

The



LINK

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SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



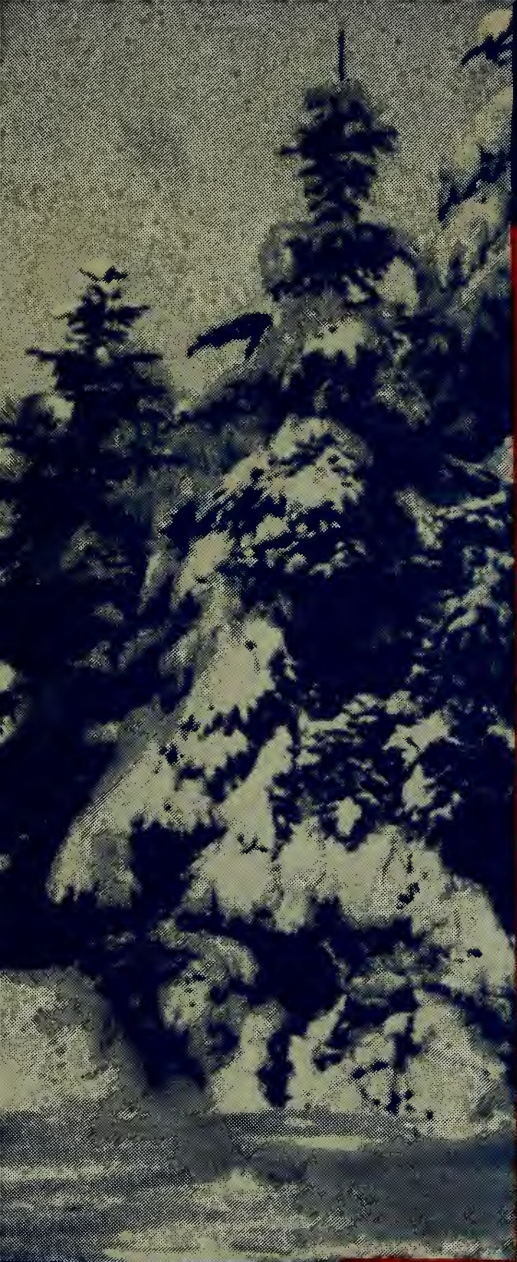
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VOLUME 4

Morality Is National

BY C. S. LEWIS

NUMBER 12



Christmas TREE



THE Winter's here, the bleak denial of all our effort, all our trial. The war we fought and say we won, is past and gone, finished, done. And yet the world is full of sorrow, no laurel won, no 'glad Tomorrow.' The man who said this hung his head; "I might," he said, "as well be dead!"

The Other smiled a patient smile. He waited for a little while, and then He pointed to a tree, and bade the other man to see how green its leaves, despite the cold; how staunch it stood, how straight and bold.

"In summer, when the weather's fair, that tree looked like the others there. Its leaves were young, its branches stout; 'twas hard to pick that fir tree out. But when the winter froze the others, that tree stood out among its brothers. Their leaves were gone, their branches bare; but he was green and strong and fair.

"The world, it's true, is full of woe; men's minds are troubled, hearts bent low. But far above, behold! the star! Its light doth bless us from afar. Let's take and guard its promise true—that God will see us safely through!"

By **MAYO CORNELL**

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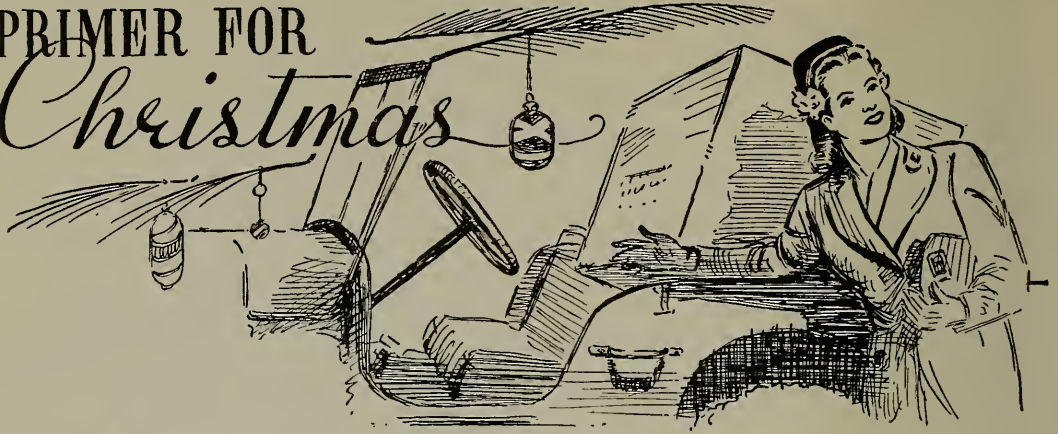
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PRIMER FOR *Christmas*



★ ★ ★ In an occupied country or at home, it's true that "the gift without the giver is bare"

By ANNE WEST

"**L**IUTENANT BURT." Steve wheeled quickly. It was Corporal Hennessy with the mail. The last mail. Four flat, official envelopes, but no box. Nothing from the States. Nothing for Toby—

He slit the envelopes and shook out the contents. Routine stuff. It could wait until Thursday, until after Christmas.

Christmas!

It was something that the calendar, there on his desk, had conjured up. December 25th, it said, tomorrow. But just saying a date, in red like that, couldn't make it so.

Christmas was snow and sleigh bells and a crackling log fire that danced in light and shadow against the walls of a loved, familiar room. It was the smell of a big green tree brought into that room. It was oversized stockings, and glittering ornaments, and Santas who couldn't keep their whiskers fastened. It was popcorn strings, bowls of foaming eggnog, fat dishes of homemade candy. It was white angel candles melting down to their feet in clean, glowing windows—

Wind whipped and tugged at the loose window beside his desk. Outside, the streets of Frankfurt had a gray, worn look. It had rained earlier in the after-

noon, and now there was mud to mix with all the ordinary rubble. Snow? It was only a white confection of the mind—

He wondered if Toby remembered snow. There had been some, winter before last, at the army camp in the States where they had come to say good-by. But Toby had been only three then. And afterwards Louise had taken him back to Atlanta, to her aunt's, so that the next winter—well, she'd written how almost hot it had been.

And now, this time, when Toby was five, old enough to get a real kick out of things, they were caught here in the debris of Germany. It had been a mistake to have Louise come and bring him. He could see that clearly now, although he had felt such a long, desolate need for them that his heart ached at the admission.

Toby should be having a real American Christmas. A good old red, white and green one. It was every kid's right, a part of his heritage.

The box would have helped. He had written early—three months ago—to the big store in Boston. He'd even taken an extra precaution and written to an acquaintance who lived there, asking

him to follow up the order. Toys, trimmings, pounds of hard, colored candy—and the cowboy outfit! Complete with leopard printed pants, holster, and lariat.

There were things for Louise too. The gabardine suit. The hand-knit sweater. The stockings. He wasn't so sure about those any more though. Louise had brought lots of clothes with her. But she kept wearing the plain wool skirts and blouses. Over and over. She didn't feel right, she said, going out on the streets, to the commissary, in the other things. The German women's eyes looked back too strangely, with too much longing in them.

Still—he'd counted so much on the box! Toby wouldn't have many years for believing in Santa, for holding close the magic of Christmas. That was why it was so important that he learn all the important things about it now—

HE went downstairs and out the door, turning up his overcoat collar as he reached the street. It was a gesture of habit. It helped put a wall between him and the long, lean faces, the hunger-distorted bodies. It kept him from having to notice the old tatterdemalion who swept rubbish from the street each day—the one who had been a music professor, and who fondled the weathered broom as if it were his precious baton. The streets were full of people like him. You got to know their faces when you walked the same way home every day.

Like the youngster who always sat on the curb at the corner nearest the house. He had wide, hollow eyes, and he always noted your passing with a trembling in his jaw. But you didn't dare speak to him, or appear the least bit friendly. A smile was like a magnet to these love-starved, homeless children.

He was there again today, dwarfed

by a pair of oversized trousers, his bare feet strapped onto some wooden soles. Steve kept his eyes on the walk ahead. Then his hand touched the package of gum in his pocket; after all, it was Christmas Eve. He turned and held it out to the child.

The boy drew back. Then, slowly, he reached out and clutched the package, his hand shaking with a fever of excitement, his eyes glued to the brightness of the wrapper.

LOUISE had dinner waiting. Steve shook his head at her as he went in the door. She knew about the box—Toby's part of it, anyhow—and a line creased her forehead. "Never mind," she had said that morning. "If it doesn't come, there are a few things I can wrap for him. Shoes I brought over for next year, when his feet have grown. Some fruit I found yesterday—"

The house was bleak, its furniture stiff and ugly. He'd tried to get a tree, or at least a wreath and colored lights. But Germany wasn't ready for baubles yet; it still wanted bread and wood and coal.

Louise had managed to find a copy of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and she read to them after the dishes were done. It was determined, urgent reading—like the fervent recital of prayer by a man on a lifeboat, Steve thought. Toby squirmed restlessly through it all. Then, later, when she tried to explain Christmas and Santa, the words were only more words, and he fell asleep beside her chair.

Steve looked at her and his own feeling of hopelessness was mirrored in her eyes. "Let's turn in," he said wearily, "and sleep late. Maybe that way we can pretty much rub the day off the calendar for 1946."

He was awakened at 10:00 the next

morning by a frantic pounding at the door. Louise was already sitting up in bed, her eyes frightened. He dressed hurriedly and went down.

TWO men were at the door, a dirty, battered youngster in their arms. "Run over," one of them gestured. "In street out front. Driver didn't stop. Boy insists he belongs here."

The child's legs and arms were cut. There was a gash across his forehead, and blood had matted his hair. Steve stepped closer. It was the German boy, the one who sat on the corner. His face was pinched with pain, but he was making a strong man's fight against unconsciousness. His eyes met Steve's unflinchingly. "I am Gustav," he said.

It was the moment he had been struggling to attain. Now that he had said the words, the tenseness went out of his face and he seemed content to give in to the blackness.

The men looked at Steve. "You don't know him? He's up to tricks. Wants some fancy care."

Steve didn't know what prompted the words. "He's a friend of mine," he said. "But I don't know where he lives."

One of the men became voluble then. He thought he'd seen the boy coming sometimes out of the shack, eight or nine blocks away, where Berta and Fritz Korber lived. Maybe he was Berta's grandson. They were old people, sickly. Their sons and daughters had all been killed.

"Show me the way," Steve told them. "I'll get a jeep and take you there with him."

Louise had been standing on the stairs, a robe thrown around her. "Mark down the directions for me," she called. "I'll get dressed and walk over with Toby. Maybe I can help."

It was two hours before they found

a doctor who would come. The Korbers sat back mutely in a corner, their eyes bright with gratitude. A fourteen-year-old girl, another grandchild, who spoke English, kept trying to explain. "He sits on that corner," she said, "because your street isn't all torn up like ours. He imagines he lives there and is warm and not hungry all the time." She was as tall as Louise, but bony, and her fingers looked transparent when she moved her hands.

Louise made two trips back to the house in the jeep, after a mattress, and clean sheets, and white cloths for bandages. The second time she called Steve from the shack and pointed to an immense brown box in the car. "Hello, Santa Claus," she said.

He looked at it numbly, unable to comprehend that it was actually there.

"Corporal Hennessy brought it over," she said. "It came to the office this morning and he knew how anxious you were for it."

"Cowboys," Toby sputtered, his face crinkled with excitement.

"You peeped!" Steve charged.

Louise nodded. "We've had everything out. Everything's wonderful." Her eyes clouded. "Too wonderful, Steve," she said softly. "That's why—"

"Why you brought them over here." It was beginning to make sense.

"We wanted to talk with you about it first."

He rubbed a hand across his forehead. "But Toby—" he began. "He wouldn't understand."

She smiled. "We talked it all over, Toby and I. In fact," she added, "all the time I was hunting sheets and cloths and medicine, he was dragging things around, chirping, 'For Gustav too.'"

"My things will fit the girl—and she needs them so badly. The cowboy suit—it has that warm plaid shirt. I kept out

★ ★ ★ Christmas Greetings ★ ★ ★

On Behalf of the Staff and Officers
of the Service Men's Christian League

FEW words in the English language are so wrapped in meaningful connotation as is the word Christmas. It is more than the name of the annual festival celebrating the birth of Christ.

Can you think of Christmas without thinking of wide-eyed, eager, laughing, lovable children and the folks who find delight in their happiness; of ribbons and wrappings; of rich-toned bells and joyous carols; of starlight and candlelight; of the fragrance and beauty of decorated trees; or of shepherds on a starlit winter night? Can you think of Christmas without thinking of loved ones?

Christmas—day of celebration, day of beginning, day of assurance, day of promise fulfilled, day of almost universal good will, day of hope and day of gladness!

How delightfully are laughter, beauty, gifts, spiritual awareness, and good will blended to create Christmas at its best. This is the kind of Christmas we are wishing for every man and woman in the service.

—THOMAS A. RYMER, *Director and Acting Editor*

a few little things—some of the trimmings, half of the plum pudding—so maybe we could be festive and have a decorated dinner table tonight. But the others—”

STEVE stood quietly for a moment, and then began digging resolutely into the box. “Okay, you two philanthropists,” he grinned. “But if you want to be Santa’s helpers you’ve got to carry something yourselves.”

It was after dinner that night, when they had eaten the last of the pudding, that the old worry surged through him again, and he turned to Louise. “What kind of crazy idea do you suppose the kid will have about Christmas? What can it possibly mean to him? A day like this?”

Toby was sprawled on the floor, whipping through some magazines. “Christmas!” he repeated to himself,

drawing out the syllables. They hung in the air for a tense, breathless moment. “Christmas is the day we made Gustav happy. I like Christmas.”

The words seeped slowly through Steve’s mind. Suddenly their significance was as bright and clear-cut as the silver star Louise had claimed for a centerpiece.

He looked at her, sheepishly, and her eyes met his, and he knew what she had known all along.

Toby had gone even beyond what he had hoped—in a nearsighted way—to give him. He had learned the *real* meaning of Christmas—the spirit of love, and sacrifice, and sharing. It was more than lots of kids back in the States—those who could hand you all the answers about Santas and chimneys and reindeer—would learn. It was more important than tons of tinsel and baubles. It was darned precocious—for a five-year-old!

IT'S UP TO US!

*... To see that bigotry
at home doesn't mock
sacrifices of our soldiers*

By BILL MAULDIN



THERE'S no doubt we won the battles. The enemy soldiers are very dead. Some of their leaders have committed suicide and the ones who are left are on trial or have been executed. The enemy cities are in ruins, and for the time being at least, the love of strutting soldiers and stirring marches would be hard to find in the spirits of the hungry enemy peoples.

If you strolled through our military cemeteries all over the world there would be no doubt in your mind that we paid heavily to win the battles. Of course, the cemeteries are neat, and the white markers are very orderly and dignified, and many of them even have neatly cut grass. But if you had watched soldiers die, some suddenly and some painfully, before they were put in their neat cemeteries, there would be even less doubt about the price we paid.

