





*the* **LINK**

*October 1969*

YOUR BODY, A TEMPLE OF GOD

MEDICAL HERO OF THE CONGO

THE MIRACLE OF BASTOGNE

**SERVING GOD  
AND MILITARY PERSONNEL FOR 25 YEARS**







THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 27 • OCTOBER 1969 • NO. 10

### STORIES

|                     |                |    |
|---------------------|----------------|----|
| THE DOUBTS.....     | Dan Ross       | 20 |
| PART TIME WIFE..... | Lee Somerville | 46 |

### ARTICLES

|                                     |                        |    |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|----|
| YOUR BODY, A TEMPLE OF GOD.....     | Clayton E. Day         | 5  |
| MEDICAL HERO OF THE CONGO.....      | Aubrey B. Haines       | 10 |
| LET'S ALL JOIN HANDS.....           | James Roy Smith        | 15 |
| NEW KNOWLEDGE AND THE BIBLE.....    | James Z. Nettinga      | 26 |
| THE MIRACLE OF BASTOGNE.....        | Robert G. Hays         | 30 |
| A DOCTOR WHO TURNED TO WRITING..... | W. J. Smart            | 34 |
| SONS OF '69.....                    | David W. Plank         | 39 |
| SALTY CHRISTIANS.....               | Peter D. MacLean       | 43 |
| WHEN TO SEE YOUR CHAPLAIN.....      | Clarence E. Drumheller | 52 |

### OTHER FEATURES

|                                  |                |    |
|----------------------------------|----------------|----|
| FOOTBALL AND THE PRESIDENTS..... | Mario De Marco | 19 |
| DAILY BIBLE READINGS.....        |                | 25 |
| ONE OF OURS.....                 |                | 57 |
| BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.....            |                | 59 |
| THE LINK CALENDAR.....           |                | 62 |
| DISCUSSION HELPS.....            |                | 63 |
| BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS.....   |                | 64 |
| AT EASE!.....                    |                | 66 |

### COVERS

Front: "And cheer as the winners go by..."—Berton Braley. All photos by H. Armstrong Roberts.  
 Back: "Friendship is a sheltering tree..."—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.  
 Inside Front: "The Leaves of life keep falling one by one."—Omar Khayyam.  
 Inside Back: "and a-hunting we will go."—Henry Fielding.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

Copyright © 1969 by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.

# SOUND OFF

## “It’s a Shame Everyone Can’t Read It”

I just finished reading “The Little Paper Flag” in the May copy of THE LINK. I must admit that I, too, once felt much as the teen-ager Wayne in the story. The flag to me was largely a piece of cloth, and I at times was somewhat sympathetic with draft card burners. I let the drive for freedom of protest and speech get too much of a grip on me. Luckily I, you might say, “saw the light.” Now when I see a GI run for a building to avoid standing for retreat I feel just anger and pity.

I won’t say that there’s any one reason for these feelings and actions but it is certainly tragic to realize they exist. The young people today have largely grown up in a time of prosperity, since World War II. It is therefore very important you older people and parents in particular try to insure that the younger generation realizes just what a great country we have here. True it’s not perfect, but what in this world is? So often the old quote is true that goes something like this—“You never miss the water till the well goes dry.” I hope that the people of this country don’t have to lose what we have before they realize how valuable it is.

Burning draft cards or flags may mean freedom to some, but I feel that to have the freedoms that we as Americans have it is only right that we should give something in return. Draft cards, to me, are a symbol that the young men

*(Continued on page 65)*

## STAFF

**Executive Editor** .....A. RAY APPELQUIST  
**Editor** .....LAWRENCE P. FITZGERALD  
**Assistant Editor**.....IRENE MURRAY  
**Circulation Manager**.....ISABEL R. SENAR

Individual subscriptions: \$3.00 a year. To Churches: \$2.50 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at fifteen cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and at additional mailing offices.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

# Your Body, a Temple of God

By Clayton E. Day

**Stop! Look! Read!**

**A cost of immorality is the high VD rate in Vietnam**

**T**HE human body is one of the most complicated, unique, sophisticated and mysterious pieces of machinery in the world. It is composed of chemicals and raw materials valued, in today's inflationary world, at about \$2.50. It is a composite of organisms so uniquely assembled, so methodically balanced, that it has been its owner's most challenging exploration. Man has been curious about himself since the beginning of time. He has explored himself from head to toe, from his outer layer of skin and flesh to the minute atoms which make up the very fabric of his being.

Man soon developed the science of caring for his body. The science of medicine has developed since very early times, the purpose being to examine, investigate and care for the functioning of the human body. Today this science is one of the most highly developed and sophisticated sciences known to man.

Daily man seeks to develop and improve those skills of healing the human body. He seeks to rid himself of hundreds of thousands of diseases which can throw his delicate mechanism into pain and ultimate death.

To this day many of the secrets

of the human body are yet undiscovered. With all of man's ingenuity and brilliance there are still unanswered questions, unknown causes of diseases and sicknesses. The greatest unknown of all is the right formula of ingredients, the right balance of chemicals, that will produce a living, rational organism from a test tube. The answer to this last question may be totally beyond the realm of man and may reside as the eternal secret of God himself.

The quest into the understanding and care of the human body has not been confined to the science of medicine alone. The search has been part and parcel of the great religions of mankind. The human body has always been a magnificent gift of God. It has been the *temple* into which has been infused an immortal soul capable of rationalizing the meanings, aims and goals of its own existence. Entrusted with this divine gift, we have been charged by God to care for our body, to enhance it, to develop its potential and hopefully to discover some of its mysteries.

Yet over the thousands of years, mankind has constantly abused his body. At times this abuse was directed toward the furtherance of his own existence. He has given himself to bring peace and good will to his neighbors and in so doing has often had to sacrifice his total being to that cause. There have been other occasions when man, through his own personal frustration and boredom, has in-

flicted himself, and the *temple* that God has entrusted to him, with unnecessary pain and discomfort.

Here in the Republic of Vietnam, as in other theaters of conflict, the American soldier constantly puts himself in situations which may cause him to give up to his Creator this valuable possession—his life, his body, the *temple* which God has given him. For weeks on end he and his buddies patrol the countryside, seeking out the enemy to destroy him. The very nature of the job requires that they put their lives, their bodies, on the line; that they place themselves in the position of endangering their bodies for the price of peace.

Once the soldier has returned from his patrol, and he finds his body still in one piece, he has time to relax. He has time to think. There now develops a situation among some of our men in which for many reasons—frustration, boredom, excitement, demoralization of manhood, or merely as part of the group activity—they seek the companionship of the local female population. They take their body, the *temple* entrusted to them by God, and they subject it, for personal gratification, to the probability of contracting some of the most demoralizing diseases known to mankind.

**F**OR almost one year now, I have watched these young men in many areas of the Republic of South Vietnam. I have seen



the results from "One Hundred 'P' Alley" in Saigon to the so-called fashionable hotels in the cities where R & R centers are located. The results usually are the same: VD!

The Republic of South Vietnam does not represent a new situation in the life of the American soldier. When there is a product to sell, the American soldier has always been a ready and willing buyer, and the price seldom matters. It is ironical, however, when one can look around and see hundreds of ways that this young man can lose his life, or have his body inflicted with indescribable pain by an unseen enemy, one can still see him purposely go out and personally expose his body to disease and pain for the accompanying transitory thrill.

In a ward of one of our large evacuation hospitals a young man approached the chaplain. He began to talk and the chaplain asked him why he was in the hospital. He leaned over and without hesitation told him he had VD. He continued that this was the second time he had been in the hospital with this malady and that both times he had been infected by the same "lady." It came out in the course of their conversation that he was engaged to a young lady back in the states and that he had written explaining to her the reason that he was hospitalized. He did not seem to think that this would in any way affect his relationship with his fiancée. When questioned as to why he returned

to this Vietnamese girl after he had been infected the first time, he merely replied that she treated him as no other woman had ever treated him and that as long as there were such medicines as penicillin he had nothing to worry about. He concluded by saying that it was also a way of getting out of the field for awhile and resting up. The physical or social effects of VD did not seem to bother him in the least. All he seemed interested in was satisfying his desires at any cost to his health.

The R and R centers in South Vietnam were instituted for the rest and rehabilitation of the American soldier. Unfortunately, the cities in which the centers are located also have facilities which provide for the redistribution of VD. There are many soldiers who go on an in-country R and R, then "go out on the town" and partake of the offerings of the oldest profession known to man. Some of these men return to their duty assignments and within a week or so find themselves in the hospital with VD. These men know the risk they are taking when they are herded into the houses of prostitution by the little boys who hound the streets asking every soldier who passes if he wants a "short time." They are even aware of the precautions that can be taken, but they seldom heed them. The excitement of the adventure squelches all rational thought and one's regard for his bodily health is suppressed by gratifying the sense of frustration and lone-

liness that has captured him.

**T**HE disregard for one's bodily health is also accompanied by a disregard for one's economic responsibilities. Few of the prostitutes in the cities around the R & R centers work for nothing. I have known of women to go for as high as \$150 a night. This price secures complete privacy and covers all expenses. Roped into a situation such as this, a soldier often finds that for his night of pleasure he has also purchased VD. How irrational it seems for anyone to purposely go out and buy a disease. Would anyone in his right mind go out and purchase cancer even if the act involved the keenest of excitement? Certainly not. The pleasure is well worth the pain, be it physical or financial, say many of the men.

Anytime after the soldier's fifth or sixth month in Vietnam, he can look forward to his out-of-country R & R. Just as men count the days to their DEROS, so they count the days until their R & R to Bangkok, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Tokyo, Taiwan, or Sydney. The excitement grows as the big day draws nearer.

Lists are made as to what is to be purchased and though it never appears spelled out on any list, one of the items is usually a woman. Warnings by the authorities that loose women in any country probably are carriers of VD, including some virulent strains for which cures are extremely difficult, do not seem to discourage

the soldier in his intentions. Off he goes seeking his pleasure, and back he returns, infected with a strain of VD that the doctor may have never seen before.

What happens now? Weeks and months can be spent in the hospital. In some cases a man's DEROS date passes by and he is still hospitalized. Maybe he never will be completely cured, but this hadn't crossed his mind. The satisfaction he achieved not only has abused his body, it has also abused his entire life and future.

Man can be one of the strongest willed and determined animals in the world and at the same time he can also commit some of the most foolish and illogical acts. It is a known fact that no matter how strong an individual is, there are times when frustration and boredom can cause him to lose control of himself completely and even engage in acts which, though satisfying for the moment, may cause unforeseen harm and damage in the future.

The VD rate in Vietnam among American soldiers is probably no higher than it has been in other wars, but this does not condone the fact. It is a problem and deserves the attention of all. The solution to the problem is not easy and will vary depending upon the person looking for the solution. There are those who will say it is an individual matter; that the warning has been given and it now rests with the individual as to whether he will take the risk of infecting his body for the sake

of personal enjoyment.

I have spoken to many people who feel we have given our men too much freedom, that too many places are not off-limits to military personnel and that access to women is too easy. It is impossible, in my estimation of the problem, to put everything in Vietnam off-limits. The soldier moves around this country on many missions and even if a place is off-limits there are always ways and means of stopping off on "official business." There is also the aspect that once a place is put "off-limits," it then becomes a challenge to see why, to explore the area, to even be able to tell the guys that you were there and were not caught.

**T**HERE is a somewhat different perspective from the medical point of view. Doctors emphasize continence as the best way to cope with the problem, but they must deal with it in its hygienic characteristics as well. They advocate a program of inspection to insure that women engaging in prostitution are free from disease.

In another philosophy, some so-called realists have indicated they favor legalizing prostitution so that, in effect, it can be supervised and kept hygienically clean. They have abandoned the idea that prostitution can be eliminated and have turned to the legalized control of it for the purpose of controlling the VD rate.

Others have suggested still another approach. They advocate making a person who contracts

VD subject to court martial. They feel that the only way to stem the tide is a "get tough" policy. This could have two effects. It could help prevent VD among the troops or it could result in soldiers contracting VD but failing to obtain medical attention because of the court martial policy. They thus would place themselves in a precarious position medically.

The solution to the problem is not an easy one. Men will wrestle with it futilely until they come to the realization that it is an illogical act when one purposely exposes his body to a disease he easily can avoid.

Our bodies are a sacred trust. We have them on a one-time loan basis. Oh, they can be repaired if we have the proper diagnosis and the proper replacement parts. We don't always have these, however.

How often do we as human beings stand and curse the God who gave us the *temple* of our being because it has been infected with an incurable disease. We stand and ask why, and often become angry at what we feel is his lack of goodness or concern. On the other hand, how often do our young men take that *temple* which God has given them and purposely desecrate it. They tarnish its holy vessels and think nothing of it. They abuse the body, the "Temple of God," and debase the trust God has given them. When will our young men learn to value this gift and to wrap it in the dignity befitting its Giver?



# *Medical Hero of the Congo*

By Aubrey B. Haines



**G**OD gave me my children," Paul Carlson's mother said years ago. "I have committed them to God to use as he sees fit." This is the story of one of those children who became a medical missionary to the Congo and who met death at the hands of Congolese rebels. Yet his death did not bring his work to an end. It made his story known throughout the world, and his work will continue stronger than before.

In July, 1963, Dr. Paul Earle Carlson left Rolling Hills, California, with his wife, Lois, and their two children, Wayne and Lynette, for the Congo. Members of the

Evangelical Covenant Church of America, Dr. Carlson was one of about sixty Americans at the mercy of the Communist-backed rebels in the Stanleyville area.

Having settled himself in the remote northwestern village of Ouassolo, Carlson was in the face of the rebel advance. The rebels charged that he was a spy. He was periodically sentenced to death only to be reprieved frequently when things went well for the rebels. The United States Government denied the charge that Carlson was a spy as did his wife.

Rebel "President" Christophe Gbenye could scarcely have hoped

to convince anyone of the doctor's guilt. Carlson was so dedicated to his work that he refused to abandon his Congolese patients. He even insisted on treating ill and injured persons among his captors. This made him extremely popular among the people, who called him *Monganga Paulo* ("my Dr. Paul").

Carlson had taken his family and a nurse to a hospital at Ouassolo far up in the Ubangi country. There the doctor labored eighteen-hour days, treating many kinds of illness. His Christian character shone through his personality, for his temper was always even and mild. He enjoyed joking and laughing, and he talked constantly. Manifestly he was happy at work that he believed God would have him do.

