

The LINK

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SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



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WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS' - *By Pvt. Frank Pohorlak*

D-Day

PRAYER FOR VICTORY

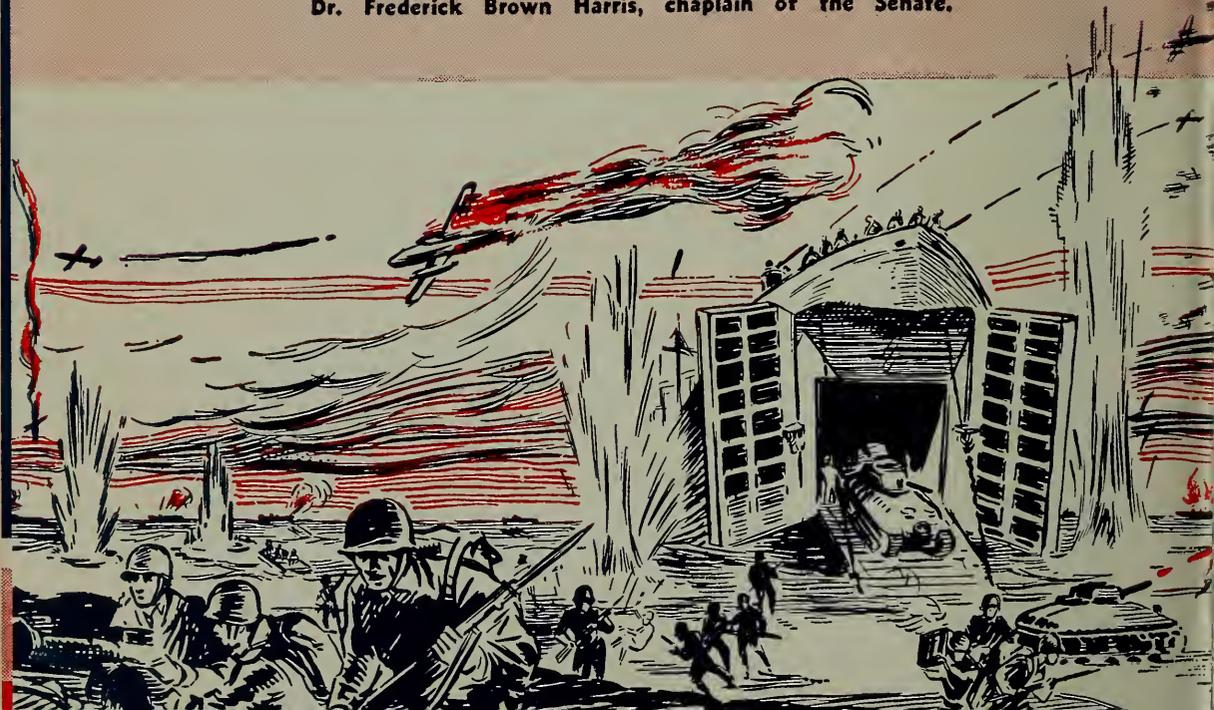
ETERNAL and gracious Father, even as we hush our feverish spirits in the quiet that hallows every altar of true prayer, we are conscious of sounds on the earth and signs in the heavens that quicken all hearts with expectation. In a world where multitudes of Thy children have been plunged into the dark despair of a cruel tyranny which has enslaved peaceful nations, we bow in sorrowful pity, asking that Thou wilt strengthen our spirits and steel our hands to strike the decisive blow for freedom as the supreme hour of attack draws near.

We front defiant and desperate conquerors without care or conscience, whose pagan banners are stained with innocent blood and whose ruthless way is paved with broken bodies, demolished homes, tortured captives and desecrated treasures of culture and art.

Out of the depths of the good earth which is Thine, out of the toiling sweat of patriot warriors in the factories we have builded, out of the young lives from our homes and hearths, against this blatant perversion of all that is human and divine, Thou hast commissioned us to forge the thunderbolts of Thy wrath and of Thy day of deliverance.

Through these tense times of preparation Thy grace has made us strong. Before the awaited signal to free a continent and to break the rod of the oppressor in all the earth, we humbly pray for Thy favoring might as we stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord, whose is the kingdom and the power and the glory. Amen.

The above prayer for victory in the invasion of Europe was offered in the United States Senate recently by the Rev. Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, chaplain of the Senate.



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CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor



Link LINES

• COMMENT ON
THIS AND THAT
BY THE EDITOR

HEADLINED on the front pages of newspapers throughout the United States the other day was a report that heartened us no end. It was a story, written by an alert Associated Press legman, of the baptism of thirty veteran infantrymen in the cold surf of the Anzio beachhead in Italy. In case you missed it, here are a few paragraphs:

Baptism at Anzio

Clustered in barefooted groups on the sand, with a mine field on one side and practicing rifle grenadiers on the other, the soldier-converts sat on steel helmets while Capt. Leroy W. Raley, who had just recovered from a shell splinter wound in his thigh, led them in singing, "I Can Hear My Saviour Calling."

Prayers were offered by Lt. Col. William E. King and Major Robert A. Matheny. Capt. Raley immersed 24 Baptists in a white-capped wave and six soldiers of the Methodist faith were sprinkled with sea water by Capt. Leland Loy.

Cpl. James W. Thumser, who survived a battle in which his battalion lost 80 per cent of its men, assisted in the ceremony. Capt. Raley said the soldiers' desire for baptism grew out of a memorial service for comrades who died on the beachhead. "They feel the need of a greater ideal when they go back to face death," he said.

Pvt. Russell Weiskircher, 19-year-old son of a Presbyterian minister of McKeesport, Pa., distributed red-white-and-blue colored copies of **THE LINK**, monthly magazine of the Service Men's Christian League, which recently had arrived at the beachhead.

The officers mentioned in the above are, of course, chaplains. And they are to be congratulated on their bravery and ingenuity. Like their fellow-chaplains in both the Army and the Navy, they are writing

spiritual history over which the Church will be proud to ponder in decades to come.

But to Pvt. Weiskircher, him of the heartful of zeal and the armful of **LINKS**, we would like to give a special citation for distinguished Christian service under fire!

DON'T BE MISLED by the heading for this item. We are not referring to military matters. For any seeming stalemate in that sector during the past few months is, at this writing, being pretty thoroughly dissolved under the brilliant strategy now employed against the enemy. What we're speaking of is a matter affecting one of the Service Men's Christian League units which, despite blazing warfare and zooming death, is valiantly carrying on at Anzio.

It seems that during lulls between attacks this SMCL unit got into a bull session on Biblical sticklers. And while the best that the Nazis could fling their way could not stymie these fellows, Cain's wife did! Pvt. William E. Gilliland told us about it, and appealed to us for a satisfactory cracking of the aged chestnut that has resisted the thwacking of brainier theologians than we will ever be: to wit, "Where did Cain get his wife?"

We took up the question immediately, and brashly sent an air mail reply winging toward Anzio, fervently hoping that our answer was satisfactory, and that now the matter had been settled the Second Front could get under way. (There's no connection, doubtless, but it does seem a coincidence that within a week from the time we

Beachhead Stalemate

mailed our letter, the home papers began headlining the revived invasion in that sector!)

All joking aside, however, we were vastly impressed by the fact that, with all the blood and thunder of modern warfare going on at Anzio, our boys should be sufficiently beguiled by spiritual matters to find time and spirit to address themselves to nettly problems of faith!

AND SPEAKING OF questions and answers, we would like here to appeal for a little clarification of something that has us stymied. Sometime ago we began a department in THE LINK labelled "You Asked for

Why Not Ask for It?

It." We had the notion that, since a number of service men and women had sent in questions requesting counsel on moral and spiritual problems, we would perform a real service by laying ourselves out to provide answers.

The column got off to a fine start, and in the poll of favorite features recently carried in the magazine, "You Asked for It" topped most of the other departments in popularity.

But the baffling thing to us was, the questions gradually became fewer while the comments on the value of the column increased! We're still asking ourselves why.

If you'd like the department resumed, for goodness' sake, fellows, feed us some rations! The column languishes at this writing, starved for the only vitamins that can get it up on its feet again—questions, problems, requests for counsel.

Remember, you can ask what you will—on any matter, no matter how personal—and we will attempt to provide an answer that will not only help you but also some other fellow with a kindred problem. All names will be withheld where requested. And if you don't want the reply printed

we will give it to you under personal cover.

If we are incapable of providing an answer, we will corral somebody who is. (P. S. But go easy on Cain's wife!)

WE TAKE PRIDE in giving you in this issue (see pages 32-35) a story on one of the groups that is really covering itself with deserved glory in this war. They are the "Japyanks," American-born boys and girls of

Presenting the Japyanks

Japanese ancestry. Just why any of us should be so un-American as to continue to cast suspicious aspersions on a racial group that has, on the whole, proved themselves as loyal and as thoroughly Americanized as any other citizens of foreign ancestry—which includes most all of us!—is one of those sorry examples of racial prejudice that makes us ashamed in our nobler moments. Happily, we've found that such prejudices are considerably less prevalent in the armed forces than in civilian life. For instance, take the report of Major James J. Gillespie, former commanding officer of the 100th Infantry Battalion, who came home on furlough recently singing the praises of the Nisei who fought under his direction in Italy. Fumed he in the *Des Moines Register*:

I've never been so mad in my life as I have been since I returned to the States and heard cracks made about "Japs" fighting on our side in Italy. Anybody who calls these doughboys Japs is the most narrow-minded person I know of. These kids, so far as I am concerned, are just as much American as I am. I'd like to hear the ruckus that would ensue around anybody foolish enough to disparage them before the two Iowa battalions that fought with them! The men in these battalions will tell anybody what good men they are, and how extremely loyal they are.

And reporting under date of May 5 from the Anzio beachhead, an Associated Press correspondent stated that among these same Japanese-American scrappers, the majority

of whom were recruited from the Hawaiian Islands following the infamous sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, *there have been distributed no fewer than 900 Purple Hearts*—to say nothing of scads of other assorted awards and citations.

A good many of these 900 Purple Hearts, it was stated, were awarded posthumously to Japyanks who had laid down their lives to prove their devotion to American ideals—answering in blood gladly spilt the charge, as silly as it is false, that though every other race under the sun can be assimilated by America, “a Jap’s a Jap, and you can never make an American out of him.”

No wonder Major Gillespie and others who know what they are talking about get exceedingly warm under the collar when self-styled “100% Americans” on the home front load their narrow minds with race prejudice and go a-gunning for the Nisei!

The 100th Infantry Battalion in Italy is one outfit where Nisei are proving their loyalty to and love of their homeland in this war; others are in the WAC; others are serving in the U. S. military intelligence in the Pacific area. And still another group, comprised of Japanese-American volunteers who rushed to the colors the moment the War Department opened the ranks to them, are down at Camp Shelby being prepared for active combat against the common enemy.

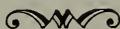
We asked Corporal Mike Masaoka, a member of the Shelby contingent, to tell us about the Japyanks. Mike should know about the Nisei. He is one of them, and a prime example of the kind of Americans

they are. Before induction he was the national secretary and field executive of the Japanese-American Citizens League. As such, he gave his time to informing the public about these misunderstood people who, as a defense measure, had been herded into relocation centers, behind barbed wire, after Pearl Harbor. And he was the first to volunteer when Secretary of War Stimson announced the formation of the Japanese-American Combat Team. Not for nothing was he named “the outstanding Japanese-American in the United States” in 1940.

Read his piece in this issue—and think twice before you discredit the powers of American democracy to create sterling citizens, from whatever racial stock they spring, by joining the race-baiters who carp at the loyalty of the Japyanks!

ATTENTION, editors of camp papers! **THE LINK** would very much like to enter into an exchange arrangement with news-sheets and papers published in camps and naval bases. We already have on our list a number of such journals—some of which are printed, some mimeographed, and some just typed. But whatever the character of your journalistic effort, we’d like to have your paper on exchange. It helps us to keep abreast of what’s going on in your outfit. And perhaps you may find something in **THE LINK** that will make you feel the exchange is worth while.

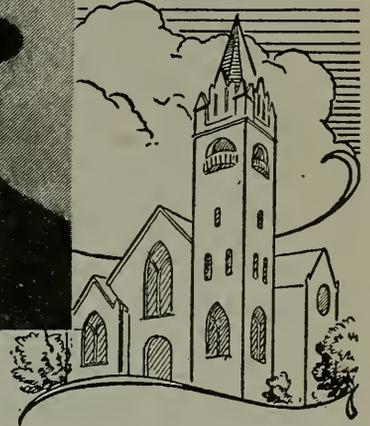
Let’s hear from you, if you’re interested!



- The force of an ideal is greater than the ideal of force.—*Josephus Daniels*
- A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something which would make you mad if it happened to you.
- Your wagon may bump along an earthly road, but it must be hitched to a star!
- A pessimist, says Bernard Shaw, is a man who thinks everybody as nasty as himself and hates them for it.

WHAT SERVICE MEN
EXPECT OF

The Church



By
CHAPLAIN JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
Senior Chaplain, Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Va.

WE all have much work to do if we are going to build a Christian world following this war. All the experience and insight service men can muster will be needed.

Christian people seem agreed that no treaties should be drawn up which are unjust and provocative of future wars. Our influence through the Church can register aggressively here. To establish economic relations on a dependable and productive basis is not a matter on which the Church has technical data, but we certainly want to help where we can in avoiding friction in trade balances. I believe, further, that those of us who are waging this war would like to see colonies administered so that the natives can satisfy their desire to develop into self-governing peoples, since this has been an American policy through several generations.

We have a right to expect our churches to increase their effort to develop wholesome family life and Christian households and neighborhoods. The Church will want to help shape the education of her youth so that moral authority will guide them more than legal and external restraints.

There may not be any rigid peace treaty for some years. Nations may operate under the elastic alliances which can be adjusted

as readily as in wartime. We expect the Church to be on the side of a peace which will be lasting, and not merely an armistice.

Undoubtedly the Church will expand her scope of Evangelism and Missions. The Church has always been able to be among the leaders in diminishing race prejudice and breaking down the barriers of racial differences.

We who are in the service should be able to help our churches extend their good will to people of varying religious faith. At a luncheon we chaplains had a short while ago, one of the group, who had just received orders to go overseas, feelingly said: "As a chaplain, I have been most impressed by these opportunities for fellowship between priests, ministers and rabbis. I hope that after the war we can still continue to sit around a luncheon table." Protestants, Catholics and Jews rub shoulders so closely in wartime that I feel we can expect the Church to give evidence of greater toleration and understanding when tomorrow's world is being built.

Lastly, I feel that we can assist in creating unity within the Church. When the

men now in uniform return to civilian life, they will not be as interested in denominations as they were before. More and more I sense that men are becoming more interested in religion that feeds their own souls rather than with creeds that satisfy their intellects. They seem to me to be less concerned with the heap of high ideals about tomorrow and more concerned with religion that addresses itself to a man's practical needs for today.

The churches are the instruments for creating a deeper spiritual life in tomorrow's world. The great resources of young laymen returning from war should be used and developed by the churches.

While justice on the part of Christians should always be tempered with mercy, it yet remains that Christian charity fritters into futility if it is not established on just relationships. The Church should encourage weak people not to lean on someone stronger but to become strong enough so they themselves can stand on their own two feet.

I think our hopes and expectations will be realized so far as the Church is concerned and that we will find our churches of tomorrow to be firmly built on clear and righteous dealing. We ourselves will surely discard into the rubbish heap all false foundation stones of hatred and revenge.

"When You Pray"

By CHAPLAIN HAROLD L. PROPPE

CLEARLY the Bible teaches that God hears and answers prayer. Through Jesus Christ, our Saviour, every person can go into God's presence and pray, "Our Father, who art in heaven" with the confident assurance that God will hear and help.

Prayer is more than "the mighty utterance of a mighty need and its answer the dipping of angels' fingers into pots of gold." Prayer is communion and comradeship, confession and intercession. It is the recognition of filial relationship, the confession of human dependance, the acknowledgment of Divine omnipotence, and the adoration of the Divine nature.

"Every man can build a chapel in his own breast: himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice, the earth he treads on the altar." The man who gets along without prayer gets along without God. It is no more possible to live physically without breathing than it is to live spiritually without praying. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air." Prayer

is soul-respiration. Of more value is it even than Bible study, for as a man can live longer without food than he can without air, so he can live longer without the Bible than he can without prayer. Men have lived forty days without food, but no man can live forty minutes without air. Praying is breathing; to neglect it is to die spiritually.

Praying without Christ as our Saviour is beggary, or soliloquy, or monotony, or mockery, or effrontery. Praying with Christ as our Saviour is in spirit spontaneous, in vocabulary appropriate, in attitude self-revealing.

In prayer we talk over our problem with God Himself until the perfect harmony between God and our heart is re-established.

Dr. Alexis Carrel says, "When we pray, we link ourselves with the inexhaustible motive power that suspends the universe. We ask that a part of this power be apportioned to our needs." Jesus said, "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, you can ask what you will and it shall be done unto you."

The VALLEY

The story of a GI who licked the jungle
with only a vague memory for a weapon

By PVT. REYNOLD M. HAMRIN

THE night with its unearthly jungle noises had passed. The sun was climbing the hard porcelain-blue sky as Bob carefully assessed the strength and disposition of the enemy from his vantage-point on the ridge.

His body ached from the fall on the sharp coral of the shoreline. The nasty gash on his knee was swollen and infected, and there was an ugly knob on his head where he had struck an overhanging branch as he lurched forward.

Bob reviewed the events of the previous night. He supposed he had been unconscious for about three hours before he revived. Then, concealed in the shadows of the overhanging branches, he had seen in silhouette the amazing quantity of equipment and personnel that poured out of the darkened Jap transport far out in the bay.

It had seemed like a dream—a bad dream—as he listened intently to the muffled sounds. Very real, however, was the icy chill of the night breeze filtering through his wet clothing.

In the darkness, no one noticed him dropping into the line of hurrying men laboring under their heavy burdens. He had faded off the trail into the tangled undergrowth of the jungle as they approached the clearing.

By morning he had worked his way up



Concealed in the shadows, he watched the amazing quantity of equipment and personnel pouring out of the Jap transport

the ridge. Now the picture of the enemy infiltration had been completed. But how to get it back to H. Q.?

For the fourth time that morning he carefully reviewed the geography of the district; for the fourth time he arrived at the same answer—the valley. Only through the valley could he get back in time.

How he hated the jungle down there! The damp, sickening smell of it was omnipresent; its wetness rotted clothes and body; its mosquito chorus sounded like an orchestra of off-key violins; its unbearable heat and dampness locked you in a prison whose walls were bamboo and palm trees, whose floor was slimy green foliage and creeping vines, and whose roof was made of hard, brilliant chips of blue above the trees.

Now the little yellow men were back with their thatched camouflage jackets and their long sniper's rifles. He recalled how it had been when his unit first landed—how it seemed that every palm tree held a Jap. He knew they had taken to the trees again, waiting for the hated white man, waiting and patiently watching for *him*.

From this height faint traces of the path could be seen as it wound in and out of the jungle close to the stream. If he waited until nightfall, he would have a chance—a faint chance—to get through the enemy's position. The only alternative was to strike out for the other post, which he could reach in relative safety, although it might take days to get there.

But his mind revolted at the thought of leaving his pals unadvised of the menacing danger of the new infiltration. And he knew suddenly that the way through the valley was the only way for him. And he knew too that he had to start now. To wait for nightfall would be to lose precious hours.

At the thought of the valley his mind, strangely and involuntarily, went back to the night he had left Marjie. And vaguely his throbbing head tried to grasp a detail that somehow would not come clear now. There had been no tears in her clear, brown eyes—only a promise of a fine world to come back to if they won over here. She had read to him from the Great Book—something she had wanted him to take along. It was that which his mind, quite subconsciously, was trying to get hold of. But he had seen Marjie, only Marjie, in her loveliness, and he had not listened well.

IT seemed as though she was reading to him again, and she wanted him to hear, but he couldn't. He knew it was something that he needed now above all other times. He felt angry that he could not remember. But then, in the picture he was seeing of her, he saw her smile—and somehow her smile communicated the spirit of the message whose actual words would not come. And with that smile, and all it seemed to speak, a great peace settled over him. For a long while he lay there, revelling in its warmth.

When he looked up again, rain was splashing on the rocks about him. The

patches of blue porcelain had gone from above the trees and in their place were dark gray splotches spilling the welcome wetness.

