitter experiences which eat like a cancer. Explain the words of Bigger Thoman in *Native Son*: "We live here. They live there. We black and they white. They got things and we ain't. They do things and we can't. It's just like living in jail. Half the time I feel like I'm on the outside of the world peeping through a keyhole in the fence."

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these differences. History proves that progress in civilization has never been the monopoly of one race. Often we dig up evidences of civilizations of dark-skinned peoples as advanced in many ways as our own civilization and culture pattern today.

### THE CHURCH'S ROLE

If the Christian church were true to itself, this feeling of prejudice could be removed. The late Wendell Willkie, in his book *One World*, said:

Once again the church is called upon to assume its rightful place in the vanguard of a changing world. Present events, catastrophic in their effects, have torn aside the twin veils of ignorance and false superiority which have permitted the white people of this earth to treat the darker-skinned peoples as inferior. Today the moral atmosphere in which the white race lives is changing.

It is now in this transition period that the church is called upon to fill once more its ageless role as spiritual leader. Today the answer to the age-old query, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is shouted out with clarion

voice. There is no one who doesn't recognize, however reluctantly, the interdependency of all human beings.

Let us hear what the Bible says about our relations to other races:

Psalm 133:1 (written by David, the great king, the man after God's heart).

I John 4:19-21 (written by John, the beloved disciple).

Acts 17:26 (spoken by Paul, the first missionary, and recorded by Dr. Luke).

### WHO IS MY BROTHER?

Who is my brother?

You may ask

For whom must I perform this task?

Who is my brother?

Who is my brother?

Do I owe

To him who grief and tears does sow?

Is he my brother?

Who is my brother?

Is it he

Who scorns, defiles and curses me?

He, too, my brother?

Who is my brother?

He whose heart's door

When opened tumbles out the hell of war?

Is such my brother?

Who is your brother?

Each, everyone!

God gave for all his blessed Son . . .

Each is your brother.

—LUCILLE AVERY, in *Builders* (used by permission)

### Audio-visual Aids

*The Story of Dr. Carver* (16 mm., sound, black and white, 16 min.).—A survey of the life of the great Negro scientist and his contribution through inventing new uses for the peanut. May introduce discussion of the application of an active Christian faith to the life of a scientist. Rental \$2.00 from Association Films and some denominational publishing houses.

# From Neighborhood to Brotherhood

**Acts 15:1-12**

*February 17 (World Brotherhood Sunday)*

*By Raymond M. Velt*

## *Aims of This Discussion*

To prove conclusively that "Brotherhood" includes all colors and shapes, faiths and creeds, fitted together harmoniously so as to produce beauty and unity and to help bring God's Kingdom among men.

## *Background Material*

In the very early days of the Christian movement there were some who refused to accept Gentiles as Christians. The fifteenth chapter of the Book of the Acts gives us the account. Those who thus wished to keep Christianity within limits as a strictly Jewish sect were guilty, according to Peter, of making "trial of God." Peter, as well as Paul, felt that if Christianity was confined to narrow Jewish limits, then Christ's desire to win all men unto himself could not be fulfilled. Fortunately, Paul, and those who believed in his doctrine of advancing the church beyond the limits of the Jewish economy, were able to swing the majority to their way of thinking.

There are some Christians today who feel that our faith should not be taken to other peoples until America itself becomes more fully Christianized. Others, wishing to justify themselves for their indifference and neglect of the problems of their brothers, ask the question, "Who is my neighbor?" In the parable of the Good Samaritan, Jesus gave a clear and concise answer to this question. My neighbor is anyone regardless of race

or creed that I can help as he searches for the adequate and abundant life.

## EVERYONE A PART OF THE MAIN

Hemingway's novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* derived its title from a seventeenth-century sermon preached in England by the Reverend John Donne. It was the custom at that time to toll the church bell when anyone died. Hearing the bell, women would come out from their homes and men would leave their shops and come in from the field to learn who had died. The preacher said this in his sermon: "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less; . . . any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

"I am involved in mankind." A few years ago many people did not believe this. Some declared that their main and sole responsibility was to look after their own business and provide for their own families and look only to the welfare of their own little neighborhood. But now we know we have a responsibility to those beyond these immediate circles. We know now that we human beings on this planet are members one of another, whether we want to be or not. We are compelled to "bear one another's burdens."