When the rebels moved into the area, Carlson sent his family and nurse out. "I'll stay a little longer," he said, "and will leave in time." But he did not manage to carry out that promise. Soon he became a victim of the Congolese rebellion. The rebels of Gaston Soumialot occupied the region. Bringing the missionary-doctor before a popular tribunal, they charged him with being a military man engaged in spying. In spite of his innocence, he was convicted and sentenced to die on November 16, 1964.

The rebels gathered the people to pronounce judgment against the doctor, but the people disagreed. "We want him to stay with us," they said. Despite the people's pleadings for his life, the rebels

**Dr. Paul E. Carlson at work at his beloved Ouassolo Hospital in the Congo.**



took him to Stanleyville as a hostage.

Never officially put to death, the doctor was slain as described by an eyewitness. Missionary Charles E. Davis—with Carlson when he was shot by Simba rebels at Stanleyville—tells the story. “We had taken off,” he says, “running in the same direction after the slaughter in the streets. We came to a short cement wall around a porch, and Paul motioned for me to jump over.

“I dived over the wall—then turned to aid him. Just as I reached up to help him over, the rebels shot him. He didn’t say anything, so I’m certain that he died at once. In only a matter of seconds he would have been over the wall and out of the way of the shooting. My own wife and children were about four miles outside Stanleyville with a group of missionaries when the massacre occurred. The group, which included fourteen children, were rescued.”

**F**OR two months in 1964 Dr. Carlson had been a pawn of the rebel regime in its negotiations with the United States, Belgium, and the legal Congolese Government of Premier Moise Tshombe. American Consul Michael Hoyt says: “Dr. Carlson was not apparently singled out. When the firing began, he ran with the rest of us. Then he started over a wall but just didn’t make it. It made me sick. He’d been through so much, and to be killed at the very end was a shame.”

Dr. Carlson was buried beside the church he served in the Congo. Besides his widow and two children, about thirty whites and 1,000 Congolese attended the funeral at the Congolese Church of Christ of Loubangui in Karawa, Loubangui Province. The doctor’s simple coffin of white wood was buried beside that of another missionary named Carlson who died in 1957 but who was no relation. The palm-surrounded grave was headed by a wooden cross, to be replaced later with a bronze plaque.

“If Paul had been able to express a last wish,” Mrs. Carlson says, “he surely would have chosen burial near the church to which he devoted his life.” The Congolese Government was represented by M. Limo, the Congolese Minister of the Interior of the province, who gave official recognition of Dr. Carlson’s contribution at services in the large brick church. A detachment from the Congolese Armed Forces rendered honors.

Dr. Carlson’s murder—along with the massacre of another 100 whites and thousands of Congolese—had a special tragic meaning. Carlson symbolized all the white men who desire nothing from Africa but a chance to help. He was a highly skilled physician who, out of a strong Christian faith and a sense of common humanity, had gone to the Congo to treat ill persons.

Sometimes, instead of writing letters home, Dr. Carlson had spoken messages into a tape recorder. Just before his capture in September, 1964, he made a recording in

Ouassolo for his father, his family, and the First Covenant Church of Los Angeles. In his last spoken message he said in part: "Many . . . things have made life uncertain. Visas have not come through for our missionaries, so we don't know when classes will begin for our children. Other changes are occurring. We hear that all the United Nations doctors have been pulled out of their province. We really don't know the reason. This leaves our four mission doctors almost the only medical help in the entire Ubangi province. In days such as these we must leave the future in God's hands.

"Continue to uphold us in prayer. Pray that through the trials we face here we may be an effective witness for Christ and that through the trials being faced, we may see growth in the Congolese Church."

Mrs. Carlson returned to the United States in January, 1965, and is living with her two children in Torrance, California. Nevertheless, Dr. Carlson's work carries on. Today four doctors are trying to care for the health needs of more than 1,000,000 persons in the Congo's Ubangi Province. The Belgian Government had built a medical installation that cost more than \$500,000 just before granting independence to its colony in 1960, but it was never occupied. Dr. Carlson had his eye on this plant, which can accommodate 220 patients in wards and one-room apartments. Just before the rebellion he had begun negotiations with the Government concerning its use.



**Dr. Paul E. Carlson and his wife, the former Lois Lindblom.**

Now these efforts are being carried out by the Paul Carlson Foundation. Provincial authorities have granted permission for immediate occupancy for an indefinite length of time. Built on the Loko River halfway between Gbado and Businga, these facilities were placed there for victims of leprosy and tuberculosis. The Foundation will use them for this purpose. A critical need exists here, for the Ubangi has 10,000 leprosy victims and from



**Dr. Carlson was buried at simple services beside the church he served in the Congo.**

15,000 to 20,000 tuberculosis victims. The tuberculosis mortality and morbidity rate is high due to the lack of adequate drugs and the unsanitary conditions in the squalid, damp, crowded mud huts in which patients live at the existing bush hospitals.

This condition would be corrected at Loko with clean, modern, well-ventilated quarters. Lepers would benefit there from the latest advances in physical therapy and reconstructive surgery. To help activate the Loko facility, the Foundation has obtained the services of a veteran Covenant medical missionary, Dr. Wallace Thornbloom.

Today the hospital at Ouassolo, where Dr. Carlson labored, is in need of assistance. Almost all the

mattresses have worn out so that patients are sleeping on springs. Among the many patients there is one with a strangulated hernia, another with a dislocated shoulder, and many with tuberculosis. Lacking sufficient time, needed drugs, and proper equipment, a doctor there can do little despite desperate needs. At times even the light plant does not function. However, a dislocated arm is put back in joint by the light of a Coleman lantern found in a barrel and by the use of anesthesia by drip ether. A patient with a hernia is taken to the closest hospital, five hours distant.

The people of Central Africa are victims of widespread malnutri-

*(Continued on page 25)*



*Let's  
All  
Join  
Hands*

**By James Roy Smith**

ONE of the large corporations in America noted for its research sometime ago published a full-page advertisement in a national magazine which had across the top of the ad the words "Little Rooms Where New Worlds Are Made." Under the words appeared a picture of a laboratory in which some scientists were working. The advertisement went on to state that in this research room new worlds of scientific advance were being made.

I say to you that of all the little rooms where new worlds have been

*Dr. Smith is the minister of the Mount Olivet Methodist Church, Arlington, Va.*



**An airman at Tuy Hoa in Vietnam receives the sacrament of Holy Eucharist from Chaplain Brennan. Chaplains fly into the field and carry out a site ministry for military personnel.**

made, the greatest was the Upper Room in Jerusalem where some 2,000 years ago Jesus gathered with his disciples and instituted the blessed sacrament of Holy Communion. Since that day there has not been a single week during which some little group has not come together in some little room

somewhere to commune with Christ and with one another. On Worldwide Communion Sunday that little room becomes the largest room in all history, extending 25,000 miles around the world, embracing every country, creed and color. This is truly a significant occasion, when we join hands with our brothers everywhere in celebrating Worldwide Communion in the hope of building a better world.

We cannot understand this event and we cannot hope to build a new world unless we think in terms of God's people—*all* of God's people! There is room at his table for *all* his people of every land. God's love is *all*-inclusive and Christ's death on the cross was to redeem *all* mankind. Now, more than ever before we know that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and *all* that dwell therein." To understand Worldwide Communion and to hope to build a new world we must come to understand that little word *all*. Actually, this tiny word is the one around which our great conflicts, as well as our opportunities, revolve. The deeper understanding of Worldwide Communion is a vivid reminder that we *all* belong to God. We *all* are objects of Christ's redeeming love.

We can trace the history of any nation or any people in terms of this word *all*. Look at the history of our own nation around this word *all*, and it becomes a prototype of the problems that we face in the world today. It's the key word in our "Declaration of Inde-

pendence"—"*All* men are created equal." It's the key word in our pledge of allegiance to the flag—"With liberty and justice for *all*." Follow the history of our nation, and we come to see that the evolution of a great nation comes only when its people understand the true meaning of the word *all*. The problems that we have faced and most of the problems that confront us now arise out of the fact that we have extended the privileges of our way of life to some and not to *all*.

### **Take it, first of all, geographically.**

When we began to evolve as a great nation on this new continent, the republic was extended only to some of our people, geographically; and they became very exclusive and very protective. When the time came that all wanted to be included with the some, all kinds of reactions occurred.

For instance, when the people living in the Ohio Valley wanted to become a state, the president of Yale University, Dr. Timothy Dwight, said on the floor of congress, "Are you going to take in the people of the Ohio valley and make them equal? They are incapable of civilization, culturally or religiously. They are too talkative, and they won't pay their debts." But, we took in all the people of Ohio, and there came a time when the state of Ohio alone furnished more presidents for our country than all of New England, from whence Dr. Timothy Dwight spoke with such eloquence.

Still the some, wanted to be only the some and not *all*, and then there came the people from Missouri who wanted to join the Union. A man named Josiah Quincy, on the floor of Congress said, "Are you going to pour upon the floors of this Congress the wild men of Missouri, to settle the affairs of the Seaboard 1500 miles away from their native haunts?" Well, the word *all* prevailed and they were taken in, and there came a day when one of their sons, Harry Truman, became our 33rd President.

There came a time when the some wanted to exclude the people of the Rocky Mountains. It was very interesting that a man from Missouri stood up and said, "I suggest that a monument be placed on the top of the Rocky Mountains to the God Terminus, the end! There's nothing that anybody wants." Well, say that today to California, Washington, or Oregon!

You see, everytime we looked at a new piece of land with new people we did with fear and suspicion that our own land and privileges were endangered—only to discover to our great surprise that it was in extending the word *all* to all these colonies that we came into our stability and our nationhood.

A deeper understanding of Worldwide Communion serves to remind us that what we have discovered at home is also true throughout the world. The way we helped solve our problems in the early days of our nationhood was by inclusiveness and by this principle can

be found the solution to many of our world's problems. In the world at large we still have this attitude of exclusiveness, that the "in-group" is only some and that the ones who are worthy of our love and devotion and the recipients of our blessings are restricted. Now Worldwide Communion comes to say to us that the real problem we face in the world is the problem that we once faced in our own country, geographically; namely, that we must take in all people, from all countries, as brothers.

**We wrestle with this little word "all" in our nation's life not only geographically but we wrestle with it religiously.**

We seek to understand the word religiously only after a difficult struggle. We know that our Founding Fathers left the old country because they wanted religious freedom, but it is a strange thing how we can seek after something that is good, but in the very process of seeking what we desire, we deny it to other people. As they sought after religious freedom and got their foothold on our soil, they became intolerant in extending to others religious freedom. History tells us there was a time when in New England we burned Quakers at the stake, simply because they were Quakers. Then we began to grow up and there came a day when a man, a chosen representative of the American public, walked into the White House, a great President named Herbert Hoover, who was a Quaker. We found, as we

extended the respect to the other man's religion, it strengthened our own and strengthened our own way of life.

Now Worldwide Communion comes to say to us that this is the problem which we still face in the world: respect for the other man's faith, a willingness to be inclusive about his road to God and to join hands with him as a brother religiously as well as geographically.

**We have difficulty applying the word "all" not only in terms of country and creed but also in terms of color.**

We have learned the hard way. We said in those early days to people all over the world, "Come here and be a part of us. Forget your background, your origin, your color. Be enmeshed into the melting pot. Lose your identity and become an American." That is, we said this to some but not to all. We never said to the Negro, "Forget your color or your origin." No, we organized our national life without extending full equality to the Negro. But now, in our maturity, we have come to see that at the point of color it cannot be some, but it must be all, and we are busily correcting our errors. Some people think we are going too fast, and some people think we are going too slow, but one thing I am sure is that we are going in the *right* direction. We are learning that the word all applies to the area of color too, as it does geographically, as it does religiously.

Worldwide Communion says to us that color is no real barrier, that we must accept people on the basis of individual worth, not on the basis of color origin and color lines. This Communion says that "Christ died for all of us," without regard to country, creed, or color and that we should all join hands the world around because we are the children of one God and brothers one of another.

The story is told of a family who lived in a cabin on the edge of a forest. In this family there was a small boy. One day, while the boy's mother was busy washing and ironing, the child wandered off into the woods. Discovering his absence, the mother frantically called her husband. When the parents could not find him, they called the neighbors. In a few hours, several hundred people had joined the search—but to no avail.

At last someone suggested that all the searchers join hands and walk through the woods as a human chain. Joining hands, they made a sweep through one part of the forest, then another and another, until they finally found the boy. He had fallen into a deep ditch, where he had died before help reached him.

As the searchers laid the lad's lifeless form in his mother's arms, she cried out, "Why didn't we join hands sooner?"

I do not find it too fanciful to say to you on Worldwide Communion Sunday, with all of our tensions and turmoils, God must be

*(Continued on page 25)*

## Football and the Presidents

WE know Woodrow Wilson best as the 28th President of our country, perhaps we do not know that this man contributed a great deal to the game of football.

As a youngster, Woodrow loved baseball but he was frail and weak. He had poor eyesight and had to wear glasses. When he attended Princeton in later years, he tried out for the baseball squad but couldn't qualify. However he did become the baseball's team manager. After he graduated he returned to Princeton as a top football coach.

He became the first coach to use paper, charts and graphs to work out complicated plays with his team.

During the halves of the games, Woodrow never shouted or raved at his players when they were behind like some of the other coaches. He did exactly the opposite. In his soft-spoken voice he lectured the players on good sportsmanship, honor, co-operation and team-work. It paid off because his team compiled many victories.

Like Woodrow Wilson, "Teddy" Roosevelt was a weak and frail lad with very weak eyes. He suffered from a number of ailments and broken bones as a youngster. Like Wilson, he overcame impairments and became an all-around and rugged outdoorsman, athlete, and soldier. His greatest weakness was his eyes; he wore thick lenses and couldn't see more than a dozen feet ahead of himself, yet he became a "dead-eye" in hunting lions and tigers in the dense jungles of Africa.

It was at the time when Teddy became 26th President that football became a rough and vicious game. In 1905, there were over 30 football players killed on the gridiron throughout the country. This frightful toll of human lives aroused the public and a bill was introduced in Congress to outlaw football. It was Roosevelt who summoned all the important college officials to the White House. Under his leadership rules and regulations were written to protect players in the sport in the future.