He tightened the bandage on his knee and adjusted his clothing. His mind was clear now. His head didn't seem to ache as much and even his leg seemed better. He slid from his hiding-place and cautiously worked his way down from the height, crawling carefully through the tall grass and sliding his belly on the muddy earth. Resolutely he resisted the temptation to get up and make a dash for it. He clung to the grass roots and pulled himself along, resisting the temptation to leap up and run.

SUDDENLY, over the sound of the rain beating on his helmet, he heard a murmur of voices off to his left. Terrified, he clung to the earth, lying very still with his head close to the ground, his heart thumping against his ribs.

Then, like a flood, the confidence and peace of the memory of Marjie's smile—and of the thought behind the smile—came back. Cautiously he raised his head over a decaying log.

The sound came from behind a dead palm branch. Presently the branch slid away under the weight of the rain, revealing three helmeted figures working over the tripod of a machine-gun. Two of the men moved away, evidently to get the rest of the equipment. The third, his back to Bob, was working on an adjustment.

Quickly Bob got to his knees and crept away, trusting that the rain, beating on the other fellow's helmet, would cover the noise of the swishing grass.

He was well into the jungle when he looked back through the heavy foliage. He saw the man talking excitedly to his two companions who had returned. He was pointing to where Bob had been hiding. One of the men headed in his direction,

beating savagely through the underbrush.

Now Bob crouched and ran from tree to tree. And as he ran it seemed as if he were drawing strength from some unlimited reservoir outside of himself.

He almost fell into the sluggish stream, so suddenly did he come to it. His muddied, camouflaged "leopard suit" blended with the background as he squatted in the concealing shadows of his hiding-place.

Now as he heard the sucking of the wet earth on the shoes of the man on the embankment above him, the memory of the smile came back. He felt a warmth inside of him. He almost chuckled as he thought how much this was like the "cops and robbers" of his boyhood days.

A bug crawled over his sweaty forehead and rain trickled off his helmet down his back with a tortuous, itching sensation. For a long time he sat staring into the solid, sickly green mass of the jungle. He didn't see the enemy there, but he sensed him.

Presently he edged his way out in the shadow of the embankment and went along the river for a considerable distance. Then he saw the path ahead close to the stream. Sensing danger, he paused, and the oozing earth sucked his body down as he lay staring at a swaying tree just ahead. Yes, there was a decided movement in that palm tree, just fifty feet away. Now he saw the deliberate, choppy motion of the Jap coming down from the tall tree with the help of his pole-climber's jacks.

BOB gripped his machete nervously as the Jap strode toward him. If he had to—. But luckily for them both, the enemy sniper swerved and headed for the path instead of coming through the undergrowth.

Bob waited a while, then continued on his course. He presently arrived at a spot where a crossing of the river seemed possible. Here a giant tree trunk had been flung across the river by some tropical

tempest. He would not have to swim the deep stream. He didn't feel strong enough for that; his leg was swollen and painful and in his head trip-hammers were beating again.

Bob looked over to the other shore. He knew that once he got there, everything would be okay. Yes, that's where his buddies were.

He waded quietly through the water, clinging to the roots of an overhanging tree. The rain had passed suddenly and the swirl of the water around his waistline sounded loudly in Bob's ears. He worked his way toward the huge log and eased himself into its shadows, closing his eyes momentarily as the mosquitoes circled about him.

THEN he saw it lying there ahead of him, a giant crocodile basking in the sunlight. He probably wouldn't have noticed it if someone hadn't pointed one out to him before. The "crook" was deceptively like an ordinary log in appearance—from what you could see. He felt the sweat pour from his forehead. He clung to the fallen tree, wondering how he would ever get to the other shore now.

What *was* that thought that Marjie had wanted him to take? His mind reached out for it, but when he felt he almost had it, it slipped away. But once again he experienced its power coming back to him and he forgot to be afraid.

He heard a twig snap on the bank he had just left. Tensely he peered out of the deep shadows of his hiding-place as the mosquitoes buzzed incessantly around him. All was quiet, and he told himself it must have been his imagination. Then there was another faint movement and a slight stirring of the water.

From the shadows of the roots of the great tree Bob had left only a few minutes before, a man emerged. He had been fol-

lowed! The Jap evidently thought Bob had already crossed. He looked carefully across the river, then, apparently satisfied, he dove into the water and struck out for the opposite shore, his naked brown body completely lost to view in the murky water.

Bob gasped in horror as he saw the emerging arm reach for a grip on the "log." The great tail struck with crushing force and the jaws snapped viciously. Only a widening circle of vivid red showed in the sunlight as the crocodile lashed his tail again and shot upstream.

The force of the water flung Bob from under the log into the brilliant sunlight and the deep, flowing stream. His swollen leg was stiff and heavy as lead. His head pounded. But he fought bitterly with the strangling water as he set out to pull himself across to the other side. Twice he slipped beneath the slimy greenness of the water, and twice he came up again, gasping for air, and spitting out the polluted water.

The memory of Marjie's smile flashed in his mind. He knew everything was okay . . .

BOB remembered only vaguely the arms that drew him out of the stream. He recalled even less his recitation of the long list of details to the commanding officer. Then he had collapsed, and in his delirium he fiercely fought the jungle again.

After the five-day battle—in which the enemy was completely routed, thanks to his report—Bob was flown back to the base hospital. He had come in late on a Saturday night and had fallen immediately into a deep slumber.

He awoke with the sunlight streaming into the ward. He lay there for a while, enjoying the clean, white sheets and the cool breeze blowing in the window. Then he dozed off again, vaguely aware of someone gently lifting his head and adjusting his pillow. The way the nurse did it reminded him of how *she* had done it for him when he was sick at home. And, thinking of her, he kept his eyes shut so that he might retain the illusion.

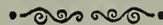
He heard the nurse seat herself on the chair beside his bed and heard the faint rustle of pages as she opened a book.

He lay there enjoying his dreams and thoughts. Then he said sleepily, without bothering to open his eyes, "What are you reading, nurse?"

The quiet, soft voice came to him as if from a distance. "'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me . . .'"

He opened his eyes quickly and looked up into the clear, brown eyes above him.

"*Marjie!*" he cried.



A Lieutenant Writes Home

I WENT to church this morning. Church out here is a privilege so rare I shall never forget it. There were only about thirty-five present, but it wasn't the number. Our altar was a stand over which was draped a cloth deep red, on top of which was opened a small case resembling a typewriter case. The platform was covered with a white cloth and thereon was placed a silver cross about a foot high and a candle on either side. We had a small organ about 3 feet high, a small hymnal and a service pamphlet which I am sending you in this letter.

"Behind the altar a canvas screen was set up. We were seated on the sand with no overhead shelter. I felt the presence of Almighty God like I never have before. I think partially because I felt so much in need of an assuring hand, I could not keep the tears from my eyes, and Mom, I could feel myself being cleansed of all impurities.

"In the Bible it speaks of washing away our sins. It was never so plain as today. If I can only stand by God as He has by me, I shall never be afraid. You and Dad will never know what blessings you have brought on us by bringing us up in the House of the Lord."



The author of this piece (see photo at right) is a tireless SMCL booster. As this was written, he was preparing "to shove off for parts known but to God and the War Dept."

WE HOLD THESE Truths

By PVT. FRANK POHORLAK

"WE hold these truths to be self evident . . ." Thus wrote our Founding Fathers who framed the immortal document we call the Declaration of Independence. A self-evident truth is an axiom. Yet two different concepts concerning the world are at war with each other over these truths. Two worlds—a slave and a free—are at war over *political geometry*. What are these concepts which are axiomatic or self-evident truths to the free world and self-evident lies to the slave world?

According to our Declaration of Independence they are ". . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The Axis powers with whom we are at war have, by their words and deeds, rephrased these truths somewhat as follows: "These so-called truths believed and practiced by the decadent democracies are lies. All men are *not* created equal. Most of them are here to serve the master race, the Aryan stock. There is but one *Herrenvolk*, the German nation, and the Germans alone are fit to rule the world."

(Since Germany and Japan both believe that they are destined to rule the world, we wonder which of these thieves would fall out with the other over which would master which—that is, if they won. Of course, they won't have to decide this question between themselves since we are going to utterly defeat them both and settle the question for them.)

But to go on with the Axis paraphrase: "Since there is no Creator, He cannot endow man with certain unalienable rights."

Jan Tsuchiya, Japanese Foreign Office propagandist, granted an interview to an American correspondent, Robert Bellaire. In the magazine article written as a result of the interview Bellaire stated that this Nipponese spokesman said Japan had a very practical reason for fighting Christianity. (And it is safe to assume that what Japan says of Christianity is also directed at the ethical content of the other religions. The Nazis have made similar commitments.)

The Japanese propagandist is quoted as saying that they were against Christianity because it was a religion of hope, because it teaches that there is a day of reckoning for evils committed. Since Japan hopes to shackle in eternal and hopeless slavery the millions of helpless natives of the Orient,

Christianity has given the Chinese faith in eventual deliverance and they could never be permanently subdued while Christians were able to preach their doctrines of faith and hope.

This spokesman admitted that Japan had tried both brutality and friendly propaganda, but neither had gotten anywhere—largely because too many Chinese had been told that there would inevitably be a day of reckoning for Japan. He said that this was the kind of nonsense the Japanese must silence if they hoped to remain in China. To this end, he added, Tokyo had ordered him to direct all his efforts.

This will give you a general idea of the pleasant playmates with whom we have to fight. Aristophanes, the great ancient Greek, wrote, "Wise men learn much from their enemies." Let us then be wise and know our enemies.

Now let us continue with the way the Axis would rewrite our Constitution. They would say: "Life is not the right of every man. Life belongs alone to the favored few who are fortunate enough to belong to the master race. Death to our enemies, yes. But life is ours as an unalienable right. As to liberty, man should have none. Liberty belongs only to the leaders of a regimented state—a state where the people think they can protest when they think their so-called 'rights' are being infringed upon by their self-appointed leaders."

"Two Choices" on the Ballot

To their people the lords of the Axis simply say: "You have two choices before you in the coming election. First, you can vote 'Ja' for Hitler; or, second, you can vote 'Ja' for Hitler!"

The Axis rewrite continues: "And

as for the pursuit of happiness, man should suffer dispossession of happiness. Man does not even have the right to pursue it, much less attain it. The program of 'Strength through Joy' is the exclusive prerogative of the conquerors over the vanquished. The same holds true for the stupid idea that governments get their power from those whom they govern. Say this if you must, to get into power legally. Then we can perpetuate ourselves and our regime and use our power to liquidate opposition."

Fighting Because We Must Fight

There are several good reasons why we fight. (1) We fight against the idea of the master race, (2) against the idea that man was made for the State rather than the State was made for the man, (3) against the idea that we must be shoved off into a corner because some alleged superior wants "living space," and (4) against the idea that we are to be dominated and ruled by another nation who would make slaves of us.

But there is a much simpler and more elemental reason than these, although they are all good and true. *We are fighting because we must fight.* If you are walking down the street minding your own business, with no enemies in the world, and suddenly some ruffian jumps out of an alley and begins to beat the daylights out of you, you are in no mood to have me come along and say, "Listen, chum, do you know why you are fighting?"

You might be tempted to take a swing at me—and, under the circumstances, you couldn't be blamed. You're fighting for survival, and someone asks you an academic question. It's a question of you against the other fellow who has designs on your property, your pocketbook or your life.



Little Letter to God

(A poem found on the body of an unknown soldier killed in Italy)

Look, God, I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say "How do You Do";
You see, God, they told me You didn't
exist—

Like a fool I believed all this.

Last night from a foxhole I saw Your
sky—

I figured right then they had told me a
lie;

Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a
spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand,
Somehow, I feel that You will understand;
Funny I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had time to see Your face!

Well, I guess there isn't much more to
say,

But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today;
I guess the Zero Hour will soon be here;
But I'm not afraid since I know You're
near.

The signal! Well, God I'll have to go;
I like You lots, this I want You to know;
Look now, this will be a horrible fight—
Who knows? I may come to Your House
tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your
door?

Look, I'm crying! Me? Shedding tears?
I wish I had known You these many
years.

Well, I have to go now, God, goodbye . . .
Strange, since I met You I'm not afraid
to die!

The Axis and the Allies are at war with each other. Only one of us is going to win. The side that wins is going to be top-dog for a long time to come. If we lose because we spend more time in talking than we do in fighting, we are going to pay a price for our short-sightedness that will bankrupt us and our children unto the third and fourth generation.

By all means, let's discuss our reasons for fighting. Let's shun a lot of eyewash and admit that such things as, say, economics enters the picture. Let's confess that it is more than just the ideologies of Fascism and Naziism we are fighting. Let's not be afraid to admit that democracy has its share of failings and that there are

things to improve about ourselves. But let's not be afraid to admit that we are fighting for our very lives, that this is a war of survival. If we don't fight this war with everything we've got—and win—we won't live to be able to discuss the kind of world we want when finally this holocaust of war has spent itself.

When Churchill was asked in the summer of 1940 for his war aims when England stood alone and seemingly helpless, he replied curtly but nevertheless with uncommon common sense, "If we stopped fighting, you would learn what we are fighting for!" And so would we.

Remember: If you don't know your rights, you're wrong.



WHEN I'M A *Veteran*

By CORPORAL JULIUS T. JONES

President, Service Men's Christian League, 33rd General Hospital, APO



We've been asking, "What kind of veterans' organization would you like to join when the war is over?" Many replies have been received. Here's one. Read it—then write your own!

MILLIONS of service men are "sweating out" the day when they will once again be civilians, and such day-dreams as they have are centered on that time. These plans and ideas are many and varied, but they all hinge on peace and a continued civilization such as we left when we entered the service.

Some parts of an army fight, and some parts merely work. Those of us who do the work behind the lines sometimes get an opportunity in the quieter moments to ponder the postwar period and the problems which will confront mankind then. And in so thinking, the organized might of millions of ex-service men and women looms large. We know there will be problems, but when we have together won the war, we are confident our united strength can assist in solving these problems.

The present veterans' organizations are making a determined bid for the veterans of this war. I do not know whether a large proportion of the men who serve in this conflict will join such organizations or not; my impression is that the average soldier knows almost nothing about them. And I am not sure that a great influx of veterans of World War II into the present organizations would be to the ad-

vantage of either the new veterans or the organizations. It seems to me that there is an even chance that the new members might be in such great numbers that they would virtually take over the organizations from their present leadership; or these new veterans might be relegated to the place of "juniors" under the leadership of men of a different generation and perhaps of different outlook and aims.

A Place for New Organization

In any event, it would appear to me that there is a place for a new organization which would more nearly meet the needs of these new veterans and therefore attract them to it. Such an organization should have two primary aims, to which all else should be secondary: the abolition of war and the continuance of free, democratic government for ourselves. There are other things such a veterans' group could advocate and do, but striving toward these ends would give the ex-service man the opportunity to serve his country and humanity long after he has changed from his uniform to civilian clothes.

Service men differ on almost every question, but on one there is unanimous agreement: We do not want our children to

make the sacrifices we have had to make; we do not want our wives and children to cower beneath the onslaughts of an enemy; we do not want our land devastated as we have seen other lands devastated. We certainly do not want to have to fight this war over again in twenty-five years.

"Little People" Should Have Voice

But to say that is to say that we do not want the same or similar world conditions to obtain so that the seeds of future wars may find fertile soil. We have left foreign relations to our statesmen and politicians, while we, "the little people" who suffer the sacrifices and fight the wars, have had little voice in them. Not only have we had little voice, but too little information, and far too little interest.

I think that we "little people" should have more to say in the matter. By this I do not mean that I want a referendum before we could declare war or anything of that kind; what I want is an enlightened interest in international relations, out of which wars grow. I want this organization—made up of men who have seen war—to interest itself in these things, inform its membership concerning them, and back to the utmost the course which seems to guarantee a just peace.

It is quite obvious that peace pacts and disarmament conferences and the like do not of themselves prevent wars. A great deal of research and education and continued interest and hard work will be necessary to banish war from the earth, but this organization of veterans might be large enough and strong enough to do it. I do not know the answer to the problem of war, but I am willing to join with others in the serious *search* for it—and where, aside from such an organization, would I have the opportunity to assist in the search and to make my small voice heard?

Why might not this organization have

international contacts with similar groups among our allies? Perhaps together these groups of little people of all nations might be able to provide the impetus necessary for men of every country to have their say about this so-important subject of war, and on the policies which engender wars.

Second only to the aim of a lasting peace would be the watchful guardianship of good government. I would not have the organization involve itself in partisan politics or align itself with any party or bloc or group: it must not become a political pressure group except when our concepts of good government are threatened.

We are told that we are fighting for democracy as opposed to totalitarianism. The men of World War I fought "to make the world safe for democracy" and "the war to end war"; but while they won the victory on the field of battle, their victory was frittered away in one generation. We do not want to lose this war at home while we are winning it in the field; we do not want our government now or later to pass into the hands of proponents of isms and regimentation and bureaucracy. We have had a taste of regimentation in the service—a necessity there—but we know we wouldn't like it in civilian life. The power of a veterans' organization would be helpful in guarding our way of life.

The Question of Pensions, Bonus

I should want it to back every effort to see that those who have actually lost because of their participation in the conflict be compensated, so far as money can compensate for those losses. Adequate pensions and restitution for those who have suffered losses would naturally be one of its aims.

The question of a "bonus" for the participants of this war will inevitably come up, and various efforts will be made to grant to those who served some form of monetary gratuity. We in the services know

full well that we owe this duty to our country—and is there anyone to say that it is given grudgingly? But, if I know the temper of the soldier, I know that he realizes that many at home are making money “hand over fist,” and he is prevented from sharing in that boom. It is not unnatural if he wants to obtain a portion of the wealth so freely available upon his return home, and a bonus seems to be the only way to satisfy him.

Equitable Bonus—Not a Football

But there is another aspect to this matter, and I think I gauge the feelings of most service men when I say that they realize that the load has fallen much more heavily on some than on others. The non-combatant soldier overseas, for instance, knows what his buddy at the front has to put up with, and feels very rightly that the front-line soldier should have not only the credit but a larger share of the compensation. Having served at home too, he doesn't feel that the soldier who fights the war out in the U. S. A. is entitled to as much as he who goes overseas.

I have found that the average soldier feels that if there is to be a bonus, he doesn't want it to be a political football and a means of acquiring votes for any party or group, but he wants an equitable distribution based upon the kind of service a man has rendered in the war. His veterans' organization could give voice to this idea.

Undoubtedly there will be many questions during the transition period on which the service man will want to speak in concert with his comrades, and a veterans' organization provides perhaps the only means whereby he may be heard. Among other things, the organization might serve as an auxiliary job-placement agency; and it might sponsor some sort of educational program for home and local post study such as the army has in the Educational Insti-

tute. But all these things would be subordinate to its twin primary aims: a lasting peace and a continuing democracy.

As to the form of organization and the program to be conducted, it is difficult to blueprint them even in fancy. The organization must be such as to achieve its aims; and its program should be planned with those ends in view. To further its primary purpose, it must be educational, which means that it must inform its membership.

It would not be a “religious” organization in the sense that it would duplicate any part of the work of the Church, but it is difficult to see how any organization could seek these ends without feeling the need of divine guidance and have—to some extent, at least—a place for religious emphasis. It must be a forum for men of every faith—or even of no religious faith—but all must have faith in the possibility of a peaceful world and a happy America.



“No, no! You fool, I meant the ensign—the NATIONAL ensign!”

VOTES to service-men and women

THE day was fine and clear and cold. The long walk beckoned. I yearned to feel back, arms, legs and brain "swinging free," as Angelo Patri puts it. I passed whole blocks of modest frame houses, every second one of which boasted stars in the window. And as I turned into the more prosperous residential district, the stars still followed me, their beauty and pride stencilled now against the red silk background of the pennants.

At the post office, which was my destination, I was delayed for twenty minutes, and during that time I became absorbed with watching the long patient lines in front of the parcel-post windows. Fat little be-shawled foreign women, fumbling in worn purses for the proper postage; an occasional liveried chauffeur posting a neat, commercially-wrapped package, and women be-furred and be-jewelled—all patiently awaiting their turn.

Many had letters from their boys or girls overseas. These they presented to the clerk, carefully turning down the relevant "request," watching eagerly for the clearance stamp to be put on.