Before the Korean war, did we care

very much about Korea? Many of us did not. But today we are painfully aware of this little nation, its peoples, and its tragedies.

### THE PRESSING QUESTION

Today's pressing question is "Shall we enlarge our concept of neighborliness to include all the other people of the world?" When Wendell Willkie came back from his trip around the world, he said there was no question about it. The fact is that we are already "one world." There is no point on the globe that is more than sixty hours distant from the spot where we now stand. The Chinese, the Indian, the Russian, the European, are all much closer to us now than the people of the thirteen colonies were to each other at the time of their fight for freedom. We can interchange ideas and goods with them more easily than could the colonists of Massachusetts and the Carolinas in 1776.

All men are our neighbors regardless of where they live. We must learn to live and work together for the advancement of our world. We Christians must bring to all others the light and love of Jesus Christ that will heal all wounds and truly bind us together in a mighty brotherhood of like-minded people.

Someone has said that God has placed persons of various races and creeds in America to see whether or not they can live together in Christian brotherhood; that if the experiment works here, Christianity will work; that if it fails, to that extent Christianity has failed. If that is true, what a responsibility rests upon us!

A bus driver in New York City, experiencing difficulty in persuading the

### Questions for Discussion

1. "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." Is this true?

2. In our community or city where are the points of tension among races? Among religious bodies? What can we do to relieve this tension and promote a feeling of brotherhood?

3. What does Ralph Sockman mean when he says: "Our world has become a neighborhood. Now it must become a brotherhood."

4. What opportunities await the Christian church in a world that is one great neighborhood?

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passengers on a Madison Avenue bus to move to the rear so that those waiting in the rain could board the bus, remarked quietly but audibly: "You will never get co-operation in Europe if you can't get it here on Madison Avenue."

Was he right? What factors complicate human relationships right here at home as well as abroad today? Can a so-called Christian exploit others, feel superior to them, discriminate against them, and still be wholly Christian?

Says an unknown writer: "The ground at the foot of the cross is level. If you have not found it so, it may be you have not found the foot of the cross."

### *Audio-visual Aids*

*The House of God* (filmstrip, 56 frames).—This covers a broad scope of the various houses of worship of the major religious groups of this country. It stresses tolerance in the religious history of our land. Useful during Brotherhood Week. Sale \$3.00.

# Helping Our Friends to Live at Their Best

**Galatians 6:1-6**

February 24

By Raymond M. Veh

## *Aims of This Discussion*

1. To sense our responsibility to overcome temptation.
2. To exercise love for those who err.
3. To help others know that Christianity gives positive values for happy living.

## *Background Material*

Martin Luther once said, "A Christian must have strong shoulders and stout legs in order to bear the weakness of the brethren." His word comes with peculiar timeliness in our thought for today, especially as we ask ourselves seriously and sincerely, How can we help our friends to live at their very best? Let us seek the answer in our scripture for today. There are helpful suggestions from Paul there.

## SCRIPTURE COMMENT

In Galatians 6:1-6 there seems to be a contradiction, but in reality there is none. The verse, "Bear ye one another's burdens," has to do with burdens of moral offense. We are called upon as Spirit-guided Christians to help others resist temptations and overcome moral faults, just as we hope they will bear with us and help us to bear similar burdens.

One of the best ways to help others is to accept our own individual moral responsibility and fulfill it adequately, in order that our example may, along with our direct aid, help others to accept and meet their moral responsibilities. One who has a clean moral

record has more confidence in himself and is, therefore, more able to help others. Paul warns us that we must never get a false overconfidence nor be guilty of self-conceit, for at best we are quite imperfect, and never are we quite out of danger. Each of us needs to recognize in humility his need for moral strength so that in real sympathy he may help others to avoid falling.