The odd fact was that Teddy never liked or played the game, but he was a great sportsman who thought the game worth saving.

—Mario De Marco

Turn to page 57 to read about the author

# The Doubts

By Dan Ross

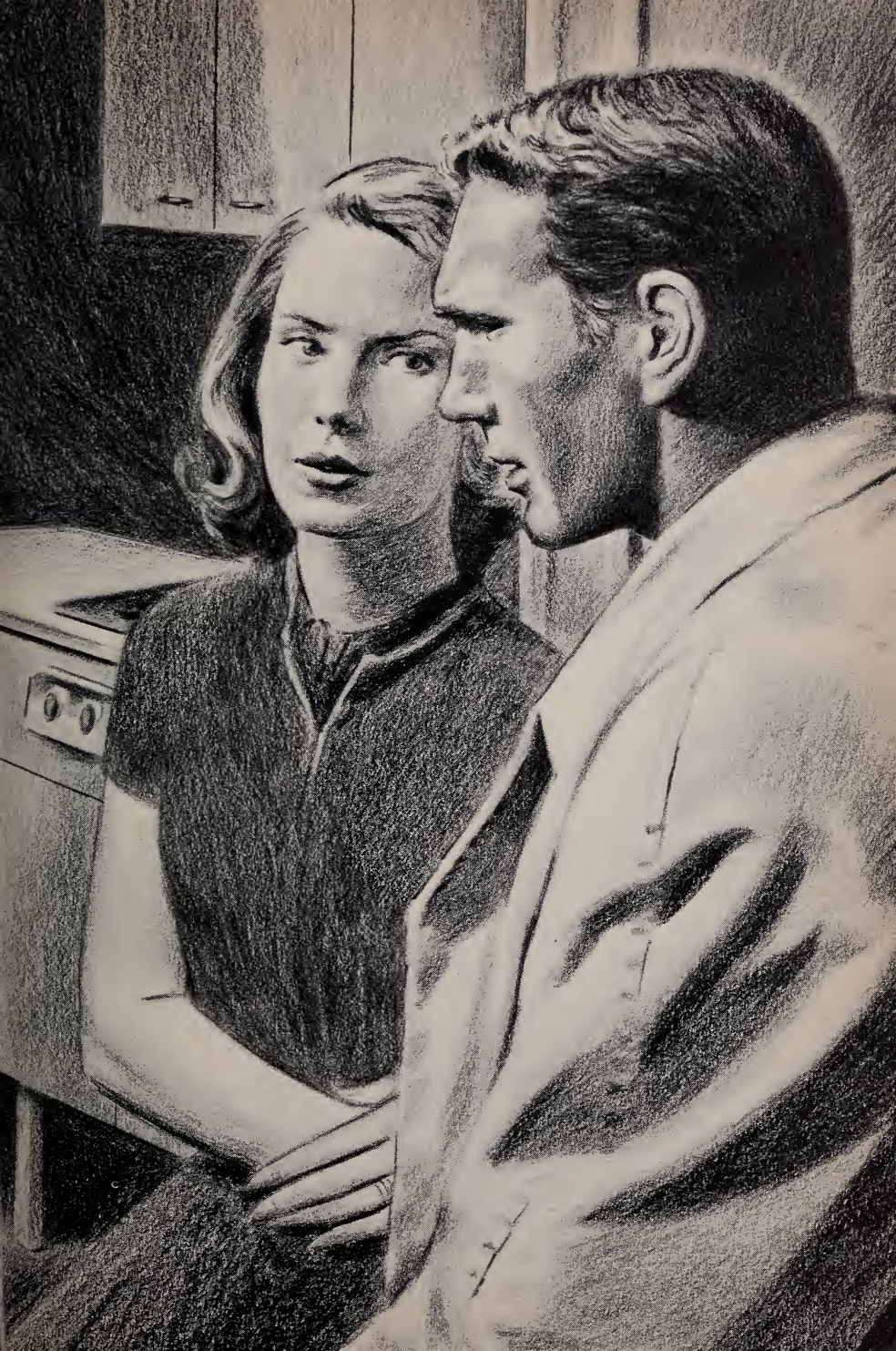
*Who is the successful man?*

SID Kingsley had to pass the Brentwood Estates every morning and night when he drove to and from the station. Twice each day for the five working days each week he was faced with this reminder of his failure. Ten times each week he drove by the elaborate, old-English style billboard at the entrance to the new, exclusive housing development and ten times he experienced the humiliation of knowing that while many of his former neighbors had moved there he couldn't afford it.

There were so many things he couldn't afford for himself and his little family that it was no wonder Wilma had begun to doubt him. His pleasant, young face took on a grim expression as his hands gripped

the wheel of his five-year-old sedan more fiercely than was required. He stared straight ahead to avoid looking at the sign and glumly considered his situation.

When he'd married the auburn-haired, petite Wilma seven years ago neither of them had a single misgiving about the future. In their early twenties and with good jobs it seemed that in finding each other they had achieved the ultimate in happiness. When Don had been born a year later they'd been ecstatic. Three years after Susan came along to make their family group perfect. But he could see now that the signs of uneasiness had begun to appear even then. He'd been aware of Wilma's first doubts. Her misgivings about him



and his ability to provide for them all when she had reluctantly given up her job.

Right then he still hadn't worried much. Wilma had a teasing, ironical smile which he loved and a sharp wit to match it which also pleased him. These were much in evidence during the first happy, carefree days of their marriage. But then as the pressures built and the awkwardness gradually came between them he saw less and less of Wilma's provocative smile and the witty criticisms he had secretly enjoyed as a token of their easy affection. Understanding vanished altogether. The strained silences that now frequently took their place made him turn away to hide his hurt.

There was no easiness left between him and Wilma anymore. There were only doubts. As he turned the bend in the road and the modest residential area where their small house was located came into view, Sid wondered if he were unique in what had happened to him. Was he the only one whose job had not shaped up to its early promise? Who in spite of hard work had won only minor promotions and pay increases so small they hardly counted? Sometimes he felt he must be alone in his attempts to make small economies by clinging to this old car, putting off his annual outside painting of the house, foregoing active membership to the local club, and holding only an associate membership so he and Wilma could at least enjoy the fringe activities of the busy group.

Yet each end of the month he sat for a grim hour with his bills and check book with furrowed brow and attempted to somehow make them balance. And out of it all came one frustrating realization. As a family they were simply out of it. And all because of his failure. The coming of Brentwood Estates and the gradual loss of almost all their old friends and neighbors had merely spotlighted a situation that already existed.

Wilma made it plain when she suggested they even give up their associate membership in the club. Her reason was: "It's really not worth it, Sid. It means too many new party dresses. And what do I want with party dresses anyway?"

What, indeed? He had sighed and made no reply. Their social life was very limited. They were never invited to the affairs the firm held since he was at the bottom of the executive ladder. Their families lived in other areas of the country and there were no family occasions. Wilma, still young and lovely, was being condemned to drabness.

Knowing how Don, their six-year-old, had reacted to losing all of his playmates he was glad Susan, at three, was still too young to be aware of their isolation. The new families that moved in seemed to be either younger than he and Wilma with young babies or elderly retired couples who had nothing in common with them and scowled at Don's riding his prized tricycle across their lawns.

So Don doubted him as well.



Sid had no illusions about that. Not from the evening when he'd returned home to find the towhead youngster seated dejectedly on the front steps.

"Why aren't you out having some fun with the other boys?" Sid had asked.

The freckled face had frowned up at him. "All my gang have gone to Brentwood. When are we going to move there, Dad?"

There had been no answer to that. Not anymore than there had been answers to so many other problems. He pretended not to hear his son's words as he often pretended not to hear the conversations of others that annoyed him. The boys in the office debating the values of the new cars and discussing the ones they planned to buy. The talk at the club about vacations in Florida and Europe. The earnest discussions on the commuter train about the minimum amount of insurance to carry for your family's protection. Sid never entered these debates since he knew his own protection was ridiculous by the standards of the others.

ALL these thoughts rankled as he drove into the driveway of the somewhat faded two-story frame house identical with all the others in the block and his pride and joy only a few years before. He barely noticed the lawn had been cut as he made his way to the back door. Wilma did the lawn these days as another of their economies.

She was at the stove when he entered the kitchen. Glancing

around she showed surprise. "You're home early?"

"Traffic was lighter than usual," he said.

"I'm glad," Wilma said. "I want you to go over to Mary Crane's." She paused, left her chores at the stove to turn and explain. "We had a fire today. At Mary's place. The way the fire trucks poured in here I thought her house might be going to burn down. It turned out only a small blaze in the kitchen but I think you should go over and see if you can do anything to help."

He frowned. "That's too bad. Where are the kids?"

"Upstairs washing for dinner," Wilma said. "You'll have time to run across to Mary's for a minute before it's on the table."

Sid nodded. And without wasting any time was on his way. He was fond of Mary, the young widow who lived across the street from them. She and Jim had been there before they came. Mary and her husband had been their first friends. Jim had done well, much better than he, and if it hadn't been for his untimely death no doubt they would have moved to Brentwood with the others. Sid was puzzled why Mary hadn't moved anyway but she seemed to be shocked into inertia by Jim's passing and lately they hadn't seen much of her. Sid felt guilty on this score and anxious to prove his neighborliness now.

Brunette Mary was pleased to see him and welcomed him into the livingroom with soot-covered walls with a wry smile. "There's

nothing you can do," she assured him. "The insurance people are sending cleaners tomorrow. The whole house is like this and all because I went to bed for an afternoon nap and left a rubber electric cord across a turned-on electric burner."

Sid smiled awkwardly. "Too bad. Better skip afternoon naps."

She flashed him a meaningful look. "Or better still, skip taking sleeping pills."

Her expression and the words told a complete, bitter story. Sid was shocked at the realization of the pretty young widow's unhappiness. "We haven't seen much of you lately."

Mary eyed him directly, "Visiting you hasn't been much fun anymore."

He thought he knew what she meant. She had enough unhappiness of her own without wanting to share theirs. He said, "You should travel. Maybe leave here and buy another place. Jim left you plenty of insurance. If anything happened to me Wilma wouldn't be nearly as well off." This was one of the things that gnawed at him.

"The point is she has you and so she is," Mary said with a wise look. "What's happening to you two, Sid?"

It was a moment of truth, He shrugged. "Wilma's lost her illusions. She knows me for the failure I am, I guess. All I can see in her these days are her doubts."

Mary Crane stared at him. "Why must we all measure ourselves by

the wrong standards until it's too late?" she said with that touch of bitterness. "You have as much as you ever had. All you need."

Sid offered her a grim smile. "I like your optimism, Mary. I'd like it even better if Wilma and I lived in Brentwood."

"Brentwood?" There was a touch of scorn in the dark-haired girl's voice. "Can't you see any further than that?" She paused. "You have no right to make Wilma and the children so unhappy."

"She's the one with the doubts," he protested. "She doesn't believe in me!"

"The doubts you see are your own," Mary said. "Wilma's only reflect what you've brought to her. Try and do better, Sid."

He mulled over the young widow's words all the way back to his own place. The doubts that he felt so betrayed him were his own! It was a new idea for him. And yet, with a feeling of shame, he saw the truth of what she'd said. It was he who had instilled the doubts in Wilma, brought her to unhappy defeat with his own feelings of defeat, let his own feelings of failure engulf her!

He opened the kitchen door just as she was filling the soup dishes. She gave him a questioning glance. "Was everything all right?"

"It will be," he said, moving to her. "Mary's a perceptive gal." And with an approach long in disuse he came up behind her and put an arm around her waist. "If I wasn't so much in love with you I'd have an eye for her."

Wilma gave him a surprised stare.

“Well!” she said. And then: “The children are at the table waiting.”

“They’re not liable to run away,” he teased. “I am.” And he kissed her on the lips. Her reaction was pleased surprise and she made his joy complete by turning on her cynical smile.

“What makes you so sure Mary would take a second look at you?” she said in the old smart caustic way he loved.

“She thinks I have possibiliites,” he smiled. “And so do I.” He said it knowing there was no time like the present to start settling those doubts. ■ ■

### Medical Head of the Congo

*(Continued from page 14)*

tion, malaria, anemia, and intestinal parasites which sap their energy. Existing medical facilities lack supplies, equipment, and staff. The Paul Carlson Foundation is dedicated to increasing medical work in the Congo so that everyone can be helped. Thus Dr. Carlson’s noble work can be carried on. ■ ■

### Let’s All Join Hands

*(Continued from page 18)*

saying to us, “How much longer must I wait until you *all* join hands and become a human race?”

Let’s join hands, now with all men, at this Worldwide Communion table, which does stretch around the world and which does invite and include men of all races, all colors, and all creeds. ■ ■

## Daily Bible Readings

*October*

| DAY | BOOK     | CHAPTER   |
|-----|----------|-----------|
| 1   | Amos     | 1:1-8     |
| 2   | Amos     | 2:1-16    |
| 3   | Amos     | 3:1-11    |
| 4   | Amos     | 7:10-17   |
| 5   | Amos     | 9:1-15    |
| 6   | Hosea    | 2:1-15    |
| 7   | Hosea    | 3:1-4:3   |
| 8   | Hosea    | 5:3-14    |
| 9   | Hosea    | 5:15-6:6  |
| 10  | Hosea    | 11:1-9    |
| 11  | Micah    | 6:1-8     |
| 12  | Jonah    | 1:1-16    |
| 13  | Jonah    | 1:17-2:10 |
| 14  | Jonah    | 3:1-9     |
| 15  | Jonah    | 3:10-4:11 |
| 16  | Habakkuk | 1:1-13    |
| 17  | Habakkuk | 2:1-20    |
| 18  | Habakkuk | 3:1-19    |
| 19  | Haggai   | 1:1-11    |
| 20  | Haggai   | 1:12-15   |
| 21  | Haggai   | 2:1-9     |
| 22  | Haggai   | 2:10-23   |
| 23  | Jeremiah | 1:1-19    |
| 24  | Jeremiah | 2:1-13    |
| 25  | Jeremiah | 2:14-37   |
| 26  | Jeremiah | 3:1-14    |
| 27  | Jeremiah | 3:15-25   |
| 28  | Jeremiah | 4:1-10    |
| 29  | Jeremiah | 4:11-31   |
| 30  | Jeremiah | 5:1-17    |
| 31  | Jeremiah | 5:18-31   |

### PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 10-14, Evangelical Covenant Church; pages 15, 60, 61, U.S. Air Force; page 57, Bruno of Hollywood; page 59, U.S. Army; page 61, Pentagon.