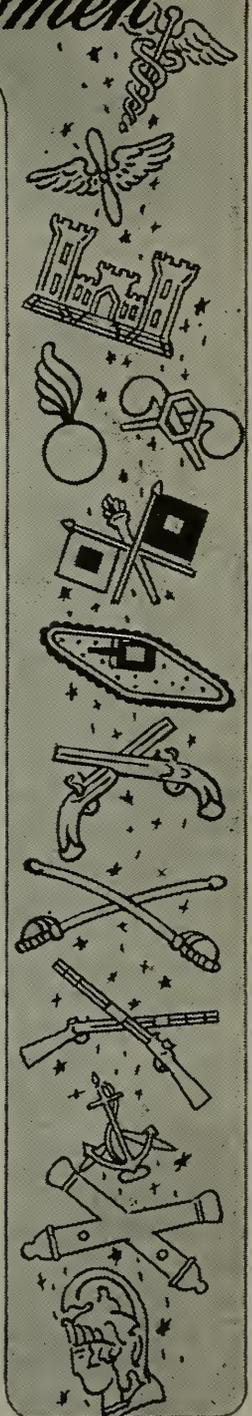
A chauffeur bent to retrieve the shabby gloves of a frail little woman directly ahead; presently they were talking avidly; both, it developed, had sons in the Southwest Pacific theater. This fact made them eagerly and instantly kin! A well-groomed business man at the end of the line grew restless; inadvertently he jostled the laborer ahead; a moment later they were congenially comparing notes.

Similar scenes at all the country's telegraph offices. Parents in every walk of life, rushing to wire furlough money to their boys; straining with all their might to keep the contact strong, to solace their worry and ease their aching sense of loss. The "cup" is universal. A poem by May Lewis puts it almost too clearly:

*Heavy was the Cup.
 I closed my eyes and raised it up:
 Slowly I saw the brim extend—
 Grow wide—a circle without end,
 Far out of view,
 Full and enormous was this Cup
 WHERE ALL THE WORLD DRANK, TOO!*

Pray God we who are left behind may drink as courageously and selflessly as you who go!

—MAYO CORNELL





IN THE *Chapel Balcony*

• CHAPLAIN CAREY M. YOUNG, author of this interesting little story, is stationed at the Amarillo Army Air Field, Amarillo, Texas. At this field there are three live-wire units of the Service Men's Christian League, which organization this chaplain believes in and pushes with admirable enthusiasm. In the above photo, he is counseling a soldier.



IT was at the close of an evening of classical music in the chapel. The chaplain was still in the balcony playing over some sacred recordings. All the soldiers who had enjoyed the hour with Bach had returned to their barracks. A lonely, homesick private was passing the chapel and, hearing music, dropped in for "a talk with someone who would understand." He was told the chaplain was alone upstairs—just go up and speak to him. The soldier's footsteps were slow and deliberate as he climbed the steps into the balcony, his mood meditative and his voice depressed.

"Sir, I wonder if I could have a heart to heart talk with you?"

"Sure, sit down," was the chaplain's reply.

"Perhaps you have heard my kind of story a thousand times," said the soldier, "but because it's happening to me, it's really important."

The chaplain turned off the amplifier. "Go right ahead and talk, soldier," he said. "If there's anything I can do to help you, I'll be glad to."

"You see, sir, I've just phoned my wife

—we live over a thousand miles from here and I have been in the Air Corps only two weeks. Four years ago we were married, and we've gone through a lot together in order to get on our feet and start a little home. We love each other very much, but we can't understand why they had to draft me, a married man working in an aircraft factory, when there are plenty of young fellows running around without a care and with no responsibilities. And they take me just when I am settling down to enjoy life and when we're planning to raise a little family. Frankly, chaplain, we can't see that it's just."

The chaplain waited for more, but apparently this was the real crux of the soldier's dejection. And what was worse, his wife was dejected too, and he was a thousand miles from being able to do anything about it.

At one point in the musical hour with Bach, before playing the record, "Come Sweet Death," the chaplain had read to his listeners a letter appearing in the *London Times*. It had been written by an R.A.F. pilot who was killed and among whose effects this letter, written to his mother, had been found. In the quiet of the chapel balcony the chaplain picked up the letter now and began to read it to the soldier:

"DEAREST MOTHER:

"Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly, and I have in-

structed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake. You may continue to hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force, as so many splendid fellows have already done.

"First, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our information was instrumental in saving the lives of the men in a crippled lighthouse relief ship.

"I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks, and the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country, and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future. My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve our country must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep.

"History resounds with illustrious names who have given all; yet their sacrifice has resulted in our commonwealth, where there is a measure of peace and justice and freedom for all. But this war concerns more than just our own country. Today we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honored to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you.

"You must not grieve for me; for, if

you really believe in religion and all that it entails, that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death, only a queer elation. I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are put into this world to acquire a personality and a character that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

"I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our mettle, because He knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has had to be discarded for moral principles.

"I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled, and *I am prepared to die*. I have just one regret, and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you. But you will live in peace and freedom, and I shall have directly contributed to that. So here again my life will not have been in vain.

YOUR LOVING SON . . ."

When the words of the chaplain had died out a hushed silence fell upon the two. Then the soldier spoke quietly: "Sir, I guess I ought to be ashamed. This puts me straight again, reading that letter to me. I'll write my wife tonight and tell her I am going to make the most of my service to my country and I am sure she'll see it differently too—now."



MEMORIALS

WHEN this war is over, hundreds of towns and cities will create war memorials to those men who are now fighting on foreign shores. For these memorials let us not erect victory arches, shafts, or sculptured monuments. Let us instead build schools, hospitals, playgrounds, recreation centers—which will serve the life of the whole community. Let us dedicate these memorials to our valiant dead. But let us also dedicate them to the living—and to the promise of the future.

—Paul V. McNutt

★

I N P O E T I C M O O D

★

Divine Assignment

By SGT. ROY DENTON

*I said: "O gentle Master,
Where wouldst Thou have me go?
What stormy billows must I cross,
My love for Thee to show?"*

*"I wait my marching orders—
What wouldst Thou have me do?
What perils must I face for Thee,
What lofty tasks pursue?"*

*"What mighty deeds must I perform,
In city or in town,
To prove my love for Thee and win
An everlasting crown?"*

*He said: "O lonely soldier,
Stand faithful at thy post;
In wisdom I have stationed thee
Just where I need thee most.*

*"Perform the simple task that lies
The nearest to your hand,
And prove your love and faithfulness
In service WHERE YOU STAND."*

In His Holy Name

By CHAPLAIN EDWARD O. WILLIAMS

*If words are tools
To carve for time
What mortal fools
Would call a rhyme,
Then list ye well
And heed the sense
Of what I tell
In my defense.*

*You may in jest say, "Holy Joe,"
Or "Padre, there" as past I go,
Or joke a bit as others do—
But well I know and so do you:*

*I am to you in time of need
What fertile soil is to the seed;
I help you in your mental strife
To make your change to army life.*

*The soul you have I keep aflame
And lead you in His holy Name;
So get in step and march along
And sing with me the vict'ry song!*

Return to Battle

By CPL. FRED W. ANDERSON

*I have drunk the bitter dregs
Of the wormwood and the gall;
I have been where a man should never be—
Lord God, I have seen it all:*

*The tortured and twisted frames
Of creatures that once were men,
The blazing hell of the battlefield—
And I must return again.*

*I cannot sit still or rest
Till the terror and din of war
Shall fade and the sunshine of God's own
peace
Prevail o'er the world once more.*

Presence

By CPL. GEORGE LEDERER

*Who is there amongst us who seeks in the
divine contemplation of things invisible,
That which he knoweth, but which he can-
not see;*

*Yet unknowing . . . knowing;
And unseeing . . . seeing?*

*Blest is he amongst the sons of men,
Upon him place the crown of endless life!
Though poor is he, he hath the wealth of
kings;
And rich is he, he hath the worth of things!*

God Bless You, Soldier

By PHYLLIS CARSON

*Christian Soldier, may God bless you,
Walk beside you, keep you pure;
No matter what may be around you,
May He help you to endure.*

*When the battle rages fiercely,
May you hear His still, small voice
As it whispers, "Courage, soldier—
O'er your foes you shall rejoice."*

*When the days and nights seem endless
And you long for those you love,
May Almighty God sustain you,
Give you strength to look above.*

*If you should press your dying pillow
'Mid the onslaughts of the foe,
May you feel God's presence with you
Through the Valley as you go.*

*Christian Soldier, may God bless you
Everywhere that you may go,
Until in yonder realms of glory
Peace forever you shall know.*

Prayer for Our Boys

Dedicated to Pvt. Walter Petersen

By PFC. ETHEL PETERSEN

*Be with them, God, from dawn till dusk,
Guide and protect them, in You they do
trust;
Lift up their hearts on wings of song,
Teach them to know the right from the
wrong.*

*Out on the desert where earth and sky meet,
The fate of the world lay at their feet;
The sands slowly shifting, the marking of
time,
The heat of the day, the thirst and the
grime.*

*Out on the snow-capped peaks of Attu,
The fogs slowly lifting, the skies never blue,
The blasts of the north winds, the rain and
the slush,
Be with them, God, in You they do trust.*

*The wilds of the jungle, where living is
tough,
Their home is a foxhole, the going is
rough;
Disease and starvation, the rations are low,
Be with them, God, wherever they go.*

*On the hills of Bataan they fought but in
vain,
The odds were against them, supplies never
came;
Be with them, God, may their souls rest in
peace,
They died for a cause that never will cease.*

*Wherever they go, on land, sea or air,
Be with them, God, they need Your care;
Guide and protect them, assure their return
To loved ones and Freedom they surely did
earn.*

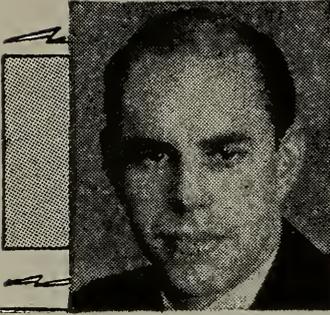
Surely, Dawn Will Rise

"To a friend who died in the Battle of Attu"

By CPL. THOMPSON MACGILLIVRAY

*I bring fresh flowers to the lonely glade
In which you choose to dream;
I bring sweet thoughts forever laid
In mem'ry's endless stream.
But must I think of you as dead,
O friend of golden days?
Must I believe you have been fed
To earth alone—always?
No! In the tomorrows that will come
We'll meet at the river's end,
When stream and streamlet will be one,
And hearts and souls will blend.*

*I bring fresh flowers to the lonely glade
In which you choose to dream;
I bring kind thoughts forever laid
In mem'ry's endless stream.
But must I remember you in tears,
O friend and soldier true?
Must I grope thru' doubts and fears,
Re-living death anew?
Surely, Dawn will rise on every hill,
Sublime, unearthly light;
God will welcome his wanderers still:
Prodigals of the night.*



Communique

THIS IS YOUR LEAGUE!

By **IVAN M. GOULD**

GENERAL SECRETARY
SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

THE other day we thought **Chaplain Clifford H. Peace** had given us the answer to many of our headaches here at League headquarters. We were going to forward to him the correspondence we find difficult to answer. He had sent to us his change of address which read as follows: "Chaplain Clifford H. Peace, A.S.N., 94th Station *Complaint Squadron*." That would be a handy squadron to have around, and we could use it in Philadelphia as soon as it is free of active duty overseas!

Use the Link in Many Ways

THE LINK is a magazine which can be used in many ways. It does not take long for an alert chaplain to find out that it can meet just the need he had in mind. For instance, **Chaplain John E. Fritzmeier**, somewhere out of Seattle, Wash., needed poster material for his bulletin board. In his present location such material is next to impossible to get, so Chaplain Fritzmeier tears off the front and back of old copies of **THE LINK** and uses them as posters. He says they serve the purpose well.

Chaplain Harold L. Proppe at the Naval Air Station, Pasco, Wash., personally distributes **THE LINK** not only to the patients at the hospital but also to the executive officer and the captain. He writes that he gave these officers sample copies, and when they had had an opportunity to look them over he went back to point out that **THE**

LINK supplied an all-around need. Because of their enthusiastic support, Chaplain Proppe was able to secure an appropriation which has been greatly appreciated at headquarters.

Regarding the distribution of **THE LINK** in the hospital, Chaplain Proppe says: "Not only do I place **THE LINK** in the hymn books on Sundays, but I take copies with me when I visit the hospital and distribute them to the men as I visit with them. I have found that when I pass through a ward in which there were, say, twenty patients, I have looked back and counted fifteen out of the twenty who have laid down whatever they were reading and began to read **THE LINK**." That is an encouraging testimony. Thank you, Chaplain Proppe!

Chaplain F. J. Unger and **Chaplain E. A. Autrey** conduct a Breakfast Club at Chanute Field, Ill. The announcement they sent us indicates that the club meets in the recreation center every Sunday at 8:30 a.m. The program consists of coffee and cake, fellowship and discussion. Obviously **THE LINK** cannot help with the coffee and cake, but it can certainly assist with the fellowship and discussion! So that is how these chaplains are using 100 copies a month.

Chaplain Gordan B. Hemans, with the 386th Bomber Group, does not have a League unit in name but he does have one in fact. To him it is just a mid-week service which he conducts himself because of the rapidly changing personnel. He distributes **THE LINK** to every member of this group. While to many this may not seem like a League unit, still it fulfills the

League's purpose: namely, to provide Christian fellowship for those in the armed services to the end that they may be brought to Christ. What more can we want than the accomplishing of that purpose!

At a Rehabilitation Center

A few days ago, **Chaplain Alvah E. Harford**, post chaplain at the Rehabilitation Center, Turlock, Calif., sent in a report of the unit started there. The officers are **Robert F. Guild**, president; **Hugh R. Davis, Jr.**, vice-president; and **Richard J. Young**, secretary. Here is the story of the beginning of this unit:

"Our unit of The Service Men's Christian League was started with a nucleus of a group of men who were meeting as a Bible study class. Chaplain Harford mentioned the possibility of starting a unit of the SMCL in the rehabilitation center with the purpose of giving men an opportunity to associate and become better acquainted with fellow-Christians, and also to give men restored to duty from here something to form a liaison with the other Christians in the armed forces. It is our idea that this will help them to further maintain the habits that were begun or strengthened here.

"At the next meeting of the Bible study class excerpts were read from the handbook furnished by the National Council of the Service Men's Christian League. It was then decided to appoint a committee to draft a tentative constitution. This constitution was read at the next meeting and accepted with amendments. At this same meeting officers were elected and committees appointed.

"On March 14, 1944, we had our first inspirational and devotional meeting and also signed the membership-covenant cards. Out of a total of 28 men present, 22 signified their desire to become active members by signing that card; the remaining six felt that they had not yet progressed sufficiently to enable them to conscientiously sign the Active Membership card but did become associate members. We anticipate gaining at least 10 or 15 more members, with no urging on the part of the membership committee, as that many men have been present at the formative meetings."

More Units Reported

Some kind of honorable mention should be given to **Chaplain C. L. McGee** of the 46th Quartermaster Group. He has been organizing League units in each of the companies of the 69th Quartermaster Mobile Battalion. This has taken hard work and we know that great credit is due Chaplain McGee. If we had an "Oscar" such as Hollywood is given to awarding its stars for outstanding performance, we would surely give this chaplain one of solid gold. Lacking such recognition, this mention will have to suffice for the nonce.

But we are aware that even Chaplain McGee could not give this boost to the League if he had not had the full cooperation of the men in these companies. So we take pride in printing the names of the officers of the League units he has formed. They are:

Service Men's Christian League of 3488th Q.M. Trk. Co.: President, S/Sgt. Spurgeon Guice; Vice-president, Sgt. John Howell; Secretary, Pvt. James Brown; Treasurer, Sgt. Beryman Rivers.

Service Men's Christian League of 3487th Q.M. Trk. Co.: President, S/Sgt. Jacob O. Jenkins; Vice-president, S/Sgt. Oliver W. Bailey; Treasurer, Sgt. William Spenser; Secretary, T/5 Catharo P. Brown.

Service Men's Christian League of 3486th Q.M. Trk. Co.: President, Pfc. Ike Anderson; Vice-president, S/Sgt. Earnest Minnott; Secretary, S/Sgt. Leon G. Hamm; Treasurer, Sgt. Ralph Swann; Business Manager, S/Sgt. Rober Coates.

Service Men's Christian League of 3485th Q.M. Trk. Co.: President, Pfc. Albert Smith; Vice-president, T/5 Elmius Alexander; Secretary, T/5 Arthur Montgomery; Sgt. at Arms, Pvt. Jess Johnson.

Men and Women "Linked"

From the beginning we have thought of the SMCL "linking" various people together, such as the chaplain and the men he serves, the men themselves as they meet in a group, and the men away from home with their local churches. **Sgt. Donald E.**

Brown, assistant to **Chaplain John E. Early**, base chaplain at the PIAAF, Presque Isle, Maine, reports a co-educational unit of the League. At the present time they have no name for this group other than the "SMWCL," which stands for the "Service Men's and Women's Christian League." Enough said, boys, sounds like a good idea!

Can You Top This?

Records are being established by League units as well as by other groups in the armed forces. Of course these records will not be published on the front page but they indicate heroic effort. **Chaplain C. A. Reeves** of the Third Marine Division reports over 300 members of the League. That is really a record and places him at the top of our honor list! His letter is so refreshing that we quote it here in full. It was written on March 15 of this year:

"The mail bottleneck finally broke yesterday and I received Ivan Gould's letters of January, 1944, and the first copies of THE LINK I have received since before we went to Bougainville, over four months ago. *Thanks a million!* I thought we'd fallen off the mailing list. I still have no membership cards. *We have over 300 members now.* We are in the process of taking up a little collection, and will be sending you a check soon. You are doing a marvelous job. I'll say we *do* want the material. 'My boys' are doing some real thinking. The 'experts' who decided there *wasn't* a return to religion in the services didn't get out to the South Pacific. There is definitely, and you help lots!"

Like Old-Home Week

Friendships are hard to create by letter-writing alone. How much easier it is if you can see each other once in a while. And yet sometimes correspondence is the only way friendships can be made. Such is the case between the National Office of the League and our many members and readers of THE LINK around the world.

This week three chaplains whom we regard as among our "oldest" friends wrote to us. **Chaplain John D. Wolf**, who is

credited with forming the first unit of the League, said that he was keeping up the good work and we should have a more complete report from him in a few weeks.

Chaplain Louis S. Luisa, who organized the first Service Men's Christian League in Iran, also wrote. This unit is making history. Here is his report:

"It is with a great deal of pleasure that I enclose another money order in the amount of \$15 from the officers and members of the first Service Men's Christian League unit in Iran. It is the intent of this group to make a periodic contribution to your work. On the evening of March 8, 1944, our unit assembled in our newly constructed chapel, and amid an improved environment this writer formally received into membership 18 new members composed of nurses and enlisted men. It was a happy occasion. In my word of greeting to those who had been received, I impressed upon them the utmost necessity of keeping the lofty ideals as outlined on the Covenant cards.

"Further, I am sure you will be greatly interested in knowing that on this coming Sunday our unit will sponsor and have charge of a half-hour devotional service which will be broadcast to the whole command. This will be one of the highlights of our brief but most productive history. Again, I believe that this unit has another 'first' to its credit."

Our third correspondent was **Chaplain J. Jack Sharkey**. His unit was mentioned last August as the "Blue Goose Unit" on the *U. S. S. Honolulu*. As usual, his report is worth reading:

"We usually manage to get in two meetings a week for worship, hymn-singing and study. We completed a study of the Gospel according to St. Mark, then went to the Book of the Acts, which has us busy now with 12 to 20 men turning out.

"Our only officers are a president and a vice-president. Any two or three members can call a meeting at any time by coming to my room and getting the small poster for the bulletin board and having 'the word passed' over the ship's speakers for a meeting. We have discovered that, unless we *write* the 'word' which is to be 'passed,' the quartermaster may 'call us names.'

We've been tagged everything from the Young Men's Christian League to the Christian Men's Club. At any rate, no one can accuse us of being a static and unchanging group!

"We have found it good to elect new officers every three months. This gives us new leaders with new ideas, and avoids making one or two men old before their time. Members are on the constant lookout for poems, clippings and interesting articles of a religious nature in the course of reading. At worship service an opportunity is given for men to read aloud their 'gems.' Most men aren't good at original sermonettes, and a half dozen of these replace the 'floor holding' of one vocalizer (like the chaplain!) to the point of boredom."

