



The LINK



July 1952

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Vol. 10

No. 7

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Two Features Next Month

THE KID—"No use flopping around on your sack homesick," Harley told the Kid. "Tony and I'll show you some fun." A story you will remember! . . . Also HIROSHIMA—YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION of United Fellowship of Protestants

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES TO CIVILIANS: \$2.00 a year; \$1.50 a year in lots of ten or more to one address; 25¢ a single copy; 20¢ each for ten or more. Distributed free of charge through chaplains to members of the armed services and patients in Veterans Administration hospitals.

PRINTED in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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EDITORIAL OFFICE: 122 Maryland Avenue, NE., Washington 2, D.C.

1952

EDITOR: THOMAS A. RYMER

STAFF: JOE DANA, JULIA A. LACY, ARLINE ALLBRITTEN
ALYCE M. MULLEN, BARBARA MILIUS

THE FIRST SUBMARINE



by

William J. Murdoch

and

Julia A. Lacy

FROM EARLIEST times man has looked with fascination at the all-encompassing sea. One way and another, despite his need of air, he has tried to conquer and enter the world of water.

An ancient wall painting from the Nile Valley shows duck hunters, spears in hand, breathing through hollow papyrus reeds as they creep under water toward their prey.

Alexander the Great was not content to conquer the world. A thirteenth-century print shows how he "lowered himself into the sea in a glass barrel to defy the Whales."

Leonardo da Vinci designed an auxiliary lung for breathing under

water (forerunner of our Momsen Lung), also a method of breathing under water through a hose connected to a float equipped with a valve (forerunner of the well-known Snorkel).

No one knows who first invented an operable submarine. There were several submarine inventions by the early part of the seventeenth century. One of the first workable submarines, however, and the first to be used in warfare, appeared in the American Revolution. This was known as the American "Turtle." It was designed and built by David

Bushnell, a farmer boy of Saybrook, Connecticut, who graduated from Yale College in 1775. Bushnell is sometimes credited with inventing the earliest torpedoes also, though his "torpedo" would now be called a "submarine mine."

The "Turtle" looked something like an oak clam. It was six feet long, reinforced with an iron band under its lid, and smeared from stem to stern with tar. In a letter to Thomas Jefferson (October 1787) the inventor described it this way:

The external shape of the submarine vessel bore some resemblance to two tortoise shells of equal size, joined together. The inside was capable of containing the operator, and air sufficient to support him thirty minutes, without receiving fresh air.

The accompanying diagram shows the craft from the side and the top. Its features included a water-intake compartment for submerging; two hand pumps for bailing in order to surface; two propellers, also hand-operated; and a large magazine of powder, the "torpedo."

Bushnell was too frail a man to operate the "Turtle," but his brother "was very ingenious, and made himself master of the business." However, the brother was taken sick in the campaign of 1776 at New York before he had an opportunity to make use of his skill. So from those who volunteered for training on this seagoing contraption Bushnell chose one "who appeared more expert than the rest," Sergeant Ezra Lee, of Lyme, Connecticut.

When plans were made to use

the "Turtle" in an unaided attack against the British fleet, Lee's history-making chance had come.

The fleet lay at anchor in New York Harbor. Lee was to attack the fifty-gun flagship, H.M.S. "Eagle," with Lord Howe aboard.

Stewart Holbrook, in *Lost Men of American History*, calls Lee "the gallant and completely fearless captain, mate and crew of as odd a ship as ever went to sea." He says he can think of no act in all the Revolutionary War that called for "more cold courage than that displayed by the *Turtle* operator."

You can easily believe this when you follow the events of that memorable night.

Lee set out at 11:00 P.M., being towed by two whaleboats as far as Whitehall Stairs, near the Battery. Then he rowed down the dark waters alone. Holbrook says: "It is questionable that any other ship ever put to sea was so open to fatal accident." Even in broad daylight, with no enemy lurking near, a ride in the "Turtle" was something akin to suicide. But nothing in the record indicates that this "daring young Nutmegger from Lyme" gave it a passing thought.

Laboring with all his might and main, Lee could manage only three miles an hour. The night was far spent before he reached his target under water.

Now for the crucial operation of screwing the torpedo into the hull. The inventor himself has described this procedure:

By pushing the woodscrew up against the bottom of a ship, and turning it at the same time, it would

enter the planks. When the wood-screw was firmly fixed, it could be cast off by unscrewing the rod which fastened it upon the top of the tube.

Behind the vessel was a place, above the rudder, for carrying a large powder magazine. This was made of two pieces of oak timber, large enough, when hollowed out, to contain an hundred and fifty pounds of powder, with the apparatus used in firing it. A rope extended from the magazine to the wood-screw above mentioned. When the wood-screw was fixed and was to be cast off from its tube, the magazine was to be cast off likewise, leaving it hanging to the wood-screw. It was designed to be lighter than water, so that it might rise up against the object to which the screw and itself were fastened.

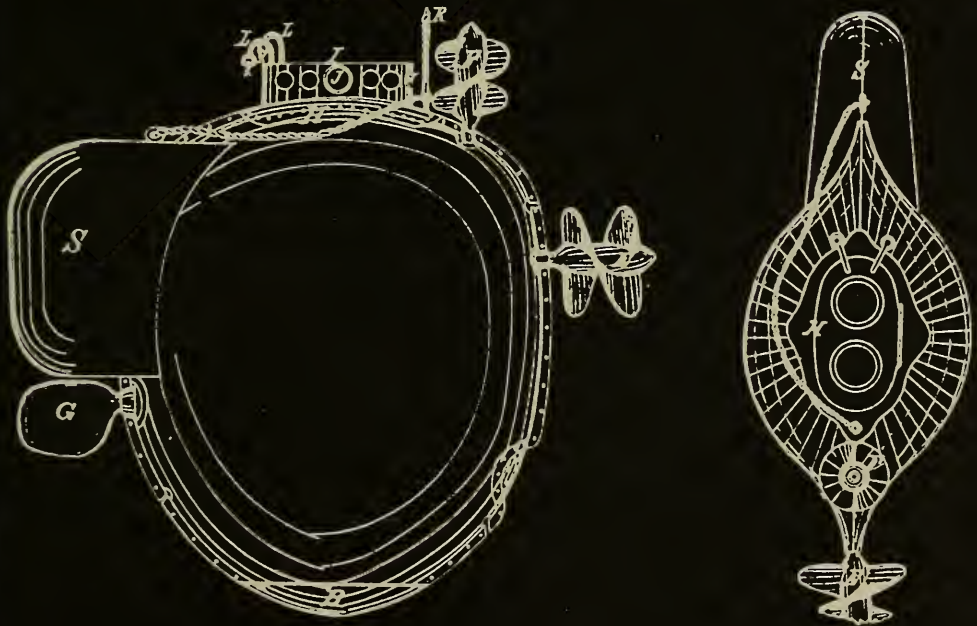
Within the magazine was a clock, constructed to run any proposed length of time under twelve hours; when it had run out its time, it unopinioned a strong lock, resembling a gun lock, which gave fire to the powder.

The strategy was for Lee to take the colonies' secret weapon to the flagship; screw the torpedo into the hull; trip the time mechanism, which was set for one hour; and escape.

But when he tried to insert the screw, it struck what he supposed was a bar of iron. He moved to another place and met the same obstacle. So he submerged farther in order to come up on the other side of the hull. In doing so he lost the ship and, after seeking her in vain, rowed some distance and rose to the surface of the water.

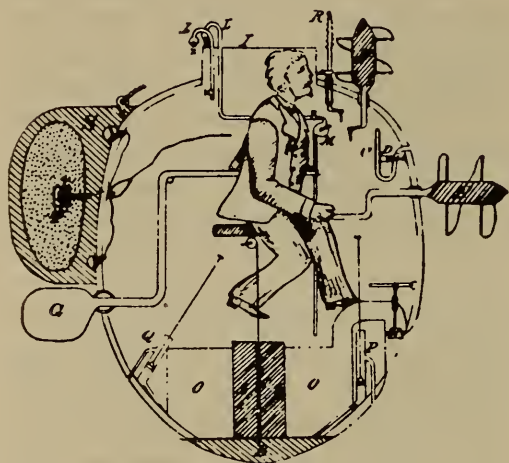
Light coming through the glass windows in the crown told him daylight had advanced so far that he dare not renew the attempt.

To do so would have proved futile in any case. For what he did not know—and what Yankee intelligence had strangely failed to discover—was that British ship-



builders had begun to sheathe British hulls with copper.

On his return trip Sergeant Lee had to surface for air near Governor's Island, which was occupied by the enemy. Here he thought he



was discovered. According to one account, a barge filled with British marines rowed out to investigate the unfamiliar object—and how puzzled they must have been to spy the wobbly craft as it crawled across the harbor in the dawn!

Now Lee pulled the pin of his torpedo and cast it off. Seeing the magazine come floating toward them and suspecting a Yankee trick, the British took alarm and returned to Governor's Island.

After it had been cast off one hour, the time the internal apparatus was set to run, the torpedo blew up with great violence. "A report like thunder" was heard at the Battery on Manhattan's tip. This was the mysterious Black Tom Explosion of '76!

The mission had failed, but Lee came ashore safely at his starting point, Whitehall Stairs.

Undaunted, he made two more attempts against enemy ships in the Hudson River, above New York, but effected nothing.

The inventor wrote Jefferson that "soon after this the enemy went up the river, and pursued the vessel which had the submarine boat on board, and sunk it with their shot." He said: "Though I afterwards recovered the vessel, I found it impossible to prosecute the design further"—this because of illness and lack of public assistance.

Bushnell was not through, however, even if the U.S.S. "Turtle" had seen her day. In 1777 he drew blood by his other invention.

From a whaleboat he attacked the frigate "Cerberus," then lying at anchor in Black Point Bay, between the Connecticut River and New London, by throwing a torpedo against her side by means of a line. This "machine" was not controlled by a clock but was to be exploded by contact. The line seems to have fouled on a schooner at anchor astern of the frigate. When curious tars hauled it aboard, the machine blew up, demolishing the schooner and three men, and blowing overboard the only man left alive.

Stewart Holbrook says that the "Turtle" seems later to have been moved to the Delaware River, where it helped plant the kegs of powder that went bumping and exploding among the British fleet there. Neither Bushnell's letter to Jefferson nor the *Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania* refers to the "Turtle" in this connection. But these mines, however Bushnell

(Continued on page 7)

LINK LINES

by the Editor

I HAVE BEEN READING *Glory Road*, a history of the Army of the Potomac from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg. It shows how victory was achieved only at the end of a long and difficult road strewn with discouragements and despair. It reveals that victory was won in spite of the weakness, disloyalty, and selfishness of many, some in uniform and others not, who were liabilities rather than assets in the struggle.

For those of us who are concerned about the outcome of current events in America and the world, it may be well to recognize that almost no one has been able to comprehend, at the time, the import of events as they have transpired. And when events are recorded in history, our attention is focused on the known outcome, and the factors that brought results, rather than on human weaknesses and difficulties that made the outcome uncertain. When events are in the making, it is our custom to question the motives and the virtues of all our leaders. When history records those events, it often extols the very leaders we have criticized.

The President a few months ago fired the Assistant Attorney General and flew home to Washington to launch personally a thorough investigation of alleged corruption. Failing to get the men he wanted to assist him, he announced that

the Attorney General would conduct the study. The Attorney General, with the President's enthusiastic backing, chose an assistant investigator. When the study was getting under way, the Attorney General fired his chosen assistant and the President fired the Attorney General. The new Attorney General, at this writing awaiting confirmation by the Senate, says the first order of business is to find out if a cleanup is needed.

We may believe that we have more evidences of corrupt government officials today than at any time in our history. But perhaps it is human nature to believe that in each "today" there are more weaknesses than in any "yesterday." We are also slow to recognize in any "today" the many men in high places whose lives and work can be inspiration to all our tomorrows.

If we are inclined to fear that our country's future is menaced by present leadership, we need perhaps the perspective of history. History which, like *Glory Road*, reveals the sordid along with the glorious as contrasting ingredients of history-in-the-making.

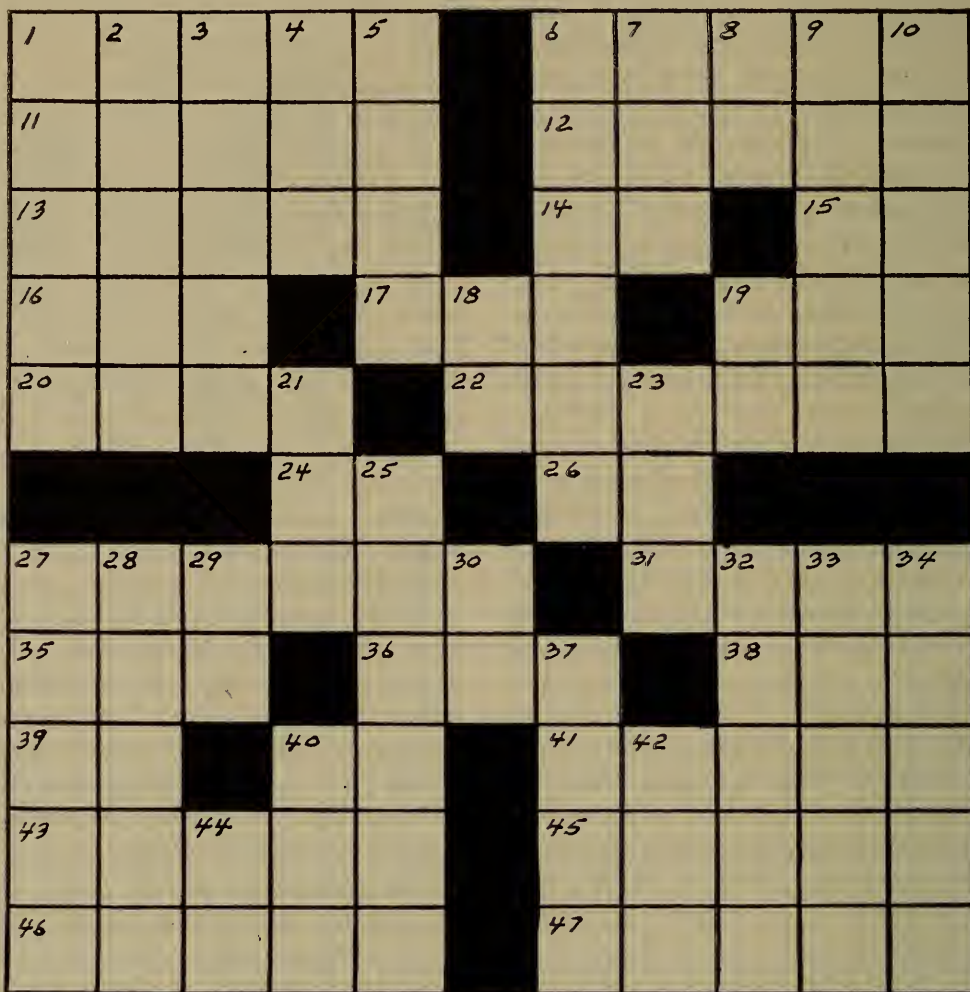
Congressman Judd says that MacArthur's "Old soldiers never die; they just fade away" has, for different application, been revised to read, "Politicians never die; they just smell that way." Some do, but so did their grandfathers.