# New Knowledge and the Bible

By James Z. Nettinga

This can't be the Bible. I can understand it.

I have been searching a long time for a New Testament which spoke to God like I do, in simple, direct English. . . . I was about to give up in despair and then yours hit me. I flipped for it. I love it—the format, the pictures, the translation itself.

It's not only as readable as the daily paper, but we "are there." This wonderful story is no longer remote.

I can understand the language in that book. I never realized that there was so much good common sense in the Bible. I wish I had read it before I got "hooked," but now I need power to keep me clean.

THESE reactions to the American Bible Society's new translation of the New Testament

*Mr. Nettinga is executive secretary for National Distribution for the American Bible Society, 1865 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10023*

in Today's English bring into sharp focus the essential purpose of all translations of the Bible—to communicate to the reader the same meaning communicated by the original document to its reader. Because this new translation has succeeded so well in this purpose more than 15 million copies were distributed in the format of a paperback in two and a-half years.

## Why a New Translation?

There are many answers. According to Dr. Robert Bratcher, key translator of *Good News for Modern Man, Today's English Version*, there are five.

1. *Language changes.* It is not a dead thing, but a living medium of communication between people. The language of the King James Bible is much different from the English language we speak today. Here is an example: "The word 'carriage'

## This month's Daily Bible Readings are listed on page 25

used to mean 'something one carries'; today it means 'something one is carried in.'" So when the writer of Acts 21:15 wrote, "We took up our carriages, and went up to Jerusalem," he really meant, "We packed our baggage and took the road up to Jerusalem."

2. *The New Testament language is understood better.* Since the King James Bible was written, new knowledge of the time in which the New Testament was written has revealed that the Greek language of the New Testament was not the language of the scholar or a highly technical language. Rather it was the language of the man in the street.

3. *There is a better knowledge of New Testament times.* Dr. Bratcher points out that one of the most important facts to remember is that, although the New Testament was written in Greek, the writers were not Greeks, but Jews with Jewish (Semitic) concepts, thoughts and expressions. In Semitic thought, the phrase "son of. . ." describes a man's status or character, not his pedigree. Therefore the "sons of the bridechamber" (Matt. 9:15, Mark 2:19) simply means that they are friends or guests of the groom.

As far as Semitic psychology is concerned bodily organs are used to express various emotions. For example, in Hebrew thought, the

lower vital organs were the seat of the emotions, love, tenderness, etc. So when Paul addresses the Christians at Philippi, he writes, "I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ," as stated in the King James Version. But in TEV it becomes, "I long for you all with deepfelt affection of Christ Jesus" (Philippians 1:8).

In translating John 14:1 for one African tribe, the translators went from the KJV, "Let not your heart be troubled. . ." to "Do not shiver in your liver. . ." Why, because we think of the heart as the seat of the emotions, while this tribe believes the liver is the seat of the emotions.

4. *Archeology has given translators a better and older Greek text.* While there is no original manuscript of the New Testament, older manuscripts have been discovered. When the King James Bible was prepared there was no manuscript older than the tenth century. Since then beautiful vellum (calfskin) editions of the New Testament from the fifth and fourth centuries have been uncovered, and even older papyri manuscripts dating back to the third and second centuries.

5. *Translators better understand their task.* Translation is both a science and an art; "a science, in that definite rules of language and

meaning can be formulated and applied; art, because the process of communication involves the living element...which determines the meaning of the text." The main purpose of the translator is to convey the original meaning as closely as possible. This requires more than a word-for-word translation. A word in one language very seldom means the same thing as a word in another language.

The translator must seek "the meaning of the whole sentence or paragraph and then give its equivalent meaning in the language in which he is translating the vocabulary and style of the original as far as the language allows." For example: a long sentence may be good Greek, but in English it becomes tiresome and complicated. In Paul's letter to the Ephesians, 1:3-14 is all one sentence. Modern translations break this into five, six or even fourteen sentences. Read it in the King James Version first and then in one of the modern revisions and discover how much easier it is to understand.

A literal translation can result in error. Consider 1 Timothy 6:5 "supposing that gain is godliness." This is correct Greek order, but its meaning is directly opposite. The RSV translates it "imagining that godliness is a means of gain." The TEV is even more explicit: "They think that religion is a way to become rich."

The modern translator can be trusted as long as he considers his task in terms of meaning and strives to communicate to the

readers the same meaning communicated by the original document to its readers.

### **How Many Translations?**

The Bible, the most translated book in the world, in whole or in part, has been translated into 1392 languages and dialects all over the world (Dec. 31, 1968). Many people still think that the King James Bible (1611) was the first English Bible. As a matter of fact the King James Bible was a revision of the Bishop's Bible of 1568 which was the seventh complete Bible since the first one, Wycliffe's Bible of 1382. Since 1611 there have been some twenty different English revisions of the Bible, seventy-five to eighty translations of the New Testament and more than one hundred and fifty published translations of one or more books of the New Testament.

### **Who Sponsors Translations?**

First, there are those sponsored by a group of churches. They are usually the result of committee work. Individual translations are prepared because pastors and/or professional Bible scholars believe that the Bible reading public is missing some of the depth and richness of the original. Each seeks to meet that need.

### **Five Modern Translations**

1. The first translation of the New Testament into modern English in the twentieth century was done by James Moffatt, a Scottish scholar. The success of this translation led Edgar Goodspeed to do the same for

the American scene (1923). It is consistently accurate, vigorous and straightforward.

2. Phillips (1958-complete volume). This individual translation of the NT has captured the attention of Bible readers in an unprecedented way. One of Phillips guiding principles was that a translation should be "easy to read" and therefore he has not hesitated to expand and paraphrase where necessary.

3. Revised Standard Version (1946 New Testament—1952 Bible). Sponsored by the National Council of the Churches of Christ the RSV does not claim to be a fresh translation, but a revision of the King James—English Revised—American Standard revision of 1611, 1881 and 1901. It is accurate and clear on the one hand and has style and euphony for public reading on the other.

4. New English Bible (1961 New Testament). Sponsored by the leading Protestant churches of Great Britain, it was a completely new translation in contemporary English—avoiding archaic and obsolete terms and yet not using colloquialisms and slang.

The language, naturally is British, not American. It has set a new standard of clarity and readability and "plumbed new depths in the art of translation." Only the New Testament is available now; the whole Bible will be published in 1970.

5. Today's English Version (1966—New Testament). For many years

the American Bible Society was asked to prepare and publish a translation of the Bible which could be used and understood by all who speak English. Dr. Robert Bratcher of the Translation Department was appointed to do this.

It uses a limited vocabulary, simple grammatical construction, short sentences and common languages. Whenever possible it uses modern equivalents for such cultural items as Jewish institutions, customs, measures, money and laws of the day. It is illustrated by 152 line drawings and has a word list to explain technical terms and rarely used words. It has now received the imprimatur of Cardinal Cushing, as has the Revised Standard Version.

### **Which Bible Should I Use?**

For private and group use try to use as many as possible. For rapid reading in private, Phillips and Today's English Version are recommended. For a systematic course of study or public worship the RSV is especially recommended. The best New Testament for you is the one that brings to you the gospel of Jesus Christ with new understanding. Dr. Robert Bratcher of the American Bible Society sums it up this way: "No translation, however, is any good unless it is read, studied and believed by the reader who knows and confesses Jesus Christ as the living and eternal Word of God. For such a person the New Testament becomes *his* New Testament, bringing God's creative and regenerate message to him." ■ ■

# *The Miracle of Bastogne*

By Robert G. Hays

**T**HE chronicles of history are replete with testament to the power of prayer. But to thousands of American GIs who survived the merciless combat of the Battle of the Bulge, one example is sufficient: The Patton Prayer.

In that bitter December, 1944, the nation sat in stunned disbelief while newspaper headlines screamed out the awful truth. Hitler's armies, despite disastrous losses at the hands of Allied forces throughout the autumn, had broken out in a desperate counter-offensive in the Ardennes.

His panzers crept out of the black forests under cover of drenching rains, impenetrable fog and swirling ground mists which muffled sounds of their movement, blotted out the sun and reduced visibility to zero. Allied troops were overrun,

their food supplies and materials of war rapidly depleted.

They fought with valor. But the enemy had the advantage of surprise, coupled with the fierce determination of a last-ditch defense of their homeland. The panzers seared through Allied Mines; it appeared that the German advance might bring a critical reversal to the war in Europe.

Grasping the importance of Bastogne as a highway center. Allied strategists ordered the 101st Airborne Division and other available units to that area as reinforcements. The weather made troop movement difficult, even by truck, and nullified completely the superior Allied air power.

By December 19, three days after the German counter-offensive began, General George S. Patton, Jr.,



## Story of General Patton's prayer for good weather

had extricated his Third Army from an offensive move toward the Saar Valley and, in one of the outstanding maneuvers of the war, pushed northward rapidly toward the Ardennes some 75 miles distant.

For Patton, who liked to move swiftly and hit the enemy before the enemy was prepared for him, the winter had been particularly difficult.

Third Army had taken Metz and continued eastward to establish bridgeheads across the Moselle River and engage the Siegfried Line, slugging its way through the enemy, the terrain, and the weather, in about equal terms of opposition.

Early in December, the western banks of the Meuse had been cleared and the Roer was reached. Third Army crossed the German frontier and was well on its way to the Rhine. A planned new offensive would strike at Frankfurt, deep in the German heartland.

But the weather had constantly plagued the hard-driving commander. Trucks and equipment were bogged down, so that supplies could not keep up with the troops. The weather, as much as the Germans, slowed the Third Army advance.

On December 8, Patton telephoned Third Army Chaplain James H. O'Neill.

"This is General Patton," he said. "Do you have a good prayer for weather?"

In a brief meeting which followed, the fiery general expressed a concern. God had been good to Third Army, he said, because of the prayers of people back home.

"Chaplain," he said, "I believe in prayer... but we have to pray for ourselves, too."

Chaplain O'Neill then wrote for Patton the following prayer, subsequently distributed to all men of Third Army:

Almighty and most merciful Father, we humbly beseech Thee, of Thy great goodness, to restrain these immoderate rains with which we have to contend. Grant us fair weather for Battle. Graciously hearken to us as soldiers who call upon Thee that armed with Thy power, we may advance from victory to victory, and crush the oppression and wickedness of our enemies, and establish Thy justice among men and nations. Amen.

A half-million of the prayers were printed on the back of small cards bearing Patton's personal Christmas greetings to his men.

**T**HE general called upon Chaplain O'Neill for one more item. He wanted a training letter on the importance of prayer distributed not only to the 486 chaplains of Third Army, but also to every organizational commander down to and including the regiment level—3,200 copies in all.

That letter, personally approved by General Patton before distri-

bution, read in part:

As chaplains it is our business to pray. We preach its importance; we urge its practice. But the time is now to intensify our faith in prayer, not alone with ourselves, but with every believing man, Protestant, Catholic, Jew or Christian, in the ranks of Third United States Army.

Those who pray do more for the world than those who fight; and if the world goes from bad to worse, it is because there are more battles than prayers. . . . Urge all of your men to pray, not alone in church, but everywhere.

Pray when driving.

Pray when fighting.

Pray alone.

Pray with others.

Pray by night and pray by day.

Pray for the cessation of immoderate rains, for good weather for Battle.

Pray for the defeat of our wicked enemy whose banner is injustice and whose god is oppression.

Pray for Victory.

Pray for our Army, and pray for peace.

The day after Patton's initial call to Chaplain O'Neill, the commander was to learn in detail of a new and grave situation.

At a special briefing at Third Army Headquarters in Nancy, France, Colonel Oscar W. Koch, Patton's chief intelligence officer, warned of the possibility that the Germans were planning a counter-offensive.

Hard-pressed as Hitler's forces were, Colonel Koch pointed out, the *Fuehrer* was gathering in the north formidable numbers of pan-

zers, panzer grenadiers, paratroops, and elite SS troops.

Colonel Koch outlined an astonishing amount of enemy activity involving withdrawal from the front by German fighting units which later would turn up in the build-up area.

Although Hitler's need for infantry units at the front had been growing increasingly acute, Allied intelligence studies showed a combined total of thirteen divisions held in reserve as of December 7. And the build-up apparently was continuing.

**F**ACING the U. S. VIII Corps, Colonel Koch noted, were two and one-half times more enemy divisions in equivalent strength than against the entire U.S. Third Army, three and one-half more than against the entire Seventh Army, and only one division less than the total equivalent strength of all enemy divisions then in contact on the whole First Army front (of which VIII Corps was a part).

In short, the enemy had built up an approximate two-to-one numerical advantage in the Ardennes area. All the ingredients of an attempted break-through seemed present.

General Patton arose.

His own offensive to the east was scheduled to jump off in less than two weeks and nothing, he vowed, would stand in the way.

"We'll be in a position to meet whatever happens," he said.

Between that historic December 9 briefing and the launching of

the German attack, Third Army intelligence reports continued to detail the enemy build-up. As Patton re-directed his divisions for the sweep northward, there were no illusions as to the strength of the enemy.

On the night of December 20, the Germans cut the last road into Bastogne. American troops had been unyielding in their struggle to hold the city.

Now, they were surrounded in it, in desperate need of food and supplies. Their situation appeared hopeless.

Then, on December 23, the enshrouding rain and fog—typical for the season and counted upon by the Germans as a continuing shield from Allied air power—suddenly began to break. The Germans were dismayed; American forecasters were taken by surprise.

“Flying weather” brought swarms of Allied planes. Hundreds of enemy tanks were destroyed in their tracks, while a systematic bombardment of German troops in the forward positions was begun.

Attempts to bring up reinforcements were harried from the air.

Tons of critically short food, ammunition, and equipment were air dropped to the Armored Combat Command and 101st Airborne Division troops besieged in Bastogne.

Christmas dinner still would be “K” rations, but now they could carry on the fight.

The day after Christmas, a thin column of Patton’s Third Army knifed into Bastogne. The encirclement was over.

While the German counter-offensive inflicted heavy casualties on the Allies and delayed their offensive on the German homeland, it became in the end simply another element in the war of attrition the Germans could ill afford to lose.

The assault in the Ardennes cost some 76,000 American casualties. The Germans lost more than 81,000 troops.