The sixth verse lays upon us another kind of obligation—that we minister to the physical needs of our brothers. The word "communicate" means here "to make common with" or "to share with others." This is a grace that every Christian should cultivate for his own good and for the good of others.

## BEARING BURDENS

There are burdens of *sin*, and, as Christ bore our sin, we are to make the sin of others our concern and labor with all our strength for its removal. There are burdens of *sorrow*, too, which are ours if we are truly brethren in Christ. There are burdens of *care*—fear and anxiety which are magnified by loneliness—and we are to keep the forlorn sufferer from being wholly desolate.

There are burdens of *doubt*—and we are not to brand the doubters as heretics but to enter into their difficulties and discuss them frankly as with our own souls. It is our plain duty to take away the heaviest burdens by sympathy—the cheerful friendliness which lifts the dull-crushing sense of loneliness from others.

Let others know we want to help. Then, once feeling the full weight of their burdens, let us engage with Christ in active spiritual relief.

#### HOW AID OUR FRIENDS?

Paul suggests three great motives to be exercised by us. The *first* is *charity or love*. We are to consider the erring as an unfortunate who has been "overtaken" in a trespass, making due allowances for the peculiar form of his temptations and the surprise with which it came upon him. How beautiful it is to exercise this spirit! We expect it of others, and, not receiving it, we refuse to confide in them. Others feel the same way.

*Secondly*, we must *act in the "spirit of meekness."* The duty is not to scold but to heal the erring ones. The healer must always show the utmost gentleness, the utmost respect for natural reserve, and should do all he can not to humiliate the offender more than is necessary, not to injure his self-respect to the point of driving him away from the healing Master.

*Thirdly*, such meekness demands *personal humility*, "looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted" (vs. 1). So often we assume superiority over others. It is our worst enemy in leading men to Christ. Remember we might have fallen a good deal harder had we experienced the same temptation.

#### DEPEND ON GOD

The actual achievement of restoring one to God is not in our power but rests with God. Because of that fact we are to make ourselves the best kind of spiritual helpmates of Christ. We are to establish a fellowship with God by self-examination. "Let every one prove his own work." We should know

#### Questions for Discussion

1. How do we make an examination of self spiritually?
2. Tell how you helped a friend to live at his best.
3. What are the responsibilities of one Christian to another?
4. How does God show his favor to clean-living men and women?
5. Is there necessity for moral rearmament as well as physical?

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our virtues as well as our follies, not to leave us satisfied with ourselves, or even free from doubts and fears, or tormented in mind by our insufficiencies, but to lead us to the Lord for fresh pardon and grace.

If you were making a code for Christians in military service, would it look like this?

- To be clean in body and mind
- To develop high moral standards
- To refrain from use of alcoholic beverages
- To use leisure time for wholesome recreation which enriches life
- To refrain from recreations and amusements which injure personality
- To be a loyal and conscientious Christian
- To cultivate clean and wholesome friendships
- To make oneself an honest, efficient, and useful citizen
- To help bring Christ to all men everywhere
- To work to secure clean magazines and wholesome recreation for youth in every community
- To help to remove race prejudices in the community
- To establish or look toward the establishment of a home which is thoroughly Christian

#### Audio-visual Aids

*The Power of God* (16mm., sound, black and white, 56 min.).—A story involving many people whose lives are strengthened through the faith of one man.

Carries strong motivation for helpful living and sharing. RFA and denominational publishing houses, \$20.00.



*Beyond Our Own* (16 mm., sound, black and white, 40 min.).—Bob is a medical missionary to China, while his brother, Peter, is a successful business-

man. When Peter's son is killed, he must discover a faith on which to premise his life. RFA and denominational publishing houses, \$10.00.

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## *Battle Notes*

### *Did You Know—*

That at the start of the Civil War the command of all the Union armies was first offered to—General Robert E. Lee?

That up to a million rivets go into the building of a United States battleship?

