









# The LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SERVICE WOMEN CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



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VOLUME 4

NUMBER 3



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The

Link MAGAZINE  
CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor

# SOLDIER *Asleep*



Ed hated all "Japs," and perhaps with good reason, until that day the decorated soldier established a beachhead on a bench in his place

By MARGARET LEIGHTON

WHEN Lissa, the blonde counter girl, arrived at Ed's Crossroads Lunch Room the place was empty except for a little soldier asleep on a bench in the corner. The big Negro who worked nights called to her from where he was cleaning up the back room. "He come in about a hour ago an' said he was to meet some buddies here. He seemed all tuckered out, Miss Lissa. I thought it'd be O.K. to let him lay there awhile. But I'll get him out if you says—?"

"No, of course not! Let him sleep," Lissa said, surprised at the note of anxious apology in Sam's voice. Hands on hips, she stood for a moment looking down at the sprawled figure. The boy lay on his back, both elbows crooked across his eyes to shut out the light. The newly risen sun thrust a long ray through the window; it gleamed on the row of bright ribbons across the breast of his tunic. His arms covered his face entirely and the overcoat pillowing his head hid all but a glimpse of dark hair. A battered bag lay on the floor beside him.

"Dead to the world, the poor little guy!" said Lissa. "Been on furlough or just goin'

on one. And from the looks of them ribbons, he's earned it!"

"I'm glad you think I done all right, Miss Lissa," Sam said.

"Why, what—" Lissa began. But just then the screen door swung open and the first customers of the day appeared, a truck driver and his helper. Lissa hurried behind the counter, tying the strings of her apron as she went. Another truck braked to a stop in the dusty parking space; after that, another. Soon the row of stools in front of the counter was occupied. The lunch-room air hung thick with the blue smoke of frying, the scent of coffee and bacon.

STILL the little soldier slept on, arms over his face, relaxed and oblivious. "Guess he must have a good conscience!" Mac, the first of the truck drivers, said.

Sam poked his round dark head in through the door from the back room. "You want I should get *him* out of here before I goes off, Miss Lissa? I reckon Mr. Ed'll be along right soon."



"Say, what's got into you?" Lissa asked indignantly. "He's a soldier, ain't he? Since when did Ed start turnin' soldiers out? Let him alone!"

"Yas'm. Yas'm, Miss Lissa." Sam's eyes rolled apprehensively toward the corner.

Lissa paused in her wiping of the counter to gaze after him. "Sam must be screwy this morning!" she said. "Imagine old Ed putting a soldier out of the place! Why, there ain't a more patriotic man in this county. Can't do enough for the boys in uniform, he can't. Many's the free meal he's handed out and he's even staked 'em to bus fare on top of it! No wonder this joint don't make no money!"

"You make it up on the rest of us, I'll bet! Soak us poor civilians plenty!" said Mac.

"Say, listen!" Lissa turned in protest, then relaxed at his grin. "O.K., be funny. But I mean it about Ed. Maybe you didn't know it, but his youngest boy, Johnny, was on Corregidor and he died in one of them Jap prison camps. Ed takes it awful hard."

"So that's it!" Mac said. "I wondered why he lit into me so hard the other day when I come through from carryin' a load to the Jap Relocation Camp up beyond here. Well, I sure can't blame him. He's got a right to be sore on that subject, I'll say!"

There was a murmur of assent along the counter. "I been past that place. They sure got it soft compared to what they're givin' our boys! I'd clean 'em out of there like I'd clean out a bunch of rats!"

Ed himself had come in through the back room in time to hear this chorus, and he joined in quickly. "That's just what I been sayin'!" he began. Under his white hair his face was fundamentally gentle and kindly, but lines newly etched by grief gave it a bitterness that still seemed alien to it.

Ed continued, speaking with a rapid, feverish intensity. "Some says to send 'em

all back to Japan after the war, but I says why wait until then? Just put 'em on a ship an' head it out into the Pacific, an' first make sure there's some holes in the bottom of it! Or why waste a ship? Just mow 'em down up at the camp an' shovel 'em under!"

For all his vehemence Ed's words had an oddly false ring to Lissa's ears. She stared at him, trying to figure it out. Some pressure within—could it be his loyalty to Johnny?—was pushing those words out, forcing his mind to believe in the hatred and wild bitterness he voiced. "But feelings like that, why they must be just so much slow poison to a sweet old guy like him!" Lissa told herself with a sudden flash of insight. "That's what's makin' him sick, not the sorrow nor the grief!"

Now Ed had spotted the sleeping soldier and his face softened. "Well, that's nice, I'm glad he can sleep!" he said. "But say, that bench must be pretty hard. Remind me to bring a couple of quilts from the house, Lissa. Will you look at all them ribbons?" He peered more closely. "Flyin' Cross! I never seen one of them before except in a picture. Purple Heart, too, an' Silver Star! That boy's seen some action! When he wakes up I'll give him a special steak dinner for his breakfast, on the house."

"See, like I told you?" Lissa nodded, eyebrows raised confidentially. "And that Sam thought he'd want him thrown out!"

**B**RAKES squealed outside. The door opened to admit two more soldiers, stalwart, sunbrowned, wearing their own share of bright ribbon decorations. "Say, any of you seen—" one of them began anxiously.

"It's O.K.—take it easy, Mike. Here he is," the other said. He shook the sleeper vigorously. "On your feet, Taka, boy. It's us, Mike an' Slim."

The little soldier stirred and sat up. "I been waitin' all night. What kept you guys?" he asked sleepily.

A stifled gasp ran through the room as his face was revealed at last. Unmistakably he was Japanese! The men on the stools froze; Ed leaned over the counter as though unable to believe his eyes; Lissa's hand flew to her mouth to press back the sound that rose there.

"We had a flat—had to stop on the road to fix it," Slim was explaining.

The soldier named Mike took off his cap and ran a hand over his forehead. "I'm sure glad Taka found a place to wait here with all you right guys," he said to the room at large. "I don't mind tellin' you he's had it pretty bad since we got home. Slim an' me, we've stuck right with him all we could, but he wanted to visit his folks—they're up here at the Relocation Camp—so we had to let him go alone." He paused, then continued apologetically. "I don't suppose you-all can imagine it, but there's people in this country can be awful mean to a fellow who looks Japanese, even a swell soldier who's proved what's inside him, like Taka!" His face grew sober as he finished. "It don't seem like America, like the country we went away

from. Honest, it's made some of us wonder what we been fightin' for, an' what our buddies have died for, too."

The room was very quiet. Between his tall companions the little soldier looked about him uneasily. The silence grew, it became heavy, oppressive. Mike and Slim were feeling it now. They stiffened, shouldering protectively nearer to Taka, and their tanned young faces became suddenly vigilant and hard.

It was Ed himself who broke the spell. A flush had risen to his face, slowly it receded and his white-knuckled fingers loosened their grip on the edge of the counter. He drew a long, deep, shaking breath and straightened his bent shoulders. When he spoke his voice was low, but it was clear and the feverish note was entirely absent.

"Don't you worry, Son. It's the same country, all right. Folks make mistakes sometimes, that's all. Now you boys got time for some breakfast? Three steaks, on the house?"

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## *While You Are "Sweating It Out"*

A Bible Quiz by CHAPLAIN GENE STONE

**T**EST your knowledge of the following instances in the Bible involving soldiers. Underline the answer to each statement you believe correct, and then look up the references in your New Testament.

1. Soldiers became as "dead men" when (a) the earthquake opened the prison doors for aul and Silas, (b) the three Hebrews were delivered from the fiery furnace, (c) the angel of the Lord rolled back the stone from the door of Christ's tomb. (**Matthew 28:4**)

2. The soldier whose ear was cut off by Peter was (a) Silas, (b) Malachus, (c) Ananias (**John 18:10**)

3. When the great dissension occurred in Jerusalem, soldiers were commanded to take a Christian from the crowd lest he be pulled in pieces. The Christian was (a) Peter, (b) Paul, (c) Barnabas (**Acts 23:10**)

4. The soldiers when they had crucified Jesus divided his garments into 2, 4, 8 parts. (**John 19:23**)

5. Herod arrested and used 16 soldiers to guard (a) John the Baptist, (b) James, (c) Peter. (**Acts 12:4**)

6. The soldier who was baptized by Peter was (a) Quilla, (b) Cornelius, (c) Apollos. (**Acts 10:1, 43**)



*H. Armstrong Roberts*

# Advice TO THE LOVELORN

by

**MAXWELL  
DROKE**

... With a few side remarks  
to the boys who are mem-  
bers of the "Brush-off Club"

**T**HIS is probably the touchiest topic a man could possibly pick as the theme of some well-intentioned counsel. At any rate, I can't think of a subject more likely to arouse the instant ire of the veteran dog-face. "What the heck!" you are likely to say, with a good deal of spirit and considerable justification. "What the heck does that guy know about my love life? And furthermore, what business has he got stickin' his snoot into my personal affairs?"

Answering these inquiries in the order stated: (a) I don't know a thing in the world about your heart interest. The lady in question, although doubtless a gal of many charms and sundry virtues, is, unfortunately, a perfect stranger to me; and (b) I haven't any business at all butting in—and, believe me, buddy, that's the last thing I have any intention of doing.

Nevertheless, I have lived in this imperfect world longer than most of you who will read these words. I too came back from the wars in an earlier era. And I have observed the homecomings of a good many fighting men. I believe I know, in a general sort of way, the turn that these love affairs are likely to take. And I aim to stick to those generalities. If you find anything here that seems to fit your special

case, well, that's just dandy. And if not, no harm is done.

But first I'd like to take a little side-trip and speak a brief piece to members of that unique institution, the "Brush-Off Club," the fellows whose romances have washed out for one reason or another during the course of war. I have talked with a good many of you men personally, and have corresponded with others. I find myself repeating pretty much the same old platitudes. And for the simple reason that there doesn't seem to be much else to say. I am glad to say that I have found very few members of this select society harboring any permanent bitterness toward the gals who turned them down. A good many realize that their affinity was, in some degree, the result of a sudden emotional spree. It lacked the deep, sustaining roots of a permanent relationship. Even those who counted the "brush-off" quite a blow at the time now view the situation philosophically. "Maybe we got the bad news at a bad time," they say, "but it was better to learn it then rather than come home to a crushing disappointment."

I am glad to see too that the "brush-off" clan in general isn't disposed to hold a grudge against the gal. "It was just a

bad deal," they say, shrugging a shoulder. After all, it was a difficult spot for her too. One of these days you'll be mighty, mighty glad she told you in time!

Now back to the man, single or married, who still has love to light his life. He knows the philosopher who first observed that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" wasn't just stringing words together. But there's a danger in prolonged absence. A danger of which he isn't yet fully aware.

The danger is that it encourages a man and his mate to build impossible ideals of each other—ideals to which neither party could possibly measure up in the normal run of everyday life. In your mental visions, you endow each other with virtues and charms that just aren't there.

Unless you realize this fact and face it frankly, there may be a bit of a letdown. Not at the first meeting perhaps, or even at the fifth, but eventually there may come a slow realization that The Only Girl has some human imperfections which you had quite forgotten, or never realized. And that is the testing time!

It is now that you must really begin to work at this business of getting along together. After all, when you come right down to it, if she had proved to be as perfect as you once thought, why on earth would she be wasting time on a guy with as many flaws as you probably possess?

Let's try to take the sensible view. After all, about the only thing you can do with a Paragon of Virtue is to set her on a pedestal—and keep your distance. Such a creature would be so far superior to most of us males that we could never feel any genuine affection for her. Somebody once said that "while we fall in love with an ideal, we have to live with a reality." And in the long run it is human frailties rather than perfections of character that endear us one to another. Just between

*Recommended for*  
**TOPIC TALK**

ourselves, now, would you relish the prospect of spending the remainder of your days with a Pollyanna, or an Elsie Dinsmore?

If she has faults—and she has!—then be thankful for them. They may give her a better understanding of some of your own shortcomings!

These next few months while you are adjusting yourself to a strange new civilian life will be a trying time for you—and for her. It is a time that calls for a great deal of patience and understanding on both sides. But as you look back, a few years hence, you may well say that this was the richest and most rewarding period of your whole life. There will be marital crashes and clashes all about you. But if you can steer clear of the rocks and reefs right now at the start, you will find smoother sailing as you go along. Remember, it was for this that you fought—the priceless privilege of living and working together. And it is worth all that it costs in giving and forgiving.

I have had the temerity to present to a number of service groups some half-dozen pointers that I have found helpful. I wouldn't go so far as to call them "rules." Nor do I present them as a specific behavior pattern. I simply set them down here for what they may be worth. If you get anything out of the suggestions that you can apply to your own situation, I shall be amply rewarded. Here they are:

(1) *Tell her that you love her.* Tell her again. And again. Then begin all over, for that is what she is hungering to hear. Not only tell her but *show* her in countless little ways—by extending courtesies and considerations that cost nothing but weigh heavier in your favor than costly gifts. This demonstration of affection will release her own kindred emotions, and also ease her apprehensions that you have become hardened and brutalized by the processes

of war. This is something that women secretly fear to a greater degree than you probably imagine. The realization that you are a normal, tender, endearing wooer will do more than any one thing to assure her of your future happy life together.