The important thing is this: So long as the rank and file of Americans love honor and decency, and are enough disturbed by revelation of corruption to do something about it, we can move forward into the future with confidence.

Crossword Puzzle

by A. F. Schroeder, Jr.

(Answers on page 29)



ACROSS

1. Detecting device
6. Ship's crane
11. Tilled soil
12. An alkaloid of the Calabar bean
13. Ingredient of gunpowder
14. Hebrew letter
15. Half an em
16. A cow (Hindu)

17. Lamprey
19. Own (Scottish)
20. Concludes
22. Amatory lyric
24. Close to
26. Old pronoun
27. A mark to shoot at
31. Stronghold
35. Turmeric (Pacific Islands)

36. Propel a boat
38. River (Spanish)
39. We (in objective case)
40. Compass point
41. Toward the stern
43. A carnivore of Africa
45. Designation of nobility
46. Expunge
47. Cornered

D O W N

1. Horizontal distance covered by a projectile
2. Indo-European language (a variant form)
3. Made an appointment with
4. American humorist
5. Choice
6. Spread out in line of battle
7. Peer Gynt's mother

8. A brother of Odin
9. Goddess of peace
10. Doctrine
18. Inflectional ending
19. Indefinite article
21. Droop
23. Sixteenth-century trading vessel
25. Cylindrical
27. Armistice
28. Gods of the Teutonic pantheon
29. God from whom most of the Pharaohs claimed descent
30. Toward
32. Harangue
33. Firearm
34. Carried
37. Electrical unit
40. Moth
42. Beer (Welsh)
44. Home of V.M.I. (an abbreviation)

THE FIRST SUBMARINE

(Continued from page 4)

laid them, are not likely to be forgotten; for Francis Hopkinson celebrated the event in his hilarious poem "The Battle of the Kegs."

Neither David Bushnell nor the daring Ezra Lee quite succeeded in these ventures that were so far ahead of their time; but they were heroes of the Revolution just the same.

For his bravery, and for his skill in keeping the "Turtle" from falling into enemy hands, Lee was personally congratulated by General Washington. Later he distinguished himself in the secret serv-

ice and in battle. He died at Lyme in 1821.

As for Bushnell, who did not die until 1824, he was the pioneer whose work inspired Robert Fulton to build the "Nautilus," which was followed in time by the Confederate "Hunley," which sank the Union blockader "Housatonic"; the hand-cranked "Intelligent Whale," now on exhibit as a relic at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; the first "modern" submarines, built by John Holland and Simon Lake; and the powerful "silent service" of the present day.

For the information here presented we are indebted to the Naval Historical Foundation's current exhibit of United States submarines at the Truxton-Decatur Naval Museum in Washington, D.C.; to All Hands, which in November 1951 reprinted extracts from both Bushnell's letter to Jefferson and the 1844 edition of Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania; and to various books, notably Lost Men of American History, by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan, 1946).

A Strange Fellow Voyager

by Ted McDonald

I'VE HAD many a queer voyage in my time, but the queerest I ever had was one that I made—some-what unexpectedly, as you will see—upon the Great Fish River in South Africa on my way back from a hunting excursion.

As I neared the bank I saw that the river was in full flood, more than twice its usual breadth and running like a millrace. I knew at once that I should have a tough job to get across; for a flooded African river is no joke, I can tell you.

But I knew, also, that my wife would be terribly anxious if I didn't come back on the day I had fixed, South Africa being a place where a good many things may happen to a man. So I determined to chance it.

At the water's edge I found an old Bushman whom I knew well. He had a boat of his own, and I hailed him at once.

"Well, Kaloomi, what will you take to put me across the river?"

"No go fifty dollar this time, *baas* ['master']," said the old fellow in his half-Dutch, half-English jargon. "Boat no go 'crost today; water *groed* ['great']."

And never a bit could I persuade him, though I offered him money enough to make any ordinary Bushman jump headfirst off a cliff. Money was good, he said, but it would be of no use to him when he was drowned; and, in short, he wouldn't budge.

"Well, if you won't put me across," said I at last, "lend me your boat and I'll just do the job for myself. I can't very well take my horse with me, so I'll just leave him here in pledge that I'll pay for the boat when I come back."

"Keep horse for you, master, quite willing; but s'pose you try to cross today, you never come back to ask for him."

He spoke so positively that, although I'm not easily frightened, I certainly did feel rather uncomfortable. However, when you've got to do a thing of that sort, the less you think of it the better; so I jumped into the boat and shoved off.

I had barely got clear of the shore when I found that the old fellow was right, for the boat shot down the stream like an arrow. I saw in a moment that there was no hope of paddling her across and that all I could do was just to keep her head straight. But I hadn't the chance of doing even that very long; for just then a big tree came driving along and, hitting my boat full on the quarter, smashed her like an egg shell. I had just time to catch the projecting roots and whisk myself onto them, and then tree and I went away downstream together at I don't know how many miles an hour.

At first I was so rejoiced at escaping just when all seemed over with me that I didn't think much

of what was to come next; but before long I got something to think about with a vengeance.

The tree, as I've said, was a large one; and the branch end—the one opposite where I sat—was all one mass of green leaves. All at once, just as I was shifting myself to a safer place among the roots, the leaves suddenly shook and parted—and out popped the great yellow head and fierce eyes of an enormous lion!

I don't think I ever got such a fright in my life. My gun had gone to the bottom along with the boat, and the only weapon I had left was a short hunting knife, which against such a beast as that would be of no more use than a bodkin. I gave myself up for lost, feeling sure that in another moment he'd spring forward and tear me to bits.

But whether he had already gorged himself with prey, or whether—as I suspect—he was really frightened at finding himself in such a scrape, he showed no disposition to attack me so long as I remained still. The instant I made any movement, however, he would begin roaring and lashing his tail as if he were going to fall upon me at once. So, to avoid provoking him, I was forced to remain stock-still, although sitting so long in one position cramped me dreadfully.

There we sat, Mr. Lion and I, staring at each other with all our might—a picturesque group if there had been anybody to see it.

Down, down the stream we went, the banks seeming to race past us as if we were going by train, while all around broken timber, wagon wheels, trees, bushes,

and the carcasses of drowned horses and cattle went whirling past us on the thick, brown water.

All at once I noticed that the lion seemed to be getting strangely restless, turning his great head



from side to side in a nervous kind of way as if he saw or heard something he didn't like.

At first I couldn't imagine what on earth was the matter with him, but presently I caught a sound that scared me much worse than it had scared the lion. Far in the distance I could hear a dull, booming roar, which I had heard too often not to recognize at once—we were nearing a waterfall!

I had seen the great falls of the Fish River more than once, and the bare thought of being carried over these tremendous precipices made my blood run cold.

Yet being devoured by a lion would not be much of an improvement, and, as I hadn't the ghost of a chance of being able to swim ashore, there really seemed to be no other alternative.

Faster and faster we went; louder and louder grew the roar of the cataract. The lion seemed to have given himself up for lost and crouched down among the leaves, only uttering a low, moaning whine now and then.

I was fairly at my wit's end when all of a sudden I caught sight of something that gave me a gleam of hope.

A little way ahead of us the river narrowed suddenly, and a rocky headland thrust itself out into the stream. On one of the lowest points of it grew a thick clump of trees whose boughs overhung the water; and it struck me that, if we only passed near enough, I might manage to catch hold of the branches and swing myself up onto the rock.

No sooner said than done. I started up, scarcely caring whether the lion attacked me or not, and planted myself firmly on one of the biggest roots, where I could take a good spring when the time came. I knew that this would be my last chance; for by this time we were so near the falls that I could see quite plainly, a little way ahead, the great cloud of spray and vapor that hovered over the abyss. Even

at the best it was a desperate venture, and I can tell you that I felt my heart beginning to thump like a sledge hammer as we came closer and closer to the headland and I thought of what would follow if I missed my leap.

Then it happened, by the mercy of God, that our tree struck against something and turned crosswise to the current, the end with the lion on it swinging out into midstream, while my end was driven close to the rock on which the clump of trees grew.

Now or never! I made one spring—I don't think I ever made such another before nor since—and just clutched the lowest bough. As I dragged myself onto it, I heard the last roar of the doomed lion mingling with the thunder of the waterfall as he vanished into the cloud of mist.

As for me, it was late enough that night before I got home, and I found my poor wife in a fine fright about me. So I thought it just as well, on the whole, to keep my adventure to myself; and it was not until nearly a year later that she heard a word about my voyage and my strange fellow voyager.



Recípe Extraordinary

HERE'S a recipe that's sure to be a winner! Take one civilian, slightly green. Stir from bunk at an early hour. Soak in hot shower daily. Dress in blue jacket. Mix with others like him. Grate on the chief's nerves. Toughen with boot training. Add liberal portions of beans and soup. Season with wind, snow, and sleet. Sweeten from time to time with candy bars. Let smoke occasionally. Bake in 110° temperature, simmer, and freeze. Makes perfect American Navy. Serves 150 million people!

Short Cut to Citizenship

by Jayson C. Holladay

THE AMERICANS were taking Rotgen, the first German town in the path of First Army. It was February of an eventful year. The German breakthrough of December 1944 had been halted by a frantic Allied wedge, and the Battle of the Bulge was over. The Yanks were charging the Siegfried line as Von Rundstedt's Christmas offensive retarded. They were skirmishing in the rubble and cold mud of Belgium's battered Bastogne and dying on the fortified borders of Germany.

While frostbite and death took their toll, there developed an extraordinary side issue to this history-in-the-making. Thousands of these U.S. soldiers were not American citizens. They had lived and worked the greater part of their lives in the United States. They had raised families, paid taxes, and purchased war bonds. They were inducted into the Army of the United States.

It was not that these men hadn't tried to become citizens. Most of them had visited naturalization courts regularly, year after year, unable to solve legal obstacles.

Upon induction into the armed forces these noncitizens were assured that the procedure for their Americanization would be simplified. The "legal entry" clause was omitted for servicemen. This clause had been one of the insurmountable stumbling blocks in the paths of

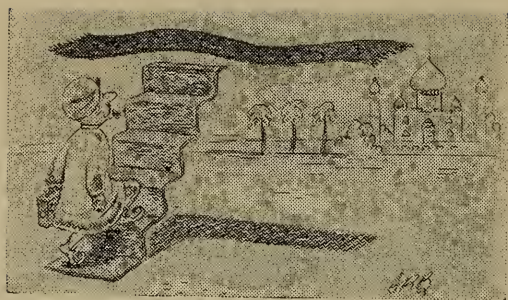
aspirant citizens. The "legal entry" clause provided that one must prove that he entered the country by legal means. By elimination of this clause hopes were rekindled among many would-be Americans who had jumped ship off the coasts, or who had crossed the Mexican or Canadian borders secretly, to establish residence in America.

Basic training periods proved futile for this new short cut to citizenship. Applications were booted uselessly through channels until the men were finally shipped overseas. By then, approval of necessary papers seemed more remote than ever.

As a result of growing public pressure, the government concluded that the surest way to grant citizenship to our "soldiers without a country" was to confer the status out on the battlefields.

In Europe the nucleus of this effort was Paris for two logical reasons: first, U.S. headquarters was then in Paris and, second, the American Embassy in Paris boasted a representative of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. This man was Vice-Consul Cyrus B. Follmer.

Under normal circumstances the men could have come to the U.S. Embassy in Paris. These, of course, were not ordinary circumstances. The armies of the United States were scattered throughout Europe.



Regiments were in combat from Holland to southern France. It was not strategically possible to spare the men from their front-line assignments.

Eisenhower's headquarters had a solution. If the noncitizens could not be spared for a trip to the embassy, the naturalization board could go to the field. A naturalization team, then, was formed under the direction of Vice-Consul Cyrus B. Follmer. The American Embassy also furnished an administrative private, Reginald H. Courtois, who was assigned to the military attaché. The other members of this team came from the Adjutant General's office of E.T.O. headquarters—Pfc Craig R. Cornet and I, who was a sergeant technician.

We were hurriedly trained to naturalize any number of men, at any time, and at any place in the field. We packed into heavy, leather bags all State Department forms and seals with which we could process these men without citizenship.

On February 16, 1945, our orders were issued and we proceeded from the Embassy on Avenue Gabriel in Paris. We began our journey in two cars. One was a green sedan, which we were to deliver to U.S. officials in Luxem-

bourg. The other was a military staff car.