Our soldiers were told that Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini were vicious and dangerous characters. Why? Because they became powerful by appealing to the baser instincts of their people. They taught them to blame their troubles on minority groups. They glorified the art of war. They believed in preaching hatred and distrust. They encouraged selfishness and greed by bragging about the empires they were going to build. Adolf and Benito made their people so enthusiastic that they overlooked little matters like Greece and Ethiopia, and Lidice, or filling people

with castor oil, pulling out their toenails, or murdering them because they disagreed with their masters.

They built armies of aggression, and we had to go overseas to give them the works. Of course, many of us got "the works" while doing it, but we were told that it was worth while for some of us to get killed so that our kids could grow up in a world free from hate, prejudice, force and intolerance.

Hirohito, of course, was also mentioned to us, and a great number of our friends crossed the Pacific to stamp out this evil little man. The boys had a very uncomfortable life in the war against Hirohito. They lived with insects and malaria and mud for years. Sometimes their only relief was death. They weren't very happy out there. You might even say their morale was low. But when they felt real bad, they were told that they were out there to make the world a little cleaner by ridding it of the things which Hirohito stood for.

A lot of our friends are never coming back, and they didn't always die prettily. Those guys weren't babies—they had a pretty good idea about what went on in the world, and many of them were even a little cynical about the whole mess. But they died anyway, and they fought in the hope that there was something in what we were all being told. There are those who still have that hope, but the hope isn't being nourished by what a lot of us see in our own country.

As I said, we were told that we were fighting against men who had ideals like this—I quote from Adolf Hitler's best seller in Germany, *Mein Kampf*:

"From time to time it is demonstrated to the German petty bourgeoisie that for the first time here or there a Negro has become a lawyer, teacher, clergyman, or even a leading opera tenor or something of that kind. It is a sin against the will of the eternal Creator to let his most talented beings degenerate while Hottentots and Zulus are trained for intellectual vocations. The Jew knows very slyly how to construe from this a new proof of the correctness of his theory of the equality of men which he means to instill into the nations."

Don't Let It Happen Here

That is the kind of stuff that caused untold suffering and cost untold lives. It is the kind of thing that caused concentration camps and persecution. Subsequent evidence reveals that some of Adolf's highest henchmen and financial supporters who preached the same filth never believed it but simply used it to get into power.

And now—now that we have returned—we hear of a United States Senator, a man to whom we took the soldier's oath, a man who has great influence in constructing the peace which we went abroad to win—that great Senator wrote a citizen a letter which read:

"If Jews of your type don't quit sponsoring and fraternizing with the Negro race you are going to arouse so much opposition to all of you that they will get a very strong invitation to pack up and resettle in Palestine, the homeland of the Jews, just as we propose to provide for the voluntary resettlement of the American Negro in West Africa their fatherland."

We beat Mussolini. Yet, when I came home, I found that little people within our own borders were being trampled on

as badly as Benito ever trampled on anybody. Several thousand American citizens of Japanese ancestry were being cheated and hounded and threatened and persecuted by their neighbors. Their homes were burned, their businesses were stolen, and their barns were dynamited. They made one of the greatest combat records, suffered some of the highest casualties of our forces, because the sons of those people were in the United States infantry.

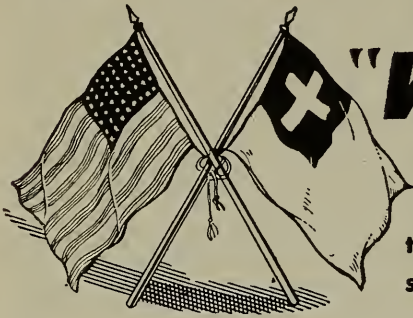
If we were told the truth about the reasons why we went overseas and why some of our best friends were killed and crippled before our eyes, if it is true that we were put into soldier suits to wipe out Hitlers and the Mussolinis and the Hirohitos and the beliefs and the evils which they fostered, then we have not won the war—we have only won the battles.

"I Prefer to Believe"

I prefer to believe that we were told the truth . . . so I say to all of those who depend upon appealing to the beast in men to get power, who preach distrust of the rest of the world to protect their own selfish interests, and to those whose profession is preaching hate against fellow American citizens, then the war is not won. To these may I say, that one of the greatest foundations upon which our country is built is the creed that every citizen shall have the right to freedom of expression and worship, and of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Anything designed to deprive citizens of these rights is un-American.

I think it is up to us who are lucky enough to be living and able to think about building the peace, to stop and think occasionally of the men who died so we can make our plans and to think very often of some of the things they died for.

There's Something About a "WORKSHOP"



... it's democratic, giving your representatives — 300 fellows, most of them just out of service — a voice in plans for the church militant

By T. OTTO NALL

USUALLY associated with benches that have racks of tools above and cans of paint below, the term "workshop" has taken on some new meanings since three hundred young churchmen—ninety per cent of them veterans—set up shop for three days in Lakeside on Lake Erie. They neglected chances to swim in the cool waters and devoted ten solid hours to measuring the Christian task in today's complex society. They laid principles alongside practices. They went about the job in a workmanlike manner and came up with some plans of new and startling design.

To be sure, there were some speeches. "A Date with the World" was the theme used by Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, president of the Federal Council of Churches, joint sponsor of the meetings with the International Council of Religious Education and the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Mealtime and lakeside conversations indicated that the Protestant leader said plenty when he warned against veering to the Marx-minded left or the Maginot-minded right. "The American will not be duped by the stupid propaganda that would turn him from the task of establishing world law and order based on

economic justice and racial brotherhood; nor will he be hypnotized by subtle propaganda that would inveigle him in the use of revolutionary methods to win his objectives."

The bishop spoke the minds of many ex-service men when he added this about the church:

"Vows of poverty, chastity and obedience must apply to the institution as well as the individual. Protestant and Catholic alike must beware lest their property interests silence prophetic utterance; they must cleanse themselves of those political entanglements that make chaste conduct impossible; they must obey the moral law that lies in Christ's command 'Follow me,' and thus be deaf to the calls of fuhrers, duces and dictators who take churchmen up to high mountains and promise them the kingdoms of the earth at the price of their souls."

Prof. Wilhelm Pauck of the University of Chicago Divinity School had a further word about the Church: "It is inconceivable that Western civilization could ever be preserved without the Church. If Christianity were to disappear, men would have to create another religion in order to keep them aware of the purpose of their lives."

Dean Chester B. Emerson of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral (Cleveland, Ohio), brought suggestions on worship, one of the functions of the Church, and added:

"With all the problems of life, the Church must grapple—challenging the evil, encouraging the good. She must insist that this is God's world; that it is for all men, not for a favored few; that every man is a child of God to whom he is responsible, on whom he is dependent, and with whom he may be in saving communion; that liberty is the privilege of a man to heed his conscience; that real freedom comes in obeying the law of Christ; also that the strong must bear the infirmities of the weak, the competent uplift the incompetent; that each one is a steward who must ultimately render an account of his stewardship."

Kirtley F. Mather, famed professor of geology at Harvard, was at Lakeside to describe the personal life of the churchman. "It is the verdict of science as well as the dictum of religion," he said, "that each individual has a contribution to make to the welfare of his community." Then he went on to point out that, in these days of nuclear fission, "never has there been a clearer challenge to the churchman with his world outlook, his recognition of the imperative of universal brotherhood, and his confidence in the redemptive power of God, the Father of mankind."

The world mission of the Church, concerning which the veterans of the Aleutians, the Solomons and other places have some firsthand opinions, came in for a telling description by Wynn C. Fairfield, who is general sec-



Delegates elected chairmen of the eight workshops at the National Conference of Young Churchmen at Lakeside, Ohio: LEFT TO RIGHT (Back row) Francis A. Potter, Jefferson, N. Y. (Methodist minister); George R. Rice, Chicago (student, Methodist); Thomas Anderson, Sidney, Ohio (Presbyterian); and John G. Stewart, New York City (Presbyterian); (Front row) Fred A. Deem, Paris, Ill. (painter, Disciple); T. B. Buffum, Jr., Providence, R. I. (Salesman, Baptist) Edward H. Engdahl, Moline, Ill. (student, Augustana Lutheran); E. J. Rydman, Columbus, Ohio

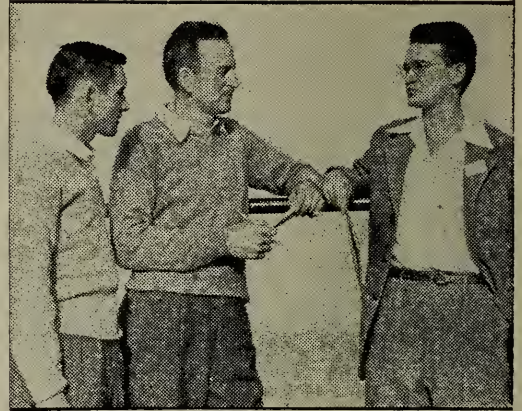
retary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. He said that the world mission of the Church "is far too large a task to be equated with what we have been accustomed to think of as foreign missions." Applying Christianity to the solution of world problems, he suggested, "calls for closer co-operation between all churches and all communions, including the Roman Catholic Church—not necessarily for organic unity, although there is a lot of waste motion because of our divisions."

A representative of church life in Europe had his say when Prof. Bela Vasady, on leave from the Reformed Theological Faculty of the University of Debrecen, in Hungary, commented:

"In Central Europe an open fight is on its way between Moscow and the Vatican, and the Protestant churches must be strengthened not only materially but at the same time spiritually. For them no 'balcony attitude' is possible, and they are learning the great lesson, that they have in this spiritual battle but one weapon—the Word of God. The more they make use of this weapon, the more there is developing a theology of hope in these Central European churches, and co-operation between Protestant churches becomes more of a reality."

This was the quality of the counsel that the under-thirty churchmen received from those who were over thirty. The keynote speakers were really four delegates, who related the Church definitely to the ex-servicemen present. James Rietmulder, an Army veteran, said:

"We must make the group experience in the Church more meaningful. It is a sin of God-given opportunity missed, for which we must daily ask forgiveness, if in this lonely, mobile, drifting world, we cannot demonstrate our faith by giving a group fellowship experience in



An informal session at Lakeside, Ohio, with (LEFT) John K. Fox of Des Moines, Iowa (student), John L. Fortson, public relations director of the Federal Council of Churches, and J. B. Van Hise, a Chicago student.

our church that leaves no class, no race, no doubter on the 'outside.'"

After three years in the Air Corps, with some chance to reflect on the work of the Church, John B. Quick had this to say:

"There is much that the Church can do to meet the predicament of the world. She should begin, first of all, in her own backyard, for she, too, is a part of this predicament. The Church has too simply equated Christian values with secular values."

Charles E. Mosiman, an Air Corps veteran with four and one-half years of service, had three purposes for the workshop discussions. The third was this:

"I believe we should support efforts being made for expanding the methods of instruction of our children in religion. We take them to Sunday school and give them religious instruction in our homes, but in the one place where most of their formal education is fostered religion is absent. It is the function of the public schools to provide young children with the knowledge that will help them face the responsibilities

of adult life in the community intelligently."

The fourth delegate, also a veteran of service in the Air Corps, Grant A. Salisbury, said:

"During the time I was in the Army I developed the attitude that it was up to the Church to answer my wants in the way of a place to worship, and the type of worship service I would like to attend . . . I forgot the old truth that every privilege carries with it a responsibility.

"If this happened to me during my years in the service, it has happened to many other men and their wives. Just recently have I discovered once again that you must truly work and serve in your church, if you are to get the guidance and inspiration you are looking for."

All this, and more, was raw material

for the discussions of the workshops, where delegates drawn from churches of twenty denominations were assigned according to the size of the churches and communities from which they came. Worship, race relations, broken homes, religious education, the radio ministry and young adult programs were some of the subjects touched upon there. "They were quick to dig in," reported Reuben W. Coleman, director of the conference and head of the Federal Council's Commission on the Churches' Ministry to Returning Service Men and Women. "This was not an enrichment conference, but a conference to find out what those who are returning think about the Church and to discover how older churchmen may share with them the opportunities for service in the Church."

It was three o'clock in the morning



The Burkhart group at Lakeside: (LEFT TO RIGHT) E. H. Engdahl, Roy Burkhart, pastor Community Church, Columbus, Ohio; D. D. Ostroth, Naperville, Ill. (advertising, Evangelical); C. W. Smith, Port Huron, Mich. (student, Baptist); Charles E. Mosiman, Indianapolis, Ind. (furniture manufacturer, Evangelical); E. J. Rydman, Columbus, Ohio. (Back row) Grant A. Salisbury, Manhattan, Kans. (radio and journalism, Presbyterian); Sands Smith, Richmond, Va. (student, Episcopal); and A. Oettinger, Wilson, N. C. (student, Disciple) Photo, Fachman Studio.

before the findings committee had its recommendations ready, and then they constituted a series of personal commitments instead of the usual "sounding off" on a variety of themes.

"As young churchmen," the findings began, "we declare ourselves to be men of faith—faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, who came that we might have life. We believe in the Church as the Body of Christ on earth, which in its nature is universal, embracing all of those who accept and follow him. We confess our individual sins and seek the redeeming grace of our Lord and Saviour. It is with the deepest sense of humility and feeling of responsibility that we thus commit ourselves to Christian action on the human problems facing the Church."

There followed a series of commitments for personal spiritual growth, for activity within the local church, in the community through the church, and in the wider community of the world.

Prayer and study, evangelism of all kinds, parent education, youth leadership, race relations and the relations between labor and management, and world peace were a few of the matters involved. The findings could well be summarized in such words as these:

"Because there is a special need today to revitalize Christian personality as a dynamic force in the world, we commit ourselves to make personal dedications to the will of God . . . and to a re-examination of the whole church program, seeking to make all phases of its work more vital. . . . We commit ourselves with fresh vigor and inspiration to the task of interpreting and applying our faith to all those affairs of the community that effect the brotherhood of man."

There's something about a workshop, when the workers are young men and the work is the building of a better world.

Findings of National Conference of Young Churchmen

OUR COMMITMENT:

As young churchmen we declare ourselves to be men of faith—faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God who came that we might have life. We believe in the Church as the "Body of Christ" on earth which in its nature is universal, embracing all of those who accept and follow Him. We confess our individual sins and seek the redeeming grace of our Lord and Savior. It is with the deepest sense of humility and feeling of responsibility that we thus commit ourselves to Christian action on the human problems facing the Church. A great value of our Faith lies in the challenge which it

presents to us as Christians. Our Faith makes us secure in accepting this challenge and it is through the bonds of friendship that we dedicate ourselves to our task.

PERSONAL SPIRITUAL GROWTH:

Because there is a special need today to revitalize Christian personality as a dynamic force in the world, *we commit ourselves:*

To make a personal dedication to the Will of God, and to develop to the best of our ability the qualities of life made evident in the life and teachings of Jesus.

To prepare ourselves for discipleship

by study, prayer and worship, to the end that in living a seven-day-a-week faith we may make our most eloquent witness.

To assume unflinching personal responsibility for the needs of the world about us, evidencing our concern through aid to our neighbors, by sharing our personal faith, in the acceptance of leadership responsibilities, and in our personal interest in increasing the effectiveness of the total Church program.