(2) *Try to adopt a reasonably realistic attitude in your discussion of other women you have known in your months of absence.* If you make too much of an effort to appear casually indifferent to the charms of the French maiden or the South Sea

siren, she is sure to suspect a great deal more than the simple truth.

(3) *Soft-pedal the harrowing experience stories.* Even under the prod of her persistent questions, try to dodge the details. It will do her no good to know. It may do you much harm to tell. She can never understand. The telling would only serve to cut another chasm between the two of you. The show is over. Ring down the curtain. It is better so.

(4) *Don't be afraid to trot out your*

### *Suggestions for S.M.C.L. Meeting*

#### First Sunday of the Month

THEME: *The Christian Attitude Toward Love and Marriage*

HYMN: "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling" (*Army & Navy Hymnal*, No. 223)

INVOCATION: "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

HYMN: "Lord, Speak to Me" (*Hymnal*, No. 425)

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 5:21-32

PRAYER: By a service man

HYMN: "I've Found a Friend" (*Hymnal*, No. 323)

OFFERING

TALK based on "Advice to the Lovelorn"

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. *Should there be a different standard for men and for women regarding sex behavior? Doesn't war make a difference?*
2. *Isn't it more excusable for a girl back home to become infatuated with someone else than for a boy in a foreign land to become promiscuous?*
3. *Is there a moral difference between having one or two "experiences" with members of the opposite sex and being "friendly" with many?*
4. *State as many Christian principles as you can which should help a person make the proper decisions in these matters.*

HYMN: "I Would Be True" (*Hymnal*, No. 403)

BENEDICTION: "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you: the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen."

*domestic virtues and show appreciation of hers.* Let her know you still have a hankering for home. She may persist in viewing you as the roving warrior, the romantic soldier of fortune, ever eager for the fray. That impression bodes you no good. Take time out right now to correct it, not only with words, but with deeds.

(5) *Start planning for the future together.* In the order of importance, this admonition should perhaps come higher on the list. For there is nothing that will bring two persons together more surely, more swiftly—and more permanently—than the planning of their future relations. Probably some of these plans may be a bit on the visionary side. And what of that? Youth is a time for dreams. Don't be afraid to invest in them—together!

(6) *Start some form of regular religious life—together.* This is most important, even if neither of you has, at the outset, any overwhelming religious convictions

or spiritual impulses. Begin attending the church of your choice—or hers. Enroll in a young people's group. You'll meet a lot of congenial folks who will be a big help in your adjustment in civilian life. You'll be pleasantly surprised at the spiritual "lift" you will get from regular church attendance. And it gives you one more mutual interest!

Marriages are not made in heaven. They are made on earth by two fault-filled human beings. But you will need—oh, how you'll need!—the help of heaven to keep them going. Remember how it was up front, when something big and important and dangerous was about to come off—how you used to find a quiet corner someplace and talk things over with God? Well, it's time to start talking again! And this time you'd better get her in on it too. She will understand. Because she too has been thinking in spiritual terms. Talk it over with her.

And—don't leave God out of your plans!

---

### *The Tenth Jew*

THE shells were falling thick and fast. In the midst of it all were ten American boys of Jewish faith. One, fatally wounded, had asked that the Kaddish, the prayer for the dead, be said over his remains. Bound to the honor code of all soldiers, his buddies prepared to carry out his last wish. Tenderly they lifted his body into the closest shelter they could find. It was the bomb-shattered remains of a Catholic Church. Only three walls, two pillars and a cross, still stood. Suddenly one lad remembered that no Kaddish could be said without a Minyan (the minimum number required to be present for a service). A Minyan was ten. They were only nine.

The company had been ordered forward in twenty minutes. What could they do? They sat on the ruined slabs of stone that littered the chapel floor. They were dejected, unable to fulfill their buddy's last wish. His watch, his girl's picture, and dog-tag lay beside him, ready to be sent back to his loved ones. A simple burial prayer must be said. They would have to go. Just then came an ominous silence. The nine soldiers raised their heads to the sky and waited expectantly for something to happen. Then the battle broke forth with more fury than before. The men flung themselves on the ground as a mighty explosion caused the rest of the walls to cave in about them. The earth's trembling ceased. The air cleared. The men stood up to leave.

As they stood there in humble silence, they stared in amazement—now they were ten. The figure of Christ had slipped from the cross and stood among them, leaning against a pillar, erect—one of their number. The tenth Jew was in their midst. They said the Kaddish and went into battle. They had fulfilled their comrade's last wish.

—Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle



## *Whipped An* **ENEMY**

By **JESSE STUART**

**A famed Southern novelist  
debunks the smoking habit**

**T**OBACCO is the slave-driver of man. I don't care what advertisements say about "good taste" and "settle your nerves." There's nothing to it. Tobacco doesn't settle anyone's nerves unless you have already started using tobacco and it gets a hold on you and you get nervous and have to have a smoke. Why be a slave to tobacco? If you use it, that's what you'll eventually be.

After I had been superintendent of county schools for one year, and principal of two large public high schools, and had warned hundreds of boys and girls of the bad influences of tobacco, I started using it myself. I didn't really know what the "bad" influences of tobacco were. I had never experienced them. I was talking through my hat to my students, but yet I was giving them good advice and didn't know it.

This is how it all came about. I went to my home in W-Hollow one Friday evening after school was out. My brother told me that there had been a wedding in W-Hollow and that we ought to go to the belling. Bellings have always been delightful social functions to attend among the hills. James and I took our automatic shot-guns, saddled our mules and rode to the belling. The young married couple stood on the porch and watched us circle around the house—fifty boys or more with our guns pointed high in the air with blazes of fire shooting skyward from their muz-

zles. Many smaller boys beat on dish pans with sticks, buckets with rocks; many rang cowbells and sheep bells, but the guns supplied most of the noise.

After we'd fired our guns until they got so hot we couldn't hold them any longer, the captain of our "Bell Crowd" asked for our treat. We were given cigars and candy. I didn't care for the candy. The two cigars that had been given to me were long green two-for-a-nickel cigars. They were better known among cigar smokers as "Twofers." I looked at the cigars and wondered how the little weed that I had helped grow all my life in W-Hollow could enslave millions of people. A weed that is pretty growing in winding rows around the east-Kentucky mountain slopes. Green in its growth in summer. Beautiful white blossoms in August. And in September it changes and re-changes in the most gorgeous brown colors.

"What's the matter, big boy?" a small pale-faced boy asked me. "Can't you smoke that cigar? Can't you take it? Ain't you a man yet?"

"If you can't smoke that cigar," he said, "let me have it! Don't throw it away."

"Thank you," I said. "I can smoke a cigar."

"You can't do it," he said. "I dare you."

After he'd moved along, what he said stirred me. He had dared me to smoke a cigar. He had said that I couldn't. I didn't

like it. I wouldn't take a dare. I wasn't a sissy. I have never been. I remember the boys in the past who had dared me to smoke and I had never smoked. Not one had ever called me a sissy, though. They knew that I wasn't because they played football with me. I believe now that it was because I had never smoked that made me so longwinded and tough on a football field. I didn't know what it was to tire. I walked five miles to school and five miles home. And before I left home I fed twenty hogs and milked four cows. When I came home I milked four cows, fed twenty hogs, and cut wood for our cookstove and fireplace. Yet during that day I had played a hard game of football and I was not tired. Now a weakling had dared me to smoke and I had accepted his challenge.

#### The First of 15,490 Cigars

My brother and I rode our mules home up the hollow with our guns across our shoulders. I smoked both cigars. I didn't feel a bit dizzy. The smoke hadn't bothered me. I felt fine, and I had that feeling of supreme confidence that I had conquered something. I had done something that I had never done before.

"Jesse, when did you start smoking?" James asked me as we rode the mules home through the moonlight.

"I started tonight," I said. "I've started smoking now."

"It seems like you've started with pretty strong tobacco," he said. "It smells strong enough to knock you down—those old cheap 'Twofer' long-green cigars. How can you stand that stuff? Looks like it would make you sick."

"It doesn't bother me," I said. "I can take it on the chin."

"If I were your age and had never smoked," James said, "I certainly wouldn't start it now."

I laughed at James's advice. He was nine years younger than I. I had taught him

in school and had given him advice about smoking when he was quite small. I didn't take his advice any more than he had taken mine. I had to live and learn the way he had. I had to live and learn like other young men.

It was in 1936 that I attended the belling in W-Hollow and smoked my first cigars. That was the beginning. I started smoking. I made men move away from me on busses. I made old seasoned smokers leave the smoking compartments on trains. I smoked like this for four years and eighty-nine days. I was a one-man furnace. I was a sawmill boiler's puffing smokestack.

I'll give you approximately the number of cigars that I smoked while I was a slave to this weed: I averaged not less than ten cigars a day and some days I smoked as many as twenty-five cigars. I craved them. I had to have them. And not only did I like the smoke but I chewed the ends of the cigars. I had to light another cigar—chew the end of it and smoke it at the same time. At a low estimation I smoked 15,490 cigars. Put this many cigars in a pile and it would be equal to a small haystack. Yet the smoke from all these cigars went into my system. My lowest estimate of cost for my four years of enslavement to the cigar habit was \$875.50. This would have paid up a small insurance policy.

#### The High Cost of Puffing

Now, smoking cigars was not all for me. While I was in England on a Guggenheim Fellowship, I learned to smoke a pipe. Cigars were quite small there as compared to the American cigars—and they were much dearer in price, since all tobaccos were imported. Many days I have smoked a tin of tobacco in a day. I smoked at least 516 tins of tobacco at a cost of fifteen cents per tin. That made an extra \$77.40 added to my cigar cost of \$875.50. My smoking for four years and eighty-nine



days cost me, at the lowest approximation, \$952.90. (This does not include the three rocking chairs that I went to sleep in and woke up to find on fire. I had to pay for these. Nor does this cost include the one bed I set on fire and had to pay for. Nor does this include the six suits and two overcoats of my own that cigar ashes set on fire and burnt holes in and I had to have fixed.)

I looked in the mirror at my once-white teeth, now as yellow with tobacco stain as an October pumpkin. It made me sick to look at them. People had commented about my white teeth. They didn't comment now.

All of my life I had fought against the control of people. I had bragged about my independence. I was an individualist—and now I had bowed not to man but to a weed, a puff of tobacco smoke.

#### Jesse's Declaration of Independence

I got to the place that I had to break away from my master. I couldn't be a subject any longer. I'd gotten into this thing myself and I would be man enough to quit it. I wouldn't stand it any longer. I began to feel the harm it was doing my body. It was ruining my teeth. It had spoiled the taste in my mouth. It had coated my tongue. I didn't have the life and pep that I'd once had. If I had run one-hundred yards at topspeed, I would have fainted. I had run everything from the two miles up in college. I said I would quit tobacco and I meant to quit it. I would hate to be too weakwilled to quit a thing that was hurting me. I said I would quit and I did quit.

It hurt me when I wanted tobacco and wouldn't let myself have it. But I wouldn't turn to it—no matter how much I suffered. I determined not to touch it. The first day I was so on edge when I couldn't get tobacco that if a person said a thing to me I didn't like, I wanted to fight that person. If a person said a thing to me that was the least bit funny, I laughed and laughed hysterically—and once at a sad thing someone said, I wept. I couldn't even write a letter that day. I couldn't do anything. It was the hardest day I've ever lived in my life—that day that I quit tobacco. But the next day I suffered less and the third day I suffered still less. I never went back to tobacco. I didn't retract. I wouldn't give one inch.

Since I have quit tobacco, I feel like a new man. I am my old self again. The surge of youth—swift as a mountain stream—runs in my veins. My teeth, though not white as they once were, don't look like the backwall of a furnace. I can sit down at a typewriter now and never get up until I have finished a ten-thousand word short story. I can run a mile without fainting. I am myself—strong as a lion, hearty for food as a hounddog.

I feel like shouting to the boys and girls of this nation to "lay off" tobacco. They will sooner or later learn what it will do to the only bodies they will ever have. They will learn it is an expensive habit. I am not a crusader and I am not a fanatic. I am not a sissy or a softie among men. I am one of the toughest. I know what I'm talking about by actual experience.

—Reprinted from *Scholastic* and *The Intercollegian*.

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# Doughfeet

## CHRISTMAS

The story of the birth and growth of the Fifth Infantry Regiment Soldier Chorus, ETO favorite

By Pfc ROBERT PECK

FIRST SERGEANTS, officers and most of the GIs scoffed when a note seeking volunteers for a choir circulated through Fifth Infantry Regiment on September 1, 1944, while the 71st Division was training at Fort Benning, Georgia. When the dubious ones learned a Pfc. was to direct the choir, an *a cappella* one at that, the scoffing developed into derision and genuine ridicule.

A dozen men reported for the first rehearsal and met Pfc. Luther Onerheim, who was organizing the choir with the help of Chaplains Thomas O. Harrison and Leon Gorsline a few months before the 71st sailed for France. Even among the first dozen there were skeptics, unable to visualize one infantry regiment supporting an *a cappella* choir, especially while laboring in the last phase of combat training. It had never been done before.