We traveled over country that has written its name into the history of two world wars. Taking the eastward roads from Paris over which French taxicabs rushed Allied reinforcements during World War I, we crossed the Marne River and finally came to the Meuse and Verdun, where General Bradley's Twelfth Army was then operating.

The trip was particularly noteworthy for Vice-Consul Follmer, as it was over this very territory that he drove an ambulance in the First World War.

We found three men to be naturalized in Verdun. After processing them we held a brief but impressive ceremony beneath the American flag as these fighting men took the oath of allegiance to a country they had left three thousand miles behind.

We then drove on toward Luxembourg. Roadsides were littered with battered tanks and rusting, bullet-riddled automobiles. Fields were strewn with wrecked gliders, foxholes, and refuse—bleak reminders of terrible days and torturous nights of combat and cold C-rations.

Luxembourg was beautiful enough to make one forget war and overlook the fact that it was early February 1945—even with the booming artillery of Patton's Third Army a few miles east. Once in the trim capital city, we handed over the Embassy sedan to government officials and packed all luggage into the staff car.

Our orders called for work with

First Army at that time. Inasmuch as Patton's Third Army was in Luxembourg, we had a few days while waiting for the First Army thrusts to slow down enough for us to locate the various units. This afforded an excellent opportunity to mingle with the people of Luxembourg. We learned that the majority speak German but that French is the language of the educated classes and of business. The grand duchy is, at the most, fifty-five miles long and thirty-four miles wide.

Reports arrived on First Army's movements, and we motored on to Belgium. We stopped in Bastogne just long enough to ask directions. There was nothing else we could do in Bastogne! Hardly a building stood higher than its foundation. It had seen violent war come and go, only to return again with more horror during the Battle of the Bulge.

Cristal-Chaufontaine, a few miles from Liège, Belgium, was the site of First Army headquarters. We arrived late at night and were billeted in a former casino. Next morning we arranged for travel to the field divisions of First Army. Lieutenant Colonel R. N. Campbell of that headquarters scheduled our travel over First Army commands. He handled all liaison work between our team and headquarters, letting us know on-the-minute locations of fast-moving units with which we had to work.

We completed our work in Cristal by processing two men—one a Mexican by birth, the other an Italian—and resumed our junket with a staff car and a

trailer graciously furnished by First Army. Our superiors here decided that we should depend upon the units we were with to furnish transportation to the succeeding assignment on our itinerary.

The first division we visited under First Army was Seventh Armored. This meant a short trip to Pepinster, Belgium. We conferred citizenship upon four men at this stop. One of these new Americans, an ex-farmer in his thirties, had just brought in forty-seven German prisoners a few hours earlier. He appeared especially thrilled when we administered the oath, and large tears rolled from his tired and bloodshot eyes when Follmer presented him with a certificate of citizenship.

We encountered a familiar difficulty on the road to the 99th Division. After traveling hours toward the last reported location, we learned the division had moved up earlier in the day. A guard directed us to the new location—Verviers, Belgium. Road signs were as scarce as hot water, but the road we traveled looked legitimate enough, what with empty K-ration boxes and American "jerry cans" along the roadside.

An hour later found us directly



between a barrage of artillery being exchanged between the 99th and a German unit. If the warning volleys hadn't opened up, we should have journeyed on; and another fifteen minutes would have found us blissfully motoring through the enemy lines.

Rather than finding simple directions like "99th Division—20 miles, straight ahead," you would merely find an unobtrusive sign directing you to "Dauntless Rear" or some other divisional code name. Whether such a sign indicated the unit in question to be at that immediate location or seventy-five miles down the road was a matter of your own exclusive judgment.

On February 24 we had but an eight-mile drive to Herve, Belgium, and the seasoned First Division. If the German Army respected any American unit, it feared the First Division. Its reputation was estab-

lished in Africa, Normandy, and Central Germany.

During our three days here we were lodged in a Catholic institute which served as a rest camp for the division. We had the courthouse of Herve's modern city hall for our interviews and ceremonies. So few of the original First Division men were with the outfit at this stage of the war that only seventeen were there to seek naturalization.

Third Armored "Spearhead" Division beckoned us to Eilendorf, Germany. They had fourteen men for us to process. On the road to Eilendorf we traveled to Aachen. Over the last hill before you begin the steep grade down into the city of Aachen is a streetcar line not unlike the comic Toonerville Trolley. The driver of our staff car told us that before the Americans began their assault of Aachen, they loaded trolley cars with TNT on the hilltop, released the trolley brakes, and sent them thundering down into Aachen, one by one, each exploding in the midst of Nazi units defending the heart of the city.

A glance at the tracks confirmed the driver's story. At the beginning of what at one time was a sharp curve in the tracks were twisted masses of wreckage. Trees, telephone posts, and buildings within a hundred yards were sheared and battered.

Those fourteen Americans who took the oath of allegiance at Eilendorf that morning experienced the distinction of being the first Americans to receive American citizenship in the homeland of the enemy.



"You remember my grandson, Junior—he's just graduated from O.C.S.!"

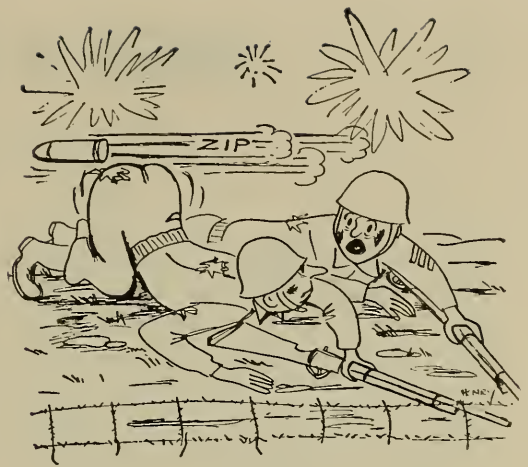
The final ceremony was punctuated at intervals by four buzz bombs which dropped in the near-by hills, each jarring our building a little more than the one before. If the fact that this was the first such ceremony in Germany failed to make it impressive, the buzz bombs surely served to do so.

During the week we crisscrossed the Belgian-German border a half dozen times—from the Lightning Division in Rotgen, Germany, to the Second Division in Eupen, Belgium; back to Germany and the Ninth Division in Venwegen, and the Eighth at Blatzheim, only to return again to Eupen, where the 28th Division had succeeded the Second.

Late one night thereafter we set out in a weapons carrier for the 69th Division, which was presumably located at Deidenberg. After three hours driving over "intermittent streams," ironically designated on army maps as passable roads, we found the cursed little village an hour after the last elements of the 69th had moved to Schmidtheim.

Next morning we wandered into their camp, which was the impressive *Schloss* of a German baron. The hallways were decked with trophies—boar heads, wild-game horns, shields, battle pictures, scenes of the hunt and other Teutonic pastimes.

The baron had placed himself in a rather difficult spot, to say the least, with the U.S. Army. It seems that he, an officer in the German Army, had left his retreating comrades to return to his cozy *Schloss* and civilian attire. Naturally, it was



"Keep DOWN Charlie—wanna get your BRAINS blown out?"

strictly *verboten* for a German soldier to be captured out of uniform. As the Yanks suddenly overran his castle, he frantically attempted to change into his uniform; but, as the report goes, he had barely jumped out of his pants when the advance guard barged into the baron's former domain.

Our duties in Schmidtheim were few, as most of the men there were derivative citizens. Derivative citizens are Americans who have merely failed on previous occasions to establish conclusive proof for a civilian naturalization court. For these men we issued certificates of derivative citizenship, which served their purpose until they returned to the Zone of Interior.

White flags were flying from tidy, unscathed homes and buildings as we traveled through Euskirchen and Gelsdorf toward the river Rhine. It was mid-March, and spring, in the Rhineland.

The liberated hordes of French,

Poles, Belgians, and Russians were happy as they trudged along the roadway to France.

We soon found ourselves part of a long line over the only bridge we then had over the Rhine—Remagen Bridge. This was the sector of the Ninth Armored Division, the outfit that drove the Nazis across the river and captured the great bridge intact.

In spite of their many spearheads eastward from the Rhine, the Ninth Armored had their naturalization applicants perfectly on schedule. The men arrived one by one from the front lines and returned to their units minutes after they took the oath. Twelve men were scheduled to receive their citizenship here. All but one made their appearance before the flag. The one who failed to appear was killed in action an hour or so before he was scheduled to become an official American citizen.

In contrast to the handful of men we first processed with some outfits, we now processed scores, keeping busy for days at one location. We gave oaths to sixty-four soldiers at Fifth Corps in Mechenich and to seventy-four men with Third Corps at Rheinbach.

This left but one stop in Germany. Then back to Paris and warm showers, friendly faces, and clean streets. This final call was Seventh Corps at Bad Godesberg on the Rhine. It's a little resort town a couple of miles south of Bonn—Beethoven's birthplace.

We pulled into the city simultaneously with the Seventh Corps personnel, as the town had just

fallen to American troops. Being firstcomers, we had our choice of rooms in the luxurious Rheinhôtel Dreesen, which in September of 1938 was the conference site of Neville Chamberlain and Adolph Hitler.

I was injured at this last assignment and was rushed to the 102nd Evacuation Hospital at Bad Neunhauer. Three days later, the team having completed processing eighty-one men, I was driven back to the hotel on a stretcher. It was wonderful to be back with my companions again even though I would not be able to walk for three weeks. They padded the back seat of the staff car with down comforters on which my injured leg could rest comfortably during the long trip back to Paris. Mr. Follmer brought me my meals, kept wash water handy, and waited on me hand and foot. Quite an experience—a vice-consul for a nursemaid!

After three overnight stops—one at Düren, Germany, another at Spa, Belgium, and the third at Marle, France—we approached Paris. It was early April—and what a thrill as we sighted the majestic Eiffel Tower through the budding plane trees!

Our job was over for a while, and, being human, we were thankful for it. On the other hand, we were grateful for the privilege of performing so important a task. It would be impossible to forget for long the hundreds of battle-weary Americans who traveled so many miles to secure the citizenship they had long since earned.

July Fourth at Rebild

by Erma Espy

ON FRIDAY, July 4, United States citizens in every city and village across the land will raise flags, listen to floods of oratory, close their ears to deafening noisemakers, and blink their eyes at extravagant displays of fireworks as they once more observe the birthday of their country.

All but a few of these persons would be surprised to learn that the biggest, most heartfelt celebration of the day is going forward outside the boundaries of the United States! The place is Rebild, on the mainland peninsula of Denmark called Jutland, in a national park specifically dedicated to this very purpose.

The four-hundred-acre park lies picturesquely upon almost the only hills the little country possesses—heather-covered elevations rising to seventy-five or eighty feet, each one topped on this special day by an American flag.

Hours before the celebration Danes begin gathering in the natural amphitheater formed by the rolling hills in one area of the park. Before long the hillsides are packed with people who have brought rugs and lunch baskets and sit facing the low central platform. As they wait, they watch the flags of all forty-eight states waving in the breeze—a sight to be seen nowhere else in the world, not even in the United States!

The opening event is always an

impressive ceremony. A picked color guard from the United States Army raises the American flag upon a giant mast. As the red, white, and blue emblem rises slowly above them, the watching throng sings the "Star-spangled Banner"; and visiting Americans say that to hear the familiar strains of their national anthem sung with so much feeling by hundreds of people of a foreign land is an emotional experience not likely to be forgotten.

Then on a near-by twin mast the Danish banner, the world's oldest national flag, beloved by the Danes as *Dannebrog*, is raised by a Danish color guard while the people sing their national anthem, "There Is a Lovely Land."

The following addresses by the king, the prime minister, the American ambassador, and visiting Danish Americans are keyed to the ideals of Thomas Jefferson and the place and value of those ideals in today's world. Those ideals not only are cherished but have long been practiced by the people of Denmark, who have enjoyed a longer period of unbroken self-rule than any other people of Europe.

Both preceding and following the talks, Danes by the thousand file through the Lincoln Log Cabin. This cabin, complete to the last windowpane, was transported across the Atlantic by special ship and presented to the country by

(Continued on page 30)

He Walked Alone

by Frank Ball

FRED MCCOY felt himself age as he turned from the telephone. The full force of the cruelest blow of his entire thirty years was now striking. He reeled to his favorite rocking chair on the front porch. Three more hours and the worst would be over. Then he could spend the next few years forgetting.

But he wasn't good at forgetting. He had had but little practice. His mind still harbored memories of the carnage of his march with the Seventh Armored Division from the beaches of Normandy to the Baltic Sea. He still remembered how so many of his comrades had lost their lives. What would he not have given to see these memories blacked out? And now. . . .

The West Virginia hills never looked more beautiful to him. The morning sunlight bathed them as they piled higher and higher upon each other back to the north. Before him spread the little town in which he had been born and where he had spent his entire life except for his three years in army camps and across the sea.

His wife, Virginia, had been careful to save from his allotment checks and the bonds he had bought from his pay. She had earned her own way and kept up the taxes and repairs on their home in the hills. And within a year after his discharge she was

nursing their firstborn, a baby boy, and was seemingly very happy.

That is why he had been so bitterly surprised when he learned of her friendship with a traveling salesman who passed through town almost weekly. Trusting her fully, he had never noticed that she always managed to be at the store when the man arrived in town. He had always thought she rode the bus to her mother's home at Landville. Instead, she had been the number one, and only, passenger in the salesman's car.

"Who's that guy yer wife is always runnin' around with?" one of his students in the village school asked him one day. He often wondered what the result might have been if no one had ever dropped a hint.

The people of Cranston loved and trusted the tall, black-haired Fred McCoy. They were proud of him, and proud of his service record.