This Is How It Is Done!

We give the closing paragraphs of the Communique this month to **Chaplain James S. Griffes** of the 6th Engineering Training Group at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. So many chaplains ask us how they should go

about starting a unit that we are printing this chaplain's report almost in full—as a very adequate reply. He was faced with the problem of changing personnel, of quick turnover in personnel, of a strenuous program and a crowded schedule. Yet Chaplain Griffes undertook to start a League unit and has succeeded. Our congratulations, sir; may your report help other chaplains attempt the same program:

"The hope of getting a unit of the SMCL started here in the sixth group chapel has been ours for some time, but we faced considerable difficulty in starting or maintaining such a program, for there is a turnover of about 1,000 men a month in our group. This, combined with the strenuous program which the trainees face here, plus the growing age level of the men, made us somewhat slow in attempting the organization of a League unit.

"However, while out on a three-weeks field problem with one of the battalions in March, I got some of the cadre interested

—LETTER OF THE MONTH—

IN the December issue of THE LINK, which I have just been perusing between enemy attacks here in Italy, I notice an item concerning a soldier who found a copy of your magazine in a foxhole. Strange as it may seem, I met with almost that identical experience. This is the way it happened:

I am at the Anzio beachhead in Italy. One night as I was walking along the side of a road close to the front lines, the shells started bursting in that area. Naturally, I had to hit a foxhole in a hurry. As I lay there, trying to adjust myself in comfort, my hand touched what seemed to be a little booklet. It was too dark to see what it was, but, reading matter being scarce over here, I put it in my pocket for future reference.

The next day I read the little magazine literally from cover to cover. That's how I came to see the little item about the fellow who found the magazine in a foxhole while on maneuvers. And I was so struck by the similarity of the experiences that I thought I'd write to tell you about it.

To say that I enjoyed that copy of THE LINK is to put it mildly. I would like very much to become a member of the Service Men's Christian League. Being at the front, we don't get to attend chapel as much as we would like, but I would like to feel that I am a member of your great organization. Please tell me how I can join—also how I can be sure of receiving THE LINK every month.

—PFC. ROBERT NAUKON.

Chaplains!

Re: Change of Address

If you are receiving this magazine on order for distribution among service men, please notify us at once of any CHANGE OF ADDRESS affecting you. Also please advise at the same time whether you wish us to forward to your new address the same number of copies you now receive. Such action will save both the League and the postal authorities needless confusion and expense. Thank you!

in the idea of forming such an organization. We had our first committee meeting on March 22, with 13 interested men present, most of them non-commissioned officers. They voted to attempt the organization of a league unit here at this chapel. **Cpl. Robert Plagge**, University of Illinois graduate and a leader in Y.M.C.A. work there, was elected temporary president. The meeting time was set for Wednesday night.

"We have had two meetings, and although the membership is not large the interest in those attending seems very good. So far we have only about 25 men on our roll. A program committee was appointed for the first two meetings, and they function well. After a good discussion the first night, we had a fellowship period with refreshments and a business meeting which the men voted to repeat once a month.

"The men like **THE LINK** very much, and voted to help the chapel pay for the monthly supply of issues which you are already sending us. It's by far the most acceptable and popular piece of literature I have found for general distribution to the men of our group who are in the hospital. It is a dandy!"

Correspondence Courses

A number of requests have come to the headquarters of the SMCL, and to some denominations, for correspondence courses in the Bible and Leadership Education. In order to meet this need for those in the armed forces, we contacted each of our co-operating denominations to find out how many offer such courses. A number of them are prepared to render this service without charge to the student.

We list below those offering such courses, giving the address so those in the service may write directly to the denomination of

their choice. If your choice is not listed, we will receive your request and pass it on to your headquarters for attention, or you may wish to correspond directly with one of those listed.

A. M. E. Zion: Hood Theological Seminary, Salisbury, N. C.

The Board of Education of The Methodist Church: 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

Church of God: E. 5th at Chestnut, Anderson, Ind.

Church of the Nazarene: 2923 Troost Avenue, Box 527, Kansas City 10, Mo.

Congregational Christian: 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

Disciples of Christ: 2700 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Evangelical: 1900 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Free Methodist: Department of Service Training, McPherson, Kansas.

Northern Baptist: 1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Presbyterian (U. S.): Presbyterian Bldg., 8 North 6th St., Richmond 9, Va.

Presbyterian (U. S. A.): 1105 Wither-
spoon Bldg., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Reformed Church in America: 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

United Brethren: 1442 U. B. Building, Dayton 2, Ohio.

Please use the following form for making your request directly to your denomination or the League headquarters.

I wish to take Bible Study and Leadership Education Courses as announced in **THE LINK** magazine. Please send me full information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DATE _____



Those Who Help Themselves

COUNTLESS yarns of individual and personal triumph over grim circumstance continue to pour in from the front lines. Iron will, ready wit, inner resources, indefatigable energy and a fighting faith have wrought miracles on every side and in every theater of the war. Most, I believe, can be accounted for by the eternal fact made articulate by Benjamin Franklin, to wit: "God helps those who help themselves."

The other day a certain commercial pilot cracked up. Intimates had been expecting it for some time. Always a religious man, he had frequently and sincerely prayed, especially when on a flight the weather closed in alarmingly and the going became a bit uncertain. Of late, however, Jim had overdone the thing. He had apparently come to rely so completely upon the Lord for succor, become so confident that He would automatically save the day and Jim's own personal skin, that he had grown careless at the controls.

According to a friend who rode with him on that last fatal ride, the ceiling had suddenly turned zero, ice formed like barnacles on the wings, the radio went sour, and finally one of the engines sputtered and died. This friend says that he saw Jim struggle for a little, seeking desperately to find an opening through the muck. Then his face went white, panic got him, and, completely off the beam, he heard Jim mutter: "Jesus, You take it!" After which he simply sat there—until he crashed.

I hold in the palm of my hand the courage, the endurance, the fortitude and

the faith of a Civil War veteran. The material form it takes is that of an odd little metal brooch, made of five simple, ordinary pins. Back of it lies this story:

Taken prisoner by the Union Army, this Confederate officer was placed in a dungeon. A gentleman of culture and background, he was held captive for months, and there were times when he felt he must certainly go mad. But he *didn't* go mad! He didn't because, under the lapel of his embroidered coat, he found five common little pins. Deliberately, and with great perseverance, he made a game for himself. Each morning, following his meager breakfast, he would stand in the center of his dark cell, spin about, then throw the pins in every direction. Painstakingly then, on his hands and knees, he would painfully recover them, marking each day the speed with which he did so. Thus the terrible hours and the ultimate weeks passed, till the day when, still steadily "on the beam," he was mercifully released.

Some time ago I read a news story of the shock experienced by a war laborer walking early to work. It seems there had been a bad land-slide in which several men were thought to have been buried alive. The cave-in had occurred four days before, and hope for the entombed had been abandoned. Passing a great mound of earth and granite, the worker observed what seemed to be a man's hand, grasping upward through the dirt. He fell on his knees and started desperately to dig. Presently he was rewarded by the disclosure of the unconscious figure of a young man. This he dragged into the light, and within a few minutes revived the young man to the point where he could gasp out his gratitude. The saved one said that he had never relinquished hope, but with all his might had clawed and fought his way through the under-cavern which threatened to smother him completely.

Yes, God unquestionably helps those who help themselves. But faith is the spearhead—it "works" the *works*.

Chaplain

DOES SOME SHOOTING

Target: "The Sentry's Challenge"



ONE of the most picturesque figures in the army is the sentry walking his post of duty. The rifle and bayonet which he carries on his shoulder is a symbol of the strength and solidarity of his country.

There is something of grandeur and dignity in the person of the guard as he stands ready to give his life, if need be, in defense of that which has been committed to him to protect. Next to the flag, the sentry is the highest symbol that the army possesses.

The figure of the sentry is impressive not only because he stands to protect all that a nation holds dear, so that in time of stress and danger millions may depend upon his faithfulness, but also because so long as he occupies that post, he speaks with authority. He is more than a man. Thousands would spring to arms should he give the alarm.

The challenge of the sentry is no idle or unmeaning ceremony. He demands to know what relation the one approaching bears to the service he is representing. Has the one challenged any right or business to pass? His stern "Who goes there?" is in reality a demand to know "Who are you?" He insists upon knowing where you are, what you stand for, what are your credentials.

Is not the challenge of the sentry the most important question of life? Again and again we are halted in our march through life and ordered to declare ourselves. Who are we? What is our mission in life? What are we trying to accomplish? What is our

Second in a series of articles
on subjects vital to soldiers

By **CHAPLAIN DAVID H. HICKEY**

relation to the great undertakings for which others are giving all that they possess?

Now we may answer the sentry's challenge by stating merely that we are a friend, an officer of the post, a patrol or detail. But that is too general and will not be accepted. The sentry will demand a definite proof of our claim. He will order those challenged to advance and be recognized one at a time. He is instructed not to pass men in groups unless the one in charge of the particular party comes forward and identifies himself. He must satisfy himself that all have the right to enter the particular enclosure which he is guarding.

What World You're Living In

The challenge of the sentry of life is in reality a demand to know in what world you are living. There are hundreds of worlds in which one may live, but the real world is the world which lives in us.

The beauty and form of color is not in the blind man's world. He lives in a world of sunsets, starry heavens, moonlight nights and rainbows, but this beauty does not live in him. Melody and harmony are not in the deaf man's world. While he lives in a world

of inspiring music, of birds' song, of children's laughter, of waves breaking on the shore and leaves rustling on the hillside, none of these harmonies lives in him.

How difficult it is to explain our world to some people! For example, try to explain to some civilians the values, the inspiration and the very necessity of the military establishment, and it is as though you were speaking to one ignorant of the English language. And yet to us it is the very spiritual values of duty, honor, discipline and self-sacrifice that makes the military service an inspiring force.

Must Declare For or Against

In fact, spiritual truths, forces and activities do not exist for him who is indifferent to them or unconscious of their importance. They rise like the sentry to challenge us at every turn. And yet there are so many men who, when challenged, cannot define their relation to them. Such things are no part of their world. Of course, when challenged about such things, one may answer in a general way that he is "a friend"; we are all "friendly" to the higher values of life. We recognize their importance to society. We wouldn't want to see them pass from our world.

But remember this: the Great Challenger is not satisfied with mere expressions of goodwill. We must "advance and be recognized." We must come out in the open and declare ourselves either for or against the spiritual values that alone will create a better world.

Many today have a critical attitude toward life. They can tell you what is wrong with the world, but they are not willing to do anything about it. They refuse to take their place in the ranks of those who are defending the treasures of the spirit.

The word "worship" means worth. It is the highest worth, the supreme values of life, which challenge us continually. Some

years ago we were told that science and education were sufficient, and that religion was little more than an outgrown superstition. And so science and education had their way. But what kind of a world have they produced?

Still comes the ancient challenge, "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" The fruits of the spirit are righteousness, tenderness, goodness, meekness, love. These values cannot be won from any other source. Faith, hope and insight can only be found in the One who is the embodiment of all wisdom.

Mental specialists admit that with the decline of the religious life nervous diseases have increased. This sentinel which our God has stationed to guard our hearts and minds is called by psychologists "the censor." We used to call it conscience. But it functions for us regardless of the tag we put on it. Just as the body protests against abuse or anything taken into the system which is injurious to its welfare, so does this sentinel of the spirit seek to guard our mental health.

The greatest book on psychology and mental health is the Bible. The New Testament and the Psalms contain prescriptions to heal any wounded spirit.

Brings a Message of Comfort

Not only is the challenge of the sentry a summons to us to declare our relationship to God and the great issues of life, to take our stand on the side of right against wrong, but it also brings to us a message of comfort as far as the objective world is concerned. It is as heartening as the "All's well" of the watchful guardian as he paces his lonely post. To those who are fearful that man is unable to guard the treasures of the spirit, it should be said that they are protected by more than human hands.

To convince man of this sublime truth

God sent His Son to reveal His purpose, His love and His character. Christ's Kingdom was not of this world, and so He stood unmoved in His hour of seeming defeat. Because He stood like the faithful sentry, undaunted at his post of duty, the once despised cross has become a symbol of authority, love and power.

Our God is not only the God of peace but of righteousness. We cannot have permanent peace without righteousness, but though peace and righteousness appear far remote from our troubled world, they will come into their own because our God has ordained it. They will come not through man's effort alone, but through God's power. Though man may fail a thousand times, God can never fail.

While much depends upon us as individuals, there is no call for us to assume

the role of Atlas and strive to carry the world on our feeble shoulders. There is peace and satisfaction to be found even in a world of turmoil. It was said of Jesus that, for the joy that was set before Him, "He endured the cross, despising its shame." Joy even in the presence of a cross! That is the experience God's children enjoy. They have laughter in the midst of tears, success even in failure, security in a world that appears to be rocking in its instability.

Just as the soldier lies down to sleep in the presence of the enemy, knowing that the watchful sentry will guard him from danger, so in this world of strife we can rest assured that the One who has promised to guard our hearts and minds will not fail. He will not desert His post of duty. "He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep."

SUCKERS!

JUST as we have been tricked into thinking that it's stylish to have a hole in the toe of milady's shoe, to make her buy more hosiery, so we've been educated by the liquor interests into thinking that what we considered a serious social offense a little more than a decade ago is now the mark of a gentleman. Everywhere you look—on the screen, in the magazines or in the newspapers—you see the ancient evil being glorified. Why? Because as long as drinking was looked upon by society as a disgraceful habit, the brewing industry didn't have a chance. But they used the one weapon that gullible Americans have always been suckers for—high pressure advertising. And we fell for it, hook, line and sinker.

I believe that we've got to fight fire with fire. We'll never stamp it out by quoting statistics and reminding the abusers of its evils, nor will we stop it by passing laws against it. We must re-educate people to look down on the drinker, just as we've been tricked into respecting him. The only quick and effective way of doing that is to use the same agencies and methods that they use. Cartoons in the newspapers and magazines would pack a terrific wallop. Screen stories could be designed so they would disgrace the drinker rather than glamorize him.

Of course, I realize that it would be difficult to persuade some of these agencies to fight against the liquor traffic, because they're being paid well not to, and in many cases the same money is behind both interests. But if we could get public opinion stirred up enough with what we have, well—landslides have often started with a little pebble.

—Corporal Eldon Driscoll

Prayers designed for private
and public devotions of men
and women in the armed forces

LET *us* PRAY

By G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY

Compiler and author of "Prayers
for Men in Service," "Wartime
Prayers for Those at Home,"
"Prayers for Women Who Serve."

AS SONS OF GOD

◆ GREAT GOD of earth and heaven, enlighten our minds and guide our hands as we do our work in Thy world. Rid us of our self-deception and pride which darken our faith in one common good. Train us to put to the highest uses the truths which we grasp with our minds and the things which we make with our hands. Give us a new insight into the power and destiny of God-centered lives to build Thy city of peace. Fill us with Thy wisdom and courage, that we may be bold to shape a true brotherhood of man. Lead us to claim Thy great blessings of love, co-operation and plenty which will free and ennoble all men of all races and nations. Fire us with such zeal for Thy whole human family that we shall dare to live and work together as sons of God. Thus may we realize Thine only purpose and end for our being: that we become perfect creators with Thee in Thy Kingdom, now and forever. In Christ's Name. Amen.

A MORNING PRAYER

◆ O GOD of all beginnings, set our hearts in tune with Thine, and make Thy love the keynote of our day. Keep us happy in our service to Thee and our cause. Even though the minor chords of sorrow, hardship, pain and loss may accompany our song, let its master theme be bright and rich and filled with goodness, beauty and truth. May our song awaken warm and living echoes in the hearts of others, that they may join its chorus and fill our world with one great harmony of love for Thee and Thine. Amen.

FOR SELF-GIVING

◆ OUR FATHER, I thank Thee for all trials which have increased my patience, for all disappointments which have purified my desires, for all pains which have deepened my courage, and for all sorrows which have widened my sympathies. I thank Thee that Thou hast changed my little losses of personal comfort into great gains of spiritual manliness. Teach me more and more to welcome opportunities to lose myself in serving others, that I may find Thee. Discipline me by the Cross of Thy Son, that, bearing my burdens with Him and overcoming the evils of today in His might, I may win the everlasting victory of life and peace with Thee. Amen.

FOR TOLERANCE

◆ FATHER OF ALL MEN, free me from every prejudice born of fear and hate and kept alive by ignorance and pride. Open my heart to new friendships and my mind to new contributions of the spirit from men of races and cultures, religions and classes other than my own. Keep me humble to learn from the strange and unfamiliar, and never let me take a coward's refuge in half-truths or lies. Enrich me by the great thoughts and achievements of all peoples and times. With all Thy children on earth, make me a sharer of Thine abundant life and a worker in Thy Kingdom under Christ, who binds us all in one common bond of love and peace. Amen.

A BIBLE PRAYER

◆ OUR FATHER, may Thy Holy Bible be a living book for me. May I find in it the strong and tender Person of the Son of God, the teaching, healing, loving, suffering, conquering Perfect Man. Show me how Thy Word is as true today as it was yesterday and will be on the morrow. Make me bold to follow in Thy Way. Help me to take Thy truth and make it so much mine that I become another living Christ in Thee. Amen.

ON THE WAY OF VICTORY

◆ WE REJOICE, O God, that we move closer to the day when the captives shall be freed, the despairing shall find hope, the oppressed shall be relieved and the persecuted shall be comforted. Give us new strength to go forward and new power to strike harder against evil. Keep our hearts and our deeds humble and merciful, kind and forgiving, that the freedom which we bring shall be the freedom of Christlike love and life. In His Name. Amen.

FOR RIGHT CHOICES

◆ O GOD, who hast made me free, help me to reject what is evil and to choose what is good. Teach me each day Thy will for me, and help me to do it with all my mind and heart and soul. Discipline me and develop me by every hardship and trial. Show me that even my cross, carried for Thee, can become the means of Thy love and victory in my soul. Amen.



These ARE THE Japyanks



The Japyanks on maneuvers at Camp Shelby

By CORPORAL MIKE MASAOKA

IF any group of American soldiers is imbued with the Crusader spirit of old it is the 442d Combat Team, that unique military organization of Japanese-American volunteers now in training at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Because they resemble the Japanese enemy in physical characteristics, their preponderant American traits often have been either deliberately by-passed or maliciously misconstrued by those who question their loyalty and allegiance. Born, bred and educated in America, they know no other country; their very lives and fortunes are inextricably bound up in the destiny of America.

But there are those who are determined to make them pay for the crimes of the enemy by playing upon their unmasked-for kinship with the Japanese race. So, like the Christian knights of a feudal age, these "Japyanks" (as the New York *World-Telegram* referred to them in a recent article) are willing to give of their all to prove their faith in their America—and to win for themselves and their posterity the privilege of being accepted as the true-blue and loyal Americans they are.



They proved their high efficiency as fighters on Italy's bloody sands



Chaplain Barrett of Camp Shelby provides a birthday cake for party



When the chance to enlist was opened to Japanese-Americans, they flocked eagerly to the colors.

This, then, is the story of the Japyanks, 442d Combat Team, Army of the United States.

Before December 7, 1941, the Japanese-American society was living a normal American life comparable in most respects to those of other second-generation immigrant groups.

In 1940, according to the federal census, there were 157,900 Japanese in Hawaii and 127,000 in the United States proper, two-thirds of whom were, and are, American citizens. In Hawaii, the Japanese are scattered through the entire Territory and constitute a vital and significant segment in the economic and social structure of the Islands. On the mainland, though 97 per cent were "concentrated" in three Pacific Coast states, they were too few in numbers to materially influence community life.

As a racial group, however, both in the Territory and on the continent, they were often singled out for their exemplary Americanism and for exhibiting some of the finer attributes of citizenship. For example: They could boast of the lowest delinquency and crime rate of any nationality; they were thrifty and industrious, and remained off public relief rolls better than almost any other minority; they re-

sponded to civic, charitable and patriotic appeals with more enthusiasm and zeal than most; they had more volunteers and inductees in the armed forces of the United States per capita than any other racial stock.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked, still prevalent rumors notwithstanding, "Americans with Japanese faces" shared in the defense of American soil. In Hawaii, the "AJAs," as Americans of Japanese ancestry are called, volunteered for every and all kinds of work, often begging for even the most menial of tasks to demonstrate their desire to serve their country. Many joined the Territorial Guards, only to be inactivated because of their physical likeness to the very enemy who had butchered members of their families and their friends in that infamous attack. Students at the University of Hawaii organized the Varsity Victory Volunteers and did yeoman service in building up Island defenses.