Without “fair weather for battle,” however, the Allied struggle to regain the initiative might have been far more costly.

For beleaguered GI’s at Bastogne and elsewhere along “the Bulge,” the “Patton Prayer” was answered just in time. ■ ■

A successful executive is someone who delegates all responsibility... shifts all the blame, and appropriates all the credit.  
—*Austin Austinite*.

Time wasted thinking up good excuses, would be better spent avoiding their need.—*Indiana Parent-Teacher Bulletin*.

Striking while the iron is hot is all right, but don’t strike while the head is hot.—*Megiddo Message*.

## A Doctor

# Who Turned to Writing

By W. J. Smart

**L**UKE is the only writer in the New Testament who was not a Jew.

By profession he was a medical doctor, practicing probably in Troas, and enjoying the fruits of a lucrative career. Piecing together the information available about him, we conclude that he was a European, a man of Macedonia who happened to be in Troas when Paul arrived there during his second missionary journey, and that he was called in to give professional service to Paul whose "thorn in the flesh" and general physical condition needed expert medical care. Paul talked to him first as a patient talks to his doctor, and Luke, impressed by what Paul said about the new religious faith he was seeking to spread among the Gentiles, urged him to go over into Europe, especially to Macedonia.

Something like this happened with Bishop William Taylor, one of the great American missionaries of the last century.

*The Reverend W. J. Smart, D.D. is vicar of Sulgrave and rector of Thorpe Mandeville, Nr. Banbury, Oxon, England*

## **Series for 1969. Next Month: Paul, World's Greatest Missionary**

While he was leading evangelistic campaigns in Canada after working among "Forty-Niners" in California, he was urged by a medical doctor who had recently returned from Australia to go there where his message could do a lot of good. Taylor had no money to go to Australia, and no thought of going, but the doctor's suggestion disturbed him.

One day he went into a wild Canadian forest to pray about it and, he says, "I was certified by the Holy Ghost that the Lord wanted me in Australia." It seemed a very casual and small introduction to the work which Taylor subsequently did in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, India, South America, and Africa. But who are we to say what is big or small? Many of the biggest things in our lives are too small for us to notice them—until about twenty years afterwards.

Similarly, the suggestion of Paul's doctor in Troas that he should go over into Europe seemed a small thing to Paul at the time; besides, his own heart was set on going in another direction. But, the suggestion stuck in his mind, and "a vision appeared to Paul in the night: There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him saying, come over to Macedonia and help us" (Acts 16:9).

"Immediately we endeavoured to go to Macedonia," Luke says, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them." Notice the way Luke, who is the writer of both the Third Gospel and The Acts, uses the word, "we." Notice also the sense of urgency and enthusiasm in the word "immediately." No one knows when Luke, the European doctor practicing in those parts at that time, was converted to Christianity, but it could be that Paul led his doctor to Christ while he was receiving medical attention in Troas.

And going over into Europe with Paul, Luke made his first two great discoveries about the Christian faith; namely, that Christianity showed great courtesy towards women, and that it was a singing religion.

THE pious Jew of that time thanked God in his morning prayers that he had not been made "a Gentile, a slave, or a woman," and pious Jewesses accepted the implication. Luke was thoroughly familiar with this Jewish attitude toward women, but in Paul he saw one who, though he had been thoroughly schooled in the rabbinic schools and was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, did not share his view. On the contrary, almost as soon as they arrived in Europe he heard Paul address a small group of women in a prayer meeting near Philippi. He and Luke, on the Sabbath Day "went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down and spake unto the women which resorted thither" (Acts 16:13). Further, Luke saw Paul do something which no medical doctor could do and which no ordinary Jew would "stoop" to do; he saw Paul cure an "incurably" demented slave girl.

When Paul and Silas were thrown into prison in Philippi Luke was not involved. But he knew what happened. He knew that the jailer was commanded to beat them with many stripes, to thrust them into the inner prison, and to make their feet fast in the stocks—everything to break their spirit and inflict bodily pain. But "at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them" (Luke 16:25). This was indeed a new religion for Europe, which could fill men's hearts with music even when their bodies were writhing in pain.

When Paul and Silas left Philippi for other cities in Europe, Luke returned to his medical practice and we hear no more of him until seven or eight years later, when Paul came back to Philippi during his third missionary journey.

Luke now joined up with Paul for life, going with him to Jerusalem, spending two years with him during his imprisonment in Caesarea, then traveling as Paul's slave on the last voyage and keeping near Paul throughout the two years that he was a prisoner in his own hired house in Rome. And it was during this time, when Luke had been with Paul for several years, meeting all the leaders of the early church and people who had been in this new religion from the very beginning, that Luke the doctor took up his pen and proved himself to be both an entrancing writer and a reliable historian.

When Dr. Denny was once asked if he could recommend a good Life of Christ, he answered "Have you tried the one by Luke?" Dr.

William Barclay says that Luke's Gospel "is the best life of Christ ever written." Renan describes it as being "the most beautiful book in the world." Luke's writing bears the marks of exact investigation yet, notwithstanding its meticulous care and attention to detail, the story moves; it is vital, captivating, inspiring, challenging, through which readers may hear the voice and see the hands of the loving and all-sufficient Savior. It is a book about the Savior written for sinners.

In the opening chapter Luke strikes the two notes of courtesy and song—the respect for motherhood, and two of the earliest Christian hymns, the Magnificat and the Benedictus. Very soon, Luke is showing us that vital religion is primarily an inward life of fellowship with God, expressing itself in outward obedience and service. Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, hears a voice assuring him that "thy prayer is heard;" an angel speaks to Mary, "the Lord is with thee;" the aged priest Simeon comes "by the Spirit into the Temple" and sees the infant Savior.

Then Luke jumps over thirty years and shows how God passed over the great personalities of the time and used a man of lowly circumstances to lead the nation in a mission of repentance. Then before we have time to assimilate this affirmation about the divine initiative and religious individualism, we see Jesus being baptized in the river Jordan, and a voice speaking to him saying "Thou art my beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased" (Luke 3:22). Luke shows us that right from the beginning, Christianity is a religion of personal encounter and commitment, a deep inner spiritual awareness, a fellowship with God in heart and hand.

**L**UKE believed that prayer was of paramount importance. He learned from our Lord's intimate disciples that Jesus prayed a lot before all the crises in his life, such as before he chose the Twelve, and as when the multitudes thronged after him because he healed a leper. Sometimes he spent the whole night in prayer, and once his disciples were so moved by his prayer that one of them asked him to teach them how to pray. Other writers before Luke had recorded many things Jesus said about prayer, but Luke added two of our Lord's parables which they had omitted. Luke is the only one who tells the parables of the Friend at Midnight and the Unjust Judge, the point of both being that if unwilling people will do things because they are importuned, how much more will

our God, who is always more ready to give than we are to receive, answer the prayers of his children. Therefore, "men ought always to pray and not to faint" (Luke 18:1).

Because he was a doctor, Luke was enormously interested in the healing works of Jesus. In sifting the evidence, he noticed that in almost every instance Jesus attributed the cure to the patient's faith.

Luke's doctor-mentality comes out very clearly in the story of the woman who was healed by touching the hem of our Lord's robe. Mark says that she had suffered many things of many physicians and had spent all she had and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse (Mark 5:26). Luke points out that she had her malady for twelve years and was not healed because her malady was incurable (Luke 8:43). Yet, when she touched Christ's robe she was cured. Why? Both Mark and Luke quote Jesus saying to the woman, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

In all the cures of Jesus, faith was the pre-requisite. Because of the Centurion's faith, his servant is made whole; the ruler of the Synagogue is told that if he will "believe only" his sick daughter will be made whole; the leper who came back to say "thank you" to Jesus is told "thy faith hath made thee whole;" the blind man who received sight is told "thy faith hath saved thee."

Having finished the writing of this Gospel, and having dedicated it to "the most excellent Theophilus"—probably a high official in the service of the Roman government—Luke went on to write the Acts of the Apostles. He set out to explain three things: (1) The transformation of a dispirited group of disciples into a radiant band of flaming evangelists; (2) the means whereby men with no medical training like Peter, John and Paul could cure people who, according to medical science, were incurable; and (3) how a religion which originated in an obscure corner of the Roman Empire had spread rapidly throughout that Empire in about thirty years. And he saw that the explanation for all three lay in a gift of God's own Holy Spirit which he had made, and continued to make, to those who believed in Jesus Christ and committed their lives to him in daily service.

Vital Christianity as Luke saw it was not only a new view of

*(Continued on page 58)*



# Sons of '69

By David W. Plank

## Sermon preached at the Naval Academy Chapel

I WOULD like to talk to you this morning about this terribly disturbing problem of campus revolt and rebellion in the hope that we can make some sense out of it ourselves.

The current campus crisis took its first infant step five years ago in Berkeley when students demonstrated for free speech privileges. That movement, which was an interesting baby in 1964, has become in 1969 a full-grown ugly monster. It stirred curiosity then; it stirs revulsion and fear for survival today. Hot tempers flared then; today cold chills run down the spine of America.

In the beginning, the tactic was sit-in. But during the past four weeks, campus unrest has been described by the new media in terms of violence and vandalism, coercion and conflict, terror and

tyranny, disruption and disorder.

"New barbarians," "Ideological criminals," Nixon Administration spokesmen are quoted as calling these protesting Sons of '69.

It started out as scuffling in Sproul Plaza. Today campuses look and sound like battlegrounds. The revolutionaries rampage through libraries and classrooms; rip paintings off the wall; burn and destroy desks and furniture and files; throw deans out of their offices; club professors and disagreeing students and school officials; and set fire to a teacher's clothing...while he was still in them.

Then came the terrifying grand climax of unrest and unreason on the 10th of April. The picture appeared on the front page of your newspaper: militant students walking in triumph out of Cornell's Willard Straight Hall draped

in bandoliers, and carrying rifles and shotguns and homemade spears...ending their thirty-six hour armed occupation.

Meanwhile, back at the Naval Academy and Bancroft Hall: While Junior High, High School, and college students rise in revolt, you midshipmen go serenely about your business. The Yard is as peaceful as a monastery. You get up every morning at 6:15 in good humor and without complaint. You march quietly to meals and parades in uniform uniforms and in uniform files. You salute automatically, obey instinctively, and respond "Yes, Sir" pleasantly. You command "eyes right" when there's a pretty girl in sight and every eyeball turns.

Don't you ever feel like manipulated puppets? all cast in the same show? acting always on command from above? with no initiative or mind of your own?

Other students are complaining about all sorts of things: the war; the draft; the ROTC; campus territorial expansion; more power and participation in running the university, in decision and policy making; and on and on they go. The demands are legion in number.

Now, is there not one complaint, one change for which you can organize a revolt? Is this some sort of Academic Utopia? Why not uprise for the abolition of YP's; or wires and thermo; more weekends, less restrictions, drags for Plebes; cars earlier, liberty later; visiting rights for girls in your rooms; OD's out of the halls.

Why don't you rise up, oh men of Annapolis? Is it fear of punishment alone? or distaste for professional suicide? or discouragement from the outcome of the last lawn party?

I'll tell you why. For here is the best reason for the sharp contrast between this campus and others. As midshipmen you have voluntarily pledged that you will support and defend the Constitution; that you will well and faithfully discharge your duties; that to the utmost of your power and ability you will in everything conform to and obey the several requirements and lawful commands of the officers placed over you.

You alone, and your comrades of the other service academies, have taken this oath. You alone are in disciplined training as America's guardians.

You alone must stand aloof from organized protest and dissent, for you alone have pledged your word and honor to uphold order and civility, to defend the ways of peace.

Yours alone is the profession of arms: the life-dedication to the rule of law; the opposition to lawlessness in every form; the obedience to every higher authority; the will to defend America's traditions of liberty and justice, of freedom and right.

You do not oppose change, you make it possible. You are life-guards of that order and structure which enables others to lawfully protest and dissent and demonstrate, these being civil and constitutional luxuries you have

relinquished and do not share. You are upholders and protectors of those peaceful and lawful procedures that are designed to secure change within the established order.

Others may sit-in, lie-in, mill-in, stand-in, love-in, and according to *The Washington Post*, zap-in. But you fall-in, even as thousands of noble and stainless men-at-arms have done before you. This professional stance you have chosen in honor. By it you serve your nation, your fellowman.

If the cause to which you are committed and for which you are now training should lose, then our nation will be defeated by anarchy and ruled by fascist totalitarianism, and all for which you are America's guardian will be destroyed.

Respect for authority, and for the rule of the law is the cement which ultimately binds together the fragile threads of our society and our nation into a strong, durable, and sound fabric. You are that cement. You must not fail. "You belong to America," Admiral Calvert said yesterday at the dedication of Michelson Hall. As sons of America, then, in the spring of 1969, I say to you that your trust has never been higher, never dearer, never more deserving of your highest devotion.

And never has your trust and mission been subjected to greater mockery and ridicule.

And now a few final words about the crisis of student revolution and disruption.

President Nixon and others have

called this crisis "a crisis of the spirit." And with this the Christian gospel agrees.

All men by nature are rebellious. This includes even midshipmen. If there be any doubt, clock a firstie driving his new car, where there's daylight in front of him; all he needs is a couple of feet. Watch your own hair grow this summer as it marches past regulation length. Remind yourself of Dr. Seaborg's biographical comments on Albert A. Michelson, distinguished member of the Class of 1873, Nobel Laureate of 1907, who at one point "had 129 infractions and was more than once in the brig."

Rebellion, the tendency to break or bend the law, is a spiritual crisis which all men share in some degree. One purpose of Christianity is to cope with this crisis, to minister in strength and transforming grace to man's inner spirit where rebellion rises, and where rebellion is subdued.

Science and technology have changed many things. But they will never change the inner battles that men have always, and will always, wage against greed, envy, lust for power, deceit, hypocrisy, jealousy, and urges to anger and unbridled force.

It is Christianity that promises and accomplishes changes in this inner sphere. For Jesus Christ has given us his word that if we will acquiesce in spirit, and submit to his lordship . . . to his rule of love and commandment . . . then he will supernaturally enable us to fight

and win the battles of the spirit. "Not by might, not by power, but by my spirit," saith the Lord.

That man who places his life under the management of Jesus Christ, is changed by repentance, cleansed by forgiveness, strengthened by grace, empowered by a divine presence, and guided by the indwelling spirit of the living Lord Jesus.