WITHIN THE LOCAL CHURCH :

We commit ourselves to a re-examination of the whole church program, seeking to make all phases of its work more vital.

We commit ourselves to aid the Church in reaching non-church and delinquent church groups by: encouraging visitation evangelism; encouraging pastoral calling; supporting a follow-up program for members who are new in the church; seeking to interest groups as well as individuals; making an example of our lives in the practice of Christian ideals.

We commit ourselves to give support to an effective church training and education program, using every modern technique, in the areas of: lay leadership training; the nature, history and organization of the church; parent education; counseling of youth in preparation for marriage; personal and family counseling.

We commit ourselves to the use of worship as a primary means of providing the resource of power necessary for vital Christian living.

We commit ourselves to the development of an adequate program for young people of all ages within the Church and throughout the community.

We commit ourselves to an effort to abolish vice and crime and control the

liquor traffic by: appealing to local authorities; encouraging community pride; positive secular and Christian education.

We commit ourselves to the following church policy: a system of rotation providing for change in the membership of official boards, including youth.

We commit ourselves to the adequate financial support of the Church.

THROUGH THE CHURCH AND COMMUNITY :

We commit ourselves to:

Making our churches centers of the social activities of the community which will serve the basic needs of our people, always keeping in mind the real spiritual purpose of the Christian Church.

The church-sponsored training of laymen for community service.

Making our churches conscious of the needs of the community.

The promotion of community recreation.

A determined effort to bring the teaching of religion into the curriculum of the public schools.

The application of the Christian gospel, with its affirmation of human brotherhood, to the problem of racial discrimination. We commit ourselves therefore to the removal of race discrimination, to taking the lead as young churchmen in the formation of inter-racial community councils, to taking affirmative action in local situations, and to seeking equalization of educational opportunity for all races.

Developing co-operative united church channels for effective community action and to encourage church union where possible in over-churched communities;

The promotion of adequate economic opportunity for all races.

Take every opportunity to advance the Christian ethic in the community by adequate acceptance and presentation of the Christian gospel.

IN THE WIDER COMMUNITY:

We commit ourselves with fresh vigor and inspiration to the task of interpreting and applying our faith to all those affairs of the national and world-wide community that effect the brotherhood of man:

To support the total Church in fulfilling its prophetic role.

To support the spirit of co-operation in the present United Nations and recommend the transfer of some major elements of national sovereignty to a world organization as soon as possible so that the principle of universal brotherhood may be better served.

To persistent prayer for lasting peace supplemented by Christian action in its behalf.

To interdenominational efforts at all levels, believing that our local churches and all Protestantism will be strengthened if we speak with a united voice in matters of common interest.

To secure information and direction leading to consistent, constructive Christian policies regarding those areas of racial and religious tensions that seem to be increasing.

To improve the relations of labor and management.

To the support of missionary work.

We Further Commit Ourselves:

To look for creative methods of implementing the missionary and evangelistic efforts of the church at home and abroad through the application of Christian principles in all channels of life.

To seek all means whereby we can gain greater understanding of the problems of foreign countries, by promoting exchange of young churchmen between nations, by the study and appreciation of the culture, literature, art and music of these foreign neighbors.

To support the efforts by which provision is made for the development of an adequate program for training Protestant ministers with the highest possible qualifications including: spiritual dedication; liberal education; understanding of the life and needs of the community.

Customer: "Gimme a tablet."

Druggist: "What kind of tablet?"

Customer: "A yellow one."

Druggist: "But what's the matter with you?"

Customer: "I want to write a letter."



The one-ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks recognized all the band instruments except the slide trombone.

The old settler watched the players for quite some time, then said, "There's a trick to it. He ain't really swallowing it."

And then there was the Texan who was enjoying the wonders of California, as pointed out by a native.

"What beautiful grapefruit!" exclaimed the Texan as they passed a citrus orchard.

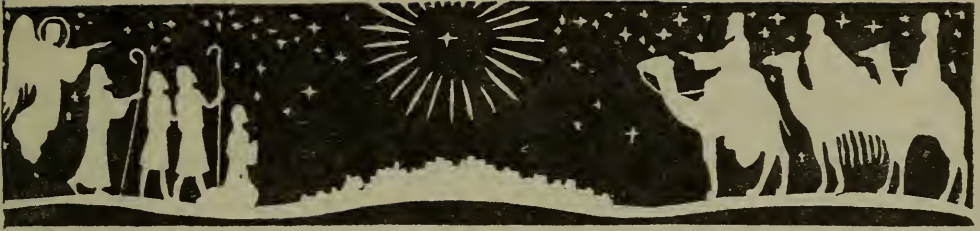
"Grapefruit!" cried the native; "those are just small lemons."

"And what are those enormous blossoms in that field?"

"Oh, just dandelions."

Then they passed the Los Angeles River.

"Ah," said the Texan, "I see that someone's radiator is leaking!"



Men of Good Will

By **RAYMOND E. MUSSER**

(Former Chaplain, United States Army)

IN the year one, three kings of the ancient Orient set out to find the Way for world peace. They found the Way—in the soul of a baby Boy. A star-like light led them from Persia and definitely designated the Person. Divinity could bring man's salvation *via* a son of man. Satisfied with their quest, the Magi trudged back home, leaving their symbolic gifts, refusing to put the hateful Herod onto the trail they had found lest the evil tyrant destroy the Child, the world's hope for peace. The light shineth in the darkness but the darkness could not envelope it and snuff it out. The Light, the Way was and is **GOOD WILL**.

A fourth wise man (according to the Van Dyke story, no less important) missed the three-way council through the course of circumstances.

In the year 1943 the three leaders of the modern Occident set out from the West to gather in the East to seek the way for world peace. It is positively uncanny that the three modern wise men met in that same Persia—now called Iran—from whence the Magi came so long ago.

The light that led them there was the triple-pronged star of faith, hope, good will. With faith in God and Allied armies and the home front, with hope

for a warless world, with the warm feeling of fraternity in their own hearts and a burning mutual respect for each other's national contribution to the war effort shining in their faces, they met as equals. It was as the angelic chorus sang out of the night to the awe-struck shepherds: "Glory to God! Peace on earth! Good will among men!"

Satisfied, the Big Three went each back by a route unknown to the modern Herod, who would like to kill this child of peace at its birth and to destroy the leaders en route home, if he could. He, too, would raze a city to be sure of the death of one enemy.

The Big Three offered their gifts of industry, morale, and sacrifice to the Prince of Peace, the new Way, the world Brotherhood. The two giant Anglo-Saxon, English-speaking, Protestant-Christian nations and the tremendous Unknown Union joined hands for a Better Order. Let us pray that it be the nearest thing yet to the Kingdom heralded at the First Christmas.

The fourth wise man came from the Far East to the Near East—for the same purpose as the Big Three. He, too, with his dynamic wife, is a Protestant-Christian. His nation is numerically the largest but industrially the weakest. His nation's gifts have been dissipated, like

his counterpart of the year one, but those gifts of patience, tenacity, and courage since 1932 have made their inestimable contribution to ultimate Victory. When all together we have cleared the Orient of the yellow menace, his people can control them; and we will have a friend at our back door.

For 1946 years the human race has known the answer, but its wise men could not work out the problem of world peace to get the right answer. World Peace is that pot of gold at the foot of

the rainbow, an invaluable prize that wise men of every generation have taken counsel together to find.

The Magi knew then.

Our leaders, know, in these days.

We know, too.

France and Germany built two walls between themselves, in ill will. Chile and Argentina built the Christ of the Andes; Canada and the United States built up friendship and understanding, in good will. The difference is world war or world peace. *Quo vadis*, 1946?

Peace on Earth

By CHAPLAIN JOHN E. HADLEY

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night on the hills of Judea, the stillness was suddenly broken by the voice of a heavenly visitor who declared unto them, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The heavens burst forth with angelic song as the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. Then the lowly shepherds hastened to Bethlehem to see the wondrous child, and by the manger rude and bare to worship him, the Christ Child.

Across the darkened sky, the Star of Bethlehem burst forth with all its radiant light to guide the Wise Men from afar. With gladness, they beheld the star which led them to the Christ Child. That star, for them, gave promise of a new day among the nations of men. There at the feet of the King they bowed in reverence and devotion. And from their treasure chests, they brought

gifts both rare and worthy of Him who was to rule among the nations: gifts of gold, and frankincense and myrrh, to Him they gave in full allegiance and devotion.

Once more the Star of Bethlehem will shine, and again the angelic songs be heard on this Christmas Day. For the Christ has been born and the promise of a new day of peace and good will comes to us again. He comes to bless mankind.

*I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.*

*And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."*

*Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep:
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."*

Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

By MAYO CORNELL



BUT as many as received Him, to them He gave the power to become the sons of God." The sons of God! What power, what impregnable armor, what heaven-sent succor lies in that phrase! Get a man or woman, or a child to admit that he needs help and that he will "receive" it, and lo! the door swings wide for God and for his own personal salvation.

At superficial glance it may seem odd that among the organizations which are daily performing miracles in the regeneration of man is one called Alcoholics Anonymous, composed of reformed victims of alcoholism. Their basic principle, and their only one, is that deep within the individual lies a spark of the Divine, a powerful ally upon whom they may call at any moment to save them from any given situation or temptation. They point out that the victim is the son of God, and as such he is invulnerable.

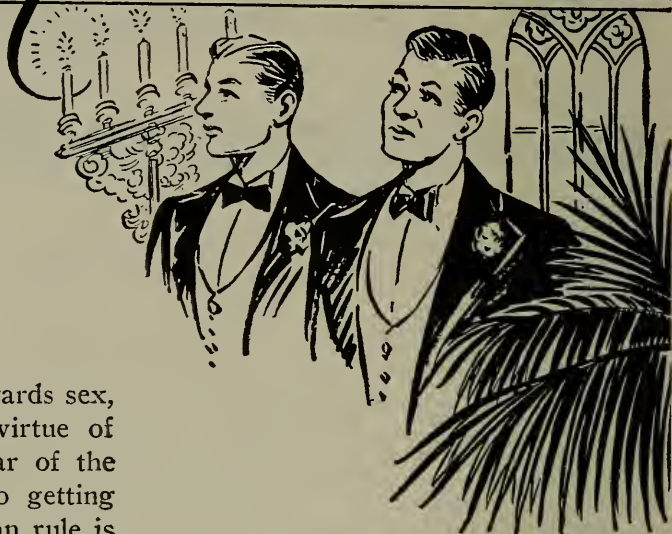
Why some people should be tempted more than others, is not for me to say, but God does give each of us a weapon, deep within our own souls, to overcome temptation through the knowledge that we are, verily, the sons of God, and as such, need fear no evil.

If ever a group of crusaders evinced the Christlike spirit, showed Christian fellowship in effective operation, it is this organization, Alcoholics Anonymous. Their creed—a very workable one—is simply this: that each person of the group will rally to the other's side in time of temptation, will stand by with compassion and with understanding till the storm has passed. No inclement weather, no physical weariness, no press of other business, no selfish interest can stay their enthusiasm or "gum" their efforts. No hour of the day or night is inconvenient to these blessed Samaritans, no distance is too great to diminish their zeal to aid. They know—because they have once stood in the victim's own shoes—that they are the logical meter of salvation. They work anonymously, as sons of God, to lift their brothers from the depths of despair and from a drunkard's death.

Morality IS NATURAL

Resisting a conscious desire
"never did anyone any harm yet"

By C. S. LEWIS



CHRISTIAN morality as regards sex, what Christians call the virtue of chastity, is the most unpopular of the Christian virtues. There is no getting away from it: the old Christian rule is "either marriage, with complete faithfulness to your partner, or else total abstinence." Now this is so difficult and so contrary to our instincts, that obviously either Christianity is wrong or our sexual instinct, as it now is, has gone wrong. Of course, being a Christian, I think it is the instinct which has gone wrong.

But I have other reasons for thinking so. The biological purpose of sex is children, just as the biological purpose of eating is to repair the body. Now if we eat whenever we feel inclined and just as much as we wish, it's quite true that most of us will eat too much; but not terrifically too much. One man may eat enough for two, but he doesn't eat enough for ten. The appetite goes a little beyond its biological purpose, but not enormously. But if a healthy young man indulged his sexual appetite whenever he felt inclined, and if each act produced a baby, then in ten years he might easily populate a small village. This appetite

is in ludicrous and preposterous excess of its function.

Suppose you came to a country where you could fill a theater by simply bringing a covered plate onto the stage and then slowly lifting the cover so as to let every one see, just before the lights went out, that it contained a mutton chop or a bit of bacon. Such an exhibit could be called a food-tease, and it would be parallel with that low stage performance called a strip-tease. Wouldn't you think that in that country something had gone wrong with the appetite for food? And wouldn't anyone who had grown up in a different world think there was something equally queer about the state of the sex instinct among us?

You find very few persons who want to eat things that really aren't food or to do other things with food instead of eating it. Perversions of the food appetite are rare. But perversions of the sex instinct are numerous, hard to cure, and frightful. I am sorry to have to go into all these details, but I must. The

reason why I must is that you and I, for the last twenty years, have been fed on solid lies about sex. We've been told, till one's sick of hearing it, that sexual desire is in the same state as any of our other natural desires, and that, if only we give up the silly old Victorian idea of hushing it up, everything in the garden will be lovely. It's just not true. The moment you look at the facts, and away from the propaganda, you see it isn't.

Christianity Teaches Respect

They'll tell you sex has become a mess because it was hushed up. But for the last twenty years it has not been hushed up. It has been chattered about all day long. Yet it is still in a mess. If hushing up had been the cause of the trouble, ventilation would have set it right. But it hasn't. I think it is the other way round. I think the human race originally hushed it up because it had become such a mess.

Modern people are always saying, "Sex is nothing to be ashamed of." They may mean two things. They may mean, "There is nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that the human race reproduces itself in a certain way, nor in the fact it gives pleasure." If they mean that, they are right. Christianity says the same. It is not the thing, nor the pleasure, that's the trouble. The old Christian teachers said that if man had never fallen, sexual pleasure, instead of being less than it is now would actually have been greater. I know some muddle-headed Christians have talked as if Christianity thought that sex, or the body, or pleasure were bad in themselves. But they were wrong. Christianity is almost the only one of the great religions which thoroughly approves of the body—which believes that matter is good, that God Himself once took on a human body, that some kind

of body is going to be given to us even in heaven and is going to be an essential part of our happiness, beauty, and energy. Christianity has glorified marriage more than any other religion: and nearly all the greatest love poetry in the world has been produced by Christians. If anyone says that sex, in itself, is bad, Christianity contradicts him at once. But, of course, when people say, "Sex is nothing to be ashamed of," they may mean, "the state into which the sexual instinct has now got is nothing to be ashamed of."

If they mean that, they are wrong. I think it is everything to be ashamed of. There is nothing to be ashamed of in enjoying our food; there would be everything to be ashamed of if half the world made food the main interest of their lives and spent their time looking at pictures of food and dribbling and smacking their lips. I don't say you and I are individually responsible for the present situation. Our ancestors have handed over to us organisms which are warped in this respect; and we grow up surrounded by propaganda in favor of unchastity. There are persons who wish to keep our sex instinct inflamed, to make money out of us; because a man with an obsession is a man who has very little sales resistance.