On the mainland, Japanese-Americans co-operated wholeheartedly with local, state and federal agencies interested in the war effort. They embarked upon a gigantic "Food for Freedom" program, since most of them were engaged in agricultural pursuits; they spearheaded a national "Buy a Bomber

to Bomb Tokyo" campaign; they bought and sold War Bonds, gave their blood to blood banks, and engaged in any and every effort designed to help their country prepare to beat the common enemy.

In the spring of 1942, Selective Service began to reclassify persons with Japanese names into 4-C, a designation reserved for aliens and others not desired by the armed forces. That same spring, rightly or wrongly, "military necessity" dictated the wholesale and arbitrary evacuation from the West Coast of all persons with Japanese blood and their relocation in government centers in the interior.

Late in January, 1943, the War Department announced the formation of a special Japanese-American Combat Team and invited volunteers to enlist. "The action was taken," Secretary of War Stimson said, "following study by the War Department of many earnest requests by loyal American citizens of Japanese extraction for the organization of a special unit of the Army in which they could have their share in the fight against the nation's enemies." The response was spectacular.

In Hawaii, where a quota of 1,500 was set, more than 10,000 young Americans of Japanese ancestry swamped their local draft boards. More than 2,700 of them were finally accepted and sailed from Honolulu last April.

Volunteers from Behind Barbed Wire

The response on the mainland, too, was most gratifying, especially when it is considered that these volunteers marched from behind barbed-wire fences and watchtowers, leaving their families and friends behind them to exist in barrack cities, to fight, and perhaps die, for a country which many have said had failed them.

Such is the composition of the Combat Team: eager young Americans who volunteered to prove President Roosevelt's

classic definition that "Americanism is a matter of the mind and the heart; Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry."

Their language is English; their slang American. Most of them can't even read or write Japanese. As one of them said: "Our only handicap is having Japanese faces." They play at American games—and play them well. They won the post baseball championship with a typically "Yankee" flourish: a home run in the last of the ninth with two men out. They competed in the Southern A.A.U. Swimming Meet and swam off with individual and team honors. They have the only barefoot golfers of championship caliber in the Army, and their barefoot football players can punt a football as far as the all-Americans. Their boxers include several A.A.U. titleholders.

A Typical American Army Outfit

Though they are not fanatically religious, they do manage to fill the chapel for Sunday services. Courts-martial are rare, and the medical reports attest to their physical fitness and cleanliness.

They are a typical American Army outfit.

But, mindful of the reasons which prompted them to volunteer, they have an attitude which marks them apart from most units. They feel that they have more at stake—not only victory in the war, but also vindication of the inherent Americanism of the Japanese-American population. They are "all-out" to make a name for themselves and for all others of their nationality. By conducting themselves well, they are convinced that they are assuring the future of all Japanese-Americans in this country. They believe that they are engaged in a great cause—a cause to disprove those who have doubted and persecuted them and to justify the faith that others have in them.

As one Japyank summed it up, "We fight to win the war not only against the enemies

of America abroad but also the enemies of democracy at home who use race and ancestry to confuse the issues and retard the war effort. In a word, we fight for our own survival as Americans as well as for the survival of the American way."

This spirit is manifest in everything they do. Their eagerness to learn and their stick-to-itiveness are legend around Camp Shelby. Out of their own pockets they have bought over \$3,000 worth of military texts and manuals; they study them assiduously and sometimes catch up their instructors on technical points. On forced marches, they walk their legs off before falling out.

This contagious, "fighting" quality which characterizes their marches and maneuvers is typified in their motto: "Go For Broke"—soldier slang, born of the "crap" game, meaning "to shoot the works" or risk all. They believe that their conduct in battle will determine the fate of all Japanese-Americans in this country, and they are determined not to fail their responsibility.

Symbolism in the Shoulder Patch

Their Combat Team shoulder patch, the flaming Torch of Liberty, symbolizes their goal: liberty for all, regardless of race or ancestry—liberty from persecution, from discrimination, from unjustified doubts; liberty to live and to be considered a worthy American. And, to a man, they are pledged to "Go For Broke" to achieve that liberty.

These volunteers have proved themselves in training. Recently, when the War Department announced the reclassification of Japanese-Americans for military service, the outstanding training record of the 442d was mentioned as one of the principal reasons for this change in policy.

The exploits of the 100th Infantry AJA Battalion in Italy, where they spearheaded the attack of the famed 34th Division, are an inspiration to the men. Many of them

have brothers and friends in that activated National Guard unit from Hawaii which is proving its mettle in the blood of battle. Many of those from the Islands and mainland have other brothers and friends serving with the U. S. military intelligence in the Pacific theater of operations.

"Judge Us on Our Record Alone"

Though their comrades-in-arms are performing their duties admirably and winning the plaudits of all with whom they come into contact, the Japyanks of the 442d know that the eyes of America will be on them when they are finally privileged to go into battle, for they are the first and only 100% volunteer organization of Japanese-Americans to be given the opportunity in combat with the enemy to prove that their blood can mingle with that spilled at Bunker Hill, at Gettysburg, at the Marne, on Bataan.

These young Americans with Japanese faces do not ask for sympathy, or for special favors. They ask only that they and their kind be judged by their valor on the battlefields. They don't expect the enemy "Over There" to give them aid and comfort. But they do expect—as they feel they have the right to expect—that, when the war is won, Americans everywhere will welcome them home as fellow Americans, and not as those questionable "Japs."

That is their faith. That is their hope. And that is why these Americans of Japanese ancestry have taken this vow: "Mindful of the high purpose for which we volunteered, we pledge ourselves to so live our lives and give our lives that neither our country, America, nor our fellow Japanese-Americans will ever be ashamed of our conduct—to the end that all loyal Americans, of whatever nationality, will be privileged to share in the common lot and life of all Americans without favor or prejudice."

What Goes On in the World of Religion

● The following review of latest developments in the field of religion is given for the benefit of men and women in service, particularly those serving abroad, who have no other means of keeping up-to-date on happenings in the realm of religion. The items are mainly gleaned from the Religious News Service and other sources of church news.

THE HOME FRONT

"D-Day" Doings. By the time this reaches you, D-Day will probably be a matter of history. But as we go to press, widespread preparations are being made by church and civic leaders throughout the land for special spiritual observances.

Prayers for the success of the invasion, for the guidance and sustenance of you who will take the brunt of the thing, for a quick and victorious end to the war, and for a just and lasting peace—petitions for these will besiege heaven at the very time you are besieging the Continent.

Plans include the tolling of church bells summoning the people to worship, the sounding of police and fire sirens, the blowing of bugle calls announcing a call to prayer, the conducting of downtown and residential mass meetings. It is arranged in many cities for all traffic to come to a stop, work benches to stand idle and all business to suspend for a period wherein all people will be asked to pray silently. Radio stations and motion picture houses also will present prayers by transcription and trailer.

All in all, the invasion will probably inspire the greatest wave of mass intercession in history.

Methodists and War. Rejecting their Church's anti-war stand of 1940, delegates to the quadrennial General Conference of The Methodist Church early in May voted 373 to 300 to support the nation's military efforts—because, they said, "God Himself has a stake in the struggle."

In striking from the *Discipline* of the

church the controversial clause which, four years ago, stated that Methodism would "not officially endorse, support or participate in war," ministers voted 170 to 169 and the laity 203 to 130.

Addressing itself to the question, "Must the Christian Church condemn all use of military force?" the accepted minority report said:

In this country we are sending over a million young men from Methodist homes to participate in the conflict. God Himself has a stake in the struggle and He will uphold them as they fight forces destructive of the moral life of man. In Christ's name we ask for the blessing of God upon the men in the armed forces, and we pray for victory. We repudiate the theory that a state, even though imperfect in itself, must not fight against intolerable wrongs.

"Crusade for Christ." While the Church-War issue was regarded as the most newsworthy item to come out of the Methodist General Conference, the most significant news was the decision of the church leaders to embark upon a nationwide program of evangelism, social action, religious education and interracial activity.

To be known as a "Crusade for Christ," the effort will be launched December 1, 1944. The sum of \$25,000,000 will be sought to finance it. A large part of this amount will be used for the rehabilitation and extension of foreign and home missions and other postwar tasks.

Baptists Busy. Meanwhile, at this writing Northern Baptists were putting in last licks in preparation for their great convention to be held at Atlantic City, May 23-26. Streamlined both as to time and procedure, the convention was expected to produce highly important moves toward present and postwar objectives.

At the same time, Baptists on the home front were deluging U. S. Senators and the State Department with letters requesting

support of "the establishment of a sound postwar world order." Sparked by the denomination's Council of Christian Social Progress, the letter-writing campaign is being followed up by postwar forums, discussion groups and courses at summer assemblies.

Planning for You. To maintain close touch with its men in the service who are thinking of the ministry as a vocation, the Protestant Episcopal Church has appointed a committee to "take action on the questions involved in meeting the needs" of such men.

The International Council of Religious Education is also vitally interested in seeing that potential leaders of the Church are not lost in the shuffle of war. At a recent meeting of the Religious Education Association in Pittsburgh, Dr. Harry C. Munro stated: "War always creates a good deal of onesided—the foxhole type—religion. We think so much of miracles that we forget we must work with God to fulfill His plan." He further said that adults at home must help veterans regain and reinforce their faith by giving them leadership opportunities.

Prominent also in labors looking to your return is the Congregational Christian Church. In the Connecticut Conference of the denomination it was urged that families and communities get busy at once in making their own readjustments, rather than putting the full responsibility for such readjustment on returning service men and women. Dr. Frederick L. Fagley, associate secretary of the General Council of Congregational Christian Churches, asserted that "the Church has a great task in preparing wives and prospective wives for the return of their men."

The adult division of the American Baptist Publication Society meanwhile is urging every church in the Northern Baptist Convention to organize Sunday School classes for returning service men.

Lutherans, too, are up and doing in this matter. Dr. N. M. Ylvisaker, director of the Service Commission of the National Lutheran Council, recently submitted to

Atlantic Coast service pastors an 11-point outline of problems with which you will be confronted, and urged the adoption of an all-over program to help you meet them.

But perhaps the most comprehensive move to plan for your return was the interdenominational "Conference on the Ministry of the Church to Returning Service Men and Women" called in Baltimore for May 17-18. We hope to give you a full report of this conference and its findings in our next issue.

Pacifism Decline. Declining interest in pacifism among Quakers was reported recently by Harold J. Chance of the American Friends Service Committee, following a three-months tour of Quaker meetings in various parts of the country. This trend, Mr. Chance asserted, is due primarily to an influx of non-Quaker members and ideas. "The spiritual life, out of which pacifism grows," he said, "is no longer present in sufficient depth to produce pacifism."

"Make It Colorful!" A spectacular mass program for religion which will make it as colorful and dynamic as war has been made was urged by Dr. Ralph Sockman recently. "The Church must forget all denominational differences," he said, speaking before the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, "and concentrate on such a program to capitalize on the emotional zeal which will be a left-over of the war. Otherwise it may turn out that people will find vent for their excitement in another jazz age, in race riots, and in quarreling between themselves."

Peace Poll. Punishment of Axis leaders, but not peoples of Axis nations, is overwhelmingly favored in a "Poll on the Peace" conducted by *Christian Herald*. The vote for punishment of leaders was 87 per cent, and against punishment of peoples, 70 per cent. Seven out of ten replies favored bringing to trial officers, soldiers, and others guilty of atrocities in occupied territories.

Television. A forecast of what we may expect in televised church services is seen in test case being made by General Elec-

tric Company's Station WRBG. For some time the station has been sending out on Sunday evenings a 15-minute religious program entitled "Evensong," produced through arrangement with the Schenectady Council of Protestant Churches.

In the telecasts it has been found that "old familiar hymns" are the most popular. Variety is introduced by Bible readings with musical background, choir and solo numbers and sermons, while such visual aids to worship as floral and candle settings and processions are presented to make the programs appealing to eye as well as ear.

Missions Call. Young men and women "of spiritual vision and faith" are urged to volunteer for service in foreign mission fields to meet "the drastic shortage of personnel." The call was sounded in a report presented to the 84th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States at Montreat, N. C., May 25-30, by the executive committee of foreign missions.

The report declares: "All types of men and women are needed: ordained ministers, doctors, nurses, educational men and women, teachers of missionaries' children, single women for women's and girls' work, business men, agricultural specialists, industrial men and builders, and office assistants."

Veterans' Memorial. Plans for building a \$100,000 Christian Center Memorial after the war, on the Millsaps College campus in honor of men and women from the college who serve in the armed forces, have been announced by Bishop J. Lloyd Decell. Assured of the solid backing of Mississippi Methodists, the proposed Christian Center Memorial building will be erected with funds to be raised by a concerted state-wide campaign.

Evangelism Emphasized. Plans for an increased emphasis on evangelism in Christian education in 1944 and 1945 are being made jointly by the International Council of Religious Education and the Federal Council of Churches. A feature of the emphasis is to consist of "missions" in various

cities, in October and November of 1944, attended by local Sunday School workers, combined with evangelism-planning conferences of all employed church officers and field secretaries of religious education and evangelism in the state. The joint committee administering the movement is headed by Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo.

Best Givers. The most remarkable per capita giving to church work in America is that of the Church of the Nazarene. This church, with 186,519 members, received \$10,077,353 in 1943. This is \$54.03 a member. The church includes support of 100 mission stations around the world.

"Y" Centennial. With June 4 being designated "World YMCA Sunday," churches throughout America have been calling attention to the Y's significant service during its first 100 years. From humble beginnings a century ago, the organization has attained a world-wide stature and has been a powerful contributing force to lay leadership within Protestantism.

For War Victims. Twenty-one of the leading Protestant denominations in the United States contributed a total of \$1,559,991 during 1943 for the relief of war victims abroad, it was announced by Dr. Leslie Bates Moss, executive director of the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction.

Dr. Moss revealed that the Committee's 1944 budget would be increased to \$1,870,000. Projects for which church funds are earmarked include rebuilding of damaged and destroyed churches, famine and flood relief, medicine, food, family loans and financial help to "orphaned missions."

Record Distribution. Distribution of Scriptures by the American Bible Society last year reached a peak of 9,773,651, the highest number in its history. A total of 7,091,430 copies were circulated in the United States, also a record figure. Total distribution was 32 per cent above the previous record set in 1931.

In Brief. The official figures of the Protestant Episcopal Church show a communicant membership of 1,520,394 in the United States. This is a gain of 11,095 during the past year.

- For the first time in its history, St. Louis Presbytery has selected a Negro as moderator. He is the Rev. Alexander H. Johnson, pastor of a small congregation in north St. Louis—the only Negro church in the presbytery.

- A Christian business man (Robert G. LeTourneau) recently stated that he was ready to buy and equip 1,000 airplanes for missionary service when the war ends.

- Nearly one-half of the sum being sought this year by the Lutheran World Action appeal (\$1,315,000) will be allocated to the Lutheran Service Commission, which maintains contacts with more than 300,000 Lutheran men and women in service.

- A "World Order Compact" pledging Congregationalist churchgoers to work together for the establishment of a just and co-operative world order was signed by individual church members throughout the country on Sunday, May 21, as part of a Congregational campaign for "personal commitment" to American participation in postwar world organization.

- A plea to American Christians to practice "justice and fairness to all races, including the Negroes," was submitted to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. (Southern) at its 84th annual session held May 25-30 in Montreat, N. C.

THE FOREIGN FRONT

Facing Liberation. As the day of their liberation from Nazi rule and persecution draws near, Protestant church leaders in occupied France, many of them working in the "underground," are busily preoccupied with the problems and challenges with which they will be faced on their own special "D-Day."

At the moment, the greatest need is to train lay men and women to replace ministers imprisoned or deported by the Nazis.

Lay helpers are being recruited to lead services, to conduct Bible hours, to help in the religious instruction of children, and to visit the sick.

Protestants are actively co-operating with Catholics in the underground *Cahiers du Temoignage Chretien* (Handbooks of Christian Testimony), the leading intellectual organ opposed to Nazism which has recently issued a new, popular monthly. In addition, they have continued, despite their scant resources, to lend every possible aid to Jewish and political refugees, and have made special efforts on behalf of co-religionists sent to forced labor in Germany. By means of messages and pamphlets sent to the German centers, they have enabled deportees to conduct services, and, with the help of available French pastors, to carry on active evangelical work.

Can't Beat the Dutch. Another evidence that the Nazis have miserably failed in whipping down the Christian spirit in Holland is a second pastoral letter recently issued by the Synod of the Netherlands Reformed Church condemning National Socialism. Says the letter in part:

The first and most decisive fact which must be said about the relation between the Christian faith and National Socialism is that National Socialism professes another God than that of the Holy Scriptures. It seeks another means of salvation than salvation through Jesus Christ, and in practice realizes itself in a religious life which is absolutely contrary to the life of faith in Christ through the Holy Spirit.

Boston Accent. "Somewhere down in the South Seas," a U. S. Army chaplain was helping evacuate a number of native people from shelters where they had been hiding from bombers. One elderly woman, tightly clasping her copy of the Bible in the native tongue, finally emerged from the recesses of the cave, and announced to the chaplain, "We are Christians from Boston!"

It developed that she had first learned of Christianity from Congregational missionaries sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose headquarters are in Boston, Mass. This

board sent its first missionaries to Micronesian Islands almost a century ago, and much of the early ministry was carried on from little sailing vessels built by gifts of New England Sunday school children.

Church in Germany. Not only has a sizable portion of the Christian Church in Germany, both Protestant and Catholic, gained great prestige among the decent element for their successful resistance of Nazi persecutions, but it will emerge after the war stronger than ever before. This prediction was made recently by authoritative information reaching Swiss sources from inside Hitler's home bastion.

The Church has gained new prestige because it has proved tough enough to carry on its work in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles and suppressions.

Three-fourths of Germany's pastors have been mobilized for military service, and many have been killed in battle. The theological faculties are virtually empty, and the problem of providing parish leadership has become increasingly acute. Many clergymen have been forbidden to travel or to preach; many others are imprisoned. Religious instruction in schools has been curtailed. Virtually the entire religious press has been suppressed.

Persecution, however, has strengthened the spirit of consecration on the part of church leaders. It has developed a strong solidarity among church members, many of whom are taking over responsibility where there is a lack of pastors. New forms of personal evangelism are reaching many outside the church, particularly those who have come to regard the Church as the only bulwark against the penetration of pagan influences.

Large groups of Germans are discovering the emptiness of the official Nazi ideology. A religious vacuum exists that demands to be filled, especially among those who have lost all that seemed to make life worth living. Soldiers who have gone through unspeakable horrors in the Eastern war and civilians who have lost their families and their jobs as a consequence of the Allied

air offensives are turning to religion for comfort and strength.

The impression created in church circles by the bombing of German cities is that the Allies also use totalitarian methods of warfare. Responsible Christians, however, raise their voices against hatred and embitterment on this score. The sufferings due to the bombings are considered by many churchmen as a trial inflicted by God on the German people for their sins.

"Hide the Outcasts!" Occupation officials in Holland are keeping a sharp eye on store windows in Amsterdam. This newest vigilance is explained by the German-controlled newspaper, *Storm*. It seems that in the window of a stationer's store a card was exhibited bearing the text from Isaiah 16:3: "Hide the outcasts; betray not him that wanders." Explained the paper: "This means, in other words, shelter Jews, underground workers, and terrorists, and do not betray their hiding places to the Nazis."

King Tut Rival? Outside the ancient town of Chengtu, western China, has long been a great hill, by tradition the home of ghosts and accordingly avoided by the Chinese people. In ancient times it was the home of the emperor Wang Chien.

Recently workmen, digging an air shelter at the foot of the mound, came upon the tomb of the great emperor. Its contents may be as important as those of the tomb of King Tutankhamen. A strong brick wall surrounded the tomb. Within the enclosure was a palatial throne room containing the emperor's crypt, his statue, and a two-columned history of his reign. It was a place of wealth, cultural importance, one of the most highly civilized cities in the world. It is credited with being the place where printing was first begun.

The excavation is being conducted by the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association of Great Britain and Ireland, the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church of Canada, and the Board of Foreign Missions of The Methodist Church of America.