For such a Christ-managed man there is assurance that spiritual crisis can be turned from defeat to victory... there is a promise that he can be self-controlled, not self-mutinous; patient and long-suffering, not threatening, and demanding instant satisfaction; peaceful and understanding, not violent and destructive; charitable and forgiving, not retaliatory and revengeful; truly open and oriented to others, not closed and oriented to self-interest alone.

A physical cure for unrest and rebellion is wisely administered and restrained police force. And this cure we now desperately need. A spiritual cure, which gets to the real root of things, begins by saying "Yes, Sir" to God, and submitting in obedience to his rule-of-the-heart, and living as his loyal sons. This cure we also desperately need.

Men of Annapolis and Sons of '69, you have a dual commission and responsibility. To your government and to your nation, in respect to its authority, and its rule of law, you say "Yes, Sir." To your Master and your God, in respect to his rightful sovereignty in your

life, and his rule-of-love in your heart, you also say "Yes, Sir."

The history of civilizations demonstrates, and Holy Scripture declares, that that nation and those people which are not true to these two commissions will ultimately stagger to oblivion.

Let us then, on this special day, as we honor our families and our mothers, and everything good and great for which they stand... let us dedicate ourselves to a more honest and more thoroughgoing respect for authority, and rule of law. And let us submit ourselves to the total lordship and authority of Jesus Christ and his rule in our hearts.

For only by self-submission and self-control, only by heavenly help and divine favor, can we long survive. ■ ■

## BY ALL MEANS HAMMER

The professor of law was lecturing on a courtroom procedure. "When you are fighting a case and have the facts on your side, hammer on the facts. If you have the law on your side, hammer on the law."

"But if you don't have the facts or the law," asked a student, "what do you do?"

"In that case," the professor said, "hammer on the table."—*The Lion*.

**A reformer is one who wants his conscience to be *your* guide.—*Watchman-Examiner*.**

# Salty Christians

By Peter D. MacLean

HERE'S an opening test:

1. Have you ever met a salty Christian? Answer yes or no. What was he like?
2. Please underline the words you feel describe the kind of person you enjoy being with: mild / efficient / bland / knowing / aggressive / dull / experienced / timid / confident / respectable / free / insipid / honest / soft / rugged / flabby.
3. Now go back and underline double the words you feel best describe the Christians you know.

It would be most interesting to see your score sheet on this one. There is a good possibility that some underlined the same words in both questions. However,

it is more than possible that the kind of person we enjoy being with is quite different from the kind of person we usually associate with "being Christian." The word Christian has carried with it overtones of meek and mild, bland and soft, timid and respectable for a long time. Too long for some of us.

## Youth on the March

Lately Christians have been doing some rather odd things. With a frequency unknown ten years ago they are turning up at legislative hearings, walking in protest lines, marching as witnesses for social justice, and making a general nuisance of themselves. In some communities people don't dare to go to church for fear that it might be Youth Sunday. This author can remember the day when Youth Sunday was a lovely, quiet day in

*Mr. MacLean is rector of the St. James Episcopal Church, North Country Road, Saint James, N. Y. 11780*

## A minor excursion into a Systems Analysis of Functioning Christians

the regular cycle of church events. Mention Youth Sunday today around our town and you will set off incipient signs of high blood pressure.

Did you hear about the young people of a certain church? Several weeks ago they brought a tape recorder to church, taped the service, and interviewed members of the congregation afterwards. The questions were rather innocent having to do with why adults came to church and what they thought the church could do about the problems of the world. At the same time some of the other young people took pictures of the congregation. Very interesting.

About five weeks later Youth Sunday hit our town and for a program the youth played some of the tapes, showed some of the slides—along with other slides of Vietnam, hippies, poverty, ghettos, auto accidents, and all kinds of things like that. The contrast was startling! Then a youth speaker told the adults he thought they could do much better.

It was pretty upsetting and some families felt that they didn't want to belong to a church that had Youth Sundays so they found a church that was very liturgical and didn't have Youth Sunday on its calendar. But believe it or not, on the first Sunday they went to the new non-Youth Sunday

church, two college young people whom the minister had invited, raised the issue with the congregation as to where they stood on what was going on on the college campuses.

Down deep in our sub-strata of non-thinking many of us live out an assumption. The assumption is that good Christian people are quiet, respectable, moderate and safe. The image of Christians as noisy, disrespectful, immoderate and unsafe is one that jars our most sensitive inner ear. It is more than likely that our tension has arisen because we have grown fond of using secular images for our masks. Try a straight forward biblical image for size. "Ye are the salt of the earth."

Jesus said to his friends: You are the salt of the earth; and if you lose your saltiness you are good for nothing. Play with the word salt for a minute to see where it might lead to.

### Meaning of Saltiness

*First* is the idea that salt never exists for itself. It is no good just by itself; it needs to be mixed in with something else in relatively small amounts. Too much salt will ruin a good steak or bring to grief a pan of biscuits. By itself it is almost worthless but added to something else it can make all the difference in the world.

Jesus might have said to his friends: If you know the world doesn't exist for you; you exist for the world. If you are not out there mixing around and doing something worthwhile you might as well forget it because you are good for nothing.

*Secondly*, is the idea that salt is for flavor. It brightens and heightens, brings into sharp focus the foods that it is added to. If one is going to be the salt of the earth, it would appear to mean that flavor is experience of great value. Dullness, stupidity, insipid, bland and mild are not the kind of descriptive words fitting a salty Christian.

*Thirdly*, salt is a preservative of food, provided you soak all the salt out before you attempt to consume anything that has been salt preserved. It may be that the task of the Christian has to be that of a conserving and preserving force within society but it is also true that the things that need preserving and conserving also need to be cleaned of the salt before they can be used.

*Lastly*, there is an almost un-biblical use of the word salt when it is used in the phrase "salty Christian." One should give rather careful attention to the unofficial use and meaning attached to the word salty as a military expression. A salty Marine or seaman is a man who knows the ropes, knows how to get things done, knows the language of his job, carries a sense of confidence in his ability to handle anything and

anybody. It is here that we come very close to the center of an image description of a real, honest-to goodness, flesh-and-blood Christian.

### **Need for Salty Christians**

The world has great need for salty Christians today. There is powerful need for men and women who know their way around and know how to get things done. There is a driving need for Christians who know the basics of the Christian faith and know how to use them and apply them to specific situations.

There is a need of unlimited proportions for Christians who have confidence in the world they live in and they can take anything or anybody that comes along. No matter where you turn there is a need of trained and efficient Christians who understand very clearly that God is not chiefly or even primarily concerned with religion. There is a need for men and women who rejoice in their freedom as companions of Jesus and also know that it just takes a little bit to give life a flavor and depth that makes each day worth it.

Dullness is a sin. Stupidity is a crime. Blandness is torture. Timidity and respectability are the works of the devil. Soft flabby mildness is abhorrent to the soul as well as to the body.

Prayer: Give us, O Lord, for the sake of the world, *salty Christians*.—*Amen*.



# *Part-Time Wife*

By Lee Somerville

## **An Air Force wife celebrates her anniversary**

**T**HE sign outside their part of the duplex said this was Quarters 147, occupied by Second Lieutenant Kirk M. Donegal. It didn't mention Mrs. Donegal.

Lately, that sign had become a symbol, a thing to constantly remind Mary Donegal that the Air Force was a male community. It was as though the old team of Kirk and Mary had changed drastically with Kirk having all the fun and Mary doing all the waiting at home.

The sign swung to and fro in the New Mexico breeze, glistening in the mid-morning sun. Mary wanted to make a defiant tongue at it, go blah!, in derision.

She couldn't now, though. Not

with Viv sitting in front of her.

Looking out the kitchen window at the sign, Mary sprinkled Kirk's white coveralls and rolled them for future ironing.

Viv sipped black coffee and grimaced herself awake.

"We're all part-time wives, Doll," she said knowingly. "Good Old Strategic Air Command has our husbands tied to a ninety-hour work week. So what does that make of us? Second fiddles to the missiles they work on, part-time wives waiting in stone huts for aerospace husbands to come home!"

Looking at the white coveralls, Mary had a sudden thought of Kirk wearing them. If anything, the white coveralls of a missile-



man emphasized the clean darkness of his hair, made his lean face even more glamorous. White cloth brought out the soot of his lashes. The blue scarf that went with the coveralls matched the Celtic blue of his eyes. With hard hat on, he was a Space Knight, a tall and sometimes awkward mixture of Medieval and Far Out.

"Marriages go moldy in our squadron," Viv continued. She sipped more coffee.

Blinking, Mary shook off the vision of Kirk and the giddiness she always had when she thought of the man. "Tomorrow's our anniversary. I'll bet Kirk forgets it."

"That's why you should go shopping with me this morning, Doll." Platinum fingernails flashed as Viv pointed accusingly. "You've let yourself go drab, but that gold lace dress we looked at last week ought to wake up that husband of yours."

"But it costs—"

"You're coming with me, Doll. Our husbands are on duty now and they'll be on duty until almost noon tomorrow. So you'll dress up and you'll go with me to the party at Kollers tonight. No—come with me tonight, but save that dress for your anniversary and make Kirk take you to the Officers' Club tomorrow night."

"No."

Pastel lips curved upward, penciled eyebrows rose as Viv registered amusement. "Okay, stay home tonight. But you're going to the Saturday night dance on your anniversary, with or without Kirk. Don and I are going, and I won't let



you stay home and rot.”

Mary didn't dare answer. She gained time by sprinkling more clothes for ironing while Viv finished her coffee. Unlike Viv and Don, their duplex neighbors, she and Kirk hadn't gone to the Officers' Club very often.

Every third morning, even on Sundays and on the only Christmas of their married life, Kirk left home for a seven o'clock briefing at Operations. He spent a day and a night and part of another day underground in an intercontinental missile complex. They called it a twenty-four hour tour of duty, but with briefings and debriefings and time en route both ways, it was twenty-eight to twenty-nine hours. Every third morning, with schools and training in between, with the only safe time being the "crew rest" period decreed by SAC just after coming off duty.

Usually, he sat in front of the console at Complex Five, watching lights flash on and off, keeping his missile in readiness and waiting on alert.

If all systems stayed go, he might get three-or-four hours sleep out of twenty-eight. If red lights flashed system failures, or if there was an unusual state of alert, he got no sleep at all. "You need to get out, Doll," Viv insisted. "You don't catch me staying at home by myself while Don's on duty. Thanks to me, folks on this Base know Don and Viv."

Mary nodded contritely. There must be many people on Base who didn't know Kirk and Mary. Not

as a team, anyhow.

The sign outside creaked again. Part-time wife. Part-time wife.

When she went into the bedroom to brush her hair, Viv followed. Looking at her own brown hair in the mirror beside Viv's, Mary felt drab. She was only twenty-two while Viv was almost thirty, but the older woman's dyed hair was brighter, her face more beautiful, even her figure, sheathed in a green dress, had a seductive fullness Mary's figure might never have.

"Ready to go shopping, Doll?"

"Ready!" She hoped the gold lace dress would still be in the shop. It would cost too much, but this was war. That gold lace did something to her figure, something to her hair and face. It might be the abracadabra needed to restore her premarital identity.

LATER, she caught her breath as she wrote the check to pay for it and matching accessories. With the fishing rod she'd bought Kirk for an anniversary present, this would make the balance dangerously thin. They might even have to dip into savings.

But with this dress on, she wouldn't be a moth. She was a butterfly. Tomorrow, Kirk would see her in it, would remember she was somebody special. If he didn't offer to take her to the dance, she'd ask him.

Or she'd go by herself and flirt with transient officers. Better for a marriage to tear apart than to go moldy.

After Viv went to the party at



Kollers that night, she went into the yard, pretending to pick up paper blown by the eternal New Mexico breeze.

Light shone from the landing strip behind her. Planes came in; landing lights knifing through powder blue dark.

Looking at her special star in the West, she wondered if Kirk could see it.

Then she knew he couldn't. As an officer crew member of a combat unit, he'd have to stay underground. He'd sit there, gun on hip, a military scientist keeping his "monster" in the green or go condition. He would listen to the warble tone of a message from SAC Headquarters, running through mock launchings with the crew. He'd be constantly ready for the real thing, the message that American cities

had been attacked by enemy missiles. If that happened, he would act quickly, would help send his own silver arrow half-a-world away to destroy enemy missile sites.

"If a nuclear war comes," he had explained it, "even a minute's time lost might cost thousands of lives. Maybe one of our cities. Maybe even you."

**M**ARY looked at the evening star again. Kirk couldn't see it because he had to be on alert against enemy attack. It wasn't fair. What had happened to this mad world? Hadn't anyone in power ever read from Deuteronomy in the Bible? What about the verse that said, "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war... but shall be free at home one year...?"

Piano music rippled from the Koller house on the street above Quarters 147. A male voice sang that "oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga." Other voices joined in.

I should have gone with Viv, Mary thought. It sounds like fun.

Back in her bedroom again, she held the gold dress against her. Tomorrow, when she surprised Kirk with it, his blue eyes would widen and he'd look at her in that special way. He'd take her to the dance, to the Officers' Club with its bright chandeliers and sounds of laughter. Afterwards, when they were in bed, in the relaxed, Nirvana period after Love Itself, she might ask him to get out of the missile business, to take a desk job. It was a daring thought. It was the only thing fair to their marriage.

Twisting and turning, she put a pillow over her head so she couldn't hear the music and laughter. Too stuffy. She came up for air, and party sounds ebbed and flowed.

Wind gusted outside, and the name sign creaked loud enough to be heard along with party sounds. Part-time wife, the sign creaked. Part-time wife.

She gave up the idea of sleep. Getting out of bed, she began to iron. When she came to Kirk's white coveralls, she resolved this was the last time she'd do them. Viv sent Don's coveralls to the Base Laundry. So what if they weren't starched and smoothed just like Kirk liked them. So what?

Sometime after midnight, tires

sounded on gravel, telling that Viv's car had stopped outside her part of the duplex. A strange bass voice sounded loud through thin walls. Footsteps led to Viv's kitchen.

"Just one cup of coffee." That was Viv's resonant voice sounding as if she had too much to drink. "Just one cup, and that's all."

"That's not all I want, Baby," the male voice slurred back.