What to Do About It?

The moral question is, given that situation, what are we to do about it? If we really want to be cured, I think we shall be. Those who really want help will get it. The difficulty is the really wanting it. It is quite easy to think you want something when you don't really. A famous Christian long ago said that when he was a young man he prayed constantly for chastity; but only after several years he came to realize that, while his lips were saying, "Oh, God, make me chaste," his real wishes were

secretly adding, "But please don't do it for a few years yet." This catch occurs in prayers on other subjects, too.

Don't misunderstand what psychology teaches us about repressions. It teaches us that repressed sex is dangerous. But many who repeat this don't know that *repression* is a technical term. Repressing an impulse does not mean having a conscious desire and resisting it. It means being so frightened of some impulse you don't let it become conscious at all, so that it goes down into the subconscious and causes trouble. Resisting a conscious desire is quite a different matter, and never did anyone any harm yet.

Although I've had to speak at some length about sex, I want to make it as clear as I possibly can that the center of Christian morality is not here. If

anyone thinks that Christians regard unchastity as the great vice, he is quite wrong. The sins of the flesh are bad, but they are the least bad of all sins. All the worst pleasures are purely spiritual: the pleasures of putting other people in the wrong, of bossing and patronizing and spoling sport, and backbiting; the pleasures of power, of hatred. You see, there are two things inside me, competing with the human self which I must try to become. They are the animal self and the diabolical self. The diabolical self is the worst of the two. That is why a cold, self-righteous prig who goes regularly to church may be far nearer to hell than a prostitute. But, of course, it is better to be neither.



The Time to Get Married


JIM AND I got to talking as we sat around waiting for transportation at a POE. He had just met a wonderful girl, Sue, by name, and he was thinking about wedding bells. What, I said, were the alternatives? Marry her and go overseas and what may happen? Two months' courtship wasn't much of a basis for answering this question. In case of childbirth—what about the economic situation? Not so good. What about the physiological and psychological factors during the separation? Jim decided he did not know the girl well enough and that this was not the time to get married.

When Jim got back from a year-and-a-half service in one theater of operation, he decided that now was the time to think about marriage. During the separation Jim was sure of her, as Sue was of him. They had found out that there was no one else—no matter what happened. Sue had worked and saved to make a home; Jim was positive the separation had helped each one know more about the other. So after a continued courtship of three months they were married. Sometime after there was a third member of the family on the way. They were ready for this and everything now. They had found a love that nothing ever could destroy.

Later, Jim wrote me a letter thanking me for that early advice. Advice? I pondered. I had not given any. All I tried to do was to help him decide on the basis of all the known factors in his situation—economic, psychological, physiological. The time to get married is different in each situation. It is up to hundreds of Jims and Sues to decide for themselves. People usually stick by their own decisions—good or bad and make something of the consequences. Jim and Sue both knew the right time to get married.

—Chaplain George P. Weiss

My Choice: THE MINISTRY



Young men may dream dreams,
but they also make decisions

By SANTFORD MODLIN

I AM an ex-GI. Lately I have been spending much time looking at the Christian ministry and thinking about my life in relation to that high calling. Let it be understood that I am not attempting in any way to interpret the mind of other men who have returned from the service. Most of them, I know, are able to speak for themselves, and would resent anyone trying to talk for them. It is not easy for any young man who has been away from civilian life several years to make a quick adjustment and make those decisions that are bound to affect the future years of his life. For some of us, it takes time to chart our course and embark on the journey of preparation for our life work.

Some may want to know if I have been called to the ministry. They want to know, I suppose, if I have had any experience when the heavens opened and a Divine hand beckoned. As I shall later try to point out, I believe that any hand that beckons to the pathway of duty is a Divine hand. However, I will have to

admit that there were some deep moments which came to me during these past three years which could well be the voice of God speaking to my heart. I shall mention only one of these.

This particular experience occurred on Saipan Island. The long battle had been raging and I had seen many of my buddies fall in the line of duty. The firing ceased, but the roar of battle was still in my ears and my heart was heavy. We had received no mail for weeks and I guess I wondered if loved ones had forgotten me and if my home church had deserted me—yes, I even wondered if God was still in His heavens. Tired and sick at heart, I was about as low as a soldier ever gets. Then came news of a mail call. In that mail was a letter from my best girl, my mother, and there was a letter from my pastor assuring me that the home church was praying for my physical, moral and spiritual well-being. In that letter from our pastor there was a printed copy of one of his sermons. I eagerly read every word of those letters and meditated a long time upon the thoughts of the sermon. So deeply was my soul moved that I think it was then that I began to look seriously toward the Christian ministry.

There are three or four reasons why I think I would like to become a minister of the gospel. First, I have seen

NOTE: Santford Modlin is a member of First Christian Church, South Bend, Indiana. He was in the Marines for three years, being in active combat in various portions of the South Pacific. He enrolled in Butler University this fall to begin his college and seminary training in preparation for the Christian ministry. One Sunday, in the absence of his pastor the Rev. F. E. Davison, Santford Modlin was asked to preach. It was his first sermon, and we reprint it from the *Christian-Evangelist* because it gives one young man's idea of the challenge of the ministry.

with my own eyes a broken world, and I would like to have the largest part possible in healing the hurt of the world.

You cannot see islands blown to bits, cities lying in ruins, human bodies piled like cordwood; you cannot hear the agonizing cries of suffering and dying humanity; you cannot smell the stench of the aftermath of battle without something within you crying out, "O God, how long? How long?"

I have had a part in blowing the world to pieces. I was a part of an organization that killed men by the thousands and the bloodstains are still on my hands and on my heart. With God's help, I am determined to do what I can to erase those stains.

You, too, were a part of that machine. Of course you can explain it and so can we all. We were fighting to save our country and our loved ones—we were fighting for the American way of life. Nevertheless, the world lies in ruins; billions of dollars have been wasted and millions of precious lives lie beneath the sod. The blood of our enemies and the blood of our comrades is upon our hands.

An Opportunity to Build a Better World

We cannot turn back the clock, we cannot undo what we have already done, but we can repent of our sins by becoming builders of a new and a better world. It is because I believe that the Christian ministry offers me the best opportunity to be such a builder that I want to dedicate the few talents I possess to that glorious work.

In the second place, I believe in people and I want to work with people to the end that the Kingdom of God may come upon the earth.

Any GI has a chance to meet and know a lot of people; he sees them at their worst and at their best and at all points in between. He sees men of in-

tellect and ability who apparently have no control over their own lives. He sees men who look and talk like beasts manifest a heart of tenderness and love in some emergency. He soon comes to say with the poet, Joaquin Miller:

*In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.*

War does not make saints out of those who participate in it and there are many indications that war did not make saints out of many who stayed at home. However, I have been able to discover something of the Divine in people, and I want to help fan that spark into a blaze.

"Brothers Under the Skin"

As one sees the natives of other lands he soon finds that regardless of the color of their skins, regardless of their educational and cultural backgrounds, they have much the same loves, the same joys, the same sorrows as the rest of us. They may not always understand a friendly smile and quickly respond to every kindness shown them. It is to such people that the Church, across the centuries, has sent its messengers, and I want to have a part in lifting the heavy loads of my fellowmen and pointing them to the great Burden-bearer of all mankind.

For several years I thought I would be a mechanic and spend my life working with things and perhaps helping to create machines. As I look toward the ministry I believe it offers me an opportunity to work with people. I believe that unless people learn to possess moral controls they will assist our world in committing suicide.

This leads me to my final statement

in which I declare to you that I look toward the ministry because I believe that Christ is the answer to all our problems and I want to give Christ to people.

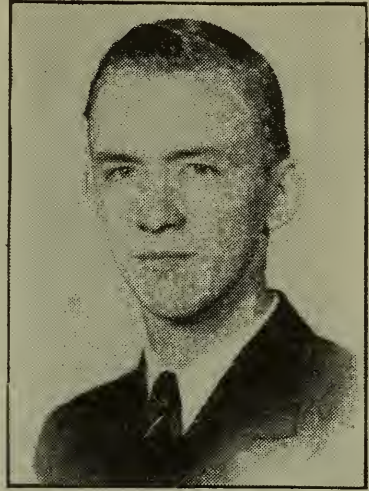
During my years away from home I may not have read my Bible as often as I should, but I did read again and again the story of Christ's life and fed my soul upon the words that fell from His lips. In the darkest hours that came—and there were many of them—I heard Christ saying, "Ye are the light of the world," and I tried in my own way to bring a little light to those about me. In those times when I was afraid—and let no one tell you that we were not afraid—I heard the Master saying, "Fear not for I am with you."

Not an Easy Rule

During those times when we were being encouraged to grow hate in our hearts, I remember that Christ said, "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." That is not an easy rule to follow and I am not saying that I always followed it, but I do believe that it is down that road that Christ shows us the answer to prejudice, to hate and to war.

There were plenty of times when I was confused and perplexed about the fortunes of war. I came through with only a few scars on my body, but there were others whose lives would have been far more useful than my own, who did not come back. Was it because I prayed and they did not? No, some of them were more devout than I was. I do not know the answer, I only know that by their death some of the rest of us were saved and by Christ's death we all are offered salvation.

One night a bomb dropped in the

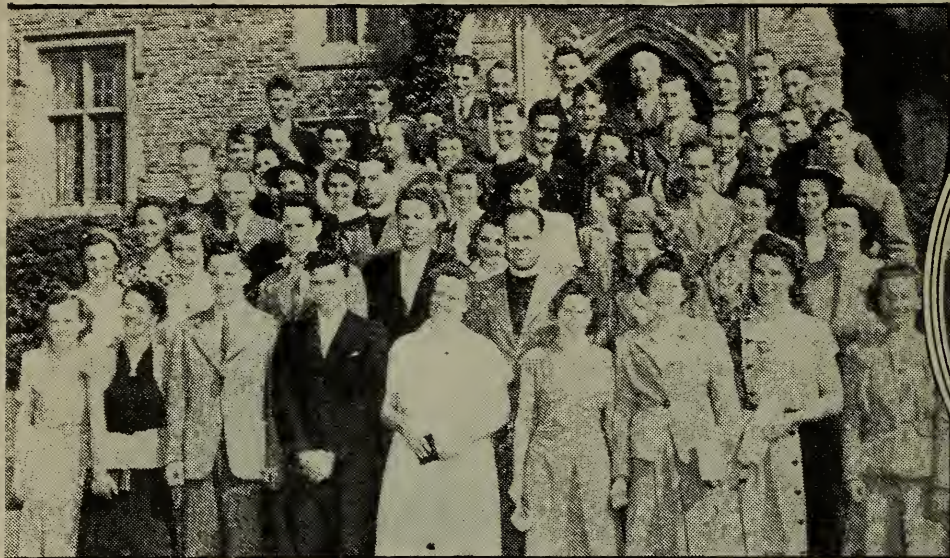


The author, Santford Modlin

midst of a small group of us and some of our finest buddies were instantly killed while others of us escaped. At that time I could not understand but I began to get glimpses of light two days later when I heard six of the roughest men in the group confess their faith in Christ and submit themselves for Christian baptism. Perhaps it was then I heard Christ saying, "let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

The Answer to Our Needs

It may be, my friends, that those gold stars on our bulletin board are the voice of God saying to you and to me, "Christ is the answer." Christ is the answer to our international problems and unless His Spirit leads at the conference table all will end in chaos and confusion. Christ is the answer in America and unless you men of business will accept His way and you men of labor will submit your wills to His will, we are sure to have a "blackout" of all that we sought to preserve. Christ is the answer to all our individual problems; I want to help people find Christ and dedicate their lives to Him.

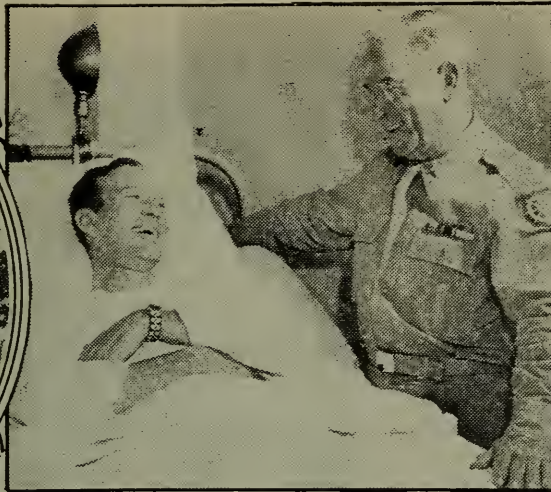


You can tell by the happy faces of these young people that they enjoy the "fellowship of kindred hearts." The conference, for youth leaders of Canada's churches, urged Protestant youth to unite in a program of evangelism. Sponsors were: the Canadian Council of Churches, and the Natl. Y. P. Board of the Religious Education Council of Canada

Chapel of the Manicouagan Pine Island Naval Co.

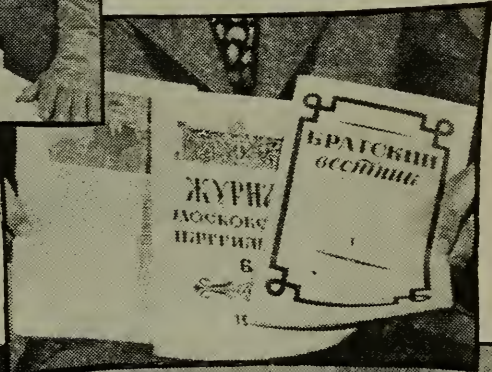


FORT KNOX, Ky.—During the war, Fort Knox had a thriving unit of the Service Men's Christian League. Under the sponsorship of Chaplain David E. Kinsler, this League unit still carries on. (See report, page 45.) Here we see new members of the League unit. LEFT TO RIGHT (front row): T/5 Elton Coleman, Pvt. Charles Courtney, T/4 Samuel R. Brown, Pvt. Ernest Neverman, Pvt. Wright Bryon, Pvt. Herbert Fuqua, Pvt. Robert Dorsey, and Chaplain D. E. Kinsler; (second row) Pvt. Robert Rice, T/5 John R. McGuinn, Pvt. Carl Garner, Pvt. A. Lee Kennon.