That over forty-five thousand different operations are required in the manufacture of just one modern high-speed airplane engine?

That one of the most bitter and bloody battles of the War of 1812, the Battle of New Orleans, was fought fifteen days after the war had ended?

That it costs the United States government thirty thousand dollars to send a man through West Point?

That the ricksha (the mode of transportation used universally in Japan and extensively in China and other Eastern countries) was invented by one Jonathan Goble—a United States marine?

That in 176 years of its existence the United States Marine Corps has made over 200 landings on foreign soil?

That the anti-icing equipment in a single U. S. B-37 bomber could (and quite easily!) heat a 600-room hotel?

That the United States flag is older than the "Union Jack" (the flag of England) or the "Tricolor" (the flag of France)?

That the soldiers of the Malay Regiment, part of Britain's armed forces, have the most exotic dress uniforms of any military men in the world? They wear silk sarongs woven in bright green, red, and gold colors; green velvet *songkok's* (hats); and undergarments of white silk!

That during World War II nine out of every ten United States marines served overseas?

—JOSEPH C. STACEY

# Recreational Activities

BY EDWARD L. SCHLINGMAN

FEBRUARY is full of special times—birthdays of great Americans, St. Valentine's Day, the beginning of spring training in many sports. What a month for fun!

This multitude of special events will suggest activities that fit into one or all. Here are a few:

A good mixer, for example, can be tied in with Washington and his explorations as a wilderness soldier. One of his responsibilities was bridge building, and many of his companies built arched foot bridges across streams. Woe to any company that built a weak one!

From a single circle select a number of persons and form couples. (The ratio of couples to individuals should be about one to every five or six.) These couples go to various parts of the circle and stand with hands clasped in London-bridge fashion. The circle marches under these arched bridges while lively music is played. Whenever the music stops, the bridges collapse (arms are brought down), and the persons caught beneath come to the center, where they are coupled with other victims. These form other arched bridges. Continue until all persons have been coupled into arched bridges.

Lincoln knew the old one-room school and the fun of the spelling bee. Try one with this variation: Prepare a list of words containing a good many vowels. Divide the group into two teams. *Vowels are not spoken*, for this is a *silent-vowel spell down*. For *a*, raise the right hand; for *e*, raise the left hand; for *i*, point to the eye; for *o*,

point to the mouth; for *u*, raise both hands. If a word is misspelled, if the wrong designation of a vowel is given, or if the vowel is spoken, the speller sits down. Add new interest by dropping *s*. Each person must whistle instead of saying *s*. Simplest words sometimes put a person down.

This game gives lots of exercise.

Valentines have their place at this season of the year. Are packages to be wrapped and tied in attractive ribbons for sweethearts? It is possible that some folks have never tried the game in which a couple ties and unties a package with each person having one hand behind his back.

Did we say something about spring training? Are you ready for the coming spring athletics? Better begin practicing! An "Evening in Training" will help.

BASKETBALL. Chalk a line 12 feet from the corner of the room. Bounce the ball on the floor or into a wastebasket standing in a corner. Allow ten bounces, giving one point per bounce.

WATER POLO. Place on a chair a bread tin full of water. A contestant stands at each end. A ping-pong ball is placed on the water. At a signal, each blows. Give five points for blowing across an opponent's goal line.

TENNIS. Place an egg carton on a table against a wall. Bounce a ping-pong ball on the table and into a section in the carton. Allow ten tries, with one point for each time the ball stays in a section.

**MARBLES.** Place a tin can at the end of a table, and give each person a few marbles. Shoot with the thumb toward the opening. Give one point for each marble in the can.

**RING TOSS OR QUOITS.** Upend a chair and make a line 10 feet away. Each person tosses jar rings at a chair leg. Give one point for each successful toss.

**DISCUS.** Stand 15 feet from a bushel basket and toss paper plates. Give one point per plate in the basket.

**PLACE KICK.** With three toothpicks, fashion a goal post. Players try to put tiddlywinks across the goal. Allow ten tries, with points for each goal.

Many other such games you can contrive yourself. Be athletic!