They came to love his wife also—a vivacious, rosy-cheeked woman with flowing auburn hair. But when Fred had left Cranston to marry this lively girl in the capital city, many had thought he was making a mistake. For he was quiet, home-loving, and mild mannered. Too great a contrast, people said. Fred should have married one of the modest girls of the town, one who loved her

home and family and who could cook and sew with the best. All too often he had been dragged to some dance or party at which he was a wall flower, a nonentity. He didn't rate high in social circles. Virginia did. But they had to travel afar for her type of social life. And Fred had papers to grade.

Virginia McCoy had denied any serious implication to the rumors of her friendship with Merlyn Pollard. He was just a friend who happened to be in the village store one day when she was waiting for a bus to Landville. He had offered to take her, as he was going in that direction. The merchant had thought it a handy arrangement and urged her to ride with Pollard. But he later noticed that she always left her little boy with her sister when taking these rides.

These and many other things Fred learned from his bosom friends before his wife came in one day and quietly asked him for a divorce. And Fred McCoy, who had faced the worst that war had to offer, wilted until he could hardly speak. His dream world that had become a reality was now falling apart about him. He was now entering his greatest battle. A great and important decision was his to make. And he had to make it now.

"We made a mistake in marrying, Fred," he could remember her saying. "I need to really live, and I haven't been really living with you; I've only been existing. To really live, you must live with the one you love, and the way you both want to live. . . . A woman will go anywhere for the man she loves.



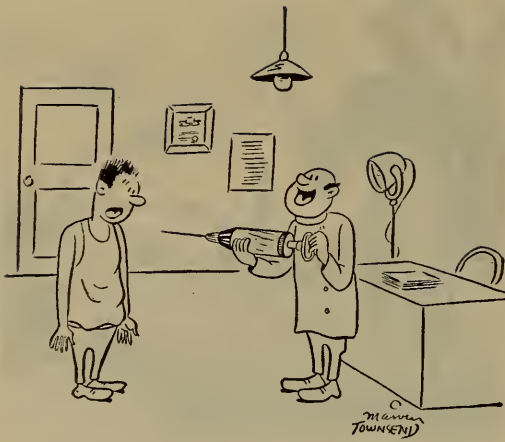
She will do anything. I think Merlyn is the grandest man in the world. You wouldn't want to go on living with me under these circumstances, I am sure." Her brown eyes stared straight into his as she awaited his answer.

"No, but I wish circumstances were different," he had told her.

The quiet reasoning of Fred McCoy failed to change her mind. He would give her a divorce. He glanced often at their little three-year-old son and shuddered at the thought of giving him up. But he would need a mother's care.

Together they had often rambled a mile or two back through the woods and planned to take faraway trips when the lad grew older. Some day they would walk the six miles back through the mountains to Rocky River for an all-day fishing outing. Together they would eat the lunch Virginia had prepared. And for supper Virginia would cook the fish they had caught—if any.

In the family car they could take outings together after morning church services, on Saturdays, or holidays, as they often had. The



“Instead of half a dozen shots, we now give one big jumbo inoculation.”

few acres he tilled in the summer months while waiting for school to open could wait a few days anytime for weeding. Freddie McCoy, the toddler, was already learning to look forward to these events. And his daddy wasn't going to fail him, ever.

And now this, a divorce from the sweetest woman in the world, valid today. And a separation from her and from the dearest little boy in the world, also valid today. His wife would leave this morning to join her ideal, recently promoted by his company to a Chicago job. There Virginia would live with another man. And there his son would grow up—away from quietness, away from rambles through the hills, and away from his daddy.

Even now the cabbages needed weeding and the corn needed hoeing. But Fred McCoy wasn't interested in farming. He wasn't interested in teaching. And he wasn't interested in traveling. He just wanted to be left alone to wrestle with the paramount issue

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of his life—getting from under this great burden of disappointment. But he saw no way out.

He thought he might have taken the wrong attitude, the wrong course of action. For against the advice of both his family and hers, his close friends and neighbors, his fellow schoolteachers, and even his minister, he had chosen the route of complete co-operation. He had given in to his wife's every desire. He had gone all out to give her just what she wanted.

Now the climax had come. This afternoon he would leave for a long, lonely walk in the mountain fastness. He wanted to be alone; he must be alone. Only the birds and the squirrels would be his companions. Their chirpings or barkings would be music to his ears. He couldn't listen to the chidings or the comfortings of his friends. He had fought as few men had fought in the recent war, but now he had failed to raise a finger to save his home and his happiness.

“I'd never let that sneaking salesman do this to me!” his mother had shrieked at him.

“I'd knock that guy into a cocked hat,” his father had roared.

“You'd better act for the preservation of your home,” Rev. Mr. Smith had told him. “The Bible's against this sort of thing.”

“I'd punch that salesman's nose and commit mayhem on his lawyer,” a fellow schoolteacher had told him.

And even Virginia's good mother had remonstrated with him for allowing his home to be broken up so easily.

But resolutely Fred McCoy had

played the part he thought best. "It'll never do anyone any good for me to mistreat her," he said.

The telephone call had come from Virginia at Landville. If she should stop by on her way down to the station to catch the train for Chicago, could she get her clothing and other things she had left at the house?

Certainly she could, he had told her.

Why not? They were hers. She hadn't asked for anything in the settlement except her own personal property. She had asked for, and by common agreement received, custody of their little boy. Now they would soon be at the little white cottage that had been their home.

In a sort of daze Fred sat and rocked. Again and again he asked himself whether or not he had done the right thing. The bus arriving in sight far out the road to the left seemed to waken him from his deep study. He held his breath for an instant. Then he got into his car and drove across town to bring Virginia and Freddie over.

The two had never looked dearer to him than when he saw them get off the bus as the driver handed Virginia her heavy suitcase. She tried to force a smile when Freddie hugged his daddy's neck as they loaded into the coupé.

Methodically, and almost silently, Mrs. Fred McCoy moved about her old homestead, packing bric-a-brac, dresses, rompers, and what-nots into a second big suitcase. Fred watched her and adored her as her flowing hair fell about her shoulders.

"I wanna take dis," came from Freddie often, as he held up some useless gadget. "You goin' take nuffin, Daddy? You goin' take nuffin?" he said again and again as his daddy stood by ready to help with the packing. Tears welled into Fred's eyes every time the question was asked. And Virginia was stolidly silent.

"You needn't catch the bus down to the station," Fred told her when she had finished. "Your baggage is such a burden, I'll drive you down. But it's early for the train yet. Let's sit out on the porch a while."

Almost entirely silent, they sat through a whole strained hour, watching the sun's rays stream through the leaves of the maples and play about the roof tops of the houses over town. The church spire standing alone above the other buildings seemed to match Fred's feeling of loneliness. And there was the village school. How would he ever get into the spirit of teaching again? How could he



"Well-1-1, did the new soldier get all tired out from that nasty old hike?"

face his students? For in the eyes of all men he was a coward, a man who refused to fight to save his home.

"It's about time to go," he finally said. "We want to lunch together at the station before the train leaves." And still silent, except for the babblings of Freddie, the little trio drove off through the solemn mountains twelve miles to the railroad station.

The meal was good, but it seemed that only Freddie was hungry. "Eat, Mommy! Eat, Daddy!" he kept saying. "Don' wanna get hungwy on twain." And with each remark Fred and Virginia swallowed hard—but it wasn't food they were swallowing.

The train was nearly due as Fred paid the check at the cashier's counter. "I certainly hope you have a nice trip. Going far?" remarked the lady at the desk.

"Thank you. A rather long distance," answered Fred with averted eyes.

"I must pay for your tickets," he insisted. "You may need money before you get to Chicago. Traveling is expensive. I haven't been able to keep you too well on my small salary. However, you've been a good manager. You'll make it through life all right. And I do hope you will have more to make it on than I have been able to give you."

Then the train whistled.

Fred McCoy took his divorced wife into his arms and kissed her. She submitted willingly. And Fred wondered if that was a tear he detected in her eye.

"Here's twenty dollars," he said.

"You'll need considerable money before you get there. I don't want my family to suffer; won't have it if I can help it."

"Daddy won't be getting on the train now," he told little curly-haired Freddie. "Got to go back to look after the piggies and kitties." Fred was afraid he would hurt his boy from squeezing him so hard. Then he tore himself from his child. The porter took the baggage, and Virginia boarded the train without looking back. The conductor lifted the little boy to the platform behind her.

"By, Daddy. Hurry and come see us!"

Motionless, Fred McCoy watched after the train until the last trace of smoke had faded away into the hills. Then he turned and walked slowly back to his car. And, homeward bound, he seemed to drive nearly as slowly back to his little white cottage on the slope of the hill.

"Home." How hollow the word now seemed! But this was still home; he had no other. And it was strange now that he didn't want to take the long, lonesome walk through the hills. He didn't want to lose himself in the mountain fastness nor sit in quietness beside a mountain river. He thought now that it might be best if he had someone to talk to—someone who saw things as he did. But he wondered who that might be. For no one had agreed that he had taken the right course. He had run up the white flag without a fight. In a sense, he had actually collaborated with the enemy against his neighbors and his own son. He could

never face his friends again without feeling a strained relation between them. Thus for hours he rocked and reasoned and pondered. And a full moon rose up out of Loop Creek Mountains to thread its way upward through fleecy clouds.

Twilight had given way to a moonlit night when Fred was startled out of his reverie by the ringing of his telephone. It seemed he had sat alone for hours. In fact, he had.

He was tempted not to answer. Likely it was some well-wishing or curious neighbor wanting to talk about his troubles. But he had as well answer it; the tidings couldn't possibly be any worse than those when he had answered it last.

He picked up the receiver.

"Fred McCoy, Cranston?" the operator's voice came over the wire. "Yes, this is Fred McCoy," he answered. Then to the caller she said, "Go ahead."

"Mr. McCoy, this is Western Union. A telegram for you from Mrs. Fred McCoy at Cincinnati."

A dozen different thoughts flooded Fred's weary mind. What could Virginia want? Was something wrong with her or Freddie? Had she been robbed? Forgotten something?

The Western Union office began:

I have had a miserable ride and have left the train. More and more I have thought of the little white cottage, a boy and his daddy growing up together, a quiet town where one can really live, away from the turmoil of life and with a clear conscience. I have changed my mind, and my heart, too, if ever it was really a renegade. I am wondering if the grandest man in the world won't meet the 4:00 A.M. train and take his wife and little boy back to their home. We can be remarried tomorrow. VIRGINIA.

"T-t-thank you," Fred managed to stammer to the Western Union operator. Then for the second time that day he reeled back to his favorite rocker on the front porch. The full moon in all its brightness was shining down through the maples and on the roof tops across town. The tall church steeple didn't speak of loneliness now as its weathervane pointed in the direction of his thoughts.

He didn't wonder any more whether he had taken the right course of action. Now he knew. At 3:00 A.M. he got into his coupé and drove off through the moonlit hills to the railroad station.

Infantry Envy

At least the swabbers
Of the Nivy
Don't suffer our corns
And poison ivy.

—DICK HAYMAN

Muldoon's Glorious Fourth

by JACK LEWIS

DEAR GOATFOOT—

You're no doubt wondering



what your buddy, Shark Malone, is doing in a place like this. You can blame it on the Marine Corps' recruiting service. Here I am, a perfectly good veteran of the Korean War with the campaign ribbon as proof, and they put me out here on special assignment to entice cowboys out of their saddles and into the ranks.

I'm having to write this note by the light of a candle in a pup tent (U.S.M.C. model), and it's a bit cramped. But maybe I'd better go back to the beginning of the story.

It all started when Colonel Vonzel, who's in charge of the recruiting district, received this notice from the local chamber of commerce inviting us to send an exhibit down to the annual Fourth of July rodeo and celebration. It lasts a week, with the last day being the climax.

They immediately hauled out the faithful recruiting trailer, hitched it to a jeep, and sent me and Staff Sergeant Mansfield Muldoon down here on the double.

The colonel said he had another recruiter coming in to help out.

East Horseshoe is one of those Western towns that sleep all year. It hasn't changed a great deal since the days of Billy the Kid, except that the government built a highway through it. One of the reasons, I guess, why it has never bothered to lift its civic face is the fact that people say it has "the color and flavor of the Old West" and tourists flock into the place. Once a year the town yawns itself awake for one big blowout before lapsing back into its sleep and becoming a subtle sort of tourist trap.

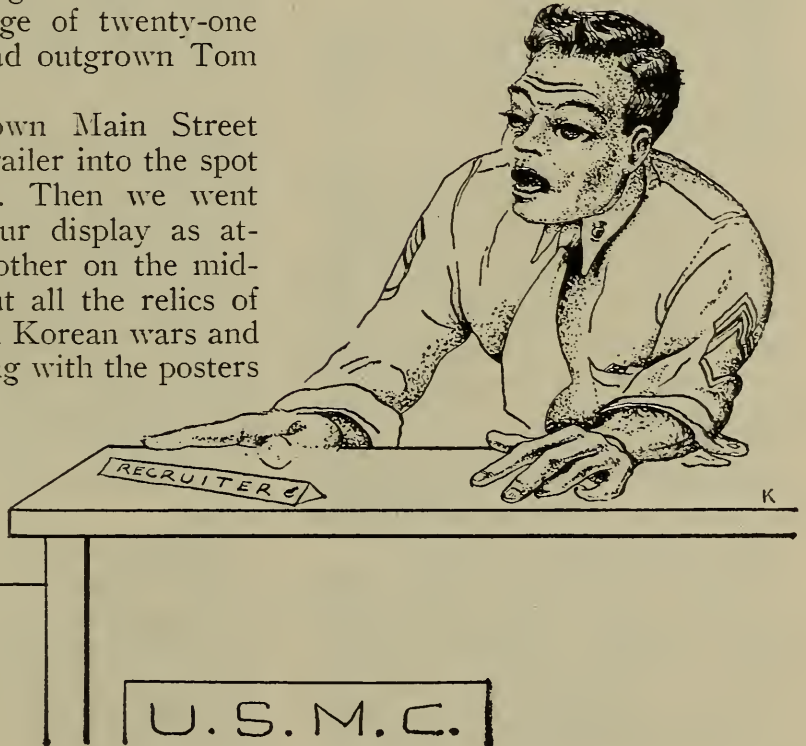
When we arrived in the jeep, pulling the two-man trailer behind us, the town was wide awake. I hadn't seen so many men wearing big hats and riding horseback since I reached the age of twenty-one and figured I had outgrown Tom Mix pictures.