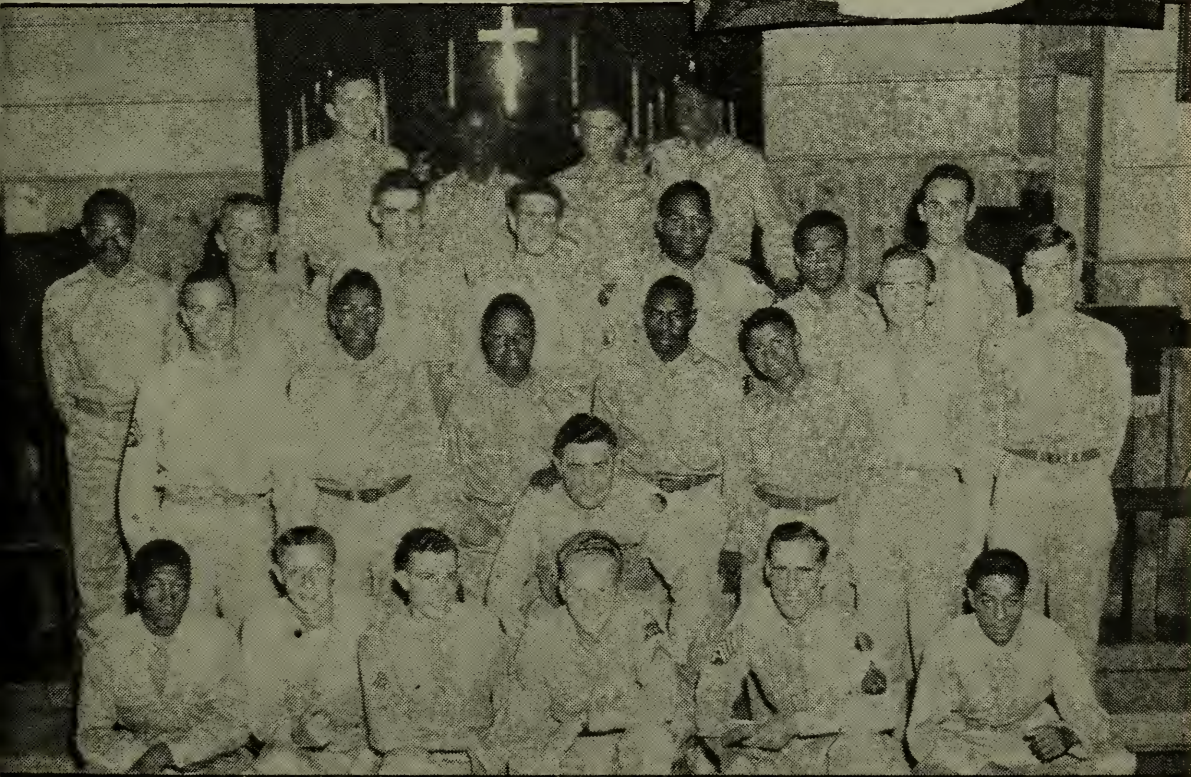


(ABOVE) Lewis T. Graham, Jr., a patient in Veterans Hospital 48, near Atlanta, Georgia, exchanges friendly smiles with Chaplain John R. Easias.

(BELOW) First copies of Baptist and Evangelical Christian Council newspaper, "Bratskij Westnik," published in Moscow have been received at the headquarters of the World Council of Church in Geneva.



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FORT KNOX, Ky.—Members of the SMCL unit here: LEFT TO RIGHT (front row) Pvt. C. Edwards, Pvt. T. Hilbert, T/5 Elton Coleman, Pfc. Winton Hoog, T/4 Wm. Bell, Pvt L. Vandye; (2nd row) T/5 Clifford Day, Pvt. W. Seay, Pvt. W. Bryon, Pvt. H. Fuqua, Pvt. Robert Dorsey, T/5 J. Treptow, Pvt. J. L. Burrows; (3rd row) Pvt. R. Rice, T/4 Samuel R. Brown, Pvt. E. Neverman, Pvt. R. Carpenter, S/Sgt. N. Wright, Pvt. A. L. Kennon, Pvt. S. Holingsworth; (4th row) T/5 J. R. McGuinn, Pvt. James Taylor, Pvt. Charles Courtney, Pvt. Carl Garner.

Jobs for GIs

You don't have to be classed among the long-haired boys—you can make a decent living wage if you have a talent . . .

In the Fine Arts

PART II

HERE again we have the problem of TALENT—and the capitals mean that talent may be even more important in the art jobs we're tackling here than in Music and the Dramatic Arts which were presented in the previous article. Don't fool yourself, if you have been handy with the pencil since childhood, that you will take the world by storm the moment you set about the task of becoming a full-fledged artist. Here's what happened to one young prodigy who had that idea about herself. During her first weeks in art school she had a bad shock in the discovery that most of her fellow students turned out drawings equal to hers—and sometimes better. It took considerable will power and a lot of straight talk from friends to hold her to her aim. By the end of the first year, however, she had outdistanced the others by more than a length and today she is a well-known commercial artist with an income in the top bracket.

You may not face that dilemma if you choose a school that uses tests of artistic aptitude similar to those mentioned for



H. Armstrong Roberts

By M. R. LINGENFELTER

would-be music stars and starlets. It is claimed that these tests have been surprisingly accurate in predicting success in the field of art. The prospective student must produce an architectural plan for a one-story building, a pencil drawing of a human figure in relation to surrounding objects, a plastilina model and so on until the testers have arrived at a decision about the actual amount of talent possessed by the student. If the decision is unfavorable woe be unto the luckless lad or lass who tries to go on in the field.

First let's glance at the various fields of art, starting with the so-called Fine Arts in which we are likely to find many of the long-haired boys who would rather starve than "commercialize" their art. And some of them may do just that. On the other hand, we can give you plenty of success stories such as that of a fellow-student of our girl-friend above. This young man became an instructor

in the School of Fine Arts from which he graduated, later became Dean and, at this time, is on an exceptionally interesting mission abroad.

SCULPTURE is perhaps one of the most difficult of all the arts in which to achieve success unless you are truly gifted. People buy fewer pieces of sculpture than paintings which indicates that you might need to earn your living by other means and carry on your modeling and chipping in your spare time. Don't let this gloomy picture discourage you, however, if you have confidence in your own ability for you may be one of the fortunate few who reach the top.

PAINTING has many of the same drawbacks. Here again must be native talent—in large quantities. If you have that, you will be willing to struggle against all odds to win the required training. Luckily for both the painter and the sculptor, it is possible to earn your way as you study art. Evening classes are available and you will meet many congenial spirits in such schools. It will be better, if you can afford it, to go to a top-notch school and devote all your time to gaining the best possible training.

What about the COMMERCIAL field? In addition to ability to draw and paint you must be able to catch ideas from written material or from rather hazy authors. You must be able to distinguish color shades, to tell whether a picture is done in proper proportion. You will need salesmanship ability, pleasing appearance and personality.

Among the promising opportunities ahead for the commercial artist are those in advertising agencies, department stores, and on newspapers. Here you may climb to a position as chief artist, manager of an art department,

buyer, or advertising manager. A considerable number of commercial art jobs are available in greeting card and calendar companies.

Independent work in your own studio may be best of all if you are the sort of person who does not like to ring a time clock and is willing to take a few risks. Free lance artists who are good can make from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year, beginners usually make not more than \$18 to \$25 a week in a commercial studio. Prospects are good for the commercial artist as long as the pent-up demand for products denied us in war time continues.

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN has many possibilities as manufacturers swing into the keenest competition of many decades. Not only will you be called upon to design new products but you will have the task of redesigning former products so that they will have the eye appeal so important to feminine buyers. In this job you will need to know a good deal about manufacturing processes and about engineering as well. Versatility is an essential qualification for there will be as varied opportunities as there are different kinds of manufactured products. In all kinds of industrial, textile, or costume design you must actually keep ahead of the times.

CERAMICS design is one of the most promising phases of industrial art work in a rapidly expanding and decidedly uncrowded field. The American Ceramic Society reports that there are twice as many jobs as there are people to fill them. Complete ceramic courses are offered at Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.; Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio; and Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. Send for their bulletins if you are interested. The Rochester (N.

Y.) Institute of Technology has an excellent co-operative course in Industrial Ceramics and the Illinois Ceramic Institute in Urbana, Ill., issued a pamphlet titled "Ceramics—What It Is—What It Offers as a Career."

We know of one man who graduated from Alfred University and went to a southwestern university as professor of ceramics. In that area there was not only a wide variety of clay deposits but natural gas as well which gave the young professor the idea of setting up a pottery factory. Today he is manufacturing high-grade dinner services and other pottery of exceptional design because he was trained thoroughly as a designer. In his factory, as in all such plants all over the country, orders for dishes are two years ahead of the factories.

A study of members of the American Ceramic Society will give you an idea of where you may go in this field. Out of every 100 men in that group, 51 are engaged in production work, 18 are executives; 16 are in research; 7 are teaching; 7 are in sales and 1 is an industrial artist.

ARCHITECT: Here is one of the most promising fields in all this art business as it most surely will be until the housing shortage has been overcome and long-planning public buildings have been built. Today many architects are aiding young GIs to find homes through converting old houses and barns into charming apartments. This job may have plenty of headaches if you happen to strike a place that needs to be made over and that, after all is done, will not show what has been done under floors, back of the plaster, and so on.

Architects have not only the job of preparing drawings of exterior and interior designs but must estimate costs,



JUST WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN THE AIR CORPS?

prepare working drawings, specifications for contractors and sub-contractors, and sometimes may have to assume complete responsibility for completion of the building during a client's absence in a foreign country.

You may specialize in certain types of buildings. In your author's family is one of these gentlemen who prefers public buildings and schools. Others stick rather closely to housing developments, theaters, churches, bridges, shopping centers, and the like. Another architect of our acquaintance has taken an interesting government job which is concerned with expediting materials to the nation's far-flung building projects.

Today the majority of architects are graduates of schools of architecture in a four-year-or-more course, although in the past many young men with skilled pencils learned the hard way. The usual rungs on the ladder are: drafting jobs, designing, and, after years of study and experience these self-schooled men attempt the examination for registered architect. This is required by law in all but a few states, and may last two or three days.

Beginning salaries may be low here if you start as a draftsman at \$2,000 per

year. You may eventually earn from \$5,000 to \$10,000 or even more in private practice. Uncle Sam pays a top salary of \$9,000. *Occupational Brief No. 5* (available from the Supt. of Documents, Washington, D. C. for a nickel) gives more facts on this profession.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE offers a good career to the person who combines a deep love of nature with his artistic ability. If he is blessed with a "green thumb" he can go far and have a joyful time in the going. His job may be concerned with developing public lands, parks, playgrounds, and other recreation areas, institutional grounds, cemeteries, housing projects, and private residential properties. Land improvement is a possibility and opportunities are available with Uncle Sam.

Keen imagination is a first requisite so that you can visualize, from a layout on the drafting board, the finished garden, park, recreation field, or even that tiny plot in front of each new home in a large housing development. A knowledge of botany is required and, if you lack the "green thumb" you'll have to hire someone who has such an attribute. Civil engineering skill will be necessary for large-scale developments.

In this work you may have long, hard hours at low pay—\$1,500, or less, may be the beginning salary. If you develop a reputation and a good practice of your own you may go up to \$10,000 a year. You will enjoy being your own boss if you set up business for yourself but there may be difficulties in dealing with temperamental clients who insist on changes in your cherished plans which you know are all wrong.

INTERIOR DECORATION AND FURNITURE DESIGN: These two jobs are closely allied and offer real promise today to

young men who may not have the talent required to become toppers in the Fine Arts. For interior decoration you must have a keen eye for color harmony, sense of proportion and balance, imagination in visualizing the complete room from your layouts and from samples of materials. Tact and ability to get along with difficult clients will be needed.

Here a college education will be of value but you must have additional training in an art school. This should be followed by years of experience in a well-established interior decoration business. Earnings are rather unpredictable, beginning as low as \$25 a week. Nevertheless originality may start you upward very quickly. If you work on a commission, your income will be affected by business conditions as this is decidedly a luxury business.

In furniture design you will need art training in order to sketch suitable designs. Creativeness is essential but should be combined with practical knowledge of woods, and various new metals such as plastics, plywood, glass and the light metals as well as experience in manufacturing and cost estimating.

This is one of the fields in which the artistic urge can be used to keep your refrigerator well-stocked during the coming years. Furniture manufacturers must continue top production for some time and will, therefore, snap a bright young designer who has original ideas and initiative. You can advance rapidly in one of these industries. Here, too, you may do free lance work and sell your designs through an agency. Earnings may be from \$2,400 to \$5,000 per year.

JEWELRY. If you have been a jewelry hobbyist you may find a good means of livelihood right there. You must be able to design unique settings for precious stones in rings, pins, necklaces, earrings

and silverware. Four-year apprenticeship with a fine jeweler or with a manufacturing firm may be your means of entrance. Artistic ability and some training are necessary and again—creativity. Patience, finger dexterity and excellent eyesight are likewise essential—and accuracy above all. Earnings here are usually from \$2,000 up and may go pretty far up if you pass through the steps of foreman, manager and finally become an executive in a large jewelry manufacturing firm.

Most important of all the jobs in the field of art is the opportunity to spread ideas of beauty and increase the enjoyment of lovely things. There may be such opportunities as came to Walt Disney and Rockwell Kent in aiding the cause of world understanding. Disney's pictures have helped promote understanding between the countries of this continent—especially in the films *Introduction to Haiti*, *Mexican Moods*, and *This Is Ecuador*. Among other outstanding short subjects in which Disney had the major part are *Winged Scourge* (dealing with malaria); *Grain That Built the Hemisphere* (corn); *Water,*

Friend or Enemy. These have been sent to our "Good Neighbors" as means of cementing friendly relations and promoting mutual understanding. Any job, no matter how far down the scale in which you can use your artistic skill, should be snapped up without delay. Disney plans, for the future, similar short subjects and feature-length pictures to send around the globe.

Consider the possibilities for cartoonists when it takes approximately 128,000 individual cartoons to make a full-length feature. Twenty-four cartoons run through the projector every second to provide the illusion of continuous motion.

Cartoons in newspapers and magazines may be used with equal effectiveness for good or bad. In a publication issued by the American Association for the United Nations titled "*A Third World War Can Be Prevented Now*," the staff of *True Comics* magazine presents a series of cartoons showing how we can enforce lasting peace through international organization.

(Next month: "*Jobs in Fields of Health-Making*.")



ABOUT the finest crowd of men I have ever met are the Swiss Mountain Guides, splendid fellows physically, cheery, resourceful, companionable. When you go climbing with them you are roped to a guide. He goes ahead and you follow in his footsteps. You come to a tricky place. He goes up and then your turn comes. Probably you feel a bit hesitant about following, and then you hear his confident voice, "Come on. I've got you." You feel the upward pull of the rope and you struggle up, knowing that you cannot fall. You may slip and stumble, but you cannot fall. The guide's job is to lead on ahead, to keep you from falling, and to bring you safely home. He'll die rather than fail. . . . Jesus Christ is the Guide who never fails. He has gone on ahead and now He calls to us, "Come on. Follow Me. I am able to keep you from falling." But we must keep roped to prayer and communion, or you will soon slip. Maybe it will be only a small slip at first, but if you try to go on separately from the Guide, your climb can only end in one way. Keep roped to Him and though there are difficult places and hard struggles ahead, you will be kept from falling.

—Chaplain J. C. Waters, in *Admiral Tee* (Naval Base, Admiralty Islands)



The 16th STAR



About a fellow—just an ordinary guy—and an old teacher who believed in him

By ESTHER CHAPMAN ROBB

SINCE it was Saturday when she was free, Miss Cordelia Moffitt, overcoming her natural reluctance to intrude where she did not belong, decided to go down to the railroad station to see the Minnesota men of the Thirty-fourth Division come home from Italy. Most of them, she knew, would be met by parents, sisters, and "girl-friends"—a solecism which Miss Moffitt deplored but had never been able to uproot from student vocabularies. There would be no one, she feared, to meet Jud Stone.