Nevertheless Onerheim, a pleasant, blonde Norwegian with a thinning pompadour, enthused the twelve pioneers with his faith in the venture. The first selection the choir tackled was an old Silesian folk song, the Crusader's Hymn, "Beautiful Saviour." Concluding the first practice session with a prayer for success, the dozen crusaders founded the Fifth Infantry Soldier Chorus, destined to live through scores of heart-tearing disappointments, survive the stress of overseas assignment and endure

through mortal combat with the Nazis. Thus the Soldier Chorus was born that first evening in the Sand Hill Chapel.

Recovering from one blow after another—rigorous training schedules, false "alerts" for overseas shipment, finally the POE at Camp Kilmer, then the mud of France—the Soldier Chorus grew stronger through its trials. Rehearsals continued until the very last days before going into combat.

"For God is round about me . . ." sang the men, each one fighting with his own company as the Fifth Regiment pushed out of France into Germany, across the Rhine to pierce the very heart of the Third Reich. "And can I be dismayed . . ." the choristers hummed in their hearts as they pushed on past the Danube, stopping to bury a comrade here, losing a wounded buddy there. Each loss was a rededication to their pledge that they would do the "impossible"—sing the classics in the infantry.

The 71st pushed on with the Third Army, V-E Day finding them in Steyr, Austria, farthest east of any American ground force unit. A few days later the chorus members were together again for the first time since going into action nearly a thousand miles back. A few were missing, a few were straggling back from hospitals, and a few new faces appeared. But the Soldier Chorus rose from the ugly long nights running into

numberless days and Sunday-less weeks, forged into a unit never to be divided again.

After four weeks in Steyr, the 71st moved to Augsburg, Germany, where the chorus succeeded in securing billets together. A machine-gunner from D company, a platoon sergeant from A company, a cook from headquarters, messengers, mortarmen, riflemen, truck drivers and engineers—48 men in all—left their companies for special duty with the Chorus.

The Chorus had won a major victory. Now Onerheim and his men could devote their full time and talents to perfecting music they loved so much. Hours each day went into rehearsals, music classes, sectional practice and voice training.

Amid the wreckage of Augsburg, the Soldier Chorus sang to those who had forsaken God for a worldly idol they called "fuehrer." In ancient St. Anna's Church, 48 American soldiers gave the Germans a message: "A mighty fortress is our God, a

trusty shield and weapon." More than 400 years before, Martin Luther wrote these words in the same St. Anna's Church, now partially destroyed by the war. The Soldier Chorus reminded the Germans of Martin Luther's words: "Stood we alone in our own might, our striving would be losing."

While touring ETO with USO Camp Shows, Raymond Massey, hearing the Soldier Chorus at the Ludwigsbau in Augsburg, was moved to tears by the stirring singing of infantrymen so recently in combat with the Germans. "You have a message to tell the world," Massey declared when the concert was finished. The message is in a language understood by all nations and comprehensible to all races and creeds, brushing aside national boundaries, traditional prejudices and barriers of ignorance and misunderstanding.

Crusaders—Protestant, Catholic and Jew—united in the Soldier Chorus. Singing for soldiers waiting for redeployment, cheer-



*The Soldier Chorus, with Pfc. Luther Onerheim (center front), who organized the choir with help of Chaplains T. O. Harrison and Leon Gorsline. On opposite page: Pfc. Onerheim conducting.*

ing troops assigned to occupation and performing for visiting professional entertainers, the Chorus preached joy, peace and harmony to all who heard. "We are not divided, All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity."

Some success came with the hard work and sincerity each man poured into the music. General George S. Patton, Jr., requested the Soldier Chorus to sing for Third Army headquarters; Seventh Army Headquarters heard them; adjoining and distant units alike asked to hear the beautiful *a cappella* choir's sacred concerts; visiting celebrities Clifton Fadiman, Beatrice Lillie, Paul Robeson and many others lauded their work.

Quite unexpectedly two great triumphs came almost simultaneously. One day in August, Onerheim brought great news to the choir. "The Fifth Infantry Soldier Chorus is invited to sing in the world-famed Salzburg Music Festival on September 2. And General of the Armies Dwight D. Eisenhower requests that the Soldier Chorus sing for him at USFET headquarters in Frankfurt." Through weeks of untiring practice in a cold, bare attic of a half-bombed barracks, the Chorus was ready for both engagements.

The highest military headquarters in the ETO played host for a week to the 48 doughfeet who had had a great dream and realized it. And the foremost showplace of musicians in Europe rejoiced as the Soldier

Chorus sang their sacred concert in the hallowed halls of historic Mozarteum in Salzburg.

The effects on those who heard the choir was quite different, Maj. General Willard G. Wyman, former 71st Division commander, disregarded military custom and shook each man's hand when the Chorus finished singing. Raymond Massey's voice choked when he expressed his gratitude for the Chorus. Colonel Sidney C. Wooten, Fifth Infantry Regimental commander, forgot himself and whistled when Richard Eichenberger (Kimball, Neb.) finished his tenor solo in "Lost in the Night." Paul Robeson sat in silence as a tribute to the Chorus, later predicting "The Soldier Chorus will be a welcome addition to the New York concert field."

But whether they heaped praises, stomped, whistled or wept, each man, general or private, celebrity or unknown, was saying his own way: "Here is a great thing. Here are men lifted out of the ordinary world by their nearness to God's music. Here are men with a message from their hearts and from God to tell the whole world."

When Onerheim directs the Soldier Chorus in "Now the Day Is Over" aboard the ship bringing the Fifth Regiment and the choristers from Europe, it will be only the beginning of their life together. The Chorus will live always in the hearts of the 48 crusaders and all those who have heard them, and it has earned a place in the postwar music world.



Walking round the barracks, the colonel noticed a long queue of men waiting outside the stables. Each held a lump of sugar.

"I'm glad to see you love animals so much," he remarked to one recruit. "I suppose the horse you're giving the sugar to is the pet of the regiment?"

"Not 'arf, sir," replied the recruit. "He's the one what kicked the sergeant."

"Mamma, why did you marry father?"

"So you've begun to wonder, too!"



Neighbor: "Why is it that your automobile is painted red on one side and blue on the other?"

Speed Demon: "Oh, it's a fine idea. You should hear the witnesses contradicting each other."

# Ideals

# IN RETROSPECT

The war's done, but it seems we still  
have to guard the things we fought for

By ROBERT CASPAR LINTNER

WE have come a long way since V-J Day, having won the greatest war in all history, and by no mere technical knockout. But already the air is raucous with strife and the ground beneath the victors' feet has been rumbling with earthquake tremors.

Hadn't we better take time to look back on our ideals and see how they look now in retrospect, or on some of them that still have their heads above water?

Perhaps we shouldn't count the dead ones, such as isolationism. That, we dared to suppose, was given a decent burial almost before the smoke of Pearl Harbor had lifted. But was it? Weeks ago, before the jubilation of V-J Day had scarcely died on our hot lips, one of the daily newsheets of our greatest city published an editorial that literally reeked of isolationism. One could have sworn that it had been penned before Pearl Harbor. It was scarcely less than mockery of the ideals of men who can never return from Iwo Jima and Guadalcanal, from African sands and the hedgerows of Normandy and the banks of the Rhine. No, isolationism is not dead.

What about our good American ideal of *fair play*? Are we in danger of being too soft a second time with the Germans? Our



radios and our presses have rung with the news of murders committed in our occupied sector of Germany, in strange outcropping of a hatred that had been glossed over in the beginnings of our occupation there. A nation, supposedly crushed and outwardly trying its sleekest to convince the fraternizing GIs that it was a properly spanked bad boy, has bared its teeth as if to scorn the weakness and the gullibility of some of our leaders in swallowing the bait the wily Germans knew so well how to use.

Recently I heard a French nobleman tell, in perfect English, of the horrors of the Buchenwald prison camp where he had been forced to work, on less than subsistence rations, for more than fourteen months. He did not content himself with recitals of horror. He did something more damaging to the rank and file of the German people: he told of the naively feigned innocence of thousands upon thousands of

Recommended for  
**TOPIC TALK**

native Germans, well-fed and comfortable, who solemnly declared that they had never known of these places of horror to which loaded trains went constantly through their countrysides and their cities. Men standing packed in cattle-cars for days were forced to run for a bowl of salty soup, and were whipped if they dared to try to drink of the water a short distance away, and were derided by the German populace that had lined up to see the spectacle.

He told of rosy-cheeked German frauleins watching as corpses were tossed, like heavy bales of hay, onto trucks to be hauled away for cremation, and these well-fed girls turned to the prisoners who had not yet come to that fate, laughed lightly and assured them that their turn would come soon to find a place on such a truck! And how many Germans, as plump and as rosy and as wily, have stubbornly maintained that they never knew of such atrocities! One man, remembering how captured German soldiers have almost always claimed they were Austrians or Czechs, ironically remarked that surely there must have been a *few* Germans in the German army!

Suppose we take the measure of another of our ideals that you will swear is very much alive—the *ideal of democracy*. Haven't we whipped the Nazis and the Nips, to say nothing of the Italians whom we came so near to folding to our breast as allies? Hasn't the world seen the spectacle of the British lion and the Russian bear standing staunchly beside your mighty Uncle, to crush the least and the lowest of the deluded sons of Fascism?

But how far has democracy triumphed? Has it yet come to the place where we no longer tolerate strikes that are dominated by elements of our population that are as unfriendly to our democratic ideals as the Nazis were? Is it only a chance coincidence

that our strikes soared to a peak when the diplomatic hopes of one of our allies reached their low?

Do you seem to recall that our labor unions developed an intense antipathy to strikes at a moment that coincided remarkably with the drama that was enacted at Stalingrad when Russia needed desperately every tank that our factories could put into her hands?

It was not a long-haired visionary, paid by an opulent American manufacturer, but a Laborite, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, who declared openly a few weeks ago that Russia was causing the starvation of countless thousands of liberated men and women in Europe by refusing to let shipments of food go to them along the inland waterways that she controlled.

Are we far enough along the highway of democracy to beat our breasts in pharisaic satisfaction? Some poor wretch who heaves a brick into a baker's window is sure to land in jail. But a far more dangerous man rides to his office in Washington in a limousine, drawing an annual salary that would keep the brickheaver's family in bread and butter for years, and pulls the strings that draw men from their mines for weeks on end, cutting off the steel that is needed for our reconversion program, while men and women freeze to death in Europe for want of the coal we might have spared them beyond our needs. The rider in that limousine has the sufficient blessing of the democracy he flouts!

When this happens, how distant are we from fascism? Let's be honest and realistic. Aren't there times when we let our democracy masquerade under a veneer so thin that we are in danger—you and I—of waking to find that the fascists have slipped past our sentries and run up their flag?

While you men were fighting for democracy, is it possible that some opportunist

vote-grabber, under the delusion that he was a politician, has sold us down the river? Is this democracy? Or is it insurance for double-talk and double-crossings that may one day, within our own land, bring us smack up against the same injustices that Naziism brewed for Europe and Europe's neighbors?

Hitler, grotesque and villainous as he was, climbed to his abominable throne over the willing shoulders of millions of fools, inside and outside Germany, who thought it might be just fine to have a strong man

in place of the adolescent democracy that we had hoped might grow into long pants in the Germany that pulled itself, with our generous help, out of the rubble of World War I.

We can recall what happened. But how well shall we remember it? And how long? Are we—and the European nations—ready to insist that no possible balance of power in Europe can ever justify the strutting arrival of some new half-baked ranter who will dare to feed his hungry people on the strong diet of hate and human blood and

### *Suggestions for SMCCL Meeting*

#### Second Sunday of the Month

THEME: *The Importance of Keeping Ideals*

CALL TO WORSHIP: "God is Power. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary and they shall walk and not faint. God is Love. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God. Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us."

HYMN: "O Day of Rest and Gladness (*Army & Navy Hymnal*, No. 162)

PRAYER: Led by the Chaplain

HYMN: "Fight the Good Fight" (*Hymnal*, No. 453)

SCRIPTURE: I Corinthians 13

OFFERING

TALK based on "Ideals in Retrospect"

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. State as clearly as you can the underlying reasons for the war.
2. Ask various members of the meeting what they were fighting for?
3. Do you think that the ideals for which many fought are now being achieved?
4. What can a person in the service do to help insure the success of his ideals?

HYMN: "Rise Up, O Men of God" (*Hymnal*, No. 459)

BENEDICTION: "The peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be with us now and evermore. Amen."

tears? It is for us to say—and say now.

Let's guard ourselves against the growth of another ideal—the *ideal of military might*. Even we Americans are in danger of letting it go to our heads. We have—or had before wholesale demobilization set in—the mightiest army and navy ever. We have vast industrial power, and resources to make it vaster. We have the secret of atomic energy. With it we can blast our enemies to bits or we can pioneer in fields that may yet outmode every other known form of power. We are minded to guard that awesome and awful secret as we smugly guard the world's greatest supply of yellow gold in Kentucky. I hope we can do it. But dare we think that the secret will keep war from our shores? Could not an enemy blot out our largest city or our largest single aircraft establishment before we knew his identity?