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## The Flag Speaks

I am whatever you make me—nothing more. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes, and statuemakers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk. I am no more than what you believe me to be. My stars and stripes are your dreams and your labors. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making.

—FRANKLIN K. LANE

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If in a foreign land, the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its endearments. . . . White is for purity; red, for valor; blue, for justice.

—CHARLES SUMNER

## Government Issue

A soldier named William Post sent this letter in rhyme to the girl back home. We think it expresses something of a universal reaction to army life—to say nothing of an equally universal longing to get back home:

Sitting on my GI bed,  
 My GI hat upon my head,  
 My GI pants, my GI shoes,  
 Everything free,  
 Nothing to lose;  
 GI razor,  
 GI comb—  
 But GI wish  
 That I were home!  
 They issue  
 Everything we need—  
 Paper to write on,  
 Books to read.  
 They issue food  
 To make us grow—  
 But GI want  
 A long furlough!  
 Everything free,  
 Nothing to buy,  
 Your belt,  
 Your shirt,  
 Your GI tie.  
 You eat your food  
 From a GI plate,  
 And spend your funds  
 At a GI rate.  
 It's GI this,  
 And GI that;  
 GI haircut,  
 GI hat.  
 Everything is  
 Government Issue—  
 But GI sure would  
 Like to kiss you!



Hugh Connor ("Cupid Has Long Ears," page 1) is an Air Force veteran who studied journalism at Woodbury College and Los Angeles City College, where he contributed fiction to the college papers. He is on the staff of a Los Angeles daily construction newspaper. He writes that he is an avid sports fan and contributes weekly to the local sports paper.



William R. Kreh ("Timepiece of a Nation," page 4) is an associate editor of the weekly military publication *Armed Force*, specializing in veterans' affairs. You may have met him before, journalistically speaking, because while he was in the Navy he was assigned to the staff of *All Hands* magazine.



James L. Harte ("The Doubtful Treasure of Captain Kidd," page 7) left his position with the *Washington Post* to free-lance. He turns out an average of forty thousand words weekly for the pulps "under my own name and such additional pseudonyms as Jay Aitch, J. H. Loring, Cliff Campbell, and Mat Rand."



C. V. Jackson ("Table Lamps from Empty Bottles," page 13) is a handicraft teacher in London who does his writing for a hobby. He writes westerns, articles, short stories, and has published

a textbook entitled *Hobbies for the Handicapped*.



Lillian E. Andrews ("The Valentine," page 16), who grew up on a farm in New England, is not a newcomer to *THE LINK*. Her story "The East Wind" appeared in the February 1948 issue of our magazine.



Josh Drake, Jr. ("This Is the Infantry," page 19) was hit by a shell while serving with the 25th Division in the Philippines. He lost his left arm and two fingers from his right hand, but he says he was lucky just to come out alive. He began writing while recuperating in Army hospitals and since has sold his material to such magazines as *Atlantic*, *Coronet*, *Country Gentleman*, and *Nation's Business*.



Grace Chapman Nash ("Never Forget," page 25) teaches school in Wilmette, Illinois. She writes that this story is "mostly true—it happened to me. As an American concert violinist and nine-year resident of the Philippines, I was imprisoned, together with my husband and three sons for thirty-eight months. On the day slated for our annihilation American paratroopers dropped from C-47's."



L. J. Huber ("No Hollow Victory," page 32) writes that "although the literary world is not at my doorstep waiting for my next script, I do manage to place most of what I submit." His story "Detective at Home" appeared in the June-July 1950 issue of *THE LINK*.