We drove down Main Street and pulled the trailer into the spot reserved for us. Then we went about making our display as attractive as any other on the midway. We got out all the relics of the Japanese and Korean wars and set them up, along with the posters

about the Corps telling how you can see the world, get an education, be well fed, and still get paid for it.

If you've never been on recruiting, you probably don't know that one of these trailers is a combination barracks and recruiting office on wheels. It's separated in the center, with a couple of bunks in the rear, and a desk, a couch, and chairs in the front.

It was late in the afternoon when we got done and were lolling about our office. This was only the first day of the celebration, so our business was not exactly rushing. You just can't drag a cowboy away from a rodeo on the first day, so we relaxed and watched the horses go by. It was then that our other recruiter showed up.



"Fine pair of recruiters you are! Why aren't you out doing some positive contact work?"

She stood there in the doorway looking down at Manny Muldoon, and he looked back, his mouth hanging open down to his belt. Yeah. It was a woman, . . . a female master sergeant.

I had seen women sergeants before, of course, but none quite like this. She was tall, and, even in uniform, all the curves were in according to the book. Her hair was naturally blond, and the tight little curls made it seem even shorter than it was beneath her green cap. Her eyes were big and brown and looked out of a face that would have been more at home on a magazine cover. At the moment, though, there was something familiar in her eyes—the old sergeant-major glint.

Manny found his voice then and almost moaned, "No! No! The colonel just couldn't do it. Not to me!"

"I don't like it any more than you, sergeant," she responded pointedly, "and don't blame Colonel Vonzel. He didn't know who was being transferred from the East Coast when he suggested his new recruiter stop here to lend you two a hand."

Muldoon stood up then, holding out his hand toward her and bowing from the waist semiformaly as I, too, scrambled to my feet.

"Master Sergeant Gloria McCall, I'd like to have you meet Staff Sergeant Shark Malone." His face was a mask and there was no sign of malice as he went on to say, "Sergeant Malone, incidental-

ly, is a member of that vast brotherhood of leathernecks who still believe the corps is a man's business."

"It's strange that some people must be so old-fashioned," she murmured politely in return.

I didn't have to guess what was going on. Muldoon had told me about it one night when we were on our way back from Korea. I'd found him standing at the rail one night, and we'd started talking about the past and the future. The whole story had come out. Before the Korean fracas, he had been serving in Headquarters in Washington, D.C., with Colonel Vonzel as his commanding officer. Sergeant McCall had been the sergeant major of that outfit too.

Manny is one of the better-looking Irishmen, with shoulders to make a bull weep in envy, black curly hair, blue eyes, and a grin that makes the average girl step backward to regain her balance when he turns it on. I reckon it was just natural that they should attract each other, and that Muldoon should eventually get around to the subject of marriage.

Gloria accepted; but when he mentioned her getting out of the Corps, that old sergeant-major glint came flickering back into her eyes and she declared that she had only fifteen years to do for retirement.

Manny, in turn, told her he wasn't about to marry someone who outranked him—and that was the end. The blowoff. Manny had pressured the colonel into a transfer, and we had ended up in the same company.

"Come on, Shark," Muldoon suggested. "Let's go entice some potential recruit into the den of this Lady Frankenstein."

She said nothing as we left, but I looked back and caught her watching us. The glint was gone, and on her face was an expression I can't explain.

Manny and I haunted the drugstore on the corner, where the local school crowd hung out; and they by-passed us in droves. With people able to talk about nothing but the rodeo and Tex Jackson, the Western picture star who was coming to town to act as master of ceremonies, we were taking a back seat to horses and cows.

Late in the afternoon we found Sergeant McCall sitting on the trailer steps with a snug little smile and half a dozen sets of enlistment papers in her hands. Two more men stood in line. With that I began to see the advantage of women recruiters.

In front of the two recruits she informed us that she was taking over the trailer for the duration of our stay and that we'd have to get along in a tent. I started to argue, but Manny shook his head and went inside to get the two shelter halves from beneath one of the bunks. As we whipped them into a two-man pup tent, I began to develop some of the dislike Muldoon felt for the girl.

As we finished putting up the tent and flopped down in front of it, the biggest, longest yellow convertible east of Sunset Boulevard pulled up, and a big guy in a ten-gallon hat and a sun tan stepped out. It was Tex Jackson, the cow-

boy star, who was helping his pocketbook and his following by making the summer rodeo circuit.

Our master sergeant appeared then in the trailer door, and he helped her down the aluminum steps. All I could do was stare. She had on an off-the-shoulders gown of some kind of silver material that seemed to gleam in the dim light, and I could see her high heels of silver as she tripped across the pavement and climbed into the car while the cowboy held the door open. He said something and she laughed. Beside me Manny muttered something that I couldn't hear, but he made it plain that he placed film cowboys in the same category with women sergeants.

As the car swept past us, she offered her sweetest smile, shouting, "Hold down the fort, boys! I'll tell you about the Roundup Dance tomorrow."

We hit the sack, but we didn't sleep. Instead, Manny and I lay there in the darkness listening to each other breathe. Finally he broke the silence.

"If only it weren't for that cocksure attitude of hers," he muttered. "If there were some way to break down that master-sergeant complex."

"Maybe if you hadn't got yourself rushed out of Headquarters in a huff, she wouldn't be this way," I counseled.

"She outranks us and she'll take full advantage of it," he went on, disregarding what I had said. "If only something would happen to show her she's a better woman than she is a marine!"

We were still awake long after

midnight when the big convertible pulled up and stopped near the trailer. There was no noise for several minutes; then the car door slammed, and we could hear Gloria thanking the cowboy for an interesting evening.

Muldoon snorted angrily on his side of the tent as he heard the film star ask to see her again the following night and she agreed. I suddenly realized that Staff Sergeant Mansfield Muldoon was jealous! Before I finally drifted off, I had worked out a plan that would accomplish what Manny wanted as well as settle a problem of my own.

Gloria McCall was seated on the trailer steps the next morning when we rolled out of the tent, Manny rubbing the spot in his back where a pebble had bulged beneath the blanket. A bit too politely she offered us a good morning and hoped that we had slept well.

She had on her white dress uniform and her best sergeant majorish expression. When I glanced at my watch, I could account for the latter; it was nearly nine o'clock.

"If I can get up and get to work in the morning, I believe the pair of you should be able to do as well," she announced, the sweetness gone. She was taking a great deal of pleasure in riding Manny. It was too bad, I reflected, that I had to be in the line of fire.

"If you hadn't kept us awake half the night with that Hollywood cowhand mooning over you, maybe we wouldn't have overslept," Manny responded sourly.

She ignored that, however.

"Malone, Muldoon's going to help me process yesterday's enlistment contracts. The papers will have to be in order before we can send those people to district headquarters for their physicals."

I nodded as she continued, "I want you to get back on the street and not come back until you have a recruit. I can't do all the work for this organization."

Her words were short and clipped, but she still seemed to be crowing over the fact that she had bested us on the previous day. I found myself silently wishing she were a man. Regardless of rank, I'd still have the privilege of inviting him behind the trailer for a man-to-man discussion of recruiting techniques.

I had my little plan, though. If Manny Muldoon wanted to see if she could react as a woman, I was willing to help. I didn't argue.

It was nearly noon when I came off the street—and without my recruit. I had something else—something I'd had to buy from a twelve-year-old boy.

I kept out of sight as I approached the door, sidling up and bending an ear. Gloria at it again, with Manny on the receiving end.

"You're going back on the street this afternoon, and the same goes for you as I told Malone. I want results or the Old Man's going to hear about it!"

"Lady, you've lots to learn about recruiting," he told her acidly. "They sent us down here for public relations purposes, not to start our own Selective Service System."

"What I said still goes."

“Have your joke, sister,” he growled. “You’ll make a mistake.”

I glanced in and saw that she had her back to me. I slipped my little package into the trailer and was careful to push it under her chair.

I once heard an ammunition dump go up when a Japanese bomb hit it on Guadalcanal, but I’m here to tell you it had nothing on what happened in that trailer. The package of firecrackers went off with the staccato rhythm of a machine gun. Above that sound I could hear the blood-curdling scream of one master sergeant, female variety, along with the low boom of Muldoon’s voice.

When the smoke cleared and I stuck my head in the door, she was hanging onto Manny with all the tenacity of Gorgeous George in a title match. He was making no serious effort to break her hold.

“You’re not really tough,” he was telling her softly. “Why didn’t you admit it a long time ago?”

She was crying against his shoulder and saying something about trying to hold her own against a bull-headed Irishman. That crack I didn’t appreciate, but I didn’t break up the scene over it.

“What about that singing cowboy?” Manny demanded. She looked a bit sheepish.

“He’s from Buffalo, where I went to school with him. We’re just friends, and I was using him to make you jealous.”

For a minute Muldoon was undecided as to whether to slap her or kiss her, but, being the gentlemanly type, he finally settled on the latter.

To finish it up short, I’m sitting here in this tent for the rest of the week. Muldoon and the about-to-be-former Sergeant McCall are in the trailer on their way to the Grand Canyon for their honeymoon.

There’s only one thing that bothers me, and that’s what they’ll say if they find out that Colonel Vonzell put me up to it. He was so miffed at not getting them married off when they were in Washington that he practically drew a blueprint for me to follow, working it out like he would a combat problem. Who’d ever have thought those eagles on his shoulders could substitute for Cupids?

Of course, there’s a selfish angle too. I’m coming up for promotion next month. One less master sergeant at the top of the heap helps when the chips are down.

Your buddy,

SHARK MALONE

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

(page 6)

1	R	A	D	A	R		6	D	A	V	I	T		
11	A	R	A	D	A		12	E	S	E	R	E		
13	N	I	T	E	R		14	P	E		15	E	N	
16	C	A	E		17	E	18	E	L		19	A	N	E
20	E	N	D	S		21		22	S	O	N	N	E	T
				24	A	T		26	Y	E				
27	T	A	R	G	E	T		30		31	F	O	R	T
35	R	E	A		36	R	O	37	W		38	R	I	O
39	U	S		40	S	E		41	A	42	B	A	F	T
43	C	I	V	E	T			45	T	I	T	L	E	
46	E	R	A	S	E			47	T	R	E	E	D	

July Fourth at Rebild

(Continued from page 17)

Danish-American pioneers. While not a replica of Lincoln's birthplace, it is nevertheless named for him because Lincoln is to the Danes an enduring symbol of log cabins, pioneers, and American democracy. Within the cabin is a collection of Americana as well as dedicatory letters from the governors of the United States.

"Rebild," as the Danes call the celebration, is now a genuine Danish holiday and will be forty-three years old this year. It all began when Aarhus, second city of Denmark, held a summerlong fair. Among visitors to the exhibition was Dr. Max Henius, who had emigrated to the United States and become a successful industrial chemist in Chicago. When he suggested that a Danish-American day be proclaimed, July 4 was promptly designated. His suggestion was intended for that year only, but the idea so appealed to the Danes that it straightway became an annual affair, except for a few years during World Wars I and II.

Sven Waendelin, Rebild archivist, scored a triumph of concealment when he was successful in hiding the archives, a unique record of the emigration of a people, from the Nazis during World War II.

There are several reasons for the Danes' enthusiasm for a holiday that would seem to have signifi-

cance for us alone. Denmark, through the centuries, has been steadfastly democratic. It is a land where, as a Danish poet of long ago said, "few have too much and fewer have too little." Many Danes have emigrated to America, where they have become successful. Danes, moreover, "just naturally like Americans." But what perhaps has the greatest bearing on their feelings is the fact that Denmark looks upon the United States as a stronghold of democracy—the world's one great hope for the preservation of freedom of thought and action.

Rebild National Park Corporation, which regulated the park and the celebration, is incorporated in the state of Illinois. Danish movie star Jean Hersholt is one of its five directors. Most of the money to purchase the park land was raised in the United States.

No other such demonstration of friendship between nations is to be found anywhere in the world. One in eighty Danes, the king, the queen, the crown prince, and the princess celebrate this holiday at Rebild. A comparable ratio in the United States would bring out a crowd of 1,750,000 persons. In addition, it is claimed that Danes not actually in attendance listen to the festivities over their radios—all of which constitutes a warm and, we hope, enduring bond between these two democratic nations.

Nothing gives you that run-down feeling like jaywalking.

—*Boston Naval Shipyard News*

United Fellowship

Clearing House or Ivory Tower?

This second-floor office of mine is painted light green. It doesn't look a bit like an ivory tower—much more like a business office. Yet I know it can become an ivory tower, remote from life.

Back in my midwest parishes we had some nasty things to say about the experts—secretaries, authors, directors (and we had some special names for them)—who sat in offices in Philadelphia, Nashville, or Chicago, and thought up brilliant programs for youth groups or church school that just wouldn't work in our church. We wished like fury that they would “get out of their ivory towers and learn how to run a church.”

Well, . . . now I'm a director. “The shoe is on the other foot.” Will my office—which should be the clearinghouse for the best ideas that youth, chaplains, and youth leaders have—become an ivory tower? I don't know. I fervently hope not!

United Fellowship should be *your* program. It should speak in terms of life as you have to live it and in language that you use and understand. It should deal with problems that you face and find solutions that you can put into practice. It should help each member to make the Christian faith his standard, Christ his Master, and the Kingdom of God his goal.

I do know this: You can keep my office the clearinghouse it ought to be. Keep my desk so covered with plans you are following, projects you are carrying, thoughts you are thinking, that I won't have time to sit with my feet on my desk and cook up fantastic schemes.