The more sober of us are saying it loudly enough: we *must* have peace—*now!* But this doesn't make it unanimous. Will that be the conviction and the longing of some nation, five years from now or two years from now, who pierces that awful veil as we did and comes out with fingers dripping with unguessed power? Peace—we *must* have learned it by now—cannot be guaranteed by military or naval or air supremacy or by the barricaded secrets of scientific research and ingenuity.

What about our shining ideal of a *peaceful world*? How shall we keep this God-given ideal shining and vibrant? Where lies the way to peace? How, above everything else, can we make this great ideal real?

A few days ago I saw a sign painted against the wall of a skyscraper in New York City: "*Peace through World Trade.*" So it ran, and it looked good. The building houses those who manufacture business machines with which to speed accounting and other business procedures throughout the world.

But will world trade insure peace? Ask Britain about it. She should know. Her ships have plowed the wide seas of the whole world to bring untold wealth to her shores and vast prestige to her empire. But have her dominions insured world peace? Or ask the undersized little warlords of Japan. They too lusted for world trade. But they overlooked one point, among others: if you must trade you should take care to trade with friends, and friends are not made with swords.

I can give you a better slogan: "*Peace through World Friendship.*" We in America covet no colonies. We desire world markets for good refrigerators and radios and automobiles, and for honest steel and rubber and tin and cotton. Do we care whose flag flies over Rangoon and Calcutta and Capetown and Wellington and Stalingrad so long as our branch-houses dot the countries of the world? Shall any nation need to lust for mere defended bits of distant soil so long as she controls the world's trade in steel and nitrates—and uranium?

But I can give you a still better way to peace: "*Peace through World Brotherhood.*" It is not enough to be neighbors. We are brothers. Jesus tried hard to get that fact into our comprehension. But after more than nineteen centuries there are supposed statesmen who haven't yet caught on.

Yes, we ought to look at our ideals under a very exacting microscope and weigh them in the fine balances of critical appraisal. Some will stand an acid bath: Some we should refurbish and reburnish until they shine again, and we should hold them high and unafraid, where their light will not go out. For this war-weary world needs beacons—bright ones.

Let's help supply them! As individuals, we can throw our weight on the side of ideals that will last. "You in your small corner and I in mine"—that's the place to begin! If we don't, the blame is ours!



# Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

BY MAYO CORNELL



**D**OUBTLESS the immediate future looks pretty grim and dreary to a lot of you men and women remaining in service. To be required to complete your training, or continue your job, or police foreign soil, when you long only for a swift discharge, for familiar civilian surroundings, may seem a delayed-action pill bitter indeed to swallow.

Yet, on my soul, there are compensations. You don't think so? Well, bear with me for a moment with an open mind and, except for specifically isolated cases, you will agree that I am right.

It isn't by any means one-sided, this Army experience of yours. No, benefits accrue on every side—from the basic one of bodily discipline translated into vigorous health, to the countless opportunities for educational advancement. For surely you will not deny that to see different countries, even different states and cities, to say nothing of unfamiliar types of people and standards of living, is the most superior education possible.

There is one other thing which perhaps is the biggest of all: There will come a day when you will don civvies; forget the insignia, the patches, the ribbons and stuff, and again take up common, every-day, ordinary existence. Oh, you'll shout with glee and strut exaggeratedly about, and vow that if you never see khaki or navy blue again or hear the bugle or a ship's bell it will be soon enough. Yet another, later day will follow—a day when you'll sneak up to that bedroom closet, or the attic, or wherever the household stores things no longer needed, and you'll look at that old uniform with a full heart. For that uniform represents a lot more than just being an enlistee or an officer. It represents great companionship, that amazing, moving *esprit de corps* which only the man doing battle beside his buddy can ever fully comprehend. A great companionship which only the initiate can conceivably grasp, which only those who have been tiny cogs in a great human endeavor can "savvy" at all.

Oh, you didn't look at it that way at the time! Even now, you don't! Yet believe me the day will come when that great companionship of which I speak—that individual support-of-individual towards a great end—will mean more to you than you now faintly imagine. Take advantage of it while you can; feel it profoundly within you, *now*—during these dragging months, during this "long winter of delays" while the drama of which you are so intricate a part becomes deathless history.

# Jobs for GIs

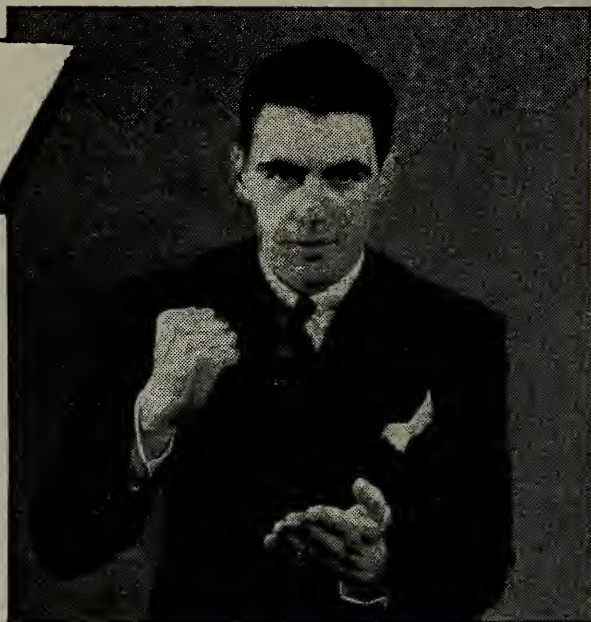
Have you a talent for fluent speech, a mind that operates logically, love for a scrap involving human rights, a hankering for politics perhaps? If so, consider what law holds for you

## X. Legal Careers

IN many of our letters we have been asked about prospects ahead in the legal profession. Happy we are to report that chances are *good*. Fifteen years ago this was one of the overcrowded professions, but not today; nor will it be for years to come. And you can thank the brethren of the draft boards for this situation. Months before Pearl Harbor, law students, more than any other group, were plucked from classrooms and study halls for military training, and when war actually arrived these young men were promptly inducted as least essential to the war effort. Thus came a shortage of law graduates which cannot be made up for a number of years.

Justice is the business of the lawyer, and in this business you will find many varying opportunities from which to choose. Private practice is the one most familiar to the majority of us. "Hanging out your shingle" it was in years gone by. Today your name is likely to be one of many on the door of a suite of law offices.

In private practice you may spend the major part of your time trying cases in court. Or, if you dislike appearing in public,



By M. R. LINGENFELTER

your days may be filled with tasks out of court, such as: drawing contracts, wills, deeds, leases, and other legal documents; preparing briefs; searching titles; giving legal advice and settling cases out of court.

The political field is a "natural" for an experienced lawyer who has recognized ability as a public speaker, who mixes well with people, and has an urge toward public service. Many of our legislators and executives of city, state and federal government began their careers as lawyers. Naturally, such political jobs as Attorney General, City Solicitor, judges of courts, and all public attorneys are members of the bar.

### Teaching in a Law School

Teaching in a law school is a field toward which you may aim if your interests are purely scholarly and if you have definite teaching ability. It will be wise, however, if you undertake a teaching career in this field, to secure practical experience in the profession either in private practice or

in a salaried position and, at intervals, secure leave of absence to refresh yourself in practical work beyond academic wells.

Writing on legal subjects may become an interesting avocation to such individuals or to those in the field who have the gift of clear expression. Most of the large law schools, and some of the smaller ones as well, publish exceedingly impressive journals—"Review" is the usual title. Articles submitted to these journals, if published, will receive no pay; prestige will be the only reward—a reward well worth while, however.

#### **Personal Qualifications Necessary**

Now suppose we see what sort of person you should be if you choose law as your career. A clear, logical mind is vitally important, especially if it has been trained in high-school debating or other courses in public speaking. Clarity of thought and orderliness of presentation are essential. You must have the ability to take a complicated situation and reduce it to condensed and clear presentation. Trial lawyers, especially, need to become skillful psychologists as well.

Don't attempt a law course if you just squeaked through your high school or college examinations. Your scholastic record and your scores in special service school tests will be scrutinized carefully when you apply for admission to a law school. Personality traits most needed are: tact, ability to get along well with people, sympathy without sentimentality, moral integrity, knowledge of human nature, and a sense of responsibility. Good health is required and an even temper—particularly for those who expect to try difficult cases in court. Capacity for hard work, sound judgment and power of concentration are fundamental qualities. Self-confidence is important, too, as a means of inspiring confidence in others.

You will need all that is coming to you under the GI Bill of Rights for education

if you choose law as your profession. Today, we have prelegal courses from two to four years similar to premedical ones. Here you will study: Political science, psychology, philosophy, languages, economics, social sciences, natural science and English. Good courses in accounting, business administration and business economics are especially helpful to the modern lawyer, as are also courses which increase reading speed.

And the law course itself, usually three years beyond the prelegal course of A.B. degree, will not be easy to take unless you are definitely the studious type. Prescribed subjects include: Agency, Conflict of Laws, Constitutional Law, Contracts, Corporations, Criminal Law, Domestic Relations, Equity, Evidence, Negotiable Instruments, Personal Property, Pleading and Practice at Law and in Equity, Administrative Law including Public Service Companies, Real Property, Torts, Testamentary Law.

Then comes the bar examination, which will not be a serious hurdle to the law graduate who has come safely through the course in a good school and whose character is above reproach. Yes, your character will be investigated as soon as you register your intention of taking the bar examination, and you may be refused admission to the examination or to the bar after the examination if anything happens which reflects on your moral integrity.

#### **Before Starting Out on Your Own**

How to get started may be a problem, especially if you want to be on your own from the first. We advise you to spend some time in the office of a good legal firm, even though your work may be routine, and possibly somewhat dull. Nevertheless, in later years you will bless the useful training and experience gained in that early job. Here there will be opportunity, moreover, to choose a line of specialization or change to a different line if an earlier choice proves unsatisfactory in practice.

It might be wise to change your job rather frequently during the beginning years to pick up a variety of experiences. Be sure to stay two years on each job, however. You might work for a firm dealing in criminal law, with a divorce lawyer, a patent law firm or with one specializing in work for corporations.

Don't work for someone else too long, though, if you plan to build up a private practice. A good plan to follow is that of a successful lawyer from whom your author secured some of this information. He began his career, after college graduation, as a teacher but soon decided he would go into law. Shortly after he was admitted to the bar he took a clerkship with a legal firm that was doing business for a company in settling entanglements with Uncle Sam. Some of the early difficulties were with "New Deal" legislation. One of the government men, impressed by the young man's ability, offered him a position in Washington. A few years in each of several government agencies and then his chief went to New York and opened a large law office which served some of the largest companies and most prominent individuals in that small town. And soon our young lawyer received a flattering offer to join his former boss. Here again the young man's ability and personality made a hit and another flattering offer came to join the legal department of one of the largest corporations in the nation.

#### **Good Experience in Government Job**

"It was my experience in government work in Washington," he insisted, "that helped me most of all. I always advise young lawyers to get some government experience early in their careers. Veterans will have splendid opportunities, too, for jobs under Civil Service with the preference given them for such jobs under the GI Bill of Rights."

This man, now head of his own successful firm, usually employs young lawyers who

have had such experience. He pointed out, too, that lawyers with exceptional business ability frequently take executive positions in large industrial organizations, in business firms, or in public service utilities. This is especially true of experienced corporation lawyers.

You men in the service will have the advantage, dearly bought in many cases, of giving the impression that you are older than your years. And so you will win the confidence of clients who might otherwise have qualms about trusting their cases to lawyers who look too immature for such serious business.

#### **Let's Look at the Disadvantage Too**

Here are some disadvantages of law as a profession: the long, expensive training period; the heavy expenses for books, unless your office or your job are close to a good law library which you may use. Lack of leisure time is often considered a drawback; as well, since a lawyer's time is not his own; his clients' needs must come first. Furthermore, he must study continually to keep up with the latest laws and decisions of the courts. Difficulties of proving your ability might be mentioned, too, since standards of the profession prohibit advertising or soliciting practice.

Some advantages of the profession as listed by the Division of Vocational Education, Baltimore Board of Education, are: The esteem of the public for the profession; the broad field of opportunities offered, in that a lawyer may specialize in one of many branches of the law, qualify for the public service, or engage in a business in which the services of a lawyer are required; the satisfaction of knowing that accomplishment depends in a large measure upon one's own efforts; the opportunity to gain gradually a reputation and establish a clientele through hard work, honest dealing, and the display of professional skill; the opportunity to aid and protect the aggrieved, to

fight for the right, and in general to promote justice.

In the legal profession you will have splendid opportunities to help the less fortunate individuals in the community. You will find, in every part of our country, public-spirited lawyers who have given up chances to make large incomes because they wanted to help needy clients. They serve on settlement-house committees, better-government leagues, on committees of all kinds whose aim is to aid those who cannot help themselves in legal difficulties.

What rewards, cash and otherwise, may be expected? Well, a lawyer's income may be as fickle as that of a farmer, although average earnings in the profession are above most other professions, year in and year out. If you attempt a private practice on your own, immediately after you become a member of the bar, you may earn a mere subsistence income. Figures show, on the other hand, that \$5000 a year is easily possible in ten or fifteen years. Salaried positions may not reach \$5000 but they will be well above that meager beginning.