Jud Stone was the sixteenth star on Miss Moffitt's service flag. There was, of course, no actual scarlet banner in her boarding house window; but she liked to imagine that one *might* be there. Her flag could have forty-two stars for the boys who had gone from her high school English classes.

It had not been Cordelia Moffitt's wish to emerge from her retirement; she had taught through one war, and wasn't sure she could stand another. But the superintendent had pleaded the dearth of teachers, over-riding her repeated

reminder that she would be seventy her next birthday. So she had gone back to her teaching.

Jud Stone was the only one of the forty-two boys who had not written at least a V-mail in reply to the letters Miss Moffitt wrote every evening when her head did not ache too much. There had been from him just that one scrawled postal: "Everything is okay here, hope you are the same."

In her anxiety to be on time, Miss Moffitt was early at the station. She settled herself to wait upon one of the long benches that felt so hard and slippery to her slight, unpadded body. At first she interested herself in the restlessly waiting people, particularly the older couples whose patient, care-grooved faces were alight with expectancy. Then, feeling her own remoteness from their experience, she retired into herself. As was her habit in times of loneliness, she sought in the ordered filing cases of her well-stocked mind for a pertinent poem.

Glancing at the great clock over the

row of ticket windows, she thought about Time.

"Time," she repeated to herself, her lips moving slightly, "has laid his hand upon my heart gently, not smiting it, but as harper . . ."

That was Longfellow. He was out of style now, but that placed him in the best of company. Students didn't even learn Shakespeare nowadays. What a pity that they were required to memorize so little poetry! Well, she had done what she could to remedy *that*. Pupils who disliked memory work tried to avoid "Little Miss Moffitt's" classes. She knew, from the Senior Annual, that they called her so, but she did not mind; indeed, she rather liked it.

Most things about teaching Cordelia liked, but her one conspicuous failure haunted her. That was Jud Stone. He learned laboriously, recited woodenly, showed no faintest gleam of appreciation for the best in literature and life.

"Look, Miss Moffitt," the other teachers urged, "don't suffer so over that hard-boiled kid. It was too late when you got him."

CORDELIA was unwilling to believe that it was ever too late, but she knew she had little to build upon. At eleven, Jud had run away from an orphans' home, hitch-hiked about the country, and finally got himself committed to the State School for complicity in a car theft—a charge that later proved untrue. To give the bitter, worldly-wise boy a fresh start, the P.T.A. had awarded him a scholarship which, together with work in a grocery store, kept him in high school.

Shifting her position on the hard bench with mental as well as physical discomfort, Miss Moffitt visualized stocky, square-headed Jud Stone pulling his black brows over resentful gray-green

eyes as he stumbled through the passage from *King Henry VIII*:

"Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee. . . ."

Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,

Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

JUD exploded a rude, "Aw, nuts! What'll that stuff get you?"

Only once had he shown a flash of interest. In desperation Miss Moffitt had assigned him a modern poem, Stephen Vincent Benet's *American Names*.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jud, his wary eyes brightening. "'Medicine Hat, Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat . . . Why, I been to some of them places!'"

She had not reminded him of his grammar.

And now there came a dull rumble below the waiting room, and a pontifical voice intoned, "Your attention please! The Burlington now unloading on Track Ni-ine. No visitors allowed on the train platform."

Miss Moffitt rose hurriedly and followed the thin stream of people flowing quickly into the outer room where the elevators were. She noted a couple of newspaper men, one with camera and flash-bulb. This home-coming of the Thirty-fourth was evidently to be recorded in newsprint and photograph. . . .

The loaded elevators began crawling up from the train platforms. Their opening gates spilled out a brown spate of men with shabby uniforms and battered baggage. As individuals stood clear, there were screams of "There he is!" Then hysterical laughter, tears uncontrolled, wild embraces.

Miss Moffitt, on tiptoe, tried to look between the packed shoulders to find Jud Stone. But she could not see him.

Feeling herself being pushed close to a tall, blonde soldier whom no one had yet claimed, she asked, "Are you looking for someone, too?"

"Yah," he said, "but I ain't worried. My folks are driving from Osseo, and I guess their tires ain't so good. Who was you lookin' for, lady?"

"Jud Stone. He's been in Italy thirty-three months. Do you know him?"

"Yah, I knew him."

"Couldn't he get a furlough?"

"Jud's dead."

"Oh no, no!" implored Miss Moffitt, tears starting.

The soldier placed his big hand under her elbow. "I didn't know he had any relations—come out of this, lady, and I'll tell you."

MISS MOFFITT was hazily aware as he dragged his barracks bag to a quieter spot, that the newsmen were lining up the veterans, urging them to smile, to wave, to look happy. They were strangely withdrawn and apathetic, she felt, even as this one beside her, until he began to speak to her of Jud Stone.

Swallowing so that the Adam's apple bobbed in his thin throat, he said, "Jud was a swell guy. Didn't say much—not even about his girl-friend. He got letters from her, but all he'd say was that her name was "Delia." If I knew where to find her. . . ."

"It was in the foxhole north of Rome. Jerry was lamming big stuff our way. One guy out where there was trees didn't get his hole dug fast enough 'count of the roots, I guess. A medic crawled out to him, but the medic got killed. So Jud he says, 'I'm goin' out.' I says, 'Wait till the shells let up.' 'Aw, nuts!' he says, and went.

"We figured he'd bring the wounded guy in, but he didn't. Whenever there come a quiet spell, we could hear the two of 'em talkin'. Darndest stuff—they was talkin' about! Sounded like poetry, kind of—only Jud didn't go for that. It was all about names of places back home.

"Jud'd say, 'Ever been to Medicine Hat?' And the wounded guy'd come back, 'No, but I been to Deadwood.' And Jud'd say, 'How 'bout Skunktown Plain? Or Painted Post?' They kept goin' on like that, naming the names of American towns.

"Once I was all set to go out, but Jud hollered to stay back. And that was the last. Jest 'fore dawn I went—and here was this wounded guy with a big tree layin' 'crosst his legs. Jud couldn't move it, so he stayed with 'im—till the both of 'em was dead."

The soldier was silent, his light-blue eyes dark with remembrance, his mouth a tight line. In her absorption in his story, Miss Moffitt had not noticed that one of the newsmen was standing near, the one with the camera.

"Pardon me," he said, coming closer, "but I heard the story. "What's the name? Jud Stone? I'd like to get a picture, please."

He looked at Miss Moffitt's streaming eyes.

"His mother, I presume?" he asked gently.

"Oh, no, no," she disclaimed, groping for her handkerchief. "His teacher."

She felt a sudden lift of pride as she said it, and raised her chin to be ready for the flash. But it did not come. The newsman, looking confused, was lowering his light. Miss Moffitt understood perfectly. With film so scarce, he must save it for someone important.



A lternative to CHAOS



Acme Photo



By MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

THE United Nations Organization is something vital for every one of us.

We were granted immunity during the war, and because we were, our responsibility for the building of world peace is more important, is heavier upon us perhaps than on any other nation in the world.

I will be honest with you. In our hearts most of us, like all the other people in the world, are isolationists. We love our own country best. Every soldier in other lands has wanted to stay at home. We are not the only people who feel that way, but we could not stay at home when the rest of the world was on fire.

Today we know that in the future the scene that is happening in other parts of the world may well happen here if we do not give the leadership to the alternative, and that alternative—the best one that we know today—is the United Nations Organization.

The charter was written in San Francisco. It was hard to write. When you try talking with representatives of fifty-one nations you realize that there

are many different points of view, many different backgrounds, many different experiences. I could illustrate in a hundred ways for you.

In our first meeting in London it was pointed out time and time again that we would have to work together for a long time, before we would have gained the one essential which can make this organization a permanent strong arm for peace in the world; that is, we must gain confidence in the people with whom we work.

Understanding Worth the Effort

You have to live with them to get to understand them, and they have to get to know you and understand you before difficult questions can be settled. Questions which come up in the international field are bound to be difficult questions, because they deal with many nations, with the economic interests, the political interests and the emotional feelings of the peoples of the world.

We are prone to think that everybody knows that we in the United States of America don't want anything

from anyone in the world. We are always looking at our own point of view. We are never going to want to step on anybody else's toes. We have everything, so why, we ask, should we want anything which anybody else might possibly want? That is an awfully nice way to feel, but when you have so much certain obligations seem to come your way. One of the obligations is that of leadership—a serious obligation, indeed. We accepted it. There were a number of questions that came up in the Security Council in London where rough things were said by men who could say them and take them. Some people say that from the diplomatic standpoint it is unwise to use that kind of language, that it is unwise to say things of that kind to other people. I'm quite sure that it's a good thing for the peoples to have their respective representatives say things if they feel them.

Building the Peace of the World

The different peoples have got to know what their representatives feel and what they stand for, because in the end this organization is going to be useless unless the peoples of the world know that it is their instrument and they are going to use it to build the peace of the world.

The League of Nations did a great deal that was good; it was not entirely a failure as some would make us believe. The League accomplished a great deal and without it, it would have been more difficult to set up the United Nations. But that organization failed in keeping the world at peace because the peoples failed; not because the machinery failed or even the representatives failed, but because the people failed.

I can remember, during the pre-war years, when Norman Davis went from our nation to the disarmament confer-

ences. I asked him at the time why he bothered to go because nobody at home backed him up or cared what happened when he went or when he came home, and what he did was of no avail. It was of no avail because the people didn't really care.

That same thing can happen now. It isn't really important to worry about the minor things, whether for instance the other nations think we can do more for them than we feel we can do. That will come out in time. In our own interest we have to figure out how much we can do and stretch it to the limit, because in the end we can't live on a little island of prosperity in a sea of human misery. Those things will be answered of necessity.

Mutual Understanding Necessary

There is one thing that we must recognize, and that is that unless the peoples of the countries of the world are going to keep constantly interested, are going to know what goes on, and what their representatives do, and insist that they have explained to them why those things are done, why they are necessary, and when there are difficulties why those difficulties exist, this organization won't bring us peace.

Machinery doesn't bring you the objectives for which it may be the set-up; it doesn't achieve, it just is an instrument. But the thing which achieves results is what the peoples really are willing to do to have peace in the future.

I think the Economic and Social Council is of enormous importance to all of us, because through the things that will be under that council the threads will go out into the different nations which will be the strands on which understanding is built.

These things which create cultural ties are the ties of emotions, and are

absolutely vital between the nations for the understanding which will make it possible to work out the questions that come up in the Security Council.

Those questions are the difficult questions which may require the use of force. We hope not, because we hope that the big nations will be able to agree amongst themselves and that the smaller nations who are afraid of being swamped will still find that their voices in combination are stronger—and can be a real force in the Security Council.

What About Russia?

I know the things that are said today. One of the things is, "How about Russia? Russia is a big giant. We don't know anything about her." They are a little afraid of her. Perhaps she is a little afraid of us, perhaps she is a little afraid of Great Britain.

Russians are human beings just like you and me. They have the same aspirations. They live hard lives. They want things. Consumer goods in Russia today are practically unknown while we have no shortages in comparison.

We have an obligation, an obligation to try to understand and do away with unnecessary fears, to build confidence; because unless we do, no organization can possibly grow.

We have always looked at the world through our own nation. We always felt that we were so big that we didn't have to look at it any other way.

If this is going to succeed, we have to teach ourselves to think of the world as one world, as Mr. Willkie said. That is going to be hard for us to do. It is going to require some discipline, because it is so much easier to think about what is going to happen to you in your domestic affairs the day after tomorrow than what is going to happen to the world two or three years from now.

That takes a lot more vision, a lot more patience, and a lot more understanding. It is the greatest challenge that any generation or any people of all generations have had to meet. We are the strongest people in the world because the Lord has spared us—not anything that we did, but something that was done for us, and I can think of no reason why it was done for us unless we have a high purpose and meet a high call in years to come. If we have a great obligation then we must be a great people.

It is all very well to say that you must have leadership. Leadership comes through the people. If the people really want to accomplish certain things they will find leaders and give them the strength to accomplish those things.

It Must Succeed!

The United Nations Organization is the alternative to chaos. One representative has said something that I'll never forget. He looked at the whole group, turned to me and said, "This *has* to succeed, because if it doesn't succeed Great Britain and the United States will never use the atomic bomb first."

Think about that. You know you won't. And it is the one who uses the atomic bomb first that will have the advantage next time in creating chaos. In the end it will come to everyone, but we will be the first victims.

So, this is desperately important to us. It is important to the world. But much of the world is stunned today, stunned so they can't help. We have strength. We have power. We can act. We can try to understand our neighbors the world over.

We can ask in all humbleness that God give us strength and guidance so that the world may be glad that we were spared for leadership.



The Gist of The Bible

By ALVIN E. BELL, D.D.

COLOSSIANS—Christ Pre-Eminent

THE Epistle to the Colossians is companion to the Epistle to the Ephesians, written at the same time and sent by the hand of the same messenger.

In Ephesians Paul writes of the glory of the church as the body of Christ, while in Colossians he writes of the glory of Christ as the head of the church.

Paul had neither founded nor visited the church at Colosse, but he heard from them through Epaphras and wrote commending them for their faith and to warn them of certain dangers from false teaching that beset them.

There were those at Colosse, as among the Galatians, who sought to enslave the Colossians with legalistic observances of Sabbaths and New Moons and other ritualism.

Other false teachers advocated the worship of angels, still others who saw evil in all matter denied the creatorship of God and the deity of Jesus Christ and practiced a slavish asceticism.

To correct these errors Paul wrote this Epistle to proclaim Christ's deity and pre-eminence in all things.

The keynote of the letter is found in Chapter 2, verses 9 and 10: "For in

Him (Christ) dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and in Him ye are made full, who is the head of all principality and power."

It is difficult to see how in that day or this there could be denial of the deity of Jesus Christ in the face of such positive statements as Paul makes to the Colossians that Christ is "the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation, for in Him were all things created in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible."

Paul's passion for Christ was that the Colossians "crown Him Lord of all," for he says, "He is the head of the body, the church, who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

Thus Paul sets forth the doctrine of the deity, sufficiency and pre-eminence of Christ in the first part of the letter and then, as in his other epistles, he turns to the practical application of the doctrine to life, the doctrinal and the practical being connected by his customary "therefore," like a golden hinge between the two: "Mortify, *therefore*, your members which are upon the earth." "Put on the new man . . . put on . . . a heart of compassion . . . and above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness."

Thus in the most practical manner he shows them how to live the Christian life and give Christ in all things the pre-eminence regardless of their station in life, whether it be that of husband or wife, parent or child, master or servant.

The dominant note of the epistle throughout is indeed well expressed and summarized in two lines of Charles Wesley's familiar hymn:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

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Go Till You Guess

A BIBLE QUIZ

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By Amos R. Wells

BIBLE PARABLES

(NOTE: Read each description a line at a time, and *Go Till You Guess*. Your score for each item is the number of the line at which you obtained the answer, and the lowest total wins. For answers, turn to page 47.

No. 1

1. This is probably to be regarded as Christ's greatest parable, "the pearl of all parables."

2. The parable is in two parts.

3. It was spoken for the sake of the second part, but today that portion is used very little as compared with the first portion.