**YOUR CHURCH PREPARES
TO WELCOME YOU BACK**

UNDER *Home-Town Spires*

By BERT H. DAVIS



● *Our report on Church activity on the home front this month cites some examples of how your Church is expanding its ministry, beyond the sanctuary, to industry's assembly-lines.*

IF you were equipping a factory or a shipyard today, you'd be wise to include Bibles and hymnals, electric organ, even an altar or worship center. For that's coming to be the modern style—and fast. The new interest many industries are manifesting in catering to the spiritual needs of their workers is one of the most encouraging signs on the home front.

A wartime industry's personnel may include a full-time chaplain, ministering at one time or another to all the shifts and to many of the workers' families. Where there isn't a minister attached to the plant staff, you'll find shop committees volunteering their time and labor to arrange religious meetings and taking great care to supply proper speakers, singers and other participants.

Part of this "shop" interest in worship and in Christian messages to workers is due to a shortage of churches in many of the new post-Pearl Harbor communities. Even if church bells ring within hearing of the industrial center, shifts may release men and women too late for any regularly scheduled service on Sunday.

Then too there's been a growing support for worship services and hymn sings as more and more of the sons and brothers

get close to the battlefield and to the great offensives being conducted there. Plenty of those who once might have been worshipping under a home-church spire and taking the whole week's schedule at an easy pace are coming to a shop's place of prayer with grimy hands—relaxed only briefly in worship before the swing shift's work is resumed.

A Pioneer in Shop Meetings

Religious services conducted by and for the employees of R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., date back to 1931, when the company handled a job at Boulder Dam. Tent meetings were held because there was no nearby church or chapel big enough to hold the worshipers. From there the idea spread to LeTourneau plants at Stockton, Calif., and Peoria, Ill., and later to Toccoa, Ga., and Vicksburg, Miss.

At factories the services were held in the open air unless the weather interfered. If the meeting was indoors, the men climbed on piles of steel and the speaker tried to make himself heard above the rumble of machinery.

At the LeTourneau plants the wartime worship schedule is suited to changing shifts, and there are four services on one day each week. All production stops for a half hour and the crowd gathers in one of the cafeterias, facing an American flag, posters, and the plant's service roster. More than half the LeTourneau employees attend

these meetings. Girls act as usherettes; employees lead singing and help elsewhere in the musical program; a leader among the workers presides at each meeting. Those who bring the 15-minute Christian messages are clergymen, missionaries, or laymen—often leaders in Sunday school work.

The Kaiser shipyards, some of the copper mines and smelters, at least two plants of the rubber industry, and many another industrial center now follow some such pattern in either Sunday or weekday worship.

Conferences for Shop Foremen

Another variation of the rôle of the part-time industrial chaplain was provided for by the Rev. Howard Anderson, pastor of Speedway Christian Church in Indianapolis, Ind. The president of Electric Steel Castings Company of that city invited the minister to lead foremen's conferences, on such subjects as "Understanding People," "The Foreman as a Leader," "Worker's Home Problems," "Self-Management."

A book by a minister—Dr. James Gordon Gilkey's "Managing One's Self"—gave birth to the idea that Christianity can help people work together under wartime pressure. Every foreman was given a copy of Dr. Gilkey's book. Then the whole crowd of them discussed foremanship and "getting along with people" with the Indianapolis minister, in eighteen weekly sessions.

"The pattern of this classwork did not follow that of the factory noon meetings," Mr. Anderson relates, "but it touched the heart of Christian action in the daily work of the men. The Gospel message was at work here in word and deed. Here was the opportunity to fit the teachings of Jesus to the everyday lives of men and to wage-earning and production."

Laymen Meet at Lunch or in Homes

"A half-dozen laymen meet each week for an hour to study current problems, with the Sermon on the Mount as a background. The leader has used the New Testament in Basic English as a text."

"Once a month, eight men meet in the home of one of their number, for fellow-

ship and exchange of ideas. One member is a Negro contractor; he was host to one of the recent meetings, held in his home."

"A pastor called in a dozen of his laymen inviting them to consider with him a pamphlet on building Christianity into the everyday life of the world. Then there was a vigorous discussion of the whole subject. The plan will continue until every man in the church has participated in such a meeting in the pastor's home."

"A group of fifteen to twenty men meet at a luncheon club once every six weeks. A book on the work of chaplains with the men of the armed forces was recently outlined to the group by its author; the men will meet him a second time after all have had an opportunity to read the book."

These are extracts from reports sent in to the small but active headquarters office of the newly formed "Laymen's Movement for a Christian World" (347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.). The groups which report the foregoing weekday activities are meeting in New York City and in regions as far removed as Michigan, Wisconsin, North Carolina and Texas.

But the Church Hasn't Closed Down!

At this point you men and women in the service might say: "But how come all these activities—shop meetings, foremen's conferences, luncheon clubs of Christian laymen—that are going on outside the old home-town church? Don't tell me the church is closed, and its pews, choir room and social hall are idle! Remember, you were going to tell us what goes on under the home-town spires."

It is vitality under the spires and in the day-by-day program of the parishes that accounts for many of the Christian messages and influences reaching out into the civilian community. And *your* experiences have influenced a great many of these expanding church programs.

Ministers as advisers on labor-management problems? That's an idea in keeping with the chaplain's important place as a counselor and companion of America's fighting men. Community recreation centers for the teen-agers, staffed by leaders recruited

in the church youth fellowships and C. E. Societies? Well, that's a repetition of army and navy experience in using the organizing abilities and leadership skills of the men coming from similar background.

Your home church is stronger and more influential because a man, or men, went from it to an army or navy chaplaincy—and because others of its leaders still in civies have been meeting special needs at war-time pressure in service to the community. Think what all the wealth of experience and observation, gathered in from all types of service all around the world, can and should mean to your church when victory has finally come!

Setting an Example Financially

Eight years ago the worried creditors of the Arkansas Baptist State Convention (the fellowship of Baptist churches in that state) proposed a settlement of some old and apparently hopeless debts at thirty-five cents on the dollar.

That sort of composition or writing-down of obligations happened in many debtor-creditor relationships all over America. Cleaning the slate usually lifted the spirits of all concerned.

When the Arkansas Convention followed a suggestion by the creditors, paying off a million dollars in debts for some \$350,000, the old obligations were legally settled. The courts of the state approved the settlement. Even if the churches were to progress and prosper in later years, there would be no claim against them because of those unfulfilled promises of the past.

"But a moral obligation remains," Dr. B. L. Bridges and other Baptist leaders in Arkansas declared a few months ago. "Many people who accommodated us suffered severe financial loss when the debt was whittled down. We have never failed to pray to God for a means to assume the obligation once again, even though legally that whole case is closed. Funds are now coming in that will permit us to make a start on redemption. We can expect other gifts if we tell the people what the Baptists of Arkansas are preparing to do."

On the day after the report on making



• *Clock-punching parsons, such as this industrial chaplain, are new to the American scene now. But in postwar industry you may expect to see the chaplaincy idea extended even further for the purpose of ministering to factory workers, seamen and patients in military and civilian hospitals.*

good the losses was published, the expected contributions began to come. Men of other denominations in states far from Arkansas had a part in "clearing the conscience" of this branch of the Southern church. Proposing a "Baptist Honor Club" to receive the special gifts, laymen and ministers promptly went into action before the first enthusiasm for clearing the debt could grow cold.

Service Men Help Banish Debt

An example in scrupulous regard for promises made is important in itself. The sort of message the Arkansas Baptists are able to send to their members in overseas duty makes the Honor Club and its work even more significant. It isn't surprising that some of the boys from Arkansas who heard about this way of remembering a "forgotten and forgiven debt" could hardly wait for the money-order clerk to come on duty at his appointed time. The vote in favor of facing and redeeming the moral obligation has been unmistakable.

WHEN GI'S VISIT *Sinai*



by
CHAPLAIN JOSEPH H. FREEDMAN

A SERVICE on Mount Sinai! What more thrilling event could happen in the lives of a group of American GI's? Sinai, the source of much of our culture and civilization, takes on a new meaning for the khaki-clad. For it was on Mount Sinai that the Decalogue was given, and it is to the same Mount that men everywhere look today for inspiration and courage that will bring us victory and victorious living.

Once before in the history of the human race, Sinai cast its shadow over the doubting and the faithless, and brought them spiritual healing. Even so, in our day, it becomes a symbol of everything for which we are fighting, and everything for which we hope in the postwar world.

There was a time in the annals of man that the wilderness of Sinai continued to civilize long generations. Those who had been steeped in the tradition of Scriptures realized that Sinai represented the acme of the true religious life. When the Israelites first left Egypt, they were a formless, faithless group of slaves. After the covenant on the Mount, they became civilized, and imbued with the knowledge of God.

And so it was that in each succeeding generation of the human race those who have believed in God have looked to the Mount as to the rock whence they had been hewn.

It was with a feeling of awe that our group of GI's came into the shadows of the sacred Mount. Long years of familiarity with the story of the giving of the Ten Commandments had taught our men that only through living by these laws can there be any real peace.

Our men had trudged all day over the hot sands. They had tasted the dust of the centuries, and the burdens they carried weighted them down with weariness. The merciless sun that beat down upon Moses and his men was still beating down on us. Yet when we beheld Sinai, with bated breath, our spirits were lifted to the heights, and we thought of Moses and the Tablets of the Law. The magnitude of God loomed as a personal experience for each individual man.

We ascended the rock-ribbed hills that the prophet had once climbed. Up, up we went, and with each step that we took there came a consciousness of what man's yearning for the Divine really means in this life. The stones of Sinai are large and many, and they must have been a forbidding element in the past, even as they are

today. The ascent was not easy. But how symbolic this is of all history!

Progress has never been easy or light. The quest for the good life has always entailed great hardship and sacrifice. The things in life that are most worth attaining are the hardest to reach. Perhaps this is good. It is well that we must fight for the things we want, for the ideals we believe in. Human beings are so constituted that we appreciate only what we win through struggle.

Finally, after a long and arduous struggle, we reached the heights of the Mount. And even though our men were tired out by the strenuous journey, and though our breath was shortened by the climb, still the GI's insisted on using the occasion to advantage. There on Mount Sinai, just as the sun was setting on the desert, the soldiers asked for a prayer.

With bowed heads, they turned north, in the direction of the Holy City of Jerusalem, and as they prayed they wept silently. I think I have never heard such a holy and fervent prayer as they uttered on the heights. Spontaneously, they burst forth into a paean of praise to God, and humbly

petitioned Him to repeat another miracle in our day and age.

For peace they prayed, peace that would envelop the earth and bless all mankind. And who had a better right than these soldiers to pray for peace? They know the hardships of war, and the whirlwind that battle reaps. Conscious of the grief that has been brought into the world because men have elected not to follow the commandments given on Mount Sinai, our soldiers asked for a return to the simple injunctions of the Decalogue, for a universal return to God.

There in the cool of the evening, when all the world was tinged with rose and gold, there came a deep realization to these American fighting men that God is everywhere, and only by following Him will peace prevail again.

Quietly they prayed, and as they concluded their prayer they looked heavenward, as if expecting an answer. The sun had already set, and a cool breeze was playing on the slopes. In the soft breeze we could feel and hear the answer of peace, peace everywhere, to those far and those near.

Tribute to the Home Folks . . . By PVT. GERALD DAUN

WE stood together as the long train came—so much to say, and now so little time for words. You smiled, as you vowed you would, and waved, as you have waved a thousand times before. When I had gone, your hand sought the place where your heart had been, and it too was gone.

You are of the millions who love bravely, who stand with courage and bid us go—and only weep when we are gone and cannot see your tears. You are all our hopes and dreams.

At burning guns, through lonely desert nights, in flaming seas and thundering skies, you live in our hearts and eyes.

There is little glory in the part you take. You are heroes of another kind. Your task is to stay at home, to work, and to wait for our return, to keep the world we know a place for men to live in peace—to plan, to hope, and to dream the future that is ours, and yours, in the freedom we will win—to see with faith and vision the rightness of our cause—to look beyond the borders of your life and see the greatness of the goal we strive to reach.

You are the fair who deserve the brave, and you will carry on as you have always done, for in your heart and soul still lives the faith that makes men strong.

**HYMNS
FOR YOUR**

Singspiration

Some old favorites
you have suggested



WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and
time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and
fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the
other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus

When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the
dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their
Home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till
setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on
earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.



SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!



O GOD OUR HELP

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.



JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

5

I NEED JESUS

I need Jesus, my need I now confess;
 No friend like Him in times of deep distress;
 I need Jesus, the need I gladly own;
 Tho' some may bear their load alone,
 Yet I need Jesus.

Chorus

I need Jesus, I need Jesus,
 I need Jesus ev'ry day;
 Need Him in the sunshine hour,
 Need Him when the storm-clouds low'r;
 Ev'ry day along my way,
 Yes, I need Jesus.

I need Jesus, I need a friend like Him,
 A friend to guide when paths of life are dim;
 I need Jesus, when foes my soul assail;
 Alone I know I can but fail,
 So I need Jesus.

I need Jesus, I need Him to the end;
 No one like Him, He is the sinner's Friend;
 I need Jesus, no other friend will do;
 So constant, kind, so strong and true,
 Yes, I need Jesus.

6

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sin restrain.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

7

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
 What more can He say than to you He hath
 said,
 To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent Hand.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
 lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
 shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

8

LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms;
 What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Chorus

Leaning, leaning,
 Safe and secure from all alarms;
 Leaning, leaning,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms;
 Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms?
 I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.

9

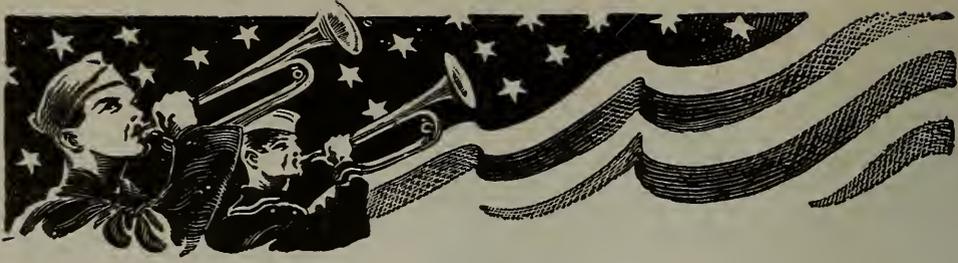
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Come, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father, all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness, on us descend.

Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.

To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity love and adore.



"At Taps" . . .

By CAPT. NORMAN C. LAFFER

NOT so long ago I received a letter from a second lieutenant in the army and at the end were written two words—"At Taps." Those two words meant a lot to me as I finished reading that letter because "Red," who wrote the letter, was a former camper of mine.

As a kid, I started camping at the "Y" Camp on the shores of Lake Erie. As I became older, I became a leader and finally associate director of the camp, a position I held for ten years. Now, like all of you, I am camping in a different kind of camp, wearing the uniform of the United States Army. As I recall those camp days, many pictures come to mind, three in particular.

The first was just before the evening meal—at retreat—when all of the gang stopped whatever they were doing to face the flag and salute. There was never any formal formation, but when the bugle sounded, all stood where they were and paid tribute to the flag. The second picture was of a spot in the woods known as the "Council Circle" near which there stood a rustic "Rugged Cross"—14 feet high and 8 feet across—erected by the boys as a tribute to Him who made such camps possible. It was to this spot that fellows wandered for silent and undisturbed meditation.

But even more vivid in my mind is the silence that came over the camp during the playing of Taps. Almost with the first note of the bugle the noise and commotion of the camp street stopped, and the call rang clear through the evening air. Everyone heard the call and unconsciously the words passed through their minds "All is well, God is nigh." One of the factors

responsible for this silence was a story that was usually told to the campers when they first came to the camp.

Early in the thirties, a good friend of mine who had once camped with us joined the navy. On one occasion he wrote me that whenever he heard Taps he recalled his camping experiences and felt close to us. In my reply, I stated that whenever I heard Taps I would join him in prayer, and we would thus be joined through the spiritual bond and could feel the presence of one another. It was then suggested that when Taps was sounded all the boys would join their friends in prayer, and thus create a spiritual link with those friends wherever they were. Many of the fellows established that practice, and when I hear from them the letter is ended, "At Taps." To many fellows this simple practice has become a real spiritual experience.

And so it is that "Red," first a camper, then a leader, then an enlisted man and now as an officer, recalls his camp days and finds strength in a simple habit he learned years ago. As we correspond, and as I write other former campers, our letters end, "At Taps." It means that at the close of the day we pause and pray in person for those whom we love in that masculine type of love that one man feels for another, but which men seldom mention.

This story has been told with the hope that perhaps you too would take a moment when Taps is sounded to pray for your friend or buddy, and join him through that spiritual means that knows no barriers. The power of such a spiritual chain is hard to estimate, and what it will do for you—well, just give it a try!

Topic TALKS



- *Topic for discussion (first week):*

HOW PATRIOTIC ARE YOU?

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What are some danger signals along the way of national decadence, and how will the patriot deal with them?* (Psalm 95:10; Jeremiah 2:32; Ezekiel 7:23; 8:17; 9:9; 22:7; Hosea 4:1)

2. *What is indispensable in a nation that would be great?* (Deuteronomy 28:1; Psalm 144:15; Proverbs 14:34; Isaiah 26:2)

3. *What should we recognize about our national sins?* (Proverbs 14:34)

4. *How may a nation find moral strength and courage in the conviction that God presides over its destinies?* (Leviticus 20:24; Numbers 35:34; Deuteronomy 7:6; 12:10; Psalm 33:12)

5. *Show how our hope of an enduring world peace rests on a world-wide recognition of the fact of human brotherhood.* (Acts 17:26)

- *Resource material:*

HOW patriotic are you? Yes, I know, you have donned a uniform and have taken your place among those who are fighting for freedom on the battlefronts of the world. You salute every officer you meet. You stand at rigid attention at retreat, and you never fail to salute the flag. And so you feel you are a patriot.

But these externals don't prove it! A man may be a model of soldierly conduct at retreat, but four hours later he may have dishonored his country's uniform by showing that the man inside it is only a drunken sot who has tossed away every dollar that his country spent to make a soldier of him—unless the medical officer at the infirmary got him in time and was able to save him from one of the worst diseases that science tries to fight.

Some of you may be tempted to engage in an unlawful business after you have been mustered out of the service. Some man who

made a hundred trips with a convoy of ships may cunningly try to sink the Ship of State three years later when he has returned to civilian life.

Some GI Joe who was meticulous in his observance of flag etiquette will be guilty of a grave breach of civil law which will brand him as an enemy of the country he fought to protect.

We are thrown into a furore when an adherent of some strange cult refuses to salute the flag. Is it not possible that his queer stand which so infuriates us is partly his insistence that the flag is only a symbol and that the important thing is not how he treats the symbol but the freedoms and the laws and the people back of it? He has a strange quirk of religious belief which makes him feel that he is guilty of something like idolatry if he salutes the flag.

Mr. A is such a person and he is sent to jail for failing to salute the flag, though

he has kept every other law. Mr. B salutes the flag without question, and as readily goes out and breaks half a dozen laws. Of these two, extreme as they are, which would you say is the better patriot?

A good patriot, we are trying to say, is a good citizen who keeps his country's laws, and maintains himself and his family in respectability and industry.

Patriotism Only Skin-Deep

The best color-bearer in your regiment may eventually become a rum-runner, or a common thug, or even what Jesus called "a devourer of widows' houses." That would be a sorry end for a man who was supposed to know what patriotism is.

Such a patriotism would be skin-deep, like the religion of the Pharisees. They kept the most minute matters of the law—and they had hearts so rotten that Jesus called them "whited sepulchres"! You and I can be as deluded as that in our patriotism. We can be circumspect in our observance of every known external rite. We can take the flag down at sunset—and sink ourselves for the entire night in vice and crime that flout all laws of human decency. We can salute the colonel right snappily—and try to make a dope fiend out of his nephew, or a libertine out of his son.

Something else is true of a good patriot. He tries to be both a good citizen and also a helpful one. He tries to make his life serviceable in some outstanding way if he can do so. Benjamin Franklin was a patriot who was both good and extremely useful. He was a statesman, a diplomat and a Christian who was also a scientist. He set a door ajar for Edison and Steinmetz.