#### **If You Aspire to Politics . . .**

If you go into politics, you may of course aspire to the U. S. Congress in House or Senate at \$10,000 per year—or more if the present furor ends in securing increased salaries for our legislators. In local politics much depends upon size of place and the job.

In a corporation you may receive a very fancy salary, even though starting salaries here may be rather meager. And here, as noted before, are fine opportunities to reach the highest position in the company.

Teaching salaries vary with size and

standing of the institution in which the lawyer teaches, as well as upon the level at which he joins the faculty. If he continues immediately after graduation he may be given an instructor's classification and with it a rather small salary. A successful practitioner, on the other hand, might become a part-time professor with salary based on the rate paid a full professor. Deans of law schools usually receive exceedingly handsome salaries.

In the matter of earnings in government agencies other than political the custom is to match or even go slightly beyond the income a lawyer has been making in his previous job. Of course, if you start in Civil Service you will probably receive the minimum amount in the classification to which you are eligible. On the other hand, you will be on the inside ready for promotion to higher positions as vacancies occur.

In this profession you can always have as your goal a place at the top among the "Nine Old Men"—which is something indeed for an aim. Especially if, when retirement age is reached, you can follow the lead of Justice Owen J. Roberts and use your talents, your experience, and your prestige for social betterment. At this crucial moment in history, Justice Roberts is devoting his time and energies to writing and speaking for a better organization of all people, for nations uniting to bar future wars. As president of The United Nations Council of Philadelphia he finds one excellent outlet for his efforts in this direction.

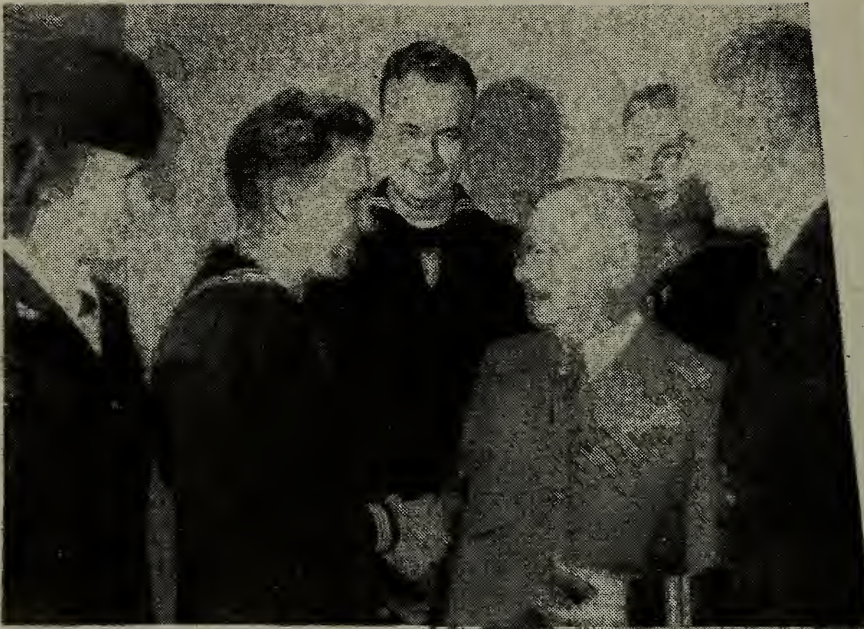
"This time," he says, "we want to make sure that peace sticks. People of the United States are weary of conflict. So are people of other lands. We want no more of it."

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### *Atomic Order*

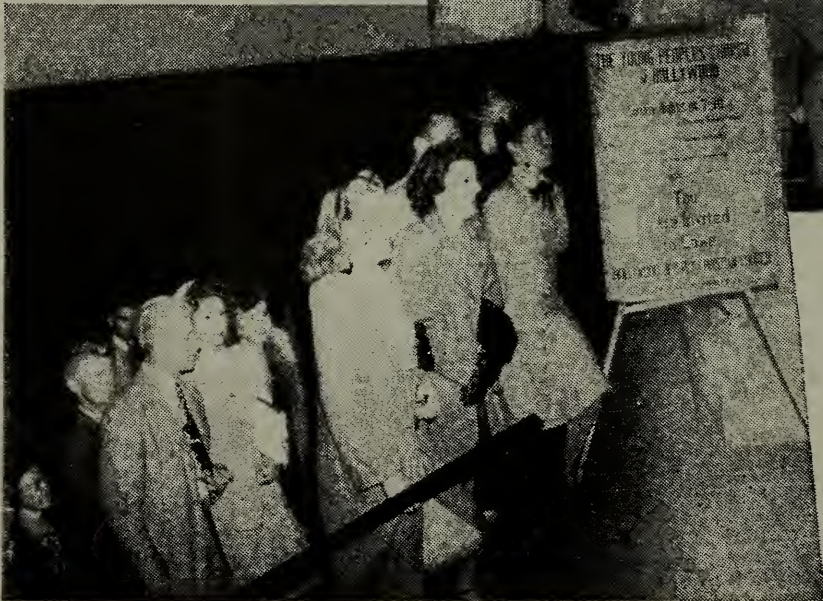
ONE Salt Lake City department store believes it is the first organization on earth to receive a commercial order for atomic power. A northern Utah potato grower wrote the store:

"A feller at the drug store the other day tole me that this here stomic stuff there talking about would be good to kill the bugs in my spud crop. Could you send me some of this stuff. I wood only want a pound or to, maybe only a half pound. I have a big tree in my field where I cud shoot it off in the top branches. I heard as how its pretty powerful stuff so maybe you better send instruksions to. If you do not have eny now cud you send me prices."—**Advertising Age**



Three Protestant I  
in Japan to confer  
and to study relief  
Dr. Douglas Horton.

Mr. James L. Kraft, prominent  
businessman and acting president  
of International Council of Reli-  
gious Education, greets Ray  
Hughes, Rm2c, the host president  
of combined SMCL rally held re-  
cently at Great Lakes, Ill. At  
the right is Chaplain J. S. Chase.



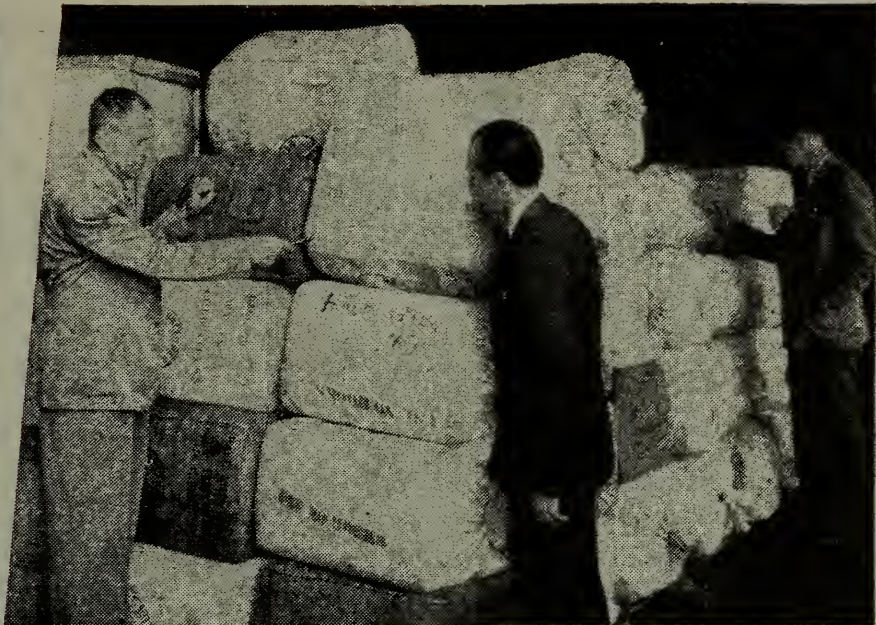
Members and guests of  
League fellowship group  
anniversary recently at  
(For full story, see "1

(Left) Because former  
felt that youth needed  
formed the Young Peop  
the more capitol. He  
hundred who attended  
happy about the whole  
Lee Bonnell displaying  
distributed throughout

Photos on this page by Relig



who recently were Japanese Christians  
Dr. Luman Shafer, alter W. Van Kirk.

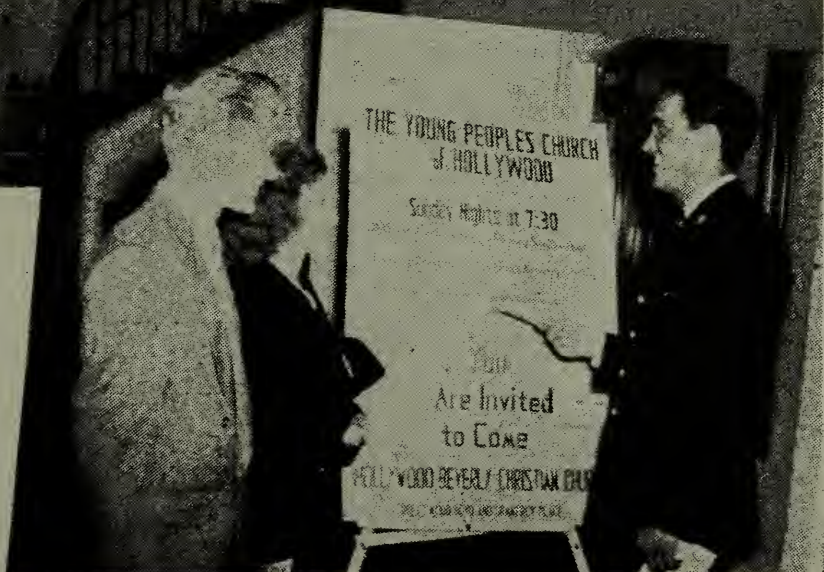


U. S. churches begin shipment of supplies to Europe's war victims. In the above, Dr. Leslie B. Moss directs the loading at a Brooklyn pier, aided by Rev. V. M. Ziegler and Dr. R. W. Barstow, officials of the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction.



Service Men's Christian Church celebrated its first "F. Great Bend, Kansas, Your League," p. 46)

in Clarence W. Franz church of their own, he church of Hollywood, in some of the several opening service, looking (Right) Head usher poster that has been Angeles and vicinity.



evus Service and U. S. Navy



# north east west south

**Religion in 1945.** At year's end, the churches in totaling up their year's work found that—

—Church membership in the U. S. had increased by 4,000,000; it now stands at 72,492,669.

—Religious forces had made a real impress on the peace, throwing their weight behind the Dumbarton Oaks Plan (with a recommendation for nine specific changes, eight of which were adopted at the UNO Conference at San Francisco) and later the Charter of the United Nations.

—For relief and reconstruction abroad 25 denominations, co-operating in the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction, underwrote a \$19,000,000 program over a four-year period. For other "war-caused emergencies" the denominations raised or have in prospect funds totaling \$109,625,000. It was a great year for money raising, with giving to church causes often reaching an all-time high.

—Interchurch co-operation made encouraging strides. And foreign missions will certainly be conducted with much closer rapprochement than ever before. The churches also made gains in interracial and interfaith matters; during the year there were 12,770 occasions when Protestants, Catholics and Jews met to consider common problems and ways to solve them.

## GERMANY

Now that war is ended, the long hard road back to Christian brotherhood is being built. In the lands of the ex-enemy, visitors are finding stretches of pavement intact, others with only the surface destroyed. On the old foundations, new understanding is being built. Here are a few of the builders now at work in postwar Germany:

**Niemoeller.** At the first meeting of the newly-created Council of the Evangelical Church of Germany, Pastor Martin Niemoeller, who spent eight years in a concentration camp for resisting Nazism, put it straight to the German people. They themselves, he stated flatly, were to blame for their present sufferings and "the horrors of the past twelve years." If the Church had "seen clearly and acted unitedly," he added, "this war would never have arisen."

The courageous Niemoeller pulled no punches on his huge audience in Stuttgart, describing the devastation wrought not only in German cities but the brutalities inflicted by Germans on Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Russia, France.

Remarked Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, who was present: "If Christians the world over achieved such humility, a repentent new world would be born!"

**Repenters.** A few days later, Berlin Protestants also did some repenting. Meeting in the Russian zone, they declared: "God has made us as dirt and dung among the nations. . . . We have deserved it. . . . We have sinned and have been disobedient." In a reference to Allied occupation authorities, they prayed that those "who have power over the powerless" be inspired to lead the German people to recovery and to work for the peace of the world.

**In Control.** So far as the Evangelical Church is concerned, anti-Nazis are in complete control in Germany. The war had no sooner ended than the German Church Council, headed by Bishop Theophilus Wurm, purged itself of the last remaining



elements of pro-Nazi churchmen. The bishop and Pastor Niemoeller last Fall led the Church back into active relationship with the World Council.

**Aid Refugees.** One of the first projects undertaken by the rejuvenated German Church was fund-raising for relief of refugees in Germany. In December a sum estimated at between 14 and 17 million marks (about \$1,500,000) was in sight, plus quantities of food given by German church members from their own rations.

**Visitors.** In early December a number of American churchmen were in Germany to survey the needs of Protestant churches and study the new forces emerging in German Protestantism. Conferences were held with German church leaders, and also with General Eisenhower and other occupation authorities looking toward problems of relief and reconstruction.