Catching her breath, Mary flipped the light and tiptoed into her bedroom, not wanting to know how it turned out. She closed the door so she absolutely couldn't hear anything from Viv's part of the duplex. Maybe there was real danger in going to parties alone.

Some night, when Viv had too much to drink and was feeling lonely with Don away . . .

Maybe tonight. Maybe next week.

Fists doubled, she lay across the bed and beat at the mattress. She couldn't do that to Kirk. If he was too tired to go to the dance tomorrow night, she couldn't go without him. She'd let that gold dress rot before she took a chance like that.

Finally the night was over. Finally it was near noon, time for the tired crew to come home.

**A** CAR door slammed. She rushed to meet Kirk, loneliness forgotten for a while.

His lean face was all hollows and tautness, but he grinned and held her against him. "Hello, Princess." Then he said some-

thing about pod air system kept us up all night. Almost morning before we got back in the green.

Sniffing at the smell of food from the kitchen, he rubbed his whiskers against her face while she pretended to squirm. Then he showered the grease and sweat from his lean body, shaved and put on a robe.

He didn't mention the anniversary. When he came to the dining table, smelling of after-shave lotion and glowing from the hot shower, he grinned at the cake but didn't acknowledge the special occasion.

But after dinner, when he picked Mary up and held her in his lap while they listened to the noon newscast, he pulled a small box from his pocket.

"It's been a wonderful year, Baby," he acknowledged. Then his arms relaxed and he fell asleep with his head resting on the high back of the chair.

Moving lightly, Mary opened the box, stared at the gold bracelet. She thought about waking him up so he could look at his own present, the fishing rod he'd wanted. But he was so tired . . .

In the bedroom, she placed the new dress behind other dresses. Maybe, after he was well-rested, maybe she'd let him see her in the gold dress. Not now. Not when he was this tired.

She barely had time to flip the covers back on the bed before he stumbled in, lay down, and beckoned sleepily. She kicked off shoes and joined him.

"Sweetheart," he whispered. Long arms circled her body, pulled

her against his chest. Then the arms relaxed again and the chest moved in regular breathing.

With Kirk beside her, nothing else seemed important now. Noticing how their bodies pushed the sheets up and out into a cave. Mary suddenly thought of this as their special hiding place, a refuge that sheltered them temporarily from the Space Age and its missiles. This was their world without windows. This was the one spot where Kirk could relax and recover from tedious battles.

The sign outside Quarters 147 creaked again, but this time it spoke of love. Some things are elemental, Mary decided. Space Age or Stone Age—had life ever really changed? Even today one partner must wait at times for the other, must keep the place of refuge tidy and warm.

Kirk's arms tightened in his sleep, pulling her even closer. Mary snuggled against him, contented now. Her last thought, just before she drifted into warm sleep, was that as long as they had each other, she'd always be a full-time wife. ■ ■

## WARNING

Don't lose your head

To save a minute.

You need your head

Your brain is in it.

—Montana Motorist.

**The brook would lose its song if we removed the rocks.—Reader's Digest.**

# When To See Your Chaplain

By Clarence E. Drumheller

CHAPLAIN, I have a problem ...” With these words the young airman, whom we shall call Fred, began to unfold the dramatic and tragic circumstances that were weighing heavily upon him. He could neither eat, sleep, nor do his work. His supervisor was concerned. Using that timeworn cliché, he advised Fred to “tell it to the chaplain.”

This is Fred's story. He married a pretty young thing in his home town. Then he went overseas. While on his 18-month tour, Fred's bride became lonely. To find companionship, she joined a gang of boys and girls whom she had known before marriage. One night the gang held up a service station. They were caught. Her companions were given stiff jail sentences. Fred's wife was given two years with a suspended sentence and placed on probation which prohibited her from leaving the state.

When Fred returned from overseas, (wouldn't you know it?) he was assigned to a base halfway across the country. Although he had forgiven his wife, still loved her deeply, and wanted to be with her to provide the companionship she needed more now than ever before, they seemed fated to be separated for almost two years.

Fred looked at his problem. It was so personal he didn't want to talk about it to comparative strangers on his new base. He decided to take his supervisor's advice and see the chaplain. What could the chaplain (sometimes called padre) do?

In this specific case, he advised Fred to apply for a compassionate reassignment to a base in his home state. In a matter of days, Fred had the documentation which he needed to substantiate his case. The chaplain wrote a letter to Fred's commander recommending

approval. In a short time Fred was on his way to the other base where he was happily united with his wife. Thereby hangs the tale, and another happy ending for one who told it to the chaplain.

Unfortunately, in spite of the steady stream of those who see the padre for guidance, there are still countless others whose lives are wrecked because they do not, or because they wait too long. Many take for granted that they should see the chaplain about religious problems, but few seem to realize the padre's ability to deal with the unusual.

I do not mean to portray the chaplain as a superman or a supermind. He is not. His ability to help others, as we shall see, lies principally in (1) his experience and training, (2) his position on the commander's staff which puts him in personal touch with a team of helpers, and (3) his personal interest in the whole man, —not just the religious man.

What kinds of problems should one take to the padre and what can he do about them? Let's look at some of the more unusual examples and how they were handled. All the following incidents are true. Only names, places, and minor details have been changed to preserve the anonymity of those involved.

### **1. When There is Serious Trouble Back Home**

Steve had been home to Texas on furlough. He returned by plane to his post in New York. His friend, John, also returned from the same

airport on a later flight. John had sad news for Steve.

Steve's mother and a brother had seen him off at Love Field, near Dallas. As they were leaving the airport, they were in a serious accident. John had seen the demolished cars and had watched the ambulance drive away taking both to the hospital. He knew neither how badly they were hurt nor to which hospital they had been taken. Steve's family did not realize he would hear about the accident so they didn't call, hoping to save him needless worry. Steve couldn't call them because there was no phone at his home. His friend John advised him to see the chaplain, but Steve said: "What can he do?"

After four days and nights of heartbreaking anxiety, Steve could stand it no longer. Having no more leave time, he decided one morning that he would go AWOL after work that day and hitch-hike back home. Luckily, he decided he would first give the padre a chance.

Five minutes after Steve walked into the office, the chaplain picked up his phone and called the Red Cross asking for a "health and welfare" report. The Red Cross called their Texas office nearest Steve's home. That office sent out a field representative since there was no phone at Steve's home. Six hours later the chaplain had the report. Steve's mother was leaving the hospital that same day. His brother would be there a little longer but he was well on the way to recovery. Relieved

of his anxiety, Steve slept again that night. He could have saved himself much anguish if he had seen the padre when he first heard the news.

This is only one of the countless cases and only one of the multitudinous ways by which chaplains have bridged the miles to help the military man when there was trouble back home.

## **2. When Feeling Lonely, Depressed, and Deserted**

This is a frequent problem of young men and women after entering the service. Joe was one of these. He knew that getting in the wrong crowd led to trouble and he didn't want that. With vague feelings about what the chaplain could do he went to see him anyway. Joe found that just talking it out helped. In addition, the chaplain interested him in on-base educational courses. Through his classes, Joe found many friends with like interests to his own, besides advancing himself a long way toward a college degree.

Another Joe, depending upon his interests, might have been guided into some recreational or chapel program where he could find wholesome companionship.

## **3. When There is Trouble on the Job**

Sam came to the chaplain after being reduced from E-6 to E-4 because of insubordination. Everyone hated him, he said, and they were all out to get him. He didn't have the chance of a snowball in July. All he wanted was to chuck

his 14 years of service and get out.

When the padre asked how things were going at home, Sam said, "The same way as on the job. My teen-age son is disrespectful to me and getting in trouble away from home. My wife says she wants a divorce."

Sam did have problems. The chaplain was quick to see, however, that they were primarily problems of attitude. He spent considerable time getting Sam to see this and arranging a regular counseling schedule. He recommended some "positive attitude" books for Sam to read between counseling sessions.

Happily the prescription worked. A few weeks later Sam came into the chaplain's office overjoyed. "I didn't tell you this before," he said, "but when I first came to see you the promotion list had gone forward with 37 names and mine wasn't even included. This morning the first Sergeant came out to my work area and said the next time, if things keep going the way they are now, my name will be at the head of the list."

"It's remarkable!" he continued. "I used to think everybody was my enemy. Now I know everybody—almost, anyway—is my friend. Besides my son is no longer disrespectful, and my wife and I are happier than we have ever been. It's almost like being born again."

Sam recaptured his E-5 and was well on his way to being an E-6 again when the contingencies of the service sent him elsewhere. Doubtlessly, however, having mastered



his attitude with the chaplain's help, Sam continued to find both military and home life enjoyable experiences.

Sam represented only one of many kinds of problems which arise on the job. Others relate to personality clashes, mal-assignments, personal biases, and a host of others. To the chaplain, every man's problem is as individual as the person himself. The chaplain's training and experience helps him analyze the problem and, more often than not, deal with it in a way helpful to all concerned.

#### **4. When There's Trouble in the Family**

Every chaplain can quote innumerable cases where he has helped save families from breaking up, especially where they came to him during the early stages of their difficulties.

The lieutenant's case, however, was tragic. He was at the office door when the padre arrived for duty. Frantically he pleaded, "Save my marriage. My wife is leaving me." When the chaplain had calmed him sufficiently to find out what stage of dissolution the marriage was in, the lieutenant said, "My wife has packed her bags, made her plane reservations, and was waiting for the taxi when I left home."

Obviously, it was too late. Effective marriage counseling, with rare exception, requires the interest and cooperation of both parties, and one was gone beyond recall. Whether the marriage could have

been saved by earlier counseling, no one will ever know because no one had a chance to try.

The lesson here is clear: As one does not wait for his appendix to burst before he sees the doctor, he should not wait for his marriage to break before he sees the chaplain. Some padres say that counseling is 70-85 percent effective in saving marriages where couples come during early stages of difficulty. Furthermore, these couples generally report that their lives together are raised to a higher plane of mutual enjoyment and understanding than they have ever experienced before.

#### **5. When There's Trouble with the Children**

Sergeant Brock and his wife went to the chaplain to discuss the promiscuity of their teen-age daughter. After talking with the daughter, the padre decided that this looked like a case for psychiatric help. The parents had already tried to arrange this only to find all psychiatrists booked for several months. The chaplain was able to use his influence to get help in less than three weeks.

Another chaplain began a school, staffed by experts, for retarded children as a result of one family's asking help.

#### **6. When There is a Financial Problem**

A young couple overseas went to see the chaplain as a last resort before sending the wife home to live with relatives. They simply could not make ends meet on his monthly

salary. The padre with the help of the legal assistance office, was able to show them where they could disperse with two unwise expenditures and remain together.

At other times, chaplains secure the willing help of other staff agencies to assist young couples in learning to live on their incomes. Invariably, they enjoy life more when freed from financial anxiety.

### **7. When There Is a Religious, Moral or Spiritual Problem**

Soon after arriving at Osan AB, Korea, a chaplain was approached by a young man who said:

You probably don't remember me, but I'm Raoul Hernandez. I came to see you six years ago at XYZ Air Base. I had completely lost my faith in God and was about to declare myself an atheist. I want you to know that as a result of our talk I found myself. More than that I found God. I started going to church again, and I have been going ever since. My religion has meant more than

ever before. My life has been happier than I thought it ever could be. I just want to thank you.

Other times when a person should see his chaplain are (8) when planning to marry; (9) when you have a special talent or skill which can be used to the glory of God; (10) when you have good news (why wait until you have a problem); (11) when you are sick or wounded (chaplains aren't noted for their extrasensory perception); and (12) any other time there is something bothering you and you don't know where to turn.

The chaplain is no magician performing wonders with a magic wand. However, whenever you are perplexed, the padre will lend a sympathetic ear. Where he himself can help, he will. Where he can't, he will let you know or refer you to someone who can. Don't wait for your pimple to become an abscess. If you have a problem, see your chaplain—NOW! ■ ■

The secret of greatness is simple: Do better work than any other man in your field—and keep on doing it.—Wilfred A. Peterson in *Plugger*.

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—Chas. Kingsley.

God gives his very best to those who leave the choice with him.—*Survey Bulletin*.

Gratitude is the mother of all virtues and it springs from an awareness of God's goodness to us.—Bishop A. J. Moore in *Together*.

## One of Ours

We proudly present Dan Ross, whose short stories have enlivened the pages of *THE LINK* since July, 1958—45 of them, half in the Mei Wong series. One story even brought the indomitable Chinese gentleman to Washington.

One of the world's most prolific writers, over 6 million copies of his books have been published. He keeps eight publishers busy—5 paperback, and 3 hard cover. Between 1962 and June, 1969, he has published 115 novels. Since 1957, he has authored over 600 short stories, which have been published in 22 countries and translated into 13 languages.

Producers of the ABC-TV show, "Dark Shadows," chose him to write the background novels. Both are popular with young people, and over 2,500,000 copies of the books have been sold.

Dan, now 56, is as interesting as any character he writes about. He wrote plays in high school, sold articles to the *Toronto Star Weekly*, studied acting in New York, played summer stock in New England, and traveled the Maritime Provinces with his own stock company.

He now lives in St. John, New Brunswick, with his wife, Marilyn, who helps him as typist, editor,



W. E. Dan Ross

and researcher. Discussing when he began he said: "I wrote and wrote and wrote. Most of it came back." Perhaps you have read many of Dan's books without realizing it. Since he is so prolific, he writes under many names. His working hours are from morning to midnight, and he aims at two novels per month.

Donald MacCampbell, his agent (he has two), called him one Monday morning. "Dan, I've got a call for a nurse book... Can we have it by next week?" The 75,000-word novel was on the agent's desk the next Monday. →

Asked about his purpose, he said: "As an entertainer, I write escapist fiction. What's wrong with escapism? . . . In my serious novels, my message is one of decency. I think it's important that decent people

be represented in today's fiction."

The editors of THE LINK are happy to have Dan as one of our longtime writers, and friend. We're hoping we can publish another 45 stories.

---

## A DOCTOR WHO TURNED TO WRITING

(Continued from page 38)

life, or a new way of life, nor was it merely a new experience of life; it was new life. It gave to ordinary human life a new dimension as distinct from the natural life of man as human life is distinct from the animal level. By a new creative act of God, comparable with the creation of man, God breathed his Holy Spirit into those who repented of their sin, who prayed and waited upon God, who had faith in God and were ready to obey him in daily living. It was this gift of the Holy Spirit, said Luke, which turned some recipients into great preachers of the gospel, while the same Spirit enabled others to cure people who were entirely beyond the reach of ordinary medical science. All who received that Holy Spirit experienced a new kind of happiness, a new inward peace and contentment, and a new desire and power to do everything which God wanted them to do.