William Harvey was more than a patriotic physician of the court of James I in the England of the 17th century. Debtor to Servetus and Vesalius, it was to his native England that he returned when he had studied anatomy at Padua, and it was his

own native land that shared his later fame in his discovery of the circulation of the blood. He was a courtier who made his life count for his country and for the world.

In a later England, a blacksmith's son became a bookbinder's apprentice, but not for long, for the world of science called him and Michael Faraday began a scientific career that was to make him one of the great chemists and physicists of his day. He made revolutionary advances in his work with electricity, and all of us are greatly indebted to him.

Louis Pasteur was the son of a sergeant-major in the army of Napoleon. However, the lad was not to be a soldier but a great scientist, and his patriotism was to save the silkworm growers of southern France from economic ruin, and then the sheep-growers of his native land from serious loss, and then all those who might be stricken with hydrophobia in all the world. It was through him that Joseph Lister in Edinburgh could begin antiseptic surgery, which has long since become aseptic surgery. The wealth and the health of the world is the greater because of Pasteur's patriotism.

Became Citizens of the World

Isn't this what true patriotism should be? The Listers and the Edisons and the Curies and the Faradays can never be simply Scots or Americans or Poles or Frenchmen or Englishmen. They become world citizens, whether they will it or not. Their hearts may beat faster at sight of the flag of their own native land, and they may feel a new dignity when they hear their own national anthem, but their very success in their chosen work has stripped them of a selfish and an arrogant nationalism.

No physician asks you if you are an Englishman before he feels your pulse, and no surgeon demands to know your nationality before his anaesthetist gives you the gift of sleep before an operation. Pasteur

did not refuse to treat nineteen fur-capped Russian peasants for hydrophobia when they came to him from Smolensk, and sixteen of them were made well, though it was then ten days since they had been bitten by mad wolves. A grateful czar dispatched the Grand Duke Vladimir to bring to the crippled Pasteur the diamond cross of the Order of St. Anne of Russia, and one hundred thousand francs to help in building the Pasteur Institute. With that gift to kindle their imaginations, scrubwomen and rich men throughout all of France poured out their free offerings to build a house of healing where all the world might come.

You Can—and Do—Cross Boundaries

Do you tell me this is all very good but we just can't expect to ignore national boundaries? You *are* ignoring them! You are not intrenched in Maryland or Oregon, waiting for a Japanese or a German invasion of your homeland. You have invaded foreign soil, to save your own homes from invasion. You are fighting beside Chinese and the assembled forces of the far-flung British Empire. The Smolensk which sent that haggard group of peasants to Paris for healing has received from us the butter and the bombers which have helped its inhabitants to keep alive. Who says we don't cross national boundaries?

If we cross them to win a war, we should cross them to win a peace and maintain it. It is entirely logical and reasonable that we should do so. We are the children, all of us, of the God who creates the Pasteurs and the Newtons and the Galileos and the Schuberts and the Kagawas, and never thinks of setting them all in one nation!

Take a look at yourself, soldier. Who are you, anyway? John Smith. Very good. But what are you doing here? Why aren't you back with the rest of the Smith family in Fairfield Heights or Dobbs Ferry or Humboldt? Have you no family loyalty, no com-

munity spirit that holds you close to your native town?

You explain, as patiently as you can, that you find nothing to prevent you from being loyal to your parents and your home community and also loyal to your native land.

I was hoping you would come back at me like that! Now, I ask you, what is there to prevent you from being loyal to your homeland *and* loyal to the *world community*.

Great scientists and great philosophers and great musicians and great religious leaders have laid their wealth at the feet of all men. Must the bankers hoard their wealth for themselves, and must the great statesmen give their wealth of farseeing wisdom only to those who happen to live within the same political boundaries? Nations whose bankers and statesmen have acted on this selfish principle have found themselves, sooner or later, embroiled in war that has sapped their wealth and cost them dearly in national well-being.

When Conflicting Loyalties Arise

You never think of your loyalty to your local county or similar political unit. If any conflict arises between your loyalty to your home state and your loyalty to your national government, you know which course you choose. Surely it is not unpatriotic to hope and pray for a future when we shall come into the larger citizenship of some kind of world state, or at least a federation of great and free nations, where Americans and Swedes and Poles and Canadians and Russians shall mingle on terms as free and as friendly as those on which Kansans and North Carolinians and New Yorkers now mingle as Americans.

For in such a world state or federation, with all the consequent levelling of economic and political and racial differences that now help to create periodic wars, your children may hope to find the peace for which you are fighting.

- *Topic for group discussion:*

SAPPERS OF MORALE

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What strength and comfort can come to you when you are lonely?* (John 16:32; Psalms 34:22, 55:22, 73:23; Exodus 33:14; Hebrews 13:5)
2. *What can you do about worry?* (Psalm 55:22; Isaiah 30:15; Job 34:29a; Ephesians 3:16; I Peter 5:7)
3. *What remedy do you have for discouragement and despair?* (Psalms 4:5, 9:10, 27:13, 34:22, 42:11, 112:7; Proverbs 3:5; Isaiah 26:3; Jonah 2:7; Mark 11:32; John 14:18; I Corinthians 2:9; Philippians 4:13; I Peter 3:13)
4. *How can you fight your fears?* (Deuteronomy 20:1, 31:6; Joshua 1:7; Psalm 91:5; Isaiah 30:15, 41:10, 51:12; Nehemiah 6:11; Hebrews 13:6)
5. *With what hopes of safety can you reassure yourself?* (Joshua 14:12; II Kings 6:16; Psalms 3:5, 119:117; Proverbs 29:25; Mark 9:23; I John 2:17)

- *Resource material:*

HOW is your morale? What can you do to lift it up? If you are lonely or worried or discouraged or afraid, what can you do to snap out of it?

Every man and woman in uniform faces this problem—and it's a serious one to you, however unimportant it may seem to others about you. It is vital to you and to others that you do something to help yourself. When a problem, or a feeling or a mood, is tugging at you to get you off guard and off balance and get you down, you may find that nobody can do much about it unless *you* do. For it makes its attack inside you. You must defeat it or go down before it. It gives no quarter.

Let's take a closer look at these morale-busters and see exactly what we can do to pull their fuses before they go off and do us damage.

Let's take loneliness first. What can you do about it? You can write some letters and get some fine letters back in reply. You can go out of your way to cheer up somebody whose face betrays the fact that

he is as lonesome as you are. Let his long face remind you that loneliness is contagious. Don't spread it if you can help it.

Try to smile instead. You will find that a smile is even more contagious than a scowl, and you need never be ashamed of spreading good humor.

Bridging the Miles With Prayer

Remember always that your loved ones are with you in spirit. They are thinking of you and praying for you. They try to bridge the miles with their thoughts and their hopes for you and with their prayers in your behalf.

But remember especially that God is with you always. It may be that your loneliest moments will afford you the best opportunity for realizing His presence with you. He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" and "I am with you always."

There are times when you worry. Who doesn't? But what do you do to drive worries out of your mind? Have you discovered that hopeful thoughts help to drive

away your worries? Try to cultivate a spirit of inner peace and confidence in God.

Or develop the habit of taking your burdens to God in prayer. Said the old Psalmist: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

God Can't Be Thrust Aside

Even should your worries carry you to the point of discouragement and despair, remember that God cannot be thrust aside. He is still with you. The worst rigors of training cannot tear Him from you. No moment of combat will find you without Him. When your need is greatest, He is nearest.

In the light of this, let's have a look at your fears. Take first the fear that you won't get back home. Who told you you wouldn't? No man knows the future. The statistical averages are strongly on the side of a safe return for you. Why give way to a silly fear that can shadow your whole life in the service and severely sap your effectiveness?

It is a sad fact that this very fear of yours can so cripple your efficiency that in some crucial moment you will be so afraid that you will not be able to defend yourself adequately.

Don't be a fatalist; be a Christian. Be a Christian who says, with Robert Browning, "My times are in His hands." *Believe* that. For it is true if you commit your way to Him. Don't brood about tomorrow. God will be there too!

That word of Robert Browning can give a lift to your chin and to your hopes—as well as to your efficiency, upon which your very life may depend in another Tarawa or Cassino.

"What time I am afraid, I will *trust in Thee*," said a brave old soul who had weathered many a furtive fear in many a battle in life. You too can be a conqueror

if you will use the same tactics.

Perhaps you are afraid you will never be the same when you get back home. Perhaps you fear that you will lose a limb or even your sanity. You have heard of someone who came back a cripple, or a victim of some nervous or mental disorder. You begin to worry with the fear that such a disaster may come upon you.

Why do you think that? Once again, the cold figures of statistics are *for* you and not against you. They are not proof, but they are what a lawyer calls "presumptive evidence."

Why not think, purposely and again and again, that something fine and good will come to you instead? Perhaps a promotion. Some stripes or braid or bars or stars. Maybe a Purple Heart. At least, a safe return to your dear ones, to build a home and a future and a better world. *Why not?* Millions have come back safe and well. What makes you think you won't?

Set a Sentinel Over Your Thoughts

Since you must think *something*—for your mind is no vacuum—determine that you will think happy and hopeful and constructive thoughts. Set a wary and a well-armed sentinel to guard your thoughts. Tell him, this brave sentinel of yours, to do two things: (1) use his bayonet upon every evil thought that comes your way; attack every hurtful thought before it has time to simulate a password or catch you off guard; and (2) bring into your mind the happy and the hopeful and the kindly thoughts that come your way, until there will be no room for slinking and cowardly and fatalistic thoughts to sneak in. A mind filled with happiness and kindness and constructive purposes is a poor place for fear to feel at home.

Now let us face another tormenting fear: you dread the thought that you may be

forced to take a human life in battle. A chaplain recently told me that this is one of the chief worries of the men who have talked with him.

Don't Tamper With Conscience!

A mind steeled to the hard things of war might sneeringly tell you that conscience has no place in warfare. On the contrary, however, conscience has a place anywhere that a Christian man goes. The fact that you are a Christian has sensitized your conscience. No man has a right to blunt it. And a conscience dulled purposely for one set of circumstances may not be keen enough and clean enough to save you in some future moment when your peace and your happiness may be in the balance.

The best place to go with your conscience is to God who made it. That is what prayer is for.

No man has a right to stand before your conscience and tell you not to retain this dread of taking human life. It is a mark of human decency. But he could remind you of certain considerations. He could remind you that a policeman does not want to kill but is sometimes forced to do so, as when a bandit or a maniac points a gun at him or at someone whom he is bound to protect.

If the policeman takes such an action, in the line of his duty, he does so not as Mike O'Hara but as a guardian of the peace and safety of his community. That will be his stand at the bar of conscience.

When his conscience recalls to his memory a moment he wishes devoutly had never happened, Mike can only remind himself that he is an armed servant of an imperfect society which must still use force and not merely law in order to protect its most decent citizens—including your own dear ones.

There is another thing that Mike will

realize. He acted as an instrument or an agent of society, and his act is therefore partly the act of the community which he defends, and there is a sense in which each citizen of that community is forced implicitly to share his responsibility for the action he took for them. Ironically enough, because there is a policeman with a pistol, the conscientious objector sleeps soundly at night with untroubled conscience, and his dear ones are safe from Japanese invaders because of marines on coral atolls and because of giant bombers riding the night skies and great naval task forces that steam with conscious power through the Pacific, half a world away from him.

I am not trying to discredit the conscientious objector, for we in a democracy must respect him when he is sincere. But he becomes an extreme illustration of the fact that all who are the beneficiaries of an act of violence and even death may not entirely escape some share in the responsibility for it.

Drawing a Very Thin Line

Perhaps you say you are not worrying so much about shooting in some moment of actual self-defense, but you cannot think of attacking first. But isn't that a very thin line to draw? If you shoot second instead of first, then the shot which you allowed first may have killed your buddy if it didn't hit you. His widow or his sweetheart or his mother would hardly draw great comfort then if she knew that your conscience could preserve your own home inviolate but not hers.

Get rid of your fears. They are not disgraceful, for they are natural. But they are hurtful. They are not good mental equipment. Ask God for greater faith and calmness and inner peace.

By slaying these sappers of morale, you will be a better service man or woman, and a better Christian.

- *Topic for group discussion:*

FOUNTAINS YOU DON'T FORGET

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How important is the home in the development of character?* (I Timothy 5:4; Proverbs 1:8; Psalm 133:1)
2. *How much does God care for righteous homes?* (Proverbs 3:33, 12:7)
3. *Is worship a duty or a privilege, or both?* (Psalms 107:32, 111:1; Nehemiah 6:10; Psalms 40:10, 84:4, 95:6, 100:4; Revelation 21:6)
4. *How valuable is congregational worship?* (Matthew 18:20; Psalms 22:22, 26:12; Acts 12:12; Hebrews 10:25)
5. *How important is the nurturing of our spiritual life?* (Deuteronomy 8:3; Romans 8:6; Galatians 6:8)

- *Resource material:*

IF you saw the marvelous colored fountains at the New York World's Fair, you will never forget the magic splendor of the sight of those majestic columns of water rising and falling in the iridescent glory of living rainbows, as colored lights flooded the waters and shone through them.

But there are other fountains that you can't forget, for they have shone in your life and blessed you with radiance and refreshment when you have sorely needed them.

One of these is the fountain of *home influences*. You will never be able entirely to repay those who gave you your home. There you first learned the meaning of affection. There you were first initiated into the sacrifices of loving care. There someone taught you to pray and to turn your face Godward. And it was there that someone taught you to become thoughtful of others, and loyal and helpful.

These are priceless lessons, for they are fundamental to the building of character.

Recently I called at a home where there is a large family of children, the youngest only two months old. Though the mother and the children had just passed through

an epidemic of illness, the modest rented home was clean and bright. The oldest girl was still young enough to have been merely a pampered child if she had been in many another home than this one where her services were so obviously needed by a mother crowded with countless demands upon her limited strength.

But this young girl showed unconsciously the wholesome effects of responsibility and lovely service. She needed nobody to suggest that she take my coat and hat. She sat quietly and interestedly during the visit, and when the caller rose to go there was no need for anyone to prompt her to slip quietly out and bring my things. She had already attained a maturity of thoughtfulness and helpfulness that some of twice her years have never reached.

Her father may never be able to send her to college or leave her any property. But I have a feeling that she will be incalculably rich when she marries. For her life has been fed and enriched by the fountain of helpful home influences.

Perhaps Mother's Day this year came to you as a yearly reminder of the priceless treasure you have had in a good mother.

If she is still living, write her a letter that will warm and comfort her hungry heart. If she has slipped away into a better life, make it your business to follow her influence as you live a good and a helpful life. Try, now and again, to do some kindly deed for another that you think she would like. If you can't write her today, write your father or a sister or a brother or a friend whom she loved. And keep your footsteps from ways that would dishonor her. She would want it that way.

A Gentleman and a Sailor

Recently I saw a sickening sight. Three young sailors in uniform walked into a restaurant, and one made at once for the bar where he gulped down a drink of whiskey while his companions ordered food at a near-by table. Then one of the two at the table got up and joined the one at the bar who was then downing his second drink. This fellow was becoming sillier by the moment as he went over to eat with his friends. In a few minutes he was back for his third whiskey and when the three men left the room a little later, the first was acting as if he had about half his ordinary mental faculties, whatever those were. The third man had kept quietly with his food at the table, like the gentleman he obviously was.

I find myself unable to understand the mental processes of many service men who labor under the impression that they momentarily achieve the status of a hero if they can walk up and put their feet on a brass rail and guzzle down some booze. It never seems to occur to them that they are dishonoring the uniform of Uncle Sam's Army or Navy or Marine Corps when they behave like soused sots.

The fact is those three sailors revealed, though quite unconsciously, the sort of homes from which they came. It would be hard for me to believe that the third

man did not have back of him the steady influence of a home where sobriety and character were closely affiliated if not synonymous. Even among dissolute companions, he obviously had a fountain he could not forget—the influence of a father and a mother who had taught him that alcohol is an insult to a healthy human body.

Another fountain that we don't forget is the fountain of *religious influences* that flow from the Church. In some respects this is a continuation and an enlargement of certain religious influences that properly should begin in the home, such as prayer and worship and Bible reading. But when you came under the influence of the Church you entered the larger experience of group worship of God. You learned that you were not alone in your worship, and you found that you were worshiping in a larger group than the family. You found that you were missing something very helpful if you were absent from that group of devout worshippers.

In the community you found other groups who worship as devoutly, though according to other forms and beliefs. And scattered over all the civilized world are still other groups, all worshipping God and all feeling the lift that worship brings to our hungry spirits.

Finding Wider Spiritual Horizons

You who are in the service are finding enlarged spiritual horizons. Some of you are finding that a chaplain of a different denomination can be as sincere and as helpful as your own pastor back home. Some of you may be singing at a Catholic mass and then in a Protestant service in the same morning, and enjoying both.

How great is our debt to the Church for great music and great art! From organists and choir masters of the Christian Church, both Catholic and Protestant, has come great music that has stirred and exalted

the weak and wavering spirits of those who have been bruised and burdened and overborne in life. And great Christian sculptors and painters have left us richer for the faith that has inspired them and shone through their inspired work.

The Fountain of Knowledge

Another fountain that you cannot forget is the fountain of *learning*. In this country the public schools are the foundation of our democracy. There you sat with children from poor homes and rich, and you made friends among them all. In the public schools you found instruction and tasks that enlarged your capacities and your abilities.

An awkward farmer lad went to a nearby high school and finished the course in a rather average way. Then he was sent to the state university. There he decided he would take a year of chemistry, just to see what it was like. He found out. And he discovered, what nobody had ever guessed before, that he had unusual talents in the chemistry laboratory. Before the year was out he had attracted the notice of his teachers for his unusual abilities.

He had plowed the soil of his father's farm without ever guessing the mysteries that were locked in the furrows he turned. But the fountain of learning changed all that. Those big, knotty hands were taught to move with skill and sureness among test tubes and gas jets and beakers. And I imagine he is making a substantial contribution toward the winning of this war as he goes quietly about his laboratory.

But there is still another fountain which we must recognize. It is the fountain of inner spiritual refreshment and power which we can all have through our steadfast *faith in God*. In the Book of Jeremiah there is a stern word of warning which we ought to notice here: "My people have

forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewn them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

The grim beauty of those words ought to live in our memories when we are tempted repeatedly to turn from our loyalty to God. For all of the rewards that life may seem to hold out to you as cheap and easy substitutes for goodness, and for God, are only broken toys. On the day when you outgrow them and toss them aside you will realize how empty is anything that comes as a substitute for God.

Perhaps you will be in the midst of combat within a matter of days, if you have not already been in action. If those hours of danger confront you, remember that God is with you in every danger.

And remember this: He is there as more than a deflector of bullets and flying shrapnel. He is there not to give life but *life eternal*. You may not be saved from every flying missile, but you will be saved to eternal life if you commit your way unto Him and trust Him.

"The Keeper of the Springs"

Perhaps you have heard the story of a mountain climber who set out one day to scale one of the highest peaks of the Alps. Near the summit he came to a broad plateau. There amid the snow was a grizzled old man with long beard and weather-beaten face, and he was busily digging with a spade. He straightened to meet the inquiring gaze of the newcomer, who asked, with mingled curiosity and awe, who the old fellow was.

Said the old man wearily and proudly, "I am the keeper of the springs."

Quietly, unnoticed and unsung, he was cleansing and guarding the mountain springs that were the fountains of rivers and lakes and seas.

Guarding the fountains!
Are you doing that too?

- *Topic for group discussion:*

WHAT PRICE BIGOTRY?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What makes racial bigotry so hateful?* (Genesis 43:32; John 4:9; Luke 9:51-54)
2. *How do you account for the cycle of racial and religious bigotry in which Jews have been victims and persecutors?* (Genesis 43:32; Luke 9:53, 54; John 4:9)
3. *Show how the contagion of racial bigotry deepened into religious bigotry in the relations between Jews and Samaritans.* (Luke 9:51-56; John 4:9, 27)
4. *Why is persecution the natural fruit of bigotry?* (Luke 4:24-29; Acts 9:1, 2; 22:3-8; Galatians 1:13, 14)
5. *What is an effective antidote for racial and religious bigotry?* (Mark 9:38-40; Luke 4:25-27, 9:49-56, 18:9-14; Acts 10:28, 45; 11:1-9, 17, 18, 19-21; Romans 3:23, 27, 29)

- *Resource material:*

WHY is it that we of a democracy find bigotry so hateful? Did Hitler come upon his ideas of Nordic superiority full-grown, or is it a weed that the Nazis have nurtured from seeds that were sown in other lands? The Egyptians despised the Hebrews centuries ago. Later the Jews despised the Samaritans. Today the Nazis despise and exterminate Jews. How terrible may be the harvest of seeds which our careless fingers plant!