Among the visitors were Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, president of the Federal Council; Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, chairman of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains; Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church in America.

## JAPAN

The problem of getting Japanese Protestantism back on its feet is a tougher assignment than its counterpart in Germany. There was far less to start with (350,000 Christians out of a population of 80,000,000); there were even greater pressures made against it during the war, and a larger proportion of destruction was visited on its properties. Nevertheless, Japanese Christian leaders, many emerging from the underground for the first time, are attacking the job with commendable spirit and optimism.

To begin with, General MacArthur's directive on religion freedom in Japan, ordering the restoration of foreign religious institutions to their original purpose, gave a healthy impulse to reform. The Japanese Cabinet, thus prodded, abolished the religious organization law of 1940

which "united" 42 Protestant denominations into the Church of Christ in Japan.

The *comp de grace*, however, was MacArthur's order separating the Shinto religion from state subsidy and putting it on a par with other religions.

**Deputation Reports.** To get the real lowdown on just what was what in this land of strange contrasts, four delegates of American Protestantism went to Japan and Korea recently. They spent four weeks there, and returned to report on a Japan "wide open to the Christian Gospel."

The quartet were: Dr. Douglas Horton, chairman of the American section of the World Council of Churches; Bishop James C. Baker, chairman of the International Missionary Council; Dr. Luman J. Shafer, chairman of the Japan Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference, and Dr. Walter Van Kirk, secretary of the Federal Council's Commission on International Justice and Goodwill.

**Kagawa.** Describing Toyohiko Kagawa, Japan's eminent Christian, Dr. Van Kirk said he is now "respected by the people of Japan as are few men there." He is dedicating himself to the organization of co-operatives, labor unions, and housing, clothing and feeding campaigns.

**Destruction.** Christian schools during the war were pressed to alter their constitutions and eliminate all reference to Christian principles. Some gave in, Dr. Shafer said, but the majority worked out arrangements which satisfied the government and still kept a Christian allegiance. Of 157 pre-war churches in Tokio, Dr. Shafer continued, only nine are now in existence and only six buildings intact. Eighty per cent of Osaka's churches were levelled.

The delegates will recommend to their sponsors that American Christians not attempt now to rebuild church edifices, nor to send large groups of missionaries. It would not be right, these men contend, to build churches when homes are needed, and to send missionaries into a country that is already starving for lack of food.

**"A Good Thing."** Bishop Baker quoted an interview with Foreign Minister Yoshida in which the cabinet member said that Japan's defeat was a blessing in disguise. "This is a liberation, not a defeat," Yoshida told him. "Now there will be an opportunity for a new Japan to emerge, free from the restraint which has shut us in and made it impossible for our life to develop in any large and free way."

Privately, the four delegates expressed some concern about the growing popularity of Christianity in Japan. The people sense the bankruptcy of their old system. They know they were defeated, and they want to know why. They are now testing Christianity to seek an answer. Many government leaders, including the emperor, are reading the Bible and Christian literature, the four men stated. They believed, however, that Japanese Christian leaders who kept their faith when it was not popular will be cautious about welcoming any rash mass movement into Christianity.

**Visit Emperor.** The American delegation visited Japan and Korea, saw the ruined cities of Tokyo, Osaka, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, talked with many Japanese leaders, including the emperor, as well as many officers of the occupying forces. The emperor received each man of the delegation alone and questioned him about Christianity, about Christian schools and about a new world order and Christianity's part in it.

**United Program.** Following the return to America of the delegation mentioned above, at a meeting of the Japan Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference in New York, 13 denominational mission boards and agencies agreed to participate in a united Christian program in Japan. Ten other agencies will go along on a consultative basis.

**United Church.** What to do with the war-born United Church of Christ in Japan became the main subject of a meeting of the executive committee of that body in mid-December. A general convention is to be held in February, at which time it will

be decided whether Rev. Mitsuru Tomita, wartime director who was censured as undemocratic, will go.

At the moment it seems likely the United Church will not dissolve, though it is certain several groups will quit the forced merger. According to Religious News Service, the Episcopalians are not likely to remain in the organization, and the Salvation Army, YMCA and YWCA are expected to keep only a co-operative relationship.

**Occupation Force.** Each of the delegates expressed astonishment at the tremendous welcome the American army is receiving in Japan. American officers and men walk the streets unarmed, and there is a growing pro-Americanism in every walk of life.

## INTERDENOMINATIONAL

**President Praises.** "You represent the Church Militant, and there is need for your kind of militance in this troubled world." So wrote President Truman to the Federal Council's Commission on a Just and Durable Peace, meeting recently under the chairmanship of John Foster Dulles.

Mr. Truman went on to say: "We often hear it said that spiritual values are indestructible only as long as men are ready and willing to take action to preserve them. In the future, as in the past, may we look to the churches for leadership in this good fight."

**Four Million Dollars.** That's the sum the Assembly of the Church of England is out to raise for a five-year advertising program aimed at bringing about a religious revival in England. Media to be used, in case the funds are forthcoming, include the theater, cinema, radio and press.

Putting to shame most American church bodies, which by comparison allocate mere chicken feed to their publicity departments, the British are definitely waking up. Helping to awaken them was the Bishop of Rochester, who said that "the clergy's spiritual anemia has left half the country worse than heathens." The assembly forthwith adopted a report calling for a "mis-

sionary invasion of the modern agencies of propaganda."

**Movies and Church.** Too long have Protestants ignored movies—officially, that is. While the Roman Catholics have their potent Legion of Decency and their other groups for impressing Hollywood, Protestant impact in this field has been as scattered as it is feeble.

But now comes two interdenominational agencies that promise to fill the void. First in the field was the Motion Picture Council of Protestant Women, sponsored by *Christian Herald* and headed by Mrs. Jesse Bader and Mrs. Daniel A. Poling. The function of the MPCPW is to review pictures, applaud the good and flay the bad, pick the "Movie of the Month" and otherwise act as sentinel for Protestant principles of morality and religion.

Now comes the Protestant Film Commission, Inc., formed by major denominations to provide, distribute and exhibit motion pictures on a non-profit basis. One of the commission's first objectives is to raise a million dollars to launch production of general religious films. Besides producing films that can be used by churches, the PFC will represent the interests of Protestantism to the film industry.

**"Youth Marches!"** The widespread interest of teen-agers in religion is a present-day phenomenon. Usually held on Saturday nights, huge rallies for youth have been packing them in everywhere from Madison Square Garden to Podunk Palladium.

Most recent, and most promising so far as the organized Church is concerned, is the "Youth Marches for Christ and the Church" rallies sponsored by Christian Endeavor. The first was held in Detroit, lasted eight days, drew 10,000 youngsters, and registered 2,000 decisions for Christ and Christian service. More than 175 different churches were represented. The evangelism theme was pre-eminent, but the Church's social objectives were also emphasized.

Other "Youth Marches" meetings were scheduled for Boston (Jan. 31-Feb. 3),

Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Denver and other cities across America.

**Conscription?** The debate on peacetime military training goes on and on. Servicemen generally seem to favor it—though a minority do not, as witness occasional outbursts from LINK readers in our "Batting the Breeze" section.

A recent poll taken of discharged veterans in New York City, reports the *New York Times*, turned up the interesting information that 22,026 (86.7 per cent) were for it, 3,198 against it, and 117 undecided.

Yet church and educational forces stand quite solidly against the measure. In a recent release, the Federal Council of Churches reiterated its position:

"We strongly oppose the adoption at this time by the United States of compulsory peacetime military training before it has undertaken, through international agreement and action, to make such training unnecessary."

**Japanese-Americans.** Responsibility of the federal government to care for Nisei made destitute by sudden closing of War Relocation Centers and scheduled liquidation of the WRA was recognized by 65 delegates from 40 national church and social welfare agencies attending the first National Conference on Japanese-Americans, held in New York City in December.

Nearly 5,000 of the original 110,000 evacuees remained to be resettled by December 15. Some 35,000 were relocated in four months, and four of the ten centers are now closed.

## DENOMINATIONS

**Merger Talk.** In Australia, plans for federal union with the Methodist and Congregational Churches were approved by Australian Presbyterians at their general assembly in Sydney recently. No doctrinal points are involved in the agreement between the three bodies, and each church will maintain its own identity while co-

operating on such matters as education, missions, and social services.

In America, the 28 conferences of the United Brethren in Christ have voted overwhelmingly for merger with the Evangelical Church.

Another step toward the proposed merger of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America and the Free Methodist Church was taken recently when a "Comity Council" was established to go into the matter.

**Presbyterians.** An unusual plan for providing direct personal aid to needy Christian pastors in France has been evolved by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. Names and addresses were secured of 1,000 Protestant pastors whose welfare is to be the special concern of American Presbyterians. These names are being assigned to churches, groups or individuals, and boxes of supplies, such as food, clothing and medicine, will be sent the French pastors' families at regular intervals.

The Southern Presbyterians are out to get a million dollars as a "re-entry fund" for missionary service in the Far East; estimated annual needs for mission work in China, Korea and Japan: 750 missionaries and two million dollars.

**Episcopalians.** During May and June of this year a delegation from the National Council will visit China to survey damage done to church property during the war, and to plan best use of the denomination's five-million-dollar reconstruction and advance fund.

**Baptists.** American Baptists will be represented in Washington by a full-time public relations secretary by this coming June, according to a joint conference committee of the four largest Baptist bodies in the U. S. The Washington office, on behalf of 12,000,000 Baptists, will "seek to make clear the Baptist position on such questions as religious liberty."

**Adventists.** Seventh-Day Adventists contributed more than twenty-eight millions to their church in 1944, an increase of 11.7 per

cent over the previous year. Throughout the world there are 9,351 Adventist churches, with 557,768 members. The denomination's quadrennial world general conference will be held in St. Louis from May 28 to June 9 of this year.

## EDUCATION

**Housing Troubles.** It's tough all over, this housing shortage. But nowhere is it worse than at colleges and universities. With veterans besieging campuses everywhere, the American Council on Education, to say nothing of college prexies all across the country, are wondering where to put all the vets who are eager to take advantage of the educational provisions of the GI Bill.

Trailers, gymnasiums and abandoned war plants are among the edifices being used to meet the acute situation. The trailers, for married students, add a bizarre note to the traditional calm of the campus. (A recent survey revealed that 40% of vets who have returned to the college classroom have brought along the little woman—and perhaps one or more replicas thereof!)

The schools are doing their best, but unless they get some quick help from housing authorities many ex-servicemen will not join the Ivy League.

**Bellwether.** For all young sheep in search of guidance in educational matters in the vicinity of Chicago, a most able bellwether has been appointed. He is Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, Episcopalian liberal who, among the Protestant clergy, has done some of the most forthright thinking and writing on the subject of returning service men (as witness his articles in LINK past issues). Dr. Bell is now consultant on education to the Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago, the Rt. Rev. Wallace E. Conkling. He will represent the Church in its relations with the University of Chicago and other divcesan institutions.

**The Winner.** Selected by 1,200 of his fellow laymen across the country, Alfred H. Avery of Malden, Mass., has been

named the 1946 winner of the national Russell Colgate Distinguished Service Citation for "outstanding contributions to the advancement of Christian education." Mr. Avery, a Methodist, is an officer, trustee or director for some 25 educational and religious organizations in America.

Not the least of his recent gifts were eight scholarships, with a total value of \$9,200, made to eight young people as part of the 1946 Youth Week observance, January 27-February 3. These awards, plus 24 other scholarships to summer regional planning conferences of the United Christian Youth Movement, were offered through the UCYM.

## THE BIBLE

**Something Started!** When the American Bible Society last fall launched its worldwide Bible-reading observance from Thanksgiving to Christmas, it did two things: (a) sparked the biggest project of united Scripture reading on record, and (b) started hundreds of other Bible-centered programs the world over.

It is estimated that more than thirty million people were reading the same chapters during the 34 days of the observance.

**In St. Paul.** A good sample of what was stimulated: a 15-day Bible crusade in which 140 Protestant churches of this Minnesota city participated resulted in 50,000 St. Paul people reading a chapter of the Gospel of St. John daily, memorizing a verse for each chapter. During the two weeks 30,000 book-marks and reading schedules were distributed, and the motion picture "The Book for the World of Tomorrow" was shown 87 times.

**To Japan.** The American Bible Society, an organization that never seems to miss a bet in placing the Scriptures where they are needed most—a fact to which every service man will testify—has once again shown its readiness to meet the need by shipping 160,000 New Testaments to Japan, 60,000 of them in Japanese and the rest in English. An additional 200,000 were being printed at the first of the year, and orders are on hand for another 200,000.

**"Swiped Bible."** Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright has his grandfather's Bible back at last. It was returned to the general by Charles K. Bowen, of Burbank, Calif.

"Ever since I learned that you are the grandson of that other Jonathan M. Wainwright, who was commander of the *Harriet Lane* at the Battle of Galveston on Jan. 1, 1863, it has been my intention to return to you the Bible, which had fallen into the hands of my grandsire, William A Bowen," Bowen told Gen. Wainwright.