A  
BIBLE READING  
FOR  
EVERY DAY  
OF THE MONTH



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

### THEME: Friends of the Master Life

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 The Beginning .....John 1:1-18         | 16 The Scriptures and Jesus ..John 5:30-47 |
| 2 The Baptizer .....John 1:19-28         | 17 Hikers and Jesus .....John 6:1-15       |
| 3 First Discipleship .....John 1:29-42   | 18 Sailors and Jesus .....John 6:16-40     |
| 4 Tell Others .....John 1:43-51          | 19 Bread for Life .....John 6:41-51        |
| 5 A Holy Marriage .....John 2:1-12       | 20 Harsh Words .....John 6:52-71           |
| 6 Thieves in Church .....John 2:13-25    | 21 Mostly Personal .....Romans 1:1-17      |
| 7 A Night Disciple .....John 3:1-15      | 22 In Great Need .....Romans 1:18-32       |
| 8 The Greatest Verse .....John 3:16-21   | 23 Hard-Hearted .....Romans 2:1-16         |
| 9 John and Jesus .....John 3:22-36       | 24 Not V. I. P.'s .....Romans 2:17-29      |
| 10 A Woman and Jesus .....John 4:1-14    | 25 The Scriptures Say .....Romans 3:1-18   |
| 11 Worship in Spirit .....John 4:15-26   | 26 All Sin .....Romans 3:19-31             |
| 12 Ready for Harvest .....John 4:27-42   | 27 Made Righteous .....Romans 4:1-15       |
| 13 A Boy and Jesus .....John 4:43-54     | 28 Divine Rescue .....Romans 4:16-25       |
| 14 A Sick Man and Jesus .....John 5:1-18 | 29 The Best of All .....Matthew 7:1-12     |
| 15 Critics and Jesus .....John 5:19-29   |  |

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That the Almighty does make use of human agencies and directly intervenes in human affairs is one of the plainest statements of the Bible. I have so many evidences of his direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. I frequently see my way clear to a decision when I am conscious that I have not sufficient facts upon which to found it. . . . I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do a particular thing he finds a way of letting me know it.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN



"Say," said the woman customer over the phone, "the next time I order chicken don't send me any more airplane fowls."

"What do you mean—airplane fowls?" asked the butcher.

"You know what I mean; all wings and machinery and no body."

A general met two soldiers carrying a large soup kettle from the kitchen.

"Here, you," he ordered, "let me taste that."

"But, Gen—"

"Don't give me any *but's*—get a spoon!"

"Yes, sir!" the soldier replied and, running to the kitchen and back, brought a spoon.

The general took the desired taste, and gingerly spat it out. "You don't call that stuff soup, do you?" he shouted. "No, sir!" replied the soldier. "That's what I was trying to tell you—it's dish-water, sir!"

Among the props for an amateur theatrical show was a caged snake. One night the snake got out and wrapped itself around another stage prop—the telephone—just before a big scene. The leading lady walked on stage, prepared to answer the ringing phone. Just as she was about to pick it up, she spotted the writhing snake. Frozen, she stood there, letting the phone ring and

letting the play action down. In desperation, the director sent the actress who was playing the maid on stage to pick up the snake. The woman went bravely in and snatched up the reptile. But, standing there with the snake in her hand, she thought she ought to say something to explain to the gaping audience. "Pardon me, miss," the maid said calmly, "but I forgot to tidy up this morning."

—*Dixie Roto Magazine*

Major: "Don't you salute an officer when you see him?"

Recruit: "Sorry, sir, I didn't know you were a lieutenant."

"Ginger ale, please."

"Pale?"

"No, just a glass."

"Why was your letter damp?"

"Postage due, I guess."