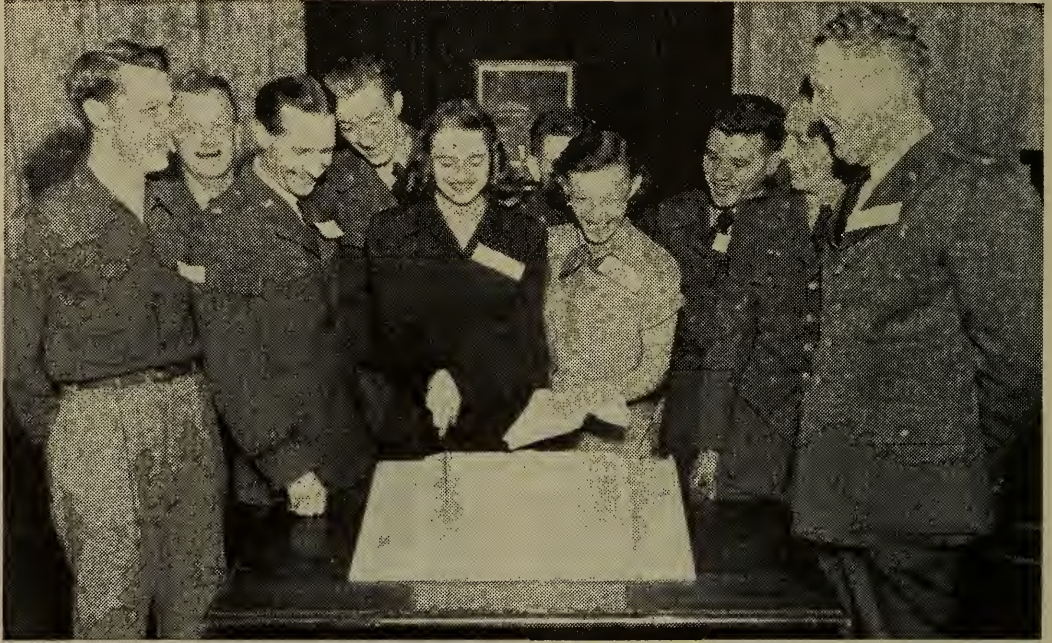
Ivory towers are mighty cold and quiet and uncomfortable places to live in. I'll need your help to keep me out of one. I can count on you, can't I?



Joe Dana

What's Cookin'

Birthday Party



HERE is a picture of the birthday party for the United Fellowship group at Selfridge Air Force Base in Michigan. This live-wire unit celebrated George Washington's birthday by organizing in February of this year.

The group's elected officers are Corporal Paul J. Turner, president; Corporal Richard Dulinsky, vice-president; Miss Cecelia Henry, secretary; and Staff Sergeant Edward Zelinski, Jr., program chairman.

This United Fellowship is not afraid to tackle big things. Maybe that's why they are doing so well. When they had been going only a month, they invited the young people of the Mount Clemens churches over for an evening and presented the "Calvary Gospel Singers," a famous Detroit quartet. Over two hundred young people attended.

They say they are going to be the best United Fellowship group in the world. They are off to a wonderful start! But we're expecting to hear soon from other groups who will pick up that challenge and give them real competition.

The Christian Active in Politics

1 Peter 2:13-17; Matthew 22:15-22

Study Outline for July 6

Ronald E. Sleeth

Aims for This Program

1. To understand the nature of patriotism from the Christian standpoint.
2. To see the relation between patriotism and nationalism.
3. To understand the place of the Christian in society in light of the Judeo-Christian tradition.
4. To see the Christian's position in the sphere of politics.

Background Material

July is the month when we become particularly conscious of our national heritage. This is the time when we probably think back on our boyhood celebrations of the "fourth": firecrackers, picnics, and possibly listening to "soap box" orators. In the service, we may be aware of the extra drills or special military observances that are connected with our nation's birthday. In either case this is the month when we are concerned with our background as Americans.

In a few weeks the major political parties will be holding their conventions to select their presidential candidates. A general election year makes us more conscious than ever of the importance of our citizenship. The Christian citizen is concerned with his nation's welfare, and it is our purpose here to consider some of the questions he faces in regard to his patriotic duties.

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

It is difficult to analyze patriotism, for it is so often closely tied to our deepest feelings. We talk about our country in the same way we talk about our loved ones—with warm emotions. And so it should be.

Yet we must recognize that much that goes under the name of patriotism is not that at all. Patriotism is more than "tub thumping," ancestor worship, or mere emotional "flag waving." Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini are two examples of tub thumpers who played upon the national emotions of their people in order to gain power. Many people were taken in by these demagogues who set themselves to the task of twisting the patriotic feelings of their countrymen.

Patriotism, to the American, is a commitment to the democratic way of life. To be specific, this means that he desires freedom for himself and for *all* of his countrymen. This freedom involves such things as freedom to vote, freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of expression, and the freedom to worship God in the way one chooses. These freedoms are basic to our democracy and are inherent in the Bill of Rights, which designates the first ten amendments to the Constitution. Our founding fathers adopted

these to ensure that our government might be "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

THE CHRISTIAN AND PATRIOTISM

To the American Christian, patriotism means even more; for he realizes that our country's beginnings were closely tied with religious freedom. In addition, the Christian believes that every person is made in the image of God; and this conviction requires and sanctions a government that respects the rights of all persons.

The Christian faith has always maintained that the state can be of God, in that it provides protection for its citizenry, establishes justice in its laws, and seeks to secure the well-being of its inhabitants. Therefore, the Christian has no desire to forego service to his country. Rather, he is loyal and takes his duties of citizenship as serious responsibilities.

However, the Christian never worships the state. His ultimate loyalty is to God, who is the ruler of the universe and the Father of all men. In a sense, therefore, the Christian lives in two realms. He realizes that he is part of a divine society and his allegiance is to God. On the other hand, he belongs to a human family in a nation that exists as an instrument for promoting the welfare of its people.

THE CHRISTIAN AND NATIONALISM

If the Christian believes that his allegiance is to God and that he is under God's judgment, then it is only natural that he should feel

that his nation is under the same judgment. For the nation can never be separated from the members who compose its government. Thus the Christian is desirous of being a good citizen in his country, but his ultimate loyalty is to a source higher than the confines of his own government. This is why the Christian can never be narrowly nationalistic. He believes that all men are his brothers because they are also sons of God. His love for his fellow men does not stop at the borders of his own nation but extends to all men everywhere. This is sometimes difficult to see in time of war, yet the Christian gospel is not altered nor adapted to the ways of sinful men.

The Christian, then, is skeptical of such slogans as "My country, right or wrong!" for he knows that his country is under obligations to God, and subject to God's judgment, even as *he* is. Although it is wrong for the Christian to ignore his responsibilities to his country in the name of religion, it is also wrong for him to identify the policies of the nation with the will of God.

At this point we see how important the Christian church is. When we see ourselves as part of a great historical faith, then we can begin to see the task of the church, not only throughout the centuries, but in the present time as well. The church is the one instrument in the world that acts as a corrective both for men and for nations. Ordained of God, the church is the one agency that transmits the gospel of Christ, and as such the

church must always remain a voice of judgment on our lives as individuals and on our corporate lives as nations. No nation is perfect in "rightly dividing the word of truth"; therefore the Christian never identifies Christianity with a blind nationalism.

THE BIBLE AND THE NATION

The idea that the nation stands under God's judgment is certainly not a new concept. It is part of the warp and woof of the Hebrew-Christian tradition as found in the Bible.

From our reading of the Old Testament we know that God made his covenant with Abraham and the Hebrew people. The Israelites were considered God's chosen people, but they also were judged by God when they went astray.

The great prophets were those who tried to show that although God was working in the affairs of men, he was also judging them for their faithlessness. Thus, the prophet who condemned the nation for its sins was not a "subversive"; he was trying to show that when a nation turns from God, its ways lead to destruction.

For this discussion it would be well if everyone would read the book of Amos and parts of Jeremiah (Jeremiah 2:1-13; 32:31-34).

THE CHRISTIAN AND POLITICS

The fact that we shall soon be in the midst of an election campaign makes it evident that politics play an important part in the thinking of the American people. And so

Questions for Discussion

1. How can we discover the differences between true patriotism and the ballyhoo that is sometimes associated with it?

2. What are the distinguishing marks of *Christian* patriotism as over against *ordinary* loyalty to one's country?

3. What are the differences between *Christian* patriotism and nationalism? Point out the dangers and values of nationalistic feelings.

4. What are the biblical roots for a present-day interpretation of the nation and the Christian?

5. In what way may the Christian be a part of the political discussions now being held?

they should. All citizens of a democracy should take part in elections. The difficulty for the conscientious citizen is to distinguish between the "campaign oratory" and the real issues.

The Christian is not "dirtying his hands" when he takes part in the political scene through allegiance to a party—particularly if he tries to see principles rather than partisanship. The only mandate for the Christian is to remember that no *one* political party represents the Christian point of view. The Christian citizen, although rightly a member of a political party, will try to see the caliber of men, the issues involved, and the principles at stake. These considerations are more important than a strict loyalty to one party or another.

The Christian Looks at His Nation

Book of Amos

Study Outline for July 13

Ronald E. Sleeth

Aims for This Program

1. To understand the citizen's responsibility in view of the evils that occur in government.
2. To understand the current discussions of corruption apart from the political biases.
3. To help discover how the Christian may do his part in correcting these evils.

Background Material

One of the major issues in the presidential campaign is the presence of corruption in government. For many months now we have heard talk of mink coats, deep freezes, tax scandals, and bribery of government officials. The talk will get "hotter" as the election approaches. Too often the individual divorces himself from these events as being something completely apart from his own life. The government becomes to him something "in Washington" over which he has little control. But we saw last week that the nation or government cannot be separated from its individual citizens. Further, we concluded that each citizen has political responsibilities in that a democracy cannot operate effectively without the co-operation of its members.

In addition, we pointed out that the Christian citizen is concerned about his nation's welfare, not only for the sake of democracy it-

self, but also because of his religious faith. This means that because of his relationship to God, he is tremendously concerned that Christian principles be employed in dealing with the problems of government.

THE CHRISTIAN AS CRITIC

When we suggest that the Christian should develop a critical attitude, we do not mean that he is to advocate "the overthrow of his government," although someone humorously remarked recently that "the Republicans have been advocating that for many years now." We are here suggesting that the Christian who sees himself and his nation under God's judgment will naturally want the state to operate in a way that will further the Christian ideals.

After all, since the citizens of a democracy determine their own government, this criticism is a form of self-criticism. All of us can see many areas in which we may not have lived up to the demands of our citizenship. Failure to vote is one area in which many of us have been lax. So this criticism must be directed to ourselves as well as to some form of machinery which we believe to be "the government." We share some of the guilt for the wrongdoings of government. For example, if we are indifferent to the issues of the

day, then we must not be surprised when Congress enacts laws that do not represent our views.

It is hard to be critical—even for the Christian—when it comes to party politics. All of us have strong views, conditioned by our backgrounds, which cause us to feel strongly about our political affiliations. The success of this discussion depends upon keeping the Christian faith as the norm and not our own emotional feelings about which party is the best. As was suggested earlier, no one party has all the truth. No one party represents the Christian faith. As Christian youth we must not ignore our affiliations with parties—they are part of our system of government—but we must try to see issues and principles in the light of our Christian commitment.

THE CURRENT CORRUPTION

When we look at the evils in government today, it is well to remember two things:

First of all, the presence of evil on the national scene is nothing *new*. As long as men have a tendency toward sinful ways—especially, self-centeredness—there is always the possibility of wrongdoing. In Amos' time wicked men "sold the righteous for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes"; and we know that Jesus chased the money-changers out of the Temple at Jerusalem. We can see, then, that it is not so far from a "pair of shoes" to a "mink coat."

Second, it would be well to remember that no *one* particular political party is responsible for all of the graft that may occur.

We shall keep our discussion on a higher plane if we hold that in mind. If the Republicans scream at the Democrats for the current evil practices, the Democrats will point to the Teapot Dome scandals of the Harding Administration, and the discussion will bog down into "name calling."

Further, it should be pointed out that we are not limiting our discussion to government in the narrow sense; for we are speaking of the nation as a whole, and corruption here refers to such evils as crime, juvenile delinquency, etc. These problems have no political label, and responsibility for them must be shared by all of us.

As we look at our nation, what are some of the current "sore spots"?

Graft.—The income tax scandals, the taking of bribes for services rendered, the misappropriation of public funds, and the padding of payrolls are all aspects of graft. The presence of this evil shows there are men in public places who have no Christian conscience or else whose moral sense is dulled by the glitter of gold.

Crime.—We have always been alarmed at crime in our nation, but it becomes even more damaging when we see it connected with public officials.

These two sore spots are merely suggestions. What others would you add?

WHAT CAN THE CHRISTIAN DO?

The Christian can exercise his right to vote. The right to vote is a privilege of free men, and the

Christian man or woman will exercise that privilege. In the last election less than one-half of the eligible voters went to the polls. Voters should not be surprised at degradation in government if they have failed to cast their ballots.

The Christian can take a vital interest in politics on the local as well as the national level. How many times have you heard it said, "I wouldn't want to go into politics; politicians are too crooked"? When an attitude like this is expressed, it is no wonder that we reap a harvest of graft and corruption. The Christian voter will take a lively interest in his local politics and will endeavor to encourage Christian men and women to serve their communities.

Above all, *the Christian's own life can be a witness to honesty and integrity.* The moral fiber of a nation is only as strong as the individual lives of its members. The life of a Christian acts as a leaven within his community. His own life should so represent the Christian ethic that his vote will be cast for men who will be morally sensitive to the demands of the Christian faith.

Questions for Discussion

1. In what ways are we responsible for the evils within the nation? In what ways should the Christian be critical of his government?