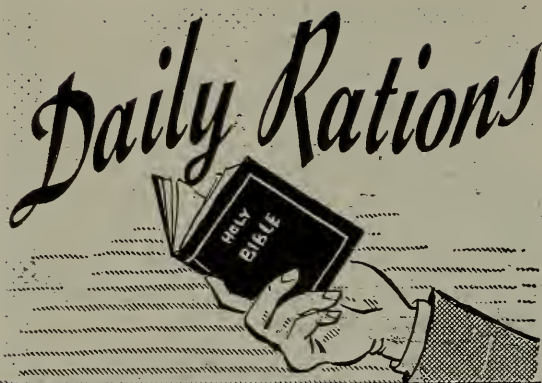
Mr. Bowen admits that his grandfather probably "swiped the Bible." In the Battle of Galveston, a Confederate steamer, disguised as a river boat carrying cotton, and loaded with sharpshooters, rammed the *Harriet Lane* in Galveston Bay. It was as a member of the subsequent boarding party that the Lane's Bible "fell into the hands of" Grandfather Bowen.

## PEOPLE

**Big Giver.** The gift of one million dollars to the World Council of Churches was made recently by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. One half is to be used for relief and reconstruction, the rest for the establishment and maintenance of a Christian laymen's training center on the Continent.

**"Not My Views."** When President Truman's military aide, Brig. Gen. Harry H. Vaughn, was unwise enough to make some derogatory remarks about Protestant chaplains, a furore ensued. Churchmen all over the country demanded a retraction. Vaughn went into hiding, but his boss apologized to the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains: "I am distressed. . . . The remarks in nowise represent my views. . . . I completely disassociate myself from them."

**New Editor.** Dr. G. Elson Ruff has become editor of *The Lutheran*, weekly organ of the United Church. He succeeds Dr. Nathan R. Melhorn, who recently completed 25 years in the position. Dr. Ruff is an able and talented journalist, and the signs are that an already lively maga-



zine will, under his direction, be livelier still.

**Recruiter.** To provide guidance for service men who have decided to enter the ministry, the Federal Council has created a Commission on the Ministry, with the Rt. Rev. Henry K. Sherrill as chairman. Chief recruiter will be Dr. John Oliver Nelson, formerly with the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, and a LINK author.

**Stalin Quote.** Not long ago Dr. Hewlett Johnson of England interviewed Generalissimo Stalin in Moscow. The former quotes the latter as saying: "Religion cannot be stopped. Conscience cannot be stilled. Religion is a matter of conscience, and conscience is free. War convinced both the Russian church and state of the other's patriotism."

**Director.** When Clifford Barnes died some months ago, anxiety was felt that the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, which he created over three decades ago, might fold up. But with the appointment of Dr. Albert Joseph McCartney, nationally known pastor of the Covenant-First Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., to be the new director, all such anxieties cease. The club is non-sectarian, draws 3,000 people to its meetings each Sunday night in Chicago's famed Orchestra Hall, and features distinguished speakers from all parts of the world.

**Back to Work.** Former Governor Harold Stassen of Minnesota, who resigned his gubernatorial chair to enter the Navy, is back on the job as president of the International Council of Religious Education. While he was in the service, James L. Kraft, Chicago cheeseman and prominent Baptist layman, served as Council president.

**Casualties.** Up to January 1, the Army Chaplain Corps suffered 387 casualties, 149 of them fatal. As of the same date, 1,281 chaplains had been awarded 1,685 decorations for valor of one kind or another.

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1.	Deuteronomy	1:1-31
2.	Deuteronomy	1:32-2:19
3.	Deuteronomy	3:21-4:24
4.	Deuteronomy	5
5.	Deuteronomy	6, 7:12-14
6.	Deuteronomy	8, 9:7-19
7.	Deuteronomy	10:12-22; 11:13-32
8.	Deuteronomy	12:1-14; 20-32
9.	Deuteronomy	13:1-11; 14:1-19, 27-29
10.	Deuteronomy	15:1-20; 16:1-22
11.	Deuteronomy	17:14-20; 18
12.	Deuteronomy	19, 20
13.	Deuteronomy	28:1-26; 58-68
14.	Deuteronomy	30, 31:1-13
15.	Deuteronomy	31:14-30; 32:1-14
16.	Deuteronomy	32:15-52
17.	Deuteronomy	33
18.	Joshua	1
19.	Joshua	2
20.	Joshua	3, 4:1-9
21.	Joshua	4:10-24; 5
22.	Joshua	6
23.	Joshua	9
24.	Joshua	10
25.	Joshua	11, 12:1-6
26.	Joshua	13:1-8; 14:21, 63
27.	Joshua	16, 17
28.	Joshua	18:1-10; 20, 21:1-4
29.	Joshua	22
30.	Joshua	23
31.	Joshua	24

# HOW TO GO TO

# CHURCH

By **NORMAN VINCENT PEALE**

(Pastor, Marble Collegiate Church, New York City)

**I**N becoming an artist in any field you have to start with simple procedures. You do not become expert in music by playing Bach, at the outset. You become an artist by first learning the simplest finger exercises.

There are certain "finger exercises" in going to church that are important. The first one is this: *Go!* Go to church. Church going, church attendance is the first factor. And to get value from it you must go regularly. I suppose that every reader has gone to a doctor at one time or another and received a prescription which said, "Take this medicine four times a day." If you take it only once a day you might as well not take the medicine at all. If you go to church once in a long while, by some strange circumstances God might do you some good, but it is the constant, habitual contact with God which does the work. Keep at it! Saturate your consciousness down by repeated doses of prayer and faith. Do this and you will finally come to the point where spiritual power will flow into your life.

One should also go to church in a *relaxed* condition, physically and mentally. One should never rush into church, his body quivering and filled with tension; if he



does, it will take him the entire service to get the tension out of him, before God can begin to send His peace into him.

It may seem a queer thing to you, but I believe there is a good deal in how you sit in church. One way is to keep your feet squarely on the floor. Allow your body to shape itself to the contour of the seat. Certainly, one way not to sit is to be tangled up in a knot, arms folded tightly across your chest in a sort of contortion. Observe the definite relaxation which comes from merely letting your hands fall limply into your lap or at your side.

I realize it is difficult to sit comfortably in crowded pews, but even so this principle of relaxation by proper sitting is vital to the efficient act of worship. Try this principle when you go to bed at night. Raise your arms and let them fall limply. Or try it as you sit in your chair at home; sit

Recommended for  
**TOPIC TALK**

peacefully and quietly with the thought of relaxation throughout your body. This is one way of being yielded to the healing of God's spirit which will flow through you, and you shall be rested.

There is one thing that one should never do in church, and that is to try to *think through a problem*. Think out your problem vigorously up until Saturday night, then drop it. Allow it to simmer in the mind. Come into church on Sunday morning with no conscious thought of the problem, but let your mind get into an attitude of calm relaxation, with the problem, whatever it is, just simmering.

If you do this, I will guarantee you that you will find what the old writer found years ago—that the church is the place of “the solved problem.” For if you give your mind relaxation from the problem by letting it rest, letting it drop down, letting its parts properly correlate, letting it get its normal flow of mental energy, it will do by itself what you have been trying to get it to do for weeks—it will suddenly open up.

This is one of the most valuable results of going to church. Think hard on your problem up until Saturday night, then let it rest until Monday. Get the peace of God on Sunday. As a result, the mental processes are released and insight comes.

#### Proper Attitude for Worship

When you come to church, *free your mind from all grudges*. There is nothing that so blacks a mind as a grudge. But how does one free his mind from a grudge? Do you say I shall now enter God's house and I shall now drop this grudge from my mind? You cannot do it that simply if all week long you have been hating somebody. You cannot drop the hatred when you pass through the door of the church. Come at it by a reverse method. Sit in church and pray earnestly for the person you do not like. You are setting against the grudge a more powerful force—that of

love. You might say, “But I do not mean it!” Ask God to *help* you mean it.

Then again, we relax our minds in church by *the art of contemplation*. Perhaps there are flowers in the chancel. Contemplate these flowers. “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not and neither do they spin.” They do not get excited, do they? Or all unstrung? They just *grow*. “And yet I say unto you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.” Pure, fresh, peaceful, green, they reflect God. Fix your mind on God, letting it flow away from the things of the world.

#### Your Needs Supplied

There is another thing. When you go to church, go in *expectation*. When you go to church, go in an attitude that something wonderful is going to happen. If you expect great things of God, God will cause great things to happen.

I heard a charming and distinguished young woman say the other night that once she was sitting rather indolently in a congregation, and the preacher shot out these words, “God has the power to take an ordinary person and make him extraordinary, if that person will yield himself completely to Jesus Christ.” It struck her with force, with wisdom. It changed her thinking. Instantly a process of rehabilitation began to take place and an amazing change came over her. It released her own ability and it became indeed *extra-ordinary*. There was present in that service a spiritual atmosphere in which a miracle happened.

Whatever it is you need, if you will go to church, relax the body and the mind, and have the mystic, breathless expectation that something tremendous can happen, that a mighty thing can take place in you, it can and often does happen. If you keep at it long enough, you shall be changed. The old thing shall be taken away. Don't ever go and sit down in the pew and not expect



anything to happen. That is why the Psalmist said, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

Then, this final thing: As one sits in church he should *condition his mind to accept the fact that what he is being taught will work*. One should drive the negative thoughts out of his mind by bringing in positive thoughts. If the minister standing in the pulpit says there is a technique

which, if applied, will solve any problem in life, then the worshiper who has the skill and the art of going to church will say, "Yes, I believe that." If the subconscious whispers up and says, "Don't believe it," reply to your subconscious, "I *do* believe it. Help Thou my unbelief!" Then *live* it.

There is a great skill, a great art in going into the house of God and coming out with power and strength, discipline and control and a richer, deeper happiness.

### *Suggestions for S.M.C.L. Meeting*

#### Third Sunday of the Month

THEME: *On Going to Chapel*

CALL TO WORSHIP: "God is a Spirit. They that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth. God is Light. If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another: and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son, even Jesus Christ our Lord."

HYMN: "The Church's One Foundation" (*Army & Navy Hymnal*, No. 511)

PRAYER IN UNISON: "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspirations of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

HYMN: "There's a Church in the Valley" (*Hymnal*, No. 515)

SCRIPTURE: Matthew 16:13-19

OFFERING

TALK based on "How to Go to Church"

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. *Can a person worship God just as well without going to church (or its equivalent in the armed forces)? If so, why have churches? If not, what about shut-ins and others who cannot get to churches?*
2. *What can a person do while still in service to maintain a close contact with a church back home?*
3. *List as many reasons as you can (a) why a Christian should go to church, (b) as to what a person should expect to get out of church, (c) what attitude a person should have on going to church.*

HYMN: "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord" (*Hymnal*, No. 517)

BENEDICTION: "And now may the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit be with us and abide with us, now and evermore. Amen."

# *Those Twin Devils* **PRIDE AND PREJUDICE**



They've been shoving us  
around long enough; let's  
give 'em the bum's rush!

By  
**MAJOR FREDERICK  
COUTTS**

**I**F I were asked to say who is responsible for most of the gaping wounds from which our torn world suffers, I would borrow Bunyan's style and point without hesitation to Giant Pride and his wife Prejudice.

Giant Pride is a swaggering, blustering swashbuckler whose high opinion of himself is matched by his contempt for all who are of a different speech, skin and school to his own. Their joint offspring are numerous, and among the most active are Race-pride and Race-prejudice, a vain-glorious pair of twins who have taken the world as their parish. For all their conceit, however, they suffer from a peculiar defect of vision known as color blindness. They can only see people whose skin is the same shade as their own. Brown, black or yellow do not exist in their color scheme.

Running them a good second is another pair known as Class-pride and Class-prejudice. They are almost like animals, so brutish are they in their behavior, and those whom they bite ceaselessly mutter "My class" or "Better class" or "Upper middle class," as a continual indication of that particular stratum of society to which they belong. Another of the mis-favored children of Giant Pride and his wife is a

freakish sprite called Sex-prejudice. He is rather a wasting child at the moment, though apt to howl lustily enough when his father vents his spite on him because some good woman has not fallen a victim to his conceits.

This pair—Pride and Prejudice—are of great age. They should have died of senile decay years ago, for they are as old as time itself. Both of them have taken on a new lease of life quite recently, and still wander up and down the land bludgeoning whomsoever they will as wantonly as ever. It is a wonder that the world endures these pests. Perhaps if we inspect one or two samples of their work, we will agree that it is high time they were consigned to the pit whence they came.

They were busy in the First Century A.D. One of the sayings which their conduct then provoked was to the effect that Jews had no dealings with Samaritans. That feud arose out of a piece of still more ancient history dating from the Eighth Century B.C. When the northern kingdom of Israel was carried almost en masse into captivity in Assyria, the victors repopulated the land with alien colonists. The Samaritans were descended from these, to-

*Recommended for*  
**TOPIC TALK**

gether with such of the original inhabitants as managed to slip through the mesh of the conqueror's net. Their mixed pedigree was an offense to 100 per cent Jews. When the enemies of Jesus were casting 'round for the bitterest thing they could find to say against Him, they called Him a Samaritan and a devil. Pride and Prejudice are a stout old pair. Trying to boot them out is like booting a large polygonal stone. One's foot suffers most.