4. This is the parable that speaks of "a far country."

5. This is the parable that refers to "the fattened calf."

No. 2

1. This is probably the best-known of the Old Testament parables.

2. It was spoken to carry conviction to a great sinner.

3. It was spoken by a distinguished prophet in the days of the united kingdom.

4. It was spoken to rebuke murder and adultery.

5. It was a parable about a lamb.

No. 3

1. Christ spoke this parable in order to define a common word.

2. The parable places one man in sharp contrast to two others.

3. The scene of the parable is a cave-bordered road.

4. The parable originated a common name for a charitable person.

5. The parable ends with "Go, and do thou likewise."

No. 4

1. This parable was spoken after the killing by one man of his seventy brothers.

2. It was spoken by one brother who escaped.

3. It was shouted from the top of a mountain.

4. The parable concerned certain trees.

5. It was spoken in the days of the Judges.

No. 5

1. The first spoken of Christ's parables.

2. It is a parable in four parts.

3. It is a parable of heedful hearing.

4. It is an agricultural parable.

5. One of its often-used phrases is "fell by the wayside."

No. 6

1. This parable ended the greatest of all sermons.

2. It is a parable of contrasted buildings.

3. The parable teaches obedience.

4. It introduces Palestine's dry river beds and winter torrents.

5. The closing words are often quoted, "Great was the fall there of."

No. 7

1. The parable of a wonderful stream.

2. The stream freshened a salt sea.

3. It was bordered by monthly-bearing fruit trees.

4. It grew rapidly deeper.

5. It issued from the temple.

6. It was a picture of the progress of true religion.

No. 8

1. These are two similar parables about money.
2. The money in one parable is much greater than in the other.
3. One sum is represented as buried in the ground, the other as being wrapped in a napkin.
4. In common speech the two are often confused.
5. One of these parables gives us a common word signifying special ability.

No. 9

1. A parable by the greatest Hebrew prophet.
2. A parable urging spiritual fruitfulness.
3. The parable describes an Oriental vineyard.
4. The parable pictures a vineyard bearing wild grapes. •

No. 10

1. This is a famous parable of prayer.
2. It contrasts pride and humility, hypocrisy and sincerity.
3. The scene of the parable is the temple.
4. The hero of the parable is a member of a despised class.
5. The parable contains the words, "God, be thou merciful to me a sinner."

No. 11

1. This parable was spoken by an unnamed prophet of the time of King Ahab.
2. The prophet, on a second attempt, got himself wounded.
3. The parable was for the rebuke of the king in the matter of Benhadad.
4. It contains the sentence, "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."
5. The parable closed with a prophecy of the destruction of Ahab and his kingdom.



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(From the American Bible Society Calendar)

Day	Book	Chapter
1.	Hosea	1:1-2:5
2.	Hosea	2:6-3:5
3.	Hosea	4, 5
4.	Hosea	6, 7
5.	Hosea	8, 9
6.	Hosea	10, 11
7.	Hosea	12:1-13:8
8.	Hosea	13:9-14:9
9.	Joel	1:1-2:7
10.	Joel	2:8-3:2
11.	Joel	3
12.	Amos	1
13.	Amos	2:1-3:15
14.	Amos	4:1-5:4
15.	Amos	5:15-6:14
16.	Amos	7:1-8:3
17.	Amos	8:4-9:15
18.	I Peter	1
19.	I Peter	2
20.	I Peter	3:1-4:6
21.	I Peter	4:7-5:14
22.	II Peter	1
23.	II Peter	2
24.	II Peter	3
25.	Matthew Christmas Day	2
26.	Matthew	3
27.	Matthew	4
28.	Matthew	5:1-26
29.	Matthew	5:27-6:4
30.	Matthew	6:5-34
31.	Matthew	7

Know Your ALLIES

IN Australia you meet a people who like Americans and whom you will like. The Australians have much in common with us—they're pioneer people; they believe in personal freedom; they love sports. But there are a lot of differences too—their ways of living and thinking on all sorts of things—like tea, central heating, the best way to spend Sunday, or saluting officers and such.

Australia is one of the newest countries in the world—yet the continent itself is one of the oldest. A hundred and fifty years ago, it was an empty land about the size of the United States, inhabited by only a few hundred thousand natives—the Australians call them "Abos" (for Aborigines)—living about the same way they did in the Stone Age.

In a century and a half it has become a land of fine, modern cities, booming factories, and fighting men, famous everywhere. It's a land of great plains, millions of sheep and cattle, of gold mines and deserts and funny animals. And it's one of the world's greatest democracies.

It may seem strange that 3 million square miles of land—about as many as there are in the United States—have only 7 million people living on them. But there's good reason for it.

Only the fringes, the coastal regions, are fertile enough for good farming. A little less than half of all the land is dry and only a quarter of that is fit for pasture land, under normal conditions.

About a third of the country is good grassland for cattle and sheep raising and a fifth is fair-to-middling farming

country. Then there is a tropical and semi-tropical region, along the east coast of Queensland and in the northeast.

The seasons in Australia, because it is in the Southern Hemisphere, are just the opposite of ours. Summer is in December, January, and February; fall comes in March, April, and May; winter in June, July, and August; spring in our football season, September, October and November.

There's a signpost in Melbourne, Australia's second largest city that gives a pretty good idea of the bigness of the continent. It reads:

Cairns	2,614 miles
Brisbane	1,349 miles
Sydney	682 miles

Because of all that space, a lot of people get the idea that Australians live mostly on farms or on sheep and cattle stations (ranches). They don't. Most Australians live in the coast cities—one third of all the people living in the two largest, Sydney and Melbourne. And the greater part of them make their living in industry.

Ancestry of the Australians

Except for the 70,000 or so primitive "Abos" who roam the waste lands, the Australians are nearly 100 per cent Anglo-Saxon stock—English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh who through courage and ingenuity made a living and built a great nation out of a harsh, empty land. They built great cities, organized a progressive democracy and established a sound economic system, for all of which they're justly proud.

And they're proud too of their British heritage and to be a member of the British Commonwealth—but they still like to run their own business and they take great pride in their independence. They resent being called a colony and think of themselves as a great nation on their own hook, which they are. And it's natural that they should find themselves drawn closer and closer to Americans because of the many things in common. They look at the swift development that has made the United States a great power in a few generations, and compare our growth with theirs. Nearly 40 years ago, an Australian statesman said of the United States: "What we are, you were. What you are we will some day be."

Lovers of the Outdoors

You'll find the Australian an outdoors kind of people, breezy and very democratic. They haven't much respect for stuffed shirts, their own or anyone else's. They're a generation closer to their pioneer ancestors than we are to ours, so it's natural that they should have a lively sense of independence and "rugged individualism." But they have, too, a strong sense of co-operation.

The worst thing an Australian can say about anyone is: "He let his cobbles (pals) down." A man can be a dag (a cutup) or "rough as bags" (a tough guy), but if he sticks with the mob, he's all right. If an Australian ever says to you that you are "game as Ned Kelly," you should feel honored. It's one of the best things he can say about you. It means that you have the sort of spunk

he admires, and that there's something about you that reminds him of Ned Kelly. Ned Kelly was a bushranger (a backwoods highwayman) and not a very good citizen, but he had a lot of courage that makes Australians talk about him as we used to talk about Jesse James or Billy the Kid.

Characteristics of "Digger"

You'll find that the Digger is a rapid, sharp, and unsparing kidder, able to hold his own with Americans or anyone else. He doesn't miss a chance to spar back and forth and he enjoys it all the more if the competition is tough.

If you ask an Australian for an address in a city you happen to be, he won't just tell you, he'll walk eight blocks or more to show you.

There's one thing you'll run into—Australians know as little about our country as we do about theirs. To them all Americans are Yanks—and always will be. Australians, like Americans, live pretty much in the present and the future, and pay little mind to the past.

Thanks to our movies, the average Australian has some working knowledge of our slang, but it'll take a visitor a while to get theirs. To them a "right guy" is a "fair dinkum"; a hard worker is a "grafter" and "beaut" means swell. Australian slang is colorful, and confusing.

Australians, like Russians, are natural group singers. A standard favorite all over the country is Australia's own folk song, "Waltzing Matilda." In fact, the Aussies have made it a classic all over the world. When the Anzac troops made



their first assault on Bardia, they did it to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda." They sang it in the heat and fever of Malaya.

Australians are great meat eaters—they eat many times as much beef, mutton, and lamb as we do—and a lot more flour, butter, and tea. But they don't go in for green vegetables and salads and fruits as much as Americans. Some of the best fruits in the world are grown along the tropical coasts of Queensland, but the Australian, nevertheless, is strictly a "meat and potatoes guy."

The Country's Cuisine

Meat pies are the Australian version of the hot dog, and in Melbourne, the substitute for a hamburger is a "dim sin," chopped meat rolled in cabbage leaves which you order "to take out" in Chinese restaurants. But because of the demand, during the time our troops were stationed in the country, hot dog and hamburger stands sprang up in large numbers. They displayed such signs as this: "500 yards ahead. Digger Danny's Toasted Dachshunds."

The national drink is tea, which you will find is a good drink when you get used to it. Along the roads you'll see "hot water" signs displayed—Australians motorists take along their own tea and for a few pence, from the roadside stands, they can get hot water and a small tin can (billy can) in which they brew their tea.

As an outdoor people, the Australians go in for a wide variety of active sports—surfbathing, cricket, rugby, football, golf, and tennis. The national game is cricket and the periodic "test matches" with England are like our World Series. Cricket isn't a very lively game to watch, but it's difficult to play well.

The Australians have another national game called Australian Rules Football, which is rough, tough, and exciting.

There are a lot of rules—the referee carries a rule book the size of an ordinary *Webster's Dictionary*. Unlike cricket, which is a polite game, Australian Rules Football creates a desire on the part of the crowd to tear someone apart, usually the referee—some parks have runways covered over, so the referee can escape more or less intact after the game is over. The crowd is apt to yell, "Wake up melon head," or some such pleasantries at the umpire, but they don't think it good sportsmanship to heckle the teams.

The Australians play baseball too. We think we have monopoly on the game, but the first American units found out differently after being walloped by Australian teams. Before the American troops arrived not many Australians turned out to watch a baseball game—it was primarily a way for cricketers to keep in shape during the off-season. Later crowds of 10,000 would turn out to see Australian and American service teams play.

Athletics and Sports

Probably more people in Australia play some sport or other than they do in America. There are a lot of good tennis courts and golf courses, in some cases provided by the municipal authorities, which are inexpensive to play on.

Australian government is a mixture of both the British and the American systems. First of all it's a federation of six states established in 1900—roughly similar to the American system of 48 states. There's a federal government with a Commonwealth Parliament, a House of Representatives and Senate, chosen somewhat on the order of our Congress, and responsible for making laws concerning defense, foreign affairs, trade and commerce with other nations' customs and other functions.

Australia is a British dominion, a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations—but that doesn't mean Britain owns or rules Australia. The Australians govern themselves, as a separate nation, sending their own diplomatic representative overseas and managing their own relations with foreign countries.

Democratic Ideals

At the same time there are certain traditional ties with Great Britain which the Australians value. The King, on the advice of the Australians, appoints a governor-general as his personal representative, not that of the British Government. Also each state within the Australian Commonwealth has a governor appointed by the King, again on the advice of the state government involved. In addition to these the British and Australian Governments exchange high commissioners, much the same as other countries exchange ambassadors.

In many respects Australia is the most democratic government in the world. Certainly in the short space of 150 years, it has made many notable contributions to social legislation in which it pioneered. It developed the famous Australian Ballot; it set up one of the first central banks in the world. Incidentally, much of the credit for its founding—it's called the Commonwealth Bank—goes to an American immigrant to Australia, King O'Malley, a bearded Californian who became one of the nation's political leaders early in this century. Australians like him for his phrase about stuffed shirt officials—"gilt-spurred roosters." Also the nation pioneered in social security and workmen's compensation laws and developed a unique and workable system of industrial arbitration courts which have helped to reduce strikes and disputes to a minimum.



A bad passenger in any boat!

New South Wales, the first colony to be established, has the most population and the largest city—Sydney. It is a center of dairy farming, fruit growing, as well as of industrial activity.

In the northern and western parts of the state are the sheep and cattle ranches (stations) where the great Merino sheep studs are—centers of scientific sheep breeding which have made Australia the best wool-producing country in the world. South of New South Wales is Victoria, the second most populous state in the Commonwealth, with rich wheat farms, gold and coal mines.

A Few Geographical Notes

Northward along the continent's eastern coast is Queensland, protected by the Great Barrier Reef. It is the most tropical part of the country, well suited for sugar growing and other tropical crops. In the western part of the state are important mineral deposits of gold, silver, many basic metals and coal.

South Australia is three-quarters dry, arid land with enormous cattle and sheep ranches. Most of the population is located along the southern coast, which has good farm land; the rest is sandy desert very much like our own southwest.

Western Australia has nearly a million square miles of land, most of which

is treeless desert, but it also has the most productive gold fields at Kalgoorlie.

Australia's sixth state is an island off the coast from Melbourne—Tasmania, named for one of the early Dutch explorers. It is both a ranching and a farming area, producing wool and huge crops of apples yearly.

Besides the states, there is the North-

ern Territory, a vast, unproductive area, governed directly by the Commonwealth. The only town of importance is Darwin.

Australia has, too, a section much like our own District of Columbia—the federal government area of Canberra, midway between Sydney and Melbourne, designed by an American architect, Walter Burely Griffin of Chicago.



FOR CONTINUING DEVOTION

GRANT, O GOD, that we who in days of war have united ourselves in one common faith and effort to preserve the blessings of freedom may continue in days of peace with whole-hearted devotion to pray, plan, and work for the extension of justice and love among all men. May we keep bright our vision of brotherhood. May we keep strong our will to make the world according to Thy purpose for the abundant life for all. In Jesus' Name. Amen.

FOR PEACE

O GOD, Author of peace and Lover of concord, inspire us by Thy Holy Spirit so that, after the waste and sorrow of war, we, being humbled by our chastisement and repentant for our sins, may build a peace, under Thy guidance, rooted and grounded in Thy divine laws of mercy, justice, and love. May men of all nations put aside malice, vengeance, and pride, and may our only victory be in faithfully serving Thee as instruments and agents for bringing Thy Kingdom on earth and Thy universal reign over all men and nations. Amen.

OUR REAL NEEDS

CORRECT US, LORD, when in our prayers we ask for little things, for riches or for comfort or for ease, and shrink from greater challenges to serve and wait and give ourselves entirely unto Thee. Keep from us everything which fills us with contentment

with ourselves at the low level where we pause and strive no more to grow. Give us whatever we most need, whatever in Thy wisdom Thou dost will for us to make us servants of Thy Christ; share us in all the strength, and power and beauty of His self-giving to the least of men and His full offering of Himself to Thee. Answer our prayers through His abundant life. Amen.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

JESUS, Light of the world, shed Thy radiance into our hearts, and scatter the darkness of our sins. Make our thoughts bright and our desires pure. Help us to shine with truth, that we may be guiding lights to others on the pathway to Thy love. Amen.