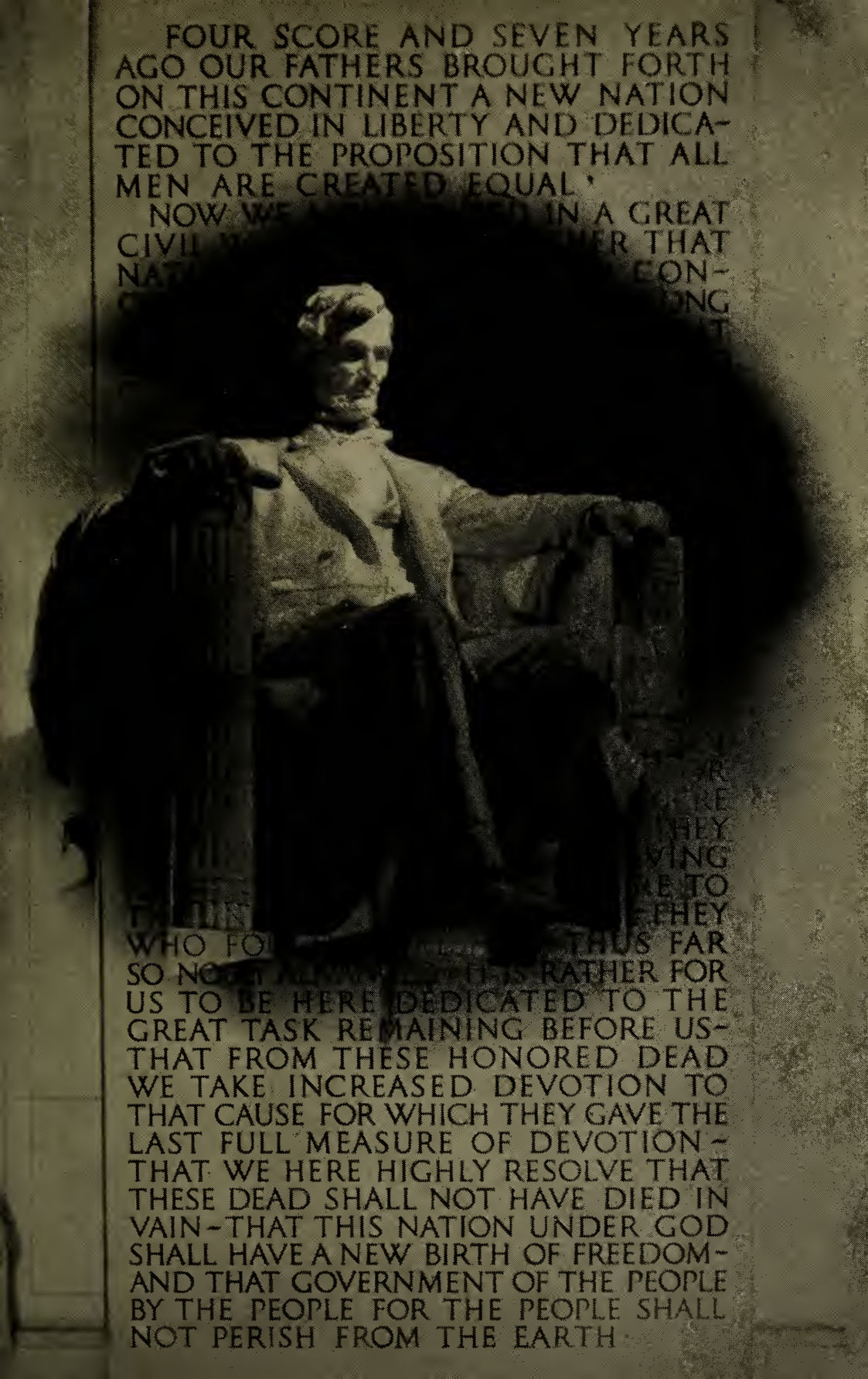
—*The Dope Sheet*



"I didn't realize you and the preacher were such close friends, John. He said you'd furnished him lots of good material for his sermons!"

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO OUR FATHERS BROUGHT FORTH ON THIS CONTINENT A NEW NATION CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY AND DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.

NOW WE ARE ENGAGED IN A GREAT CIVIL WAR, WE ARE COMING TO THE NATIONAL QUESTION OF SLAVERY.



THEY WHO FIGHT FOR US, AND WHO ARE ALREADY DEAD. IT IS RATHER FOR US TO BE HERE DEDICATED TO THE GREAT TASK REMAINING BEFORE US - THAT FROM THESE HONORED DEAD WE TAKE INCREASED DEVOTION TO THAT CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY GAVE THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION - THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN - THAT THIS NATION UNDER GOD SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM - AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.





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