2. How is corruption connected with the Christian doctrine of man? How many examples can you give of national ills that have no connection with "the government in Washington" (for instance, juvenile delinquency)?

3. We have often heard it said, "I'm just one person. What can I do in the face of all these problems?" What can the Christian do?

Audio-visual Aids

Are You a Good Citizen? (16 mm.; 11 min.).—A "first citizen" in his community helps a young man to see the principles of good citizenship. Ideal Pictures, denominational publishing houses and local dealers. Rental: black and white, \$2.00; color, \$4.00.

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**A**FTER General George B. McClellan, fearful of making a mistake, had kept his army out of action and therefore had made little progress, he received the following letter:

MY DEAR MCCLELLAN:

If you don't want to use the Army, I should like to borrow it.

Yours respectfully,

A. LINCOLN

# Let Freedom Ring

**Matthew 23:1-12; Romans 14:12**

*Study Outline for July 20*

*Ronald E. Sleeth*

## *Aims for This Program*

1. To understand the nature of liberty and see the forces that seek to undermine our freedom.
2. To see the connection between Christianity and our democracy.
3. To understand the relationship between church and state.

## *Background Material*

"Liberty" and "freedom" are words we use frequently in connection with our democracy even though we do not always stop to examine what they mean.

"Liberty" has a very special meaning for those of us in the service, and this special meaning has much to do with this week's lesson. For the liberty granted a serviceman does not mean freedom to do exactly as he pleases. A sailor who has liberty has freedom *to a certain degree*. He has freedom to make choices to do what he pleases with his time, but with certain limitations. For example, even though he is on liberty, he is not free to wreck the first store he sees.

Likewise, liberty on the national scale is limited. The freedom of a democracy does not mean that each person does as he pleases. We are responsible citizens who operate within a framework of self-government, and we must contain our freedom within that frame-

work. In other words, freedom is not anarchy. What would happen to our nation if everyone did as he pleased without regard for his neighbor?

This idea is basic in the Christian faith. The Christian is the freest of all men; and yet he is not free, for he belongs to God. Paul saw this clearly when he said that he was a "slave of Jesus Christ." In other words, the Christian man is really free to do what he pleases within certain limits—the limits of his relationship to God. However, these limits are not irksome; for when a Christian really *loves* God, he will *want* to do what is right. This is why the great Augustine could counsel: "Love God, and do as you please."

## WHAT IS FREEDOM IN A DEMOCRACY?

Now let's see what kind of freedom we have in a democracy. We all remember how the Declaration of Independence asserts that all men are endowed by their Creator with "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Just what does liberty mean here? As was pointed out earlier, it does not mean irresponsible action in order to satisfy selfish motives.

Let us list a few ideas below to suggest the nature of our liberty. Many more could be added. What

ideas would you add to the list? Keep in mind that it is the state's responsibility to guarantee these freedoms:

*Freedom to vote.*—We have already pointed out in an earlier discussion how important it is for a citizen to exercise his privilege of voting. This privilege becomes even more important when we see that it is a basic doctrine of our democracy. Any action that would limit the right of all the people to vote is a violation of democracy. No person should be denied this right because of race, color, or creed. The Christian will respect the voting privilege—for himself and for other people.

*Freedom of expression.*—This freedom could be expanded to mean "freedom of the press," "freedom of assembly," etc.; but the principle is the same in each case. The basic idea is that in a democracy each person has a right to express himself on any issue, political or otherwise, without fear of reprisal. This right must be protected by the state. Democracy is dangerously threatened whenever citizens are afraid to speak their minds—even though their opinions may differ from those of the majority.

*Freedom of education.*—A democracy depends upon an enlightened citizenry for its survival. Every effort should be made to give equal educational opportunities to all of our citizens. To reserve education to a few would be self-defeating, for democracy must be *understood* before it can be *practiced*.

*Freedom to work.*—In these

days we hear a lot about forced labor, and many of us do not see that work can be a part of liberty. Still, in a democracy each man is entitled to opportunities of self-improvement through his labor. He should be able to do the work he desires, be reimbursed with an adequate standard of living, and have adequate time for leisure and creativity.

*Freedom to dissent.*—This freedom is fundamental; and whenever it has disappeared, so has democracy. Sometimes this freedom is threatened in times of national stress. It is hard to maintain a minority position when emotions are high. Yet a democracy protects the right of dissent. We have all heard that old expression, "I don't agree with what you say, but I respect your right to say it." This attitude is basic in a democracy.

*Freedom to worship.*—Each man is entitled to worship God as he chooses. In a democracy the individual can express his faith in his own way. This is basic to our Constitution, for our founding fathers were determined that this should be a cornerstone on which America would rest. It means that no *one* church is the church in a democracy. Each denomination has its right to flourish without hindrance. If the Christian wants this right for himself, he must grant it to those other people who do not express their faith as he does.

#### DEMOCRACY AND CHRISTIANITY

We have pointed out some of the freedoms that are basic to democracy. We have been suggesting also that there is a connection

between Christianity and freedom. Let us look for a moment at the connection between Christianity and democracy.

Many of our basic freedoms—which formed the framework for our democracy—can be traced, in part at least, to the Protestant Reformation. Many of the liberties we cherish, even in the political sense, come directly from our Christian faith. Freedom to worship, the worth of the individual, the spread of education, care for the sick and the distressed—all of these precious liberties are integral parts of the Christian faith.

Thus we see that democracy and Christianity are compatible in their basic beliefs. When one is threatened, so is the other.

#### CHURCH AND STATE

Although there is a definite relationship between democracy and Christianity, we must be careful to define their respective roles when we think of government (or the state) on the one hand and the church on the other.

In recent months there has been a great deal of discussion on the church-state problem. The appointment of an envoy to the Vatican, the Supreme Court rulings concerning the teaching of religion in the public schools, and the discussions concerning the transportation of parochial students through use of public funds—all of these bear on the church-state problem.

The Protestant churches hold that church and state should be separate. We must look closely, however, at what this means. It

#### Questions for Discussion

1. What does freedom really mean? What are some threats to our liberties, both without and within? What does the Bible say here?

2. What institutions in our nation have Christian origins?

3. Why is the issue of church-state relationship important? Look at this from several angles: the state, the churches, our relationships with people of other faiths, our international relations.

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does not imply that the state is godless or that religious values have no place in government. It simply means that in our tradition there is to be no one *established* church that would be considered the state church. The state, therefore, respects the rights of all the churches and does not favor any *one* religious group over another—either by material support or by political favor.

But this does not mean that the state ignores religion. On the contrary, religious principles and ideals are basic to our nation's welfare, as we have been noting. Religious principles are important for our public schools, for our government, and for the men who make up both. The Christian must stoutly maintain that the functions of the state and the church are not the same; but he must also affirm that democracy cannot be divorced from the religious ideals which are inherent in the Christian faith.

# What Can *We* Do—Now and at Home?

**Matthew 7:24-28**

*Study Outline for July 27*

*Ronald E. Sleeth*

## *Aims for This Program*

1. To look specifically at the place of the serviceman in political action.

2. To suggest how a Christian in service can contribute to his nation's welfare in other ways than fighting for freedom.

3. To point out some of the responsibilities the man in uniform assumes when he becomes a civilian again.

## *Background Material*

The other discussions for this month have dealt with aspects of national life that concern all of our citizens. Now let us think of the armed forces in particular. What responsibilities do we have toward the nation while we are still in uniform?

First of all, we can say that the man in uniform is assuming one of his responsibilities to his country by being where he is. When we are fighting for freedom, serving in the country's forces as a temporary defense measure, or giving ourselves to a career in one of the branches of the military, we are already assuming one responsibility for our nation's welfare.

Strangely enough, even though we are in the uniform of our country's armed services, we sometimes feel far removed from the political life of the nation. This is due, per-

haps, to the fact that we are away from our homes and are "living in another world." Yet the serviceman has some important responsibilities other than military defense. It is to these things that we direct ourselves in this discussion.

## THE UNIFORM—AN AMERICAN BADGE

Have you ever thought that in wearing the uniform of your nation you are representing the United States, even as ambassadors do? The uniform tags you as a product of your country; you are the *label* by which the rest of the *contents* is judged.

When serving in a foreign country we need to remember this fact. People form their opinions of Americans—rightly or wrongly—by what they see of the men in uniform. We have all heard tragic stories of people in foreign lands who disliked Americans because of the thoughtless behavior of a few servicemen. We have also heard of instances where better understanding between nations developed because of the attitude of servicemen abroad.

The Christian man in uniform can make his witness for Christ wherever he may be. We have all heard stories of some GI's who were converted by Christian natives in the South Pacific. We



know also that the Christian GI can be an effective witness to his faith and to the mission program of his church. Sometimes it is difficult for us to believe that we are channels through which God operates in order to work his will. Yet the Christian faith has always believed that. Read I Corinthians 1:26-30.

#### WHAT CAN THE SERVICEMAN DO WHILE IN UNIFORM?

*First*, he can try to relate what he is *now* doing to the principles for which his country is, or should be, standing. In other words, he should try to discover how his service in uniform is related to the welfare of his nation.

*Second*, he can take an active interest in the coming general election. He can take part in discussions; he can follow the campaign through radio and newspapers; he can write home to see who are the candidates for the local offices in his community; he can employ his critical faculties in trying to discover the *real issues*; he can discount political "oratory" and "name calling"; and he can vote for men who represent justice, regardless of their party affiliation.

*Third*, he can send in his absentee ballot. Provisions are made for all servicemen to vote, no matter where they may be stationed. If you are not sure how to go about this, be sure to write home and urge one of the family to check the election rules for your state in this regard. Also, the chaplain will be glad to find out what provisions the armed forces have made in order that men may vote.

*Fourth*, he can live a clean, exemplary life in accord with Christian principles. No nation can be morally stronger than the combined lives of its individual members. In the service we have an opportunity to witness for the Christian faith through living wholesome lives. In so doing we are building characters that are the bulwark of any society.

#### WHAT CAN THE SERVICEMAN DO WHEN HE RETURNS HOME?

Some of the ideas mentioned above apply to the serviceman who becomes a civilian again. Certainly an exemplary Christian life is our basic goal—in service or out. But here we are thinking of specific forms of Christian political action.

*First*, the returning serviceman can become interested in politics on the community level. He can get acquainted with his party leaders and perhaps volunteer his services to work in an election or even to run for office. Or he may want to help in community service projects such as boys' clubs, recreation, Boy Scouts, etc. We can have an efficient national government only to the degree that our communities are efficient, strong, and clean.

*Second*, he should become familiar with the names of his senators and representatives, both state and national. It is surprising the number of people who do not know, for example, who their congressman is.

And we can do more than just become familiar with their names. We can write them to express ourselves on issues confronting the

nation. They are the people's representatives, and each of us has a right to let his representative know what he believes should be done.

*Third*, he can speak out against evil and injustice whenever he sees it. Recently in one of our large cities a scandal was uncovered which concerned the tie-up between politicians and racketeers. An aroused citizenry became vocal through the press and through meetings and forced the law enforcement officials to investigate. There can always be decent government when the citizens are awake to their civic responsibilities.

*Fourth*, he can defend his democratic principles by thought, word, and deed. The Christian citizen will speak out whenever he sees racial discrimination, reli-

## Questions for Discussion

1. In what ways can the man in uniform be an effective witness for the Christian faith?

2. If you were the only American a person of another country should see, what would he learn about America from you?

3. How else can the service man take part in his nation's affairs?

4. What are some specific examples of ways to take part in the social and political life of your community?

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gious intolerance, or bigotry of any kind. The only way our democracy can continue to be strong is by living up to its faith in the social realm.



## Alone?

Alone? How can I be alone  
When Thou dost walk with me?  
When Thou art closer than my breath,  
Nearer  
Than humanity?

Bereft of people that I knew  
And voices dear to me,  
I keep with Thee  
A rendezvous  
In my Gethsemane.

My spirit with Thy spirit meets;  
I know that Thou art here.  
Thy love and trust my faith completes;  
In Thee  
Loved ones are near.

—IRENE POWELL

# Recreational Activities

Here are a few suggestions to help you with a Fourth of July party.

**RINGING THE LIBERTY BELL.**—Make a cardboard bell (18"x24") with a hole in the center (5"x6"). Suspend a real bell in the hole. Hang this cardboard bell in a doorway, tying it at top and sides so it will not swing back and forth. Have players stand at least ten feet away and throw a small rubber ball through the hole, causing the bell to ring.

**PATRIOTS' ALBUM.**—Pin up around the walls numbered pictures of men and women in public life. Give out numbered score cards for the players to write in the names of the people portrayed.

**BARTER.**—A good game for anyone who ever liked to trade, this is adaptable to groups of almost any size.

Give each person ten beans (or any other small objects) and six pieces of paper—three white, two blue, and one red.

Make up a value for each color, but do not tell the players what the different colors are worth. The values should be different each time the game is played. One time the red slip may be worth ten points; the blue slips, three points each; the white ones, one point each. Another time the white slips may be worth five points each; the blue slips may be worth four points each; and the red ones may take

off ten points from the player's score.

Trying to guess which color is most valuable, the players barter with each other for the slips of paper. They cannot trade slips; they must buy and sell them. Or they may try to collect the most beans. After a specified time a prize is awarded to the person with the most beans and the person whose slips total the highest score.

**BLACKOUT.**—Drawing in the dark can bring out hidden talents from many who never knew they could entertain with their art work.

Give each person pencil and paper, turn out the lights, and ask the players to draw a picture of a house. They will carefully do this, expecting you to turn on the lights when they finish. When they have done this—and lost their places on their papers—ask them to put an American flag in the yard (complete with stars and stripes), also a tree, then a path up to the door, and finally a fence around the yard. When the lights go on, exhibit your masterpieces!