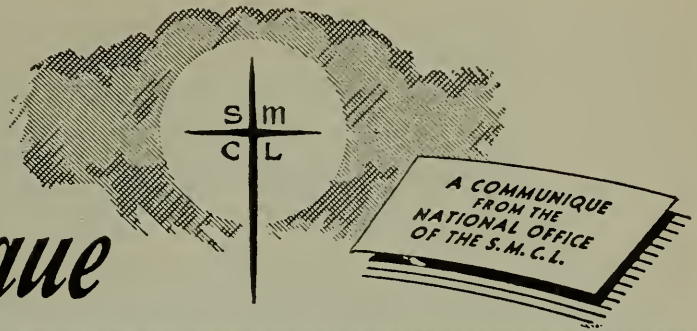
BRAVE HEARTS

GIVE US a valiant faith in Thee, O God, to keep us from quitting or falling before the burdens and trials of our lives. Let us drink deep of Thy strength in prayer and feast on Thy love in communion. Make our hearts bold with the promises of Thy gospel and joyous in the victories of Christ. Give us our share in His Cross, which leads to eternal life. Amen.

FOR LOVE

TEACH US, dear Lord, that, as we receive all things from Thy love, we must do all things by Thy love, serve all men with Thy love, and find all our fulfillment in Thy love. Show us that Thy love demands the giving of our hearts, our minds, our wills each moment unto Thee, that Thou, the God of love, may act in us and through us, until all men and things are ruled alone by love and made perfect and glorious in Thy never-ending reign of infinite love; through Jesus Christ. Amen.

This Is YOUR League



SMCL Unit, Fort Knox, Ky (See photos on pages 24 and 25)

ONE of the most enthusiastic reports on League unit activities to come to our desk in many a month is from Fort Knox, Ky. During the war years, Fort Knox was a stronghold of the Service Men's Christian League. To know that the League unit here still carries on its lively program is gratifying indeed. But let the report speak for itself:

"It was Thursday evening, August 6, 1946, and seemed to be just another evening around the Army Camp at Fort Knox, Ky. A group of young men were gathered at Hilltop Chapel No. 3, RTC. The topic of discussion gradually drifted toward the Service Men's Christian League that was to convene in a few minutes. The Chaplain had just arrived from a welcome party where he had given "Greetings" to a few hundred men who had arrived for their basic training. A truck pulled in from the 14th Battalion and a dozen Negro boys started climbing out. It was time to start our weekly meeting.

There was nothing unusual except the fellows from the 14th Battalion who had come over to sing. But in the air there seemed to be a premonition of things to come. The singing was exceptionally good, mainly because **Sgt. Ned Wright** and his boys from the Choir of the 14th

Battalion added lusty volume with their harmonious Negro voices. Their prayers were sincere, the reading from the Scriptures was enlightening, the topic discussion was motivating and helpful. The time had come to receive new members into the organization of the Service Men's Christian League of Fort Knox, Kentucky.

"A brief resume of the history went something as follows:

"The Service Men's Christian League of Fort Knox, Kentucky, was organized on December 8, 1942, under the supervision of **Chaplain Mellin** from Watertown, N. Y. **Sgt. Jack Patton** of Columbus, Ohio, served as the first executive president. He was an active member of the Fort Knox Service Men's Christian League until his discharge from the service in December, 1945. By the early part of January, 1946, the League lost all but three members by transfers and discharges.

"February, 1946, a reviving interest for SMCL resulted in the reorganization of the Chapter at Fort Knox. The movement was headed by **Chaplain David E. Kinsler** of West Virginia. Chaplain Kinsler formerly worked with the SMCL overseas.

"On March 5, 1946, new officers were elected. President, **T/5 Elton Coleman**, Toccopola, Miss.; Vice-President, **T/5 Harold Hawley**, El Dorado, Ark., Secretary-Treasurer, **T/5 Lester Boilsson**. The meetings have been held regu-

larly since that time with increasing interest and zeal every Tuesday evening.

"The League has sponsored socials and trips for the purpose of developing a spirit of Christian fellowship among the boys. On June 3, 1946, the League sponsored trips to an encampment of young Christians who came from all parts of America. The site of gathering was Camp Piomingo, located on the Ohio River, 25 miles south of Louisville, Ky. Several hundred soldiers attended the meetings under the auspices of the Fort Knox Service Men's Christian League.

"Officers at present are as follows: President, **T/4 Myron Bromley**, Meadville, Pa.; Vice-President, **T/4 Travis Holland**, Texas; Secretary-Treasurer, **T/5 Elton Coleman**, Toccopola Miss."

"Of course, the story of the history could not include the details of the heart-warming experiences of the numerous soldiers who had found congenial Christian fellowship with their comrades in uniform through the gatherings of the SMCL. We could not tell of the moving and glorious experiences that were ours at Camp Piomingo. Nothing was said of the men who had made their first declaration of Christ through their contacts with the men of the League who visited the wards of the hospital. These experiences will remain in the edifying memories of the soldiers who have taken an active part in the promotion of the work of the SMCL. At the conclusion of our discussion, ten men came forward to be accepted into membership of the Fort Knox Service Men's Christian League. There were four from the white troupes and six men from the colored troupes.

"It was indeed an inspiring experience to extend the hand of fellowship to greet this splendid group of young men into the common bonds of Christian endeavor in the Armed Forces of our glorious nation. It was with a note of

unity and mutual understanding that the voices of the Assembly arose in the prayer of our Lord. The SMCL of Fort Knox, Kentucky, had experienced a blessing and was being dismissed with a sense of deep reverence and the realization that God had indeed blessed their gathering. As the Chaplain raised his hand in the benediction, each man felt as though he should add his personal Amen. May it be so and may it be often."

Brand New League Unit

(See photo on page 47)

We are happy to report that we have registered the Adak Service Men's Christian League (NOB Navy 230 Adak, Alaska) at our League Headquarters. This League unit was organized March 24, 1946, and has had an average of 19 members at their weekly meetings.

The following officers have been elected: President, **John E. Snook**; Vice-president, **Ronald McKoon**; Secretary, **Wm. S. Huston**; Treasurer, **George Murphy**.

From President John E. Snook we have received the following report:

"We have had a very active unit these past few months. Our sponsor, **Chaplain Emmitt C. Barrow**, is very interested in the League program and takes part in all its activities, but the topics are all taken by the members themselves. Occasionally we have guest speakers to give talks on varied subjects. Our discussions are all based on themes suggested and voted upon by the group.

"Our interests, however, are not confined to our Sunday night meetings. Our softball and two bowling teams were among the best on the island, and at times competition ran high. The Welfare Department financed several parties



SMCL Unit at Adak, Alaska (NOB Navy 230) with Chaplain Emmitt C. Barrow (2nd row, center) the sponsor of the group. (See report, opposite page.)

at which games and sports provided relaxation from daily routine. In the "refreshment department" the Chaplain proved his ability to keep ahead of the field in ice-cream consumption.

"Seriously, though, all our members are agreed that the SMCL is a fine organization and it certainly has proven to be a 'link' between us and our home churches."

Harmon Field Unit

Under the sponsorship of **Chaplain R. Prichard**, a League unit was inaugurated at Harmon Field on the evening of July 22, 1946. At the first meeting the Chaplain presented the idea of forming a League unit, and everyone was enthusiastic. After a series of talks pertaining to SMCL leadership, constitution, etc., officers were nominated, and the following were chosen leaders of the

group: President, **Hubert Courtney**; Vice-president, **Edgar Datesman**; Secretary, **Clarence Whitehorne**.

The Christian League of Harmon Field now boasts 13 members, and is progressing under the able leadership of its officers and the sponsorship of Chaplain Prichard.

Fort Bragg, N. C.

Chaplain **Charles J. Huneycutt** reports that an SMCL unit has been formed at the Personnel Center, Fort Bragg, N. C., with the present membership numbering twenty-five. The following officers have been elected to steer the course of the League unit:

Cpl. William Sirmon, President; **Pfc. Thornton Frye**, Vice-president; **Pfc. Carroll Cordell**, Secretary; **Cpl. Raymond Abernathy**, Treasurer.



"And what," asked the chief of the Cannibal Islands, in his kindest tones, "was your business before you were captured by my men?"

"I was a newspaper man," answered the captive.

"An editor?"

"No, a mere subeditor."

"Cheer up, young man! Promotion awaits you. After dinner you shall be editor-in-chief!"



Harvard Man: "Who knocked on my door just now?"

Janitor: "It was me."

Harvard Man to Second H.M.: "What is he trying to say?"



Teacher: "Billy, can you tell me where the Red Sea is?"

Billy: "On the third line of my report card."—*Alabama Christian Advocate*



Teacher: "What do you call the last teeth we get?"

Johnny: "False teeth."



Bookkeeper: "I'll have to have a raise, sir. There are three companies after me."

Manager: "That so? What companies?"

Bookkeeper: "Light, telephone and water!"

Johnny was riding his new bicycle, doing stunts. "Look, Mama," he said as he came by, "No hands!"

"That's fine, son: but do be careful," his mother cautioned.

He came by again. "Look Mama, no feet!"

"Don't do that, son; you'll get hurt."

Directly he came back not quite so gay: "Look, Mama, no teeth."



Sunday school teacher: "Who can tell me why King Nebachadnezzar of Babylon built the Hanging Gardens? . . . All right, James?"

James: "Was it because the neighbors kept chickens?"



A Senator making his usual airplane flight was about to sit down on his seat when he jumped up and remarked, "Ouch, who put that tack there?"

"That was no tack," replied the stewardess, "we're flying low and that was the Washington Monument."

ANSWERS TO "GO TILL YOU GUESS"

(Questions on page 38)

1. The Prodigal Son. (Luke 15:11-32.)
2. Nathan's parable of the poor man's ewe lamb. (II Sam. 12:1-9.)
3. The Good Samaritan. (Luke 10:25-37.)
4. Jotham's parable of the trees and the bramble. (Judges 9:1-21.)
5. Parable of the Sower. (Matt. 13:1-23.)
6. The Two Foundations. (Matt. 7:24-27.)
7. Ezekiel's vision of the deepening river. (Ezek. 47:1-12.)
8. Parables of the talents and the pounds. (Matt. 25:14-30; Luke 19:11-27.)
9. Isaiah's parable of the unfruitful vineyard. (Isaiah 5:1-7.)
10. The Pharisee and the Publican. (Luke 18:9-14.)
11. The parable of the Escaped Prisoner. (I Kings 20:13-42.)



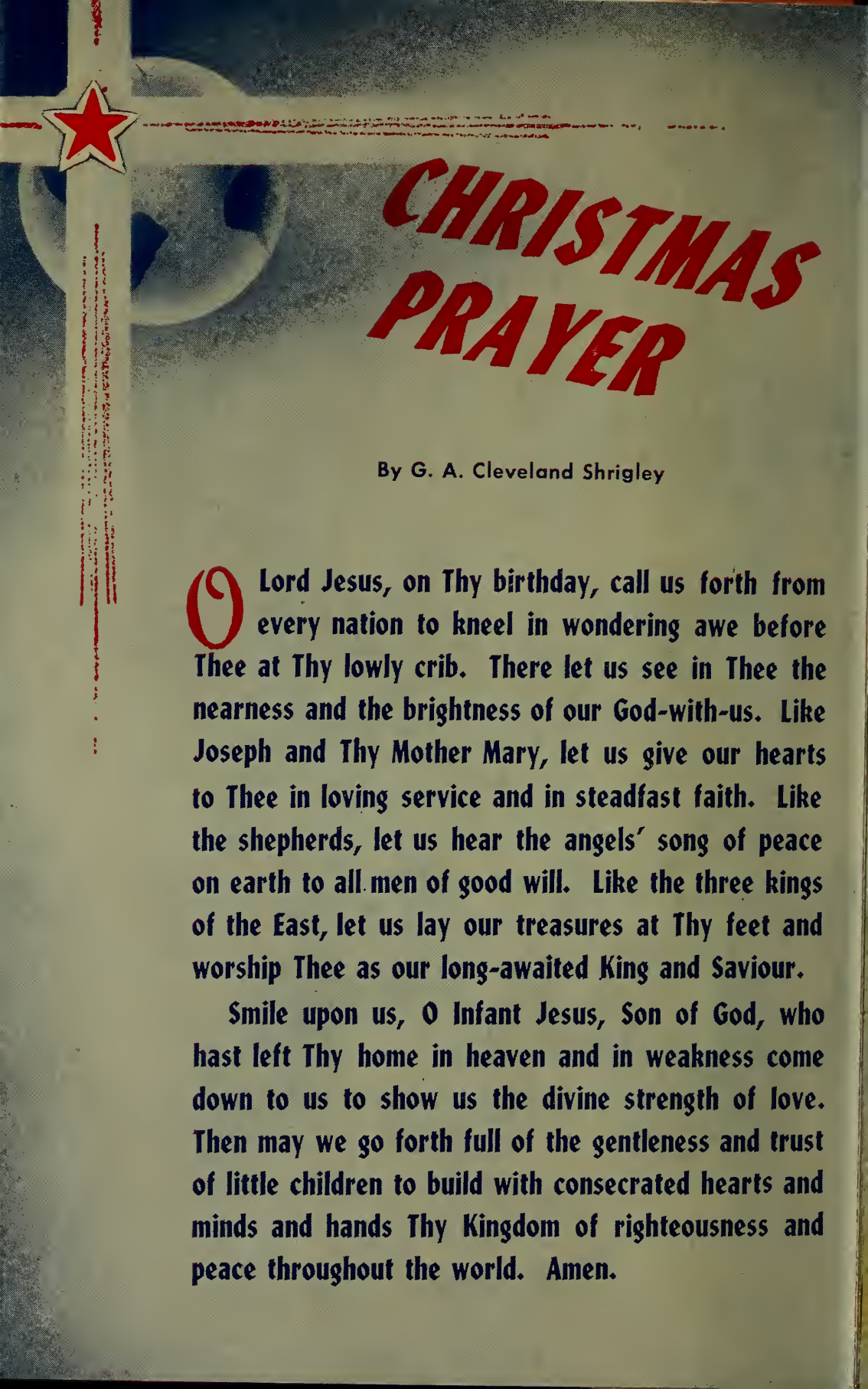
Linking
YOU...

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- The Service Men's Christian League is a world-wide fellowship of men and women in the service. But it is more. It is a great international inter-church movement, proof positive that Protestant denominations, while maintaining their individuality, can unite in a cause bigger than any one division of the Church Universal. That cause is YOU.
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CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By G. A. Cleveland Shrigley

O Lord Jesus, on Thy birthday, call us forth from every nation to kneel in wondering awe before Thee at Thy lowly crib. There let us see in Thee the nearness and the brightness of our God-with-us. Like Joseph and Thy Mother Mary, let us give our hearts to Thee in loving service and in steadfast faith. Like the shepherds, let us hear the angels' song of peace on earth to all men of good will. Like the three kings of the East, let us lay our treasures at Thy feet and worship Thee as our long-awaited King and Saviour.

Smile upon us, O Infant Jesus, Son of God, who hast left Thy home in heaven and in weakness come down to us to show us the divine strength of love. Then may we go forth full of the gentleness and trust of little children to build with consecrated hearts and minds and hands Thy Kingdom of righteousness and peace throughout the world. Amen.