Is it not one of the worst features of bigotry that it is so highly contagious, and that it visits its sins upon generations to come?

How nearly blameless are we who blame the Nazis for bigotry? Does the vicious and voluble Herr Doktor Goebbels have any right to point to our race riots, our black belts, our buses where everyone else must be seated before any man or woman, even though wearing our country's uniform, can be seated—if his or her skin is black?

It was bigotry of exactly the same dye

that set Hitler on the loose and brought this scourge that is already the greatest that our world has ever known. You and I dare not shut our eyes to such bigotry. The potential harvest is too terrible and too vast to be ignored.

Epidemic Cannot Be Ignored

This thing is black enough to justify our seeking to throw some light upon it, even if some of the light gets into corners we had preferred might not be exposed. An epidemic disease cannot be ignored for fear it will offend our olfactory nerves!

We can begin by saying that bigotry starts in a blind glorification of our group, our race, our nation. If Nazis were ever to rule the world they had to be made to feel they were supermen. Their blood was better, they were told, than that which flowed in lesser breeds. And, while better, it was because it was pure, unmingled with the blood of Jews, for example. So Nordic superiority and the pure blood of Nazis

were united in an unholy common law marriage, without benefit of clergy.

It has always been somewhat like that. The Egyptians despised the Hebrews. Why? They were slaves. Anyone who is thoughtless enough to become a slave has forever lost caste.

The Contagion of Bigotry

The Jews despised and hated the Samaritans as "dogs" because they had been careless of the purity of their Jewish blood and had intermarried with invaders. The Jews had kept their blood pure. They were therefore as superior as the Nazi is today—in "purity of blood."

For bigotry, you see, is *contagious*. The man who is at the bottom of the heap today may come to the top—in his own eyes, at least—and if ever he does he is certain to swell with the glory of his new importance in the sun. He will find someone to look down upon.

This brings us to a third point: we owe it to ourselves to fight bigotry whenever and wherever we can, if we wish to preserve our own liberties. It would have saved untold treasures in blood and wealth and life if, when Hitler first began screaming, the German people had realized that bigotry can be a boomerang.

A highly educated Negro of character and standing in his profession moved his family into a nice section of one of New York City's best suburbs. Incensed citizens waited upon him and demanded that he move out. He bluntly refused. When lesser arguments failed, he was reminded that the bank held a mortgage upon his home and it would be foreclosed unless he moved out. Still he refused stubbornly.

A mass meeting was called, attended by leading citizens of the community. But a Jewish rabbi got to his feet and pleaded, in the name of liberty and democracy, that this outstanding citizen, whose only offense

was that his skin was dark, be allowed to remain in his home unmolested. A Christian clergyman added his voice in a similar plea. Those representatives of two divergent faiths pointed out the same truth—that if the liberty of one citizen were infringed, the liberties of all would be endangered.

That argument, based on selfish considerations, won for the man the peaceful possession of his home. It was not that he was black or white, bad or good, Christian or Jew or neither. It was simply the realization that people who begin to heave bricks in a community where the houses are all of frangible glass, figuratively speaking, are certain to find the insurance rate too high and the hazards too great—for *themselves!*

And that is the simple truth of the matter, however questionable the ethics of the argument. It will be better for all of us in our America, whatever the tint of our skins or the purity of our racial characteristics, if we decide for ourselves that the America of 1994 will be a happier and a safer land if we encourage our children to think less of the color of people's skins and more concerning the character and the ideals and the abilities that lie beneath the skin.

The Worst Bigotry of All

Sooner or later, racial bigotry lights another destructive fire—religious bigotry. It was a very discerning and a very brave young Moabite named Ruth who faced this truth centuries ago and swept the decks clear. Turning her back upon the Moab of her childhood, and upon the worship she had learned there, she faced the widowed mother of her own dead husband with these tender words that will live as long as men and women read literature: "Thy people shall be *my* people, and thy God *my* God."

Whatever bigots haunt the pages of the

Bible, this stricken girl was not one. An alien, she faced the consequences of a great love and a great duty, and she took to herself a new national loyalty and a new creed. She would worship her husband's and his mother's God.

This heroic and straight-thinking woman, lest you may have forgotten it, became one of the ancestresses of Jesus! Do you wonder if he thought of Ruth that day when he stopped at a well—David's well—in Sychar, to be kind to a despicable woman of the despised Samaritans?

Bigotry Even Among the Disciples

Nowhere is bigotry more out-of-place than in religion. Yet it has always flourished, and it has detracted from the leavening influence of religion wherever it has been found.

Even the early disciples of Jesus were not blameless. One day they came upon a zealous fellow who, in the name of their Master, was "casting out devils"—as expressed in those days before the advent of psychotherapy. They promptly made him to desist from his good work. Why? He wasn't of their own group! In our language of 1944, he wasn't of their denomination. Worse still, he hadn't been ordained. He had no credentials, properly signed by someone who was in the apostolic succession. That cooked his goose, if we may say so, until Jesus got word about it and gave them the rebuke they deserved!

Said Jesus: "He who is not *against* us is *for* us." We ordinarily reverse that and try to make ourselves believe that he who is not *for* us is therefore *against* us, because this version makes us feel more comfortable in our own bigotry!

I know a lovely community, heavily overchurched, where most of the wealthy and prominent people belong to one of two strong churches of a certain denomi-

nation. Some years ago a physician moved into that place to practice medicine. The pastor of one of those two leading churches called on the new physician and urgently invited him to join his church. So far, so good. But the pastor added, with a questionable burst of brotherly frankness, that, if the physician expected to amount to anything professionally or socially in that community, it would be expedient for him to join one of those two socially recognized churches. The newcomer was as blunt as he was new, and he promptly told the surprised pastor that he had always belonged to a certain other denomination and he would continue to belong to it, even if he didn't have any patients!

But we have come a long way in our country in getting away from religious bigotry. Most of you in the service are not served by a chaplain who is from your own denomination, and it doesn't worry you. One of the fine young men from my church sings in the choir at a Roman Catholic mass in Sicily before singing in his own Protestant service. And he loves it. You are learning to think less about denominational differences and more about the opportunities for interdenominational co-operation in outstanding service.

A Promoter of Religious Unity

You have a wonderful example of interdenominational service in the Service Men's Christian League, and in THE LINK which the League publishes. These, we hope, are evidences of a trend toward a greater understanding of the things that underlie all of our beliefs. And when we understand our religious beliefs better we shall be ready to co-operate more fully in doing important things that go beyond what any one denomination might successfully try to do.

You are fighting against political tyranny. *Are you fighting against bigotry too?*

• *Topic for group discussion:*

INTEGRITY—YOUR BEST POSSESSION

• *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What is the danger of evil companions?* (Proverbs 13:20, 28:7, 29:3, 24; I Corinthians 15:33)

2. *How deal with the problem of temptation and wicked associates?* (Deuteronomy 13:5; Job 27:5, 6; Psalms 1:1, 2, 119:115; Proverbs 1:11, 13, 14, 15; 4:14-19; 14:7, 24:1; II Corinthians 7:1; Ephesians 5:11; II Thessalonians 3:6, 14)

3. *What is the reward of the righteous?* (Psalms 1:3, 6, 15:1-3, 84:11, 18:17-24, 24:3-5, 140:13; Proverbs 11:3, 31, 20:7; I Corinthians 15:58; I John 2:17)

4. *How far-reaching is this matter of one's own integrity?* (Proverbs 4:23-27; Micah 6:8; Zechariah 7:8-10; Luke 16:10; Philippians 4:8)

5. *What are some New Testament advices concerning your personal integrity?* (Matthew 5:16; I Corinthians 15:58; II Corinthians 7:1; Philippians 4:8; II Timothy 2:22; I Peter 2:17; II Peter 1:5)

• *Resource material:*

WHAT is your one possession which you value most? Is it your weapons, upon which your life may depend? Is it your training, without which the weapons would have no great value for you? Or is it your integrity—the sum total of your inner spiritual values?

If you think your answer through, I'm sure you would say that integrity is your most valued possession. For this is the real *you!*

Your weapons may be lost. You may be ordered to surrender them. You may come to a moment when your training will seem to be inadequate. But no man can touch your own personal integrity—unless you let him.

Just at this point lies one of your greatest dangers. You may never meet a foe on a field of battle, but you may meet a real enemy tomorrow in the person of a buddy in your battery who sidles up to you and tells you what a great guy you are, and hints that you can pick up a couple of

bucks very easily if you care to learn how to play poker. Or he may be more artful and indirect in his blandishments. But his purpose, however disguised the flanking attack, is to take you for a trimming. You may afford to lose some money, of course, but you cannot afford to be enticed into a habit that saps your sense of values and distorts your perspective in matters of simple honesty, and poisons you with a mania to risk much in order to gain little.

Avoid gambling as you would shun any other plague. It is contagious. And it is destructive.

Or perhaps your ship gets into port tomorrow and the fellow in the next bunk or hammock leers at you and suggests a pick-up date—a "nice" one. After all, you won't be back in port again for so many days you hate to count them. And he assures you he knows Susie. Maybe he does. But that's nothing to brag about. You can afford *not* to know her.

Or Ted is the quiet sort who never goes in for anything rough. He does like to sit down with a glass of wine. It takes him back to old days at home. But it usually takes him some place else before the night is old, and it will be well for you if you don't go along. It isn't a question of being a sissy. It is a matter of being a man. Show your stuff! Remember that you wear a uniform. Don't disgrace it.

"He . . . Shameth His Father"

And remember the mother and the father who tried to teach you something better. The wisdom of an old Hebrew sage may well sound in your ears: "He that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father." Don't stoop to that!

Do not disregard your home influences. They represent the wisdom of those who have loved you and sacrificed for you, and they represent the love of those who have lived and have learned as they lived. They represent also the yearning of those who want you to live better than they were able to live. They want to save you from some of the pitfalls and some of the heartaches they experienced.

Do you think it is smart to discount or disregard those home teachings and home influences? Do you think it would be smart to tinker with your parachute before you jump, just so the fellows will know you are a brave one who takes with a grain of salt all this sob stuff about being careful? Or do you think it would be cute to pull the safety pin on your hand grenade and balance the thing for a few seconds on your nose before tossing away the missile of death?

Don't get it into your head that your father is just a good but antiquated old guy who doesn't know what the score is, and that your mother is a dear soul who doesn't know the difference between a prophylaxis and a Nylon tooth brush. They

have seen more wrecks than you have, and they know some of the danger signals that you are still callow enough to think are brave little banners to decorate a landscape. Don't fool with your parachute until it's time to pull the rip-cord! And don't try any fancy tricks with the grenades!

Don't let anybody or anything sap your convictions concerning right and wrong. For you have convictions—if you have taken the trouble to grow up. Convictions are things down deep inside of you that are steady and strong and reassuring when you want direction and something to stand on.

They are there because somebody very dear to you planted them there, and helped you to mature them in sun and storm. Don't let anybody uproot them. Don't tinker with those roots that are driving deeper for moisture and stability, and don't meddle with those delicate tendrils that are twining skyward in search of a distant sun.

Guard your convictions! They have a value above gold.

Your Direction Finder

And watch your conscience. It is your direction finder, your compass. Let nobody tinker with it. You wouldn't take a fine watch to a plumber's assistant for repair or delicate adjustment. It is much too sensitive for his particular skills.

For precisely a similar reason you will hardly go to a professional burglar for lessons in honesty, or to the worst liar in the company for pointers on truthfulness, or to a prostitute for counsel on problems of sex. You will go to your chaplain, or to some comrade whom you regard as the best Christian in your outfit, or you will offer up a sincere prayer to God for guidance.

Your conscience is a gift from your Creator. It is for your guidance when your

way is uncertain and your moral skies are overcast. Guard it from disuse and from misuse. Try to keep it sensitive. Remember that you—and your best friends—can very easily get it out of adjustment.

Check It Against Your Stars

Don't be afraid to check your conscience against the stars of your spiritual skies, as carefully as you would check a compass against the North Star. You check your compass without any fear that the North Star may have shifted, but from the fear that some other influence, much smaller but much closer, may have deflected the sensitive needle from its proper direction. So it is with you and this priceless conscience of yours. Your spiritual stars have not shifted, but you may be too close to some other strongly disturbing influence, and the needle of your spiritual compass has swayed until it is lying to you!

Or, to change the figure, learn to stay on the beam, as you Air Corps men would say. Recently a pastor was talking with one of his fine young men who had just got his wings as a pilot. The lad explained how there is a certain signal when the plane is flying to the left of the radio beam, and how the signal changes unmistakably when he shifts to the right of that beam, and how he hears still a third signal as long as he keeps the nose of his plane on that invisible line that leads through clouds and night and storm to the safety of a lighted landing field. Keep in the beam of your conscience. Your life may depend upon that. And you are a poor pilot if you haven't sense enough to see it. It's there for you, in influences which God maintains in your life.

Before that pastor left the young pilot's home that night, on the eve of his leaving for a field in Texas to be an instructor, the pilot's mother placed in the pastor's

hands her mother's old family Bible and asked that he read something.

What would you have read? A great chapter from the teachings of Jesus, or some word of Paul about a medieval armor? The pastor turned instead to an old word picture that was set down centuries ago in the first Psalm by a slow-moving old shepherd who had never heard of P-37's and stratoliners and radio beams.

And this alert young lad, who would dare storms three miles up in a cold, starless sea of clouds, and perhaps swoop down one day to unleash bombs upon a munitions plant in Berlin or Yokohama, sat quietly to hear about a man who was like a mere tree, rooted firmly in a friendly and nourishing earth, who had shade and fruit for those who went quietly about peaceful vocations in a workaday world. This hero of the Scriptures had no use for the counsel of the ungodly or the influences of the wicked.

For the old Psalmist, you see, was trying to paint a simple picture of integrity. And a young knight of the air can find it as timely and as helpful in his present life as did the drowsy shepherds who ran their fingers over the Hebrew words untold centuries ago.

Your Character Is Timeless

Your integrity—your character—is timeless. The influences that help to shape it for good or evil are dateless. The centuries change the influences as they shift the emphasis upon varied refinements and allurements. But the good man is still good, whether he trudges behind some bleating sheep or plunges at terrific speeds through high altitudes. Whether he grows beside a Palestinian stream or whether he reads his charts in a stratoliner, he can still reach out after God.

Guard your choicest possession! And use it!



A PAGE OF LAUGHS

» "Who was the first man, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"George Washington, sir," replied the child. "He was first in war, first in—"

"No, no; Adam was the first man," said the teacher.

"Oh," replied the child, "I didn't know you were speaking of foreigners."

» Mother: "I wonder where the army shipped Junior? He writes, 'Faith and be-jabbers, sure and I arrived safe and sound but I can't tell you where I'm stationed, begorra'."

» A recruit was overheard saying in his sleep: "Don't kill Hitler at once. Make him finish basic training first!"

» General Robert E. Lee once remarked to a Civil War goldbrick: "You must be very fond of your mother, my lad. You are so considerate of her son."

» "Yes. Bill is going into the army."

"Getting a commission?"

"No, straight salary."

» Tommy told his father that he was second in the class at the end of the term.

"Who was first?" asked his father.

"Oh, one of the girls," replied the boy.

"Well, I'm surprised at your letting a mere girl beat you," was his father's comment.

"Don't forget, dad," replied the lad, "that things are different from the days when

you were a boy. Girls are not half so *mere* as they used to be!"

» Some marines at Henderson Field on Guadalcanal were asked by some of the natives to teach them a few words of English. The marines obliged, and began by teaching them three words of greeting to be spoken when they extended a welcoming hand.

That's why, in the jungles of the Solomons, it no longer is a rare experience to meet a wild-looking native, who breaks into a smile, extends his hand, and utters the three memorized words of greeting: "Vote for Willkie!"

» When U. S. Marines landed somewhere in the South Pacific, the local school teacher at a native school thought it was a wonderful chance for her pupils to improve their spoken English. She sent them to visit the marine camp with instructions to pay close attention to American speech and manners.

The next morning a lad of 11 strode into English class and greeted the startled schoolmarm with: "Hi-ya, babe; what's cookin'?"

» We've just heard about the two members of the Service Men's Christian League who met on the company street. Said one: "Hey, Bud, I didn't see you at League meeting last night." Replied the other, cruelly: "I know you didn't; I was taking up the collection!"

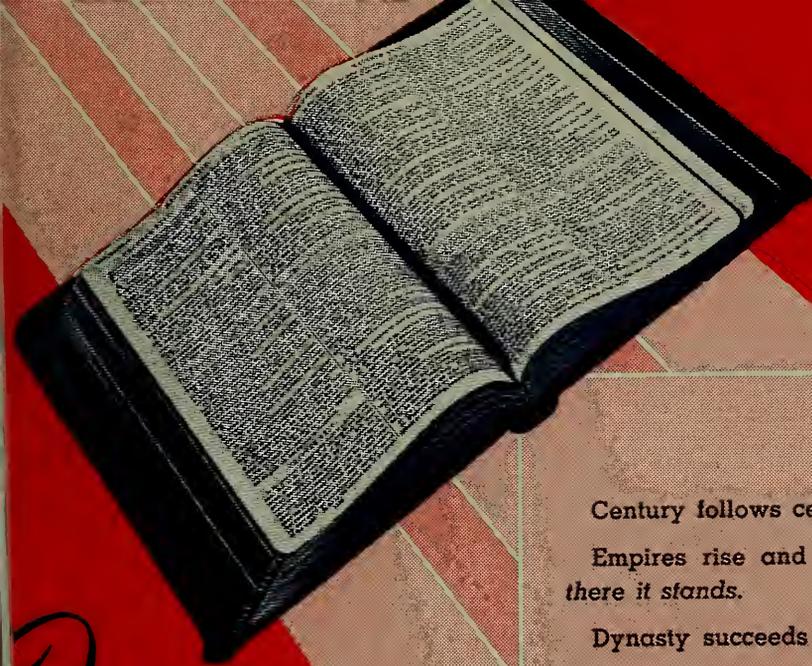
» "Boy, do I love this army!" exclaimed the rookie.

"Oh, yeah?" snarled the sarge. "What's so hot about it?"

"Well, you see, I uster be a milkman—and now I can sleep till 5:30 every morning!" came the happy reply.

» A soldier parked a jeep beside a parking meter in Charlotte, North Carolina, and a bystander said, "Better put a nickel in the meter, soldier."

With some asperity the soldier replied: "You put in a nickel. It belongs to you as much as to me!"



The
BIBLE...
THERE
IT STANDS!

Century follows century—*there it stands.*

Empires rise and fall and are forgotten—*there it stands.*

Dynasty succeeds dynasty—*there it stands.*

Kings are crowned and uncrowned—*there it stands.*

Despised and torn to pieces—*there it stands.*

Storms of hate swirl about it—*there it stands.*

Atheists rail against it—*there it stands.*

Agnostics smile cynically—*there it stands.*

Profane, prayerless punsters caricature it—*there it stands.*

An anvil that has broken a million hammers—*there it stands.*

The flames are kindled about it—*there it stands.*

The arrows of hate are discharged against it—*there it stands.*

Radicalism rants and raves against it—*there it stands.*

Fogs of sophistry conceal it temporarily—*there it stands.*

The tooth of time gnaws, but makes no dent in it—*there it stands.*

The above pungent expression of the indestructibility of God's Word was written by Rev. A. Z. Conrad, pastor of Park Street Congregational Church, Boston.



Kodachrome by courtesy Pictorial Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department.

“Soldiers of God!”

RELIGION had a large and important place in the establishment of this glorious Republic. Its founders were men devout and reverent; they quoted Scripture abundantly; they prayed often and openly. They laid the foundations of Freedom squarely on national righteousness, deeply embedded them in personal godliness. As those who fight to preserve our democratic way of life, we must follow in their train.

To the distinguished characteristics of a soldier it should be our highest glory to add the more distinguished characteristics of godliness. We must be soldiers of God, using spiritual weapons, if we want a victory on the battlefield that will bring peace to all nations as well as peace to our own hearts.

By BRIG. GENERAL WILLIAM R. ARNOLD

Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Army

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