**AGE AND PHONE NUMBER.**—Ask someone to write down his phone number, multiply by 2, add 5, and multiply the result by 50. Now ask him to add his age to the total, and also the number of days in the year (365). Subtract 615 from the total he has given you, and the last two numbers are the person's age; the others in the total, the phone number.

A  
BIBLE READING  
FOR  
EVERY DAY  
OF THE MONTH

# Daily Rations



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

## THEME: How to Win Religious Service Ribbons

|    |                              |                |
|----|------------------------------|----------------|
| 1  | Merciful God .....           | Psalm 67       |
| 2  | Straight Paths .....         | Luke 3:1-23    |
| 3  | Life's Bases .....           | Luke 4:1-15    |
| 4  | Home Town Boy .....          | Luke 4:16-44   |
| 5  | Great Fishing .....          | Luke 5:1-26    |
| 6  | Table Talk .....             | Luke 5:27-39   |
| 7  | Straight Talk .....          | Luke 6:1-26    |
| 8  | No Higher Teaching .....     | Luke 6:27-49   |
| 9  | Military Obedience .....     | Luke 7:1-18    |
| 10 | Kind to Women .....          | Luke 7:19-50   |
| 11 | You're Like That .....       | Luke 8:1-21    |
| 12 | By the Seaside .....         | Luke 8:22-56   |
| 13 | Lost Life .....              | Luke 9:1-27    |
| 14 | Divine Jesus .....           | Luke 9:28-62   |
| 15 | Personal Friendship .....    | Romans 1       |
| 16 | No Special Privilege .....   | Romans 2       |
| 17 | Bible Argument .....         | Romans 3       |
| 18 | Religious Rescue .....       | Romans 4       |
| 19 | Here I Stand .....           | Romans 5       |
| 20 | Alive to God .....           | Romans 6       |
| 21 | Inward Conflict Ended .....  | Romans 7       |
| 22 | Sonship .....                | Romans 8:1-17  |
| 23 | Conqueror Plus .....         | Romans 8:18-39 |
| 24 | Make a Choice .....          | Romans 9       |
| 25 | Faith Beyond Law .....       | Romans 10      |
| 26 | Final Salvation .....        | Romans 11      |
| 27 | Just Like Jesus .....        | Romans 12      |
| 28 | Love's Fulfillment .....     | Romans 13      |
| 29 | Self-Denial for Others ..... | Romans 14      |
| 30 | Mutual Helpfulness .....     | Romans 15      |
| 31 | Commendation .....           | Romans 16      |



journalism studies, he enrolled in the University of Utah School of Law and in 1950 received an L.L.B. He is now practicing law in his home town of Pocatello.

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**William J. Murdoch** ("The First Submarine," page 1) is "still writing advertising copy and free-lancing on the side. I've started a novel. . . . I do have an interest in music, although I'm not a musician, and frequently involve myself in choral work. I have to watch it, though, because music can easily win me away from my typewriter. Often I combine the two and turn out an article on things musical."

**Erma Espy** ("July Fourth at Rebild," page 17) writes: "Although I have never seen Denmark (hope to some day!), my interest in it is natural enough, as my father was born and educated there, emigrating to America when he was about twenty-one." She is a graduate of the University of Denver and now teaches school in Danville, Illinois.

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**Ted McDonald** ("A Strange Fellow Voyager," page 8) is well known to LINK readers for his wonderful adventure stories. Besides selling numerous short stories, he has been press agent for Universal studios in Hollywood and a sergeant in the Quartermaster Corps.

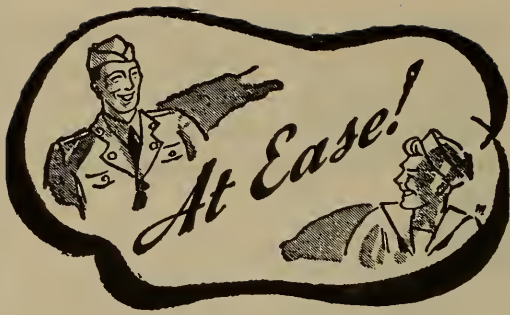
**Frank Ball** ("He Walked Alone," page 18) began writing twenty years ago as a hobby. He writes that this hobby has snowballed into something near a profession. He has had articles published in *Progressive Farmer*, *Christian Advocate*, *Kirwanis Magazine*, *Christian Herald*, and many more magazines.

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**Jayson C. Holladay** ("Short Cut to Citizenship," page 11) is a native of Pocatello, Idaho; attended Idaho State College before World War II; served in Europe with the Army for three years; returned to school—this time to the University of Utah, where in 1948 he received a B.S. degree in journalism. While completing his

**Jack Lewis** ("Muldoon's Glorious Fourth," page 24) gives us the further adventures of Shark Malone, whom you may remember in "A Rose for Randi" (August 1949). A marine lieutenant during World War II, Lewis is now back in the Marine Corps. The last we heard, he was a public information officer with the First Marine Air Wing in Korea.



The third grade teacher carefully explained that a group of sheep is a "flock" and a group of quail a "bevy." Then she asked for the names of groups of other animals. When she came to camels, a child timidly suggested, "A carton."

—*The Watchman-Examiner*

An official of the board of health in an American town notified a citizen that his license to keep a cow on his premises had expired. This was the citizen's reply:

"Monsieur Board of Helt—I just got your notis that my license to keep a cow has expired. I wish to inform you, Monsieur, that my cow she beat you to it—she expire t'ree weeks ago. Much oblige. Yours with respect. Pete."

—*Everybody's Weekly*, London

"My wife writes me that she's all unstrung. What shall I do?"  
"Send her a wire."

—*Christian Union Herald*

Recruit, after physical: "Well, Doc, how do I stand?"

Doctor: "I don't know. It's a mystery to me."

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?" asked the little boy of his visiting progenitor.

"No."

"Then why weren't you drowned?" was the second question.

—*The Christian Evangelist*

"This coffee tastes like mud!"

"It should. It was ground this morning."

—*The Dope Sheet*

When a fellow breaks a date  
He usually has to—

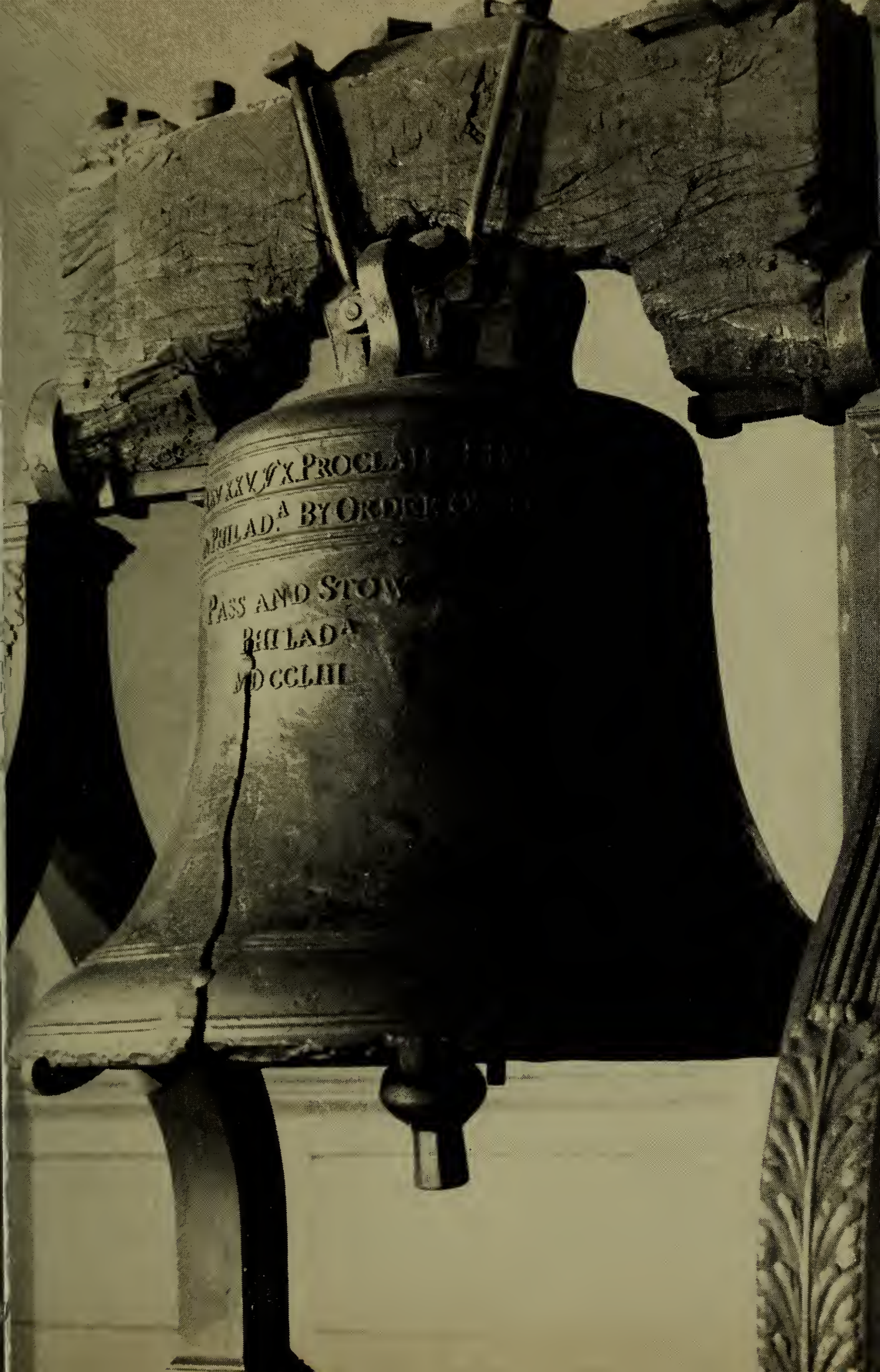
When a girl breaks a date,  
She usually has two.

The current Broadway gag is about a guy who went to a psychiatrist who told him, "You don't have a complex—you *are* inferior!"

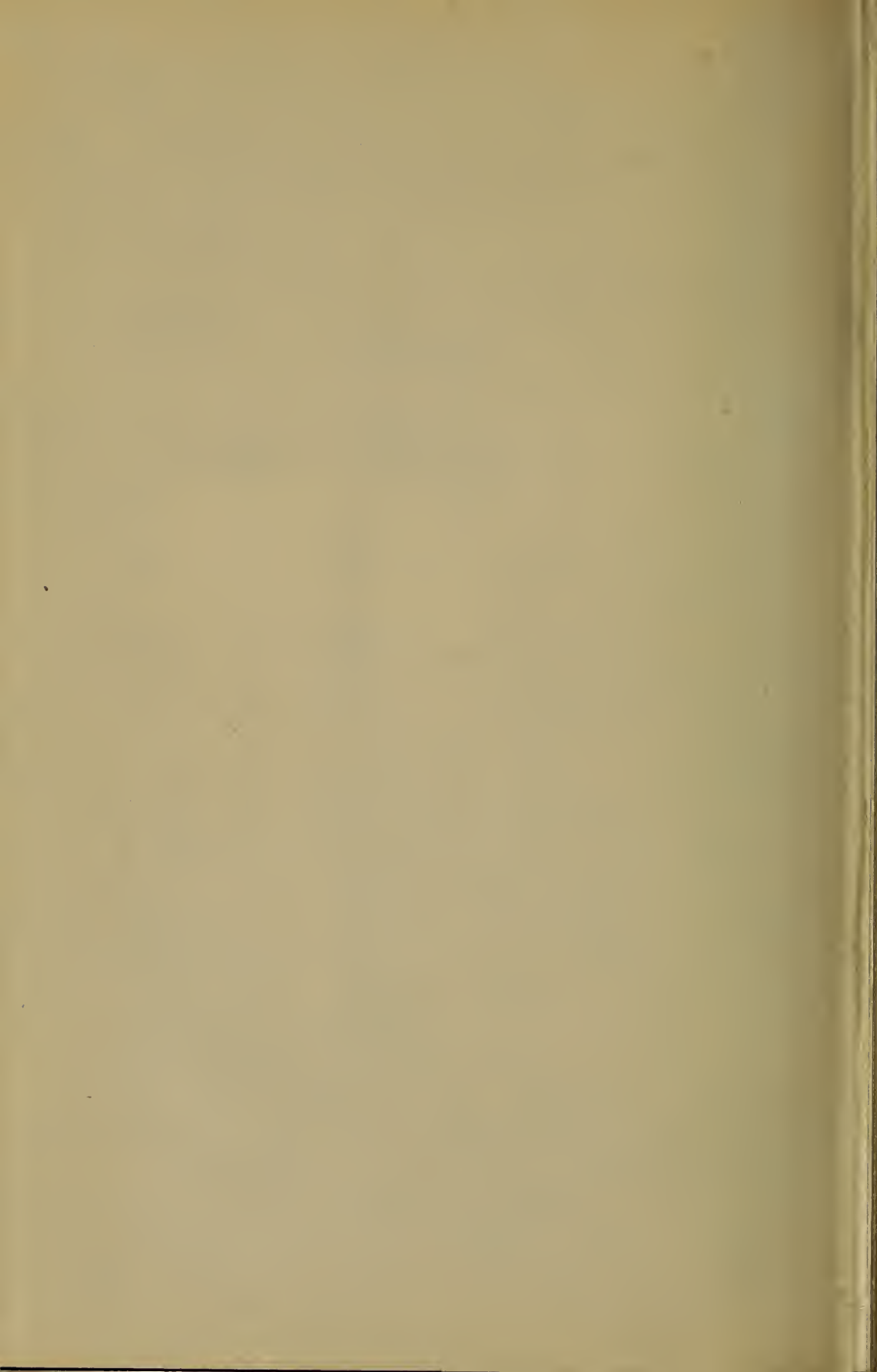
—Earl Wilson, Post-Hall Syndicate



"Our fire's about out—better get 'im on the walkie-talkie."



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