Luke, the Beloved Physician, remained with Paul until Paul's execution in Rome; and later, Luke himself is said to have died as a martyr. ■ ■

Man, like the bridge, was designed to carry the load of the moment, not the combined weight of a year at once.—Wm. A. Ward in *Houston Times*.

The man who believes in nothing bigger than himself lives in a very small world.—*New Illustrator*.

# Brief News Items

## The World's Future

Everyone has a legitimate interest in the future—he is a crystal ball gazer—so an organization has been formed called World Future Society. Its address: P. O. Box 19285, 20th St. Station, Washington, D. C. 20036. Yes, it has a magazine: *The Futurist*. Membership including subscription is \$7.50 per year. Some predictions for the future:

Huge floating cities will be built and docked along the waterfronts of U. S. metropolitan areas.

Today's children may live to be 200 years old.

An "unemployability explosion" is threatening. Technology is raising requirements for jobs, thus the number of jobs that can be filled by people with limited mental capacity is declining.

## World Population Growth

A "World population clock"—like the one the Census Bureau uses in Washington to keep track of U.S. population growth—would show that, on the average, 3.9 babies are born every second in 1969 while just under 1.7 people die. This amounts to a gain of 2.2 persons per second, 132 per minute, 190,000 per day, and over 1.3 mil-

lion a week. The "clock" would show a world population of 3,551 billion on July 1, 1969, up 72 million over a year earlier.

**DA NANG, South Vietnam.** With the proud mother looking on, Chaplain (LTC) Grover S. DeVault of the 80th General Support Group's Chapel of the Flags cradles tiny Rob Drummond, the first American baby born at 95th Evacuation Hospital in Da Nang. Rob's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Drummond, are both missionaries with the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Da Nang. Chaplain DeVault is a personal friend of the couple and has given them much support in their work with the Vietnamese and Montagnards.





**Master Sergeant and Mrs. William H. Dodge** are shown at commissioning service held at Chapel One, Edwards Air Force Base, California. The couple was commissioned for missionary service in Vietnam. Behind MSG Dodge is Dr. Scharer, a Methodist District Superintendent in the area, who took part in the service. Not shown is Chaplain Roger Makepeace who was also a participant in the service.

### **Alcoholocaust**

This is the title given to the 1969 Book of Street and Highway Accident Data published by the Travelers Insurance Co. It emphasizes the tie between the use of alcohol and driver and pedestrian accidents. 55,300 persons died on America's highways in 1968; 4,400,000 were injured. The U.S. Department of Transportation states that "the use of alcohol by drivers and pedestrians leads to some 25,000 deaths and a total of at least 800,000 crashes in the U.S. each year."

**Send us News. We'd like to hear direct from the field.—Editor.**

### **Mao Thought Doesn't Liberate All Anxieties**

The Far East Broadcasting Co. in its News Bulletin points out that guilt and anxiety still beset many people in China. They are asking such questions as these:

"Is there any answer in the Bible which will fit my situation?" asks a twice-wed, suicidal mother from Canton.

"I am an atheist. But I know that ... in foreign countries there is one subject called theology ... What does it say?"

"Can I enter the kingdom of God? What qualifications do we need to have to enter heaven?"

"I am still young and know only a little about the Truth and the Way. I hope you can write me often and tell me more about it ..."

### **Billy Graham at the Garden**

After a 12-year absence since the first Graham Crusade was held in the old Madison Square Garden, Billy Graham came back to the Garden June 13-22, 1969. This time he came to a massive, modern cathedral of sport where 20,000 people a night heard him proclaim a contemporary message of God's plan of salvation.

### **Help for Korean Pastors**

A major editorial and publishing project to help Korean ministers be more effective in their preaching and teaching ministry has been completed by Bishop H. J. Lew—the development of the *Korean Bible Commentary*, the first such work in Korean.



Chaplain "Ace" Hunt chats with F-100 Fuels Systems Technician Desevella Molden, 38, Rockdale, Texas, on the flightline at Tuy Hoa Air Base, Vietnam. Tuy Hoa's three chaplains visit shops and clubs base-wide meeting airmen and officers person-to-person.

Meeting of REAG (Religious Education Advisory Group) and The Chaplains Assistance Committee of the Board of Managers of United Church Men and the Conference of Men's Work Secretaries with the writer to plan the 1970 and 1971 PMOC Program Resources Guide. Meeting held at the Pentagon. (L to R): John Hereford, Meth; CDR Robt. H. Warren, CHC, USN; Ch (LTC) Stanley C. McMaster, USA; W. Herbert Kent, Amer. Luth; Ch, LTC, Ervin D. Ellison, USAF; Ch, COL, Thomas M. Groome, Jr., USAF, Chairman, REAG; the Rev. Arthur O. Van Eck, Reformed Ch; the Rev. John Rhea, Pres Ch in the U. S.; the Rev. Chas Mowry, Meth (writer); and Ch, COL, Hans E. Sandrock, USAF, Exec Dir, AFCB.



# The Link Calendar

- Oct. 1-Nov. 30.** March Against Muscular Dystrophy to raise money for research and patient services.
- Oct. 4.** Rutherford Birchard Hayes' birthday. 19th Pres. of the U.S. Born this day in 1822. Also St. Francis of Assisi Day.
- Oct. 4.** Jewish holiday. Feast of Tabernacles, 8th Day. Hebrew date is Tishri 22, 5730. Rain is asked for coming year's crops.
- Oct. 5-19.** Texas State Fair. Dallas.
- Oct. 5.** 19th Sunday after Pentecost. World-Wide Communion Sunday.
- Oct. 5.** Chester Alan Arthur's birthday. 21st Pres. of the U.S. Born this day in 1830.
- Oct. 5-11.** Fire Prevention Week.
- Oct. 5-11.** National 4-H Week. To expand 4-H, gain greater support, etc.
- Oct. 5-12.** International Letter Writing Week to promote letter writing to further friendships.
- Oct. 7-11.** Cherokee Indian Fair. Cherokee, N.C.
- Oct. 9.** Leif Ericson Day. Iceland. Celebrates supposed discovery of America in the year 1,000.
- Oct. 11.** Eleanor Roosevelt's birthday.
- Oct. 12.** Laymen's Sunday. 20th Day after Pentecost. Also Columbus Day. Commemorates landing of Columbus in the New World this day 1492.
- Oct. 14.** Dwight D. Eisenhower's birthday. 34th Pres. of the U.S. Born this day in 1890.
- Oct. 17-25.** American Royal Horse and Livestock Show. Kansas City, Mo.
- Oct. 18.** Sweetest Day. Remember sick, aged, orphaned, friends, relatives.
- Oct. 19-25.** Aloha Week. Honolulu. Also World Order Sunday. 21st Sunday after Pentecost.
- Oct. 19-26.** National Child Evangelism Week.
- Oct. 19.** Yorktown Day. Lord Cornwallis surrendered to General George Washington on this day in 1781 at Yorktown.
- Oct. 23.** Swallows depart from San Juan Capistrano.
- Oct. 24.** United Nations Day.
- Oct. 27.** Navy Day.
- Oct. 27.** Theodore Roosevelt's birthday. 26th Pres. of the U.S. born this day in 1858.
- Oct. 30.** John Adams' birthday. 2nd Pres. of the U.S. Born this day in 1735.
- Oct. 31.** Hallowe'en. Trick or Treat. But better yet—United Children's Fund (UNICEF) Day.



# Discussion Helps

**T**HROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading, but also for group discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. **Let's All Join Hands** (page 15)

*Biblical Material:* Mark 14:12-26

How did the Lord's Supper Jesus gave differ from the Pass-over? Why does God's love include *all* people? What is the significance of worldwide communion?

2. **Salty Christians** (page 43)

*Biblical Material:* Matthew 5:1-16

Who is a "salty" Christian? Do we have a need for "salty" Christians? Why or why not? What is your attitude toward the protests going on on college campuses and in society? How can we effect change where change is needed without violence?

3. **A Doctor Who Turned to Writing** (page 34)

*Biblical Material:* The Gospel of Luke

How do we know Luke was a doctor? Why did he turn to writing? What was the relation of Luke and Paul? What did Luke believe about prayer? Why did Luke write Acts?

4. **New Knowledge and the Bible** (page 26)

*Biblical Material:* 1 Peter 1:16-21

Why are there so many Bibles? How does one decide which translation of the Bible is best for him? Compare some single verses of the Bible in various translations?

**Worldwide Communion Sunday is October 5**

# Books Are Friendly Things

**The Fantasy Worlds of Peter Stone and Other Fables** by Malcolm Boyd. Harper & Row, 49 E. 33d Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. \$3.95.

Myths of American society are delineated in fable: a young seminarian who had renounced the world chosen to play Jesus in a Hollywood spectacular; a Jewish candidate for the presidency; Father Art tries revolutionizing his church; color switch—black/white and white/black; a woman visionary founds a worldwide religion. The chaplain to the *new* generation attempts to make us face the truth about ourselves and our society. Interesting and provocative. But if we take the myths away, by what do we replace them?

**I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God** by Marjorie Holmes. Doubleday & Co. Garden City, N.Y. \$3.95.

A wife and mother talks to God about daily problems, small and great, in many moods. A collection of prayers first published in the *Washington Evening Star*. Catherine Marshall says: "Here are apron pocket prayers reminiscent of Brother Lawrence's meditations in his monastery kitchen... reveals an honest baring of a woman's heart, simplicity of language, and immense reality."

**Violence in America** by Joaquin de Alba. Acropolis Books, 2400 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. \$6.95.

Former cartoonist to Franco examines Alexis de Tocqueville's study of American democracy in 1830, and brings it up-to-date, using cartoons illustrating excerpts from *Democracy in America*. The book is thoughtful and thought-provoking. Deploring the violence that seems to rock our society, he says however: "A people capable of bringing to fruition this gigantic, forward-moving spirit—the United States—cannot perish in the whirlwind of racial passion. The creative genius of America cannot die in an artificial fire. The people who had the determination and energy to overcome the slaveholders of the South, cannot be conquered by their own. The story is not yet told, and freedom has not become the legacy of those who have no soul."

Where there is no concern in the heart, there comes no music from the soul.—Roger Imhoff in *Cerebral Palsy News*.

Every great person has first learned how to obey, whom to obey, and when to obey.—Wm A. Ward in *Scandal Sheet*.

# Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

are willing to fight for what we have here. And now I realize that the flag is a symbol of all we do have and those who have died for it.

That article in *THE LINK* really helped put the point across to me. I hope you can print more like it. It's a shame everyone can't read it as it is so in keeping with the times. I'm sorry that I was so long in saying this, but I hope I got the idea across. Keep up the good work.

—SSG Russell D. Tompkins, Jr., Box 3262, 44 Missile Maintenance Sq., Ellsworth AFB, S. Dak. 57706

## Good Magazine

I simply have to take the time to tell you what a good magazine you have. It is so beautifully clean and Christian! From those lovely girls on the cover to the ones of children or church-going families; from your variety of articles to the short news items in the back; your entire magazine is a joy to read and I must tell you that I pass on copies to others (I sent the article about "Show and Tell" to my niece who teaches 5th grade; the one on the *Playboy* magazine to my sister who has a teen-age boy; and the one with items to interest newlyweds to a cousin who will be married next month (those were grand pictures of Julie and David Eisenhower.)

Thank you for such an inspiring magazine!

—Mary Jane Comstock, The Comstock Lode, Sparks, Okla. 74869

## One Of Our Finest

Enclosed is a check for \$10.00 as a small charitable contribution to *THE LINK* as our expression of appreciation for the publication and distribution of this fine religious publication for American fighting men. (It is one of our finest magazines.)

—LCDR William C. Davis, CHC, USNR, Chaplain's Office, Lake Mead Base, Las Vegas, Nev. 89110

## Pleased with *THE LINK*

Am well pleased with the last two copies of *THE LINK* which I saw at Fort Knox several weeks ago. Enclosing \$3.00 to pay for one year's subscription.

—Chaplain Finn H. Hansen, 615 N. Sherman Ave., Madison, Wis. 53704

Faith is the daring of the soul to go farther than it can see.—  
Wm. Newton Clark in *Grace Pulpit*.

## At Ease!



"I want to report a case of child beating."

Roy: "You sure look worried."

Don: "Man, I've got so many troubles that if anything happens today it will be at least two weeks before I can start worrying about it."

The Anglican bishop of Taiwan received a letter addressed: "The Right Reverend James C. Wrong." Bishop Wong commented, "Many people have thought so, but this is the first time I've seen it in print." *The Anglican Digest*.

Many parents can sympathize with the man who confessed, "I began married life with three theories about rearing children and no children. Now I have three child-

ren and no theories."—*Arkansas Baptist*.

A plastic surgeon can do almost anything with the human nose, except keep it out of other people's business.—*Advancer News*.

One thing we know about the speed of light—it gets here early in the morning.—*Chuckles*.

The tourist, motoring through a drought-ridden section of the Southwest, struck up a conversation with a farmer at the general store. "Do you think there'll be rain soon?" the driver queried.

"I sure hope so," the farmer drawled. "Not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen rain."—*Civitan Magazine*.

Joe: "I sure feel like telling the Lieutenant where to get off again."

Moe: "What do you mean—again?"

Joe: "I felt like it yesterday, too."

—Lane Olinghouse in *Quote*

Hillbilly: You shore do write purdy—what do it say?

2nd Hillbilly: I dunno, Zeke, I ain't learned to read it yet.—*Builders*.

A visitor to London overheard two British women talking about the campus demonstrations in America. One said: "The Americans frighten me! We should never have allowed them independence. They're obviously not ready for it."—*London Evening Standard*.



The dusky night rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn;  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn,  
And a-hunting we will go.

—Henry Fielding



This is my Father's world;  
And to my listening ears,  
All nature sings, and round me rings  
The music of the spheres.  
This is my Father's world;  
I rest me in the thought  
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,  
His hand the wonders wrought.

—Maltbie D. Babcock

From **THOUGHTS FOR EVERYDAY LIVING** by Maltbie D. Babcock. Charles Scribner's Sons (1901).