The woman at the well was amazed that Jesus, being a Jew, should ask a drink of one who was a Samaritan. The Jewish lawyer who tried to heckle Jesus was just as surprised when he found that he had provoked a story in which a Samaritan

figured as the hero! Nor were some of the Twelve much better, for when a Samaritan village refused them entrance they wanted to call down fire from heaven on the place.

Giant Pride and his partner used to be monarchs of nearly all they surveyed. An odd fanatic like Paul, who shouted himself hoarse declaring that in Christ there was "neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian Scythian, bond nor free," was a joke to them. What did his frantic travels around the Mediterranean matter when the orthodox Jew would not sit down to a meal with a Gentile, nor a Jewish midwife go to the help of a Gentile mother?

"I will buy with you," said Shylock to Bassanio some fifteen hundred years later,

### *Suggestions for S.M.C.L. Meeting*

#### Fourth Sunday of the Month

THEME: *Pride and Prejudice*

**HYMNS:** "True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted" (*Army & Navy Hymnal*, No. 456)  
"We've a Story to Tell to the Nations" (*Hymnal*, No. 464)

**PRAYER:** See page 47, prayer by G. A. Cleveland Shrigley

**SCRIPTURE:** John 4:4-24

**HYMN:** "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me" (*Hymnal*, No. 309)

**OFFERING**

TALK based on "Those Twin Devils—Pride and Prejudice"

**QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:**

1. *What is the difference between pride in your race or nation and racial or national prejudice?*
2. *Give some modern illustrations which would be similar to Jesus talking to the Samaritan women.*
3. *What can be done by Christians to stop the spread of pride and prejudice? in individuals? in national groups?*
4. *List any experiences you have had which indicate sharp prejudice and state how you think that prejudice might be overcome?*
5. *Why should a Christian refuse to harbor prejudices?*

**HYMN:** "More Love to Thee, O Christ" (*Hymnal*, No. 347)

**BENEDICTION:** "Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, now and evermore. Amen."

"sell with you, walk with you; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." It is one of the ironies of history that the nation which once behaved so intolerantly toward those whom they regarded as "lesser breeds without the law" should themselves be today's victims of bitter racial hatred.

It is not for us to throw stones at Jews or Samaritans, or at any "foreign" race. We each have our own private hates. Personal hatreds are national feuds in miniature.

Now is the time to determine that this hoary pair shall no longer reign over us. The wonder to me is that we have submitted to their cozening misrule for so long. Forgiving enemies and turning the other cheek is not to be dismissed as sentimental bunk or impracticable pulpit talk. Is it not just possible that Christ may be right for once? If magnanimity is foolishness, then "the foolishness of God is wiser than men."

All who have read John Drinkwater's

play "Abraham Lincoln" will remember his interview with Frederick Douglass, who was urging reprisals for the murder of colored soldiers fighting in the ranks of the Union armies. "No," replied Lincoln, "it is for us to set a great example, not to follow a wicked one." When the war was over, and some of the Northerners wanted to hang the Southern leaders as traitors, Lincoln refused to take so mean a revenge. "We must extinguish our resentments," said he, "if we expect harmony and union."

Extinguish our resentments! Throw off the rule of Pride and Prejudice. Forgive your enemy. Do good to them that hate you. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Don't go about wringing your hands over the state of the world and putting the blame on dictators, or kings, or prime ministers, or presidents, or the newspapers you don't read, or the party to which you don't belong. Begin to practice peace and goodwill yourself—and begin with the man you dislike the most. You will be astounded at the results!

### —❧ CRACKING WISE ❧—

*Horse sense is the ability to say nay.*

Our trouble has grown out of our effort to humanize God, deify man, and minimize sin.—Arthur J. Moore

*No man has a right to all his rights.*—Brooks

The one thing worse than a quitter is the man who is afraid to begin.

*When a man has to use his fists, it is a sign that his brains have failed.*

The average woman has a vocabulary of only 500 words—but think of the tremendous turnover!

Conscience is that sixth sense that comes to your aid when you are doing wrong and tells you that you are about to get caught.

*Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.*—George Bernard Shaw

Christ and the devil go in opposite directions; you can't walk hand in hand with both of them.

*Experience is not what happens to a man. It is what a man does with what happens to him.*—Aldous Huxley

A good reply to an atheist is to give him a good dinner and ask him if he believes there is a cook.

# Batting the Breeze



## Interdenominational Magazine for Youth

By CHAPLAIN GRAYDON E. McCLELLAN

✓ I ONCE WROTE a letter to your magazine urging that THE LINK be maintained in peacetime as a youth magazine with each denomination adding a section to those it distributes among its youth for denominational news and emphases. It has been tremendously helpful to have a Protestant youth magazine to give to any and all Protestant soldiers. No matter what their denomination and mine, we all have had a common affection for the magazine. I hardly used any other material for distribution. One thing I like about THE LINK is that it is interdenominational instead of non-denominational, thus having an ecumenical flavor, and a definitely higher standard of selection.

Protestant youth deserve the privilege of having a successful magazine to which they can develop a loyalty, and yet which will at the same time keep them in touch with the denomination in which they happen to be serving.

No denominational or nondenominational papers can possibly serve this purpose. The former has too narrow an appeal, and besides, young people cross over from one denomination to another so often when they move, so they get confused. On the other hand, the nondenominational is too disassociated from the program in which the

young person is doing his mission and social service work. I believe that a LINK with a denominational section would meet the need wonderfully.

Please don't count this idea out. I intend to work in my own denomination (the Presbyterian Church, USA) for some such plan.

## To Pfc. David F. Coleman

By CHAPLAIN BIRGER J. C. JOHNSON

✓ YOUR OPINION about LINK and the SMCL interested me to the extent of desiring to pen an answer. I am heartily in agreement with you that, whatever Christian clubs or organizations we have in the service or out of the service, it is important that members are believing, practicing Christians. A large part of our activities should be directed to leading men to that position, preferably by Bible study. It is important, however, that we all be enlightened by discussions on how our Christian faith and life should make an impact on all life around us. I don't consider such discussions "worldly." Perhaps that was not what you meant when you said "it is mixed in with the world." Our Christian faith and life cannot be lived in a vacuum. There is a constraint placed upon us by the love of Christ to love and service, as we are so powerfully reminded in Matt. 25:31-46, and I Cor. 13.

Let us not make the mistake that we and Christians in other lands have made in "hiding our light under a bushel." We can profit from the statement of Pastor Neimoller, who, I think you will concede, is a Christian. He said recently, "The Church has learned by now that she holds a responsibility for public life, a responsibility which she *has not seen*. It was due to this blindness (besides other reasons) that the Church did not speak as loudly and as clearly as she should have done. For the Church saw very well to what end Hitler was leading the German nation, but she remained silent because she thought that it was not her job or duty to meddle with politics, which certainly was an error and a disastrous one. I believe this will never happen again."

Don't be too severe in your judgment of fellow Christians and their activities in such groups as the SMCL. You and I can spend our time more profitably in examination of ourselves to see if we have lived our lives in a vacuum and left responsibility and action to others.

### Replying to Pvt. Caragazian

By PFC. EARL F. SWAFFORD

✓ I WAS attracted to remarks made by John Caragazian concerning the laxity of religious convictions and practices among service men and the evidence and patronage of the all-too-prevalent unchristian places and activities on their part. I heartily agree: it presents a serious problem. Nevertheless, I feel Caragazian covered only the negative side.

During the three years of my Army stay, many personal contacts have been made among my buddies. A chaplain told me one day: "The enlisted man has more opportunities to witness for and to serve Christ among the enlisted men than a chaplain, for he eats, sleeps, marches, talks and lives with them, facilitating contacts. The en-

### MR. BIGGOTT



"Good heavens! It's not restricted!"

listed man can reach those who are ashamed to or feel no need of consulting a chaplain on their personal needs and problems." This godly chaplain with a real interest in his men presented me a challenge and I vowed, through the Holy Spirit's guidance and revelation, to witness regardless of the cost.

Like Caragazian, I was derided for my refusal to indulge in loose morals or living, but the victories I enjoyed overshadowed what I endured in rebuffs.

I, too, came from a college with a religious foundation which embodied and magnified the fundamentals and principles of Christianity. God helping me, even though at times I failed, I endeavored to meet my buddies' problems and make them mine as well as theirs. They knew my stand, and came to me for advice on their problems: illness in the family, family difficulties, and financial stresses.

During the past three months God has rewarded my efforts through three service-

men's profession in Christ. He impressed me with the need for two of my closest military friends' returning to Him. We three prayed together for His complete leadership in our lives which culminated a week before we were parted in our leading a buddy in our company to Christ. We three with this fourth had plunged into Bible studies which consumed several hours each evening in a room at the base chapel. Letters from these lads reveal they continue their devotional hours and witnessing for Christ wherever they go.

You know, if a man's house were burning and having facilities to extinguish the blaze, he stood around wringing his hands and bemoaning his ill fortune without doing anything to remedy it, that fire won't cease over his anxiety, but continue on in its pattern of destruction.

It's a good thing to be concerned about our erring fellow man, but it is a lot better thing to do something about it.

By PVT. E. R. DEAL, JR.  
*Keesler Field, Miss.*

✓ WHILE READING THE LINK this week I was very sorry to find Pvt. John Caragazian's opinion of the men in service. I've found that on the whole they are the same swell group of men as at home. I've been in almost four months and I've found also that a man chooses the same type friends as those he had at home in civilian life. I'm now stationed at a camp that is noted for being one of the worst in the U. S., located just outside a town of 17,000 people, containing 172 taverns. I find that these taverns are kept in business by the same men who would keep them going in civilian life. I attend chapel and also try to attend church in town once a week. As to the preferred places of recreation, these men change when they find something better to do. Maybe Caragazian has never asked any of these men to go to church with him. I'm not a missionary and I don't intend

to be a minister, but I was brought up in a good Christian home and taught the better things in life. When going to church I usually ask someone to go with me. The first time I was surprised when several spoke up. Since then I have started several others attending regularly. Also I don't smoke or drink and, contrary to his statement, I'm looked up to rather than abused.

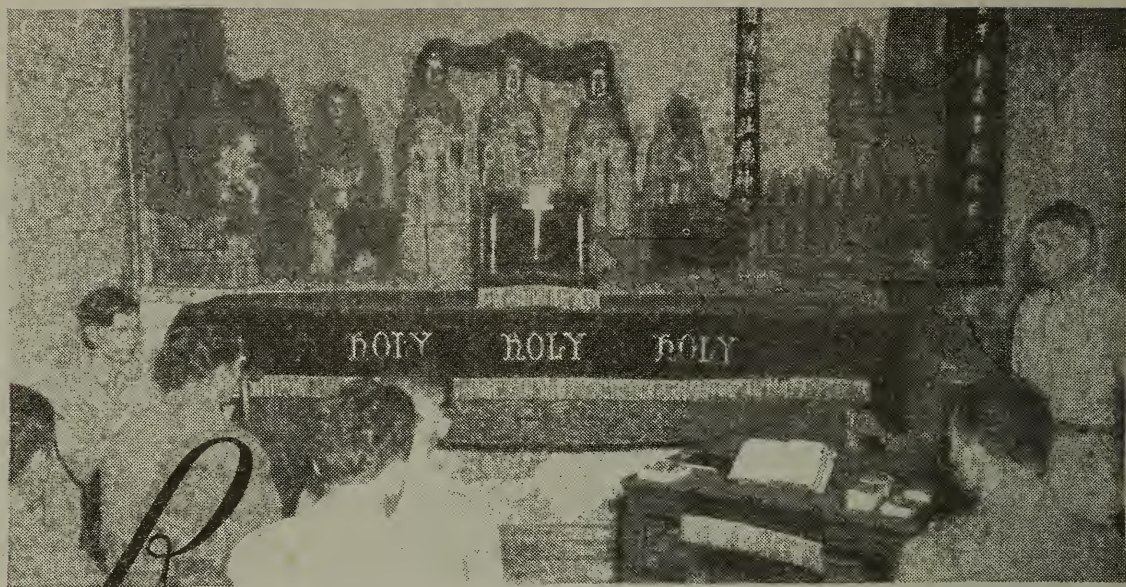
By JESSE BEERS SM 2/c USNR

✓ I DO NOT MEAN to be abusive when I say that John Caragazian's letter is a singularly conceited and narrow specimen of conviction. "I am usually the exception." Is he reaching out for his crown of glory a little prematurely?

I have been in the service for three years, have attended church as often as possible but have never been derided for it; have done some Bible reading nightly on shipboard and never been abused (I have also been in bars and probably places of indecent performance, too, although I am not sure just what Caragazian considers indecent.) Perhaps this man has invited persecution not because of what he has done but by the attitude he has carried into his doing. The servicemen I have known are representatively American in their brutal brushing away of affectation—whether of religiosity or sophistication.

I might add I was never alone in church going; I do not think the Navy is more pious than the Army either. I simply think the bulk of us prefer not to sound a trumpet before us when we do our alms. I guess Caragazian to be vociferously vocal in his religion.

Wasn't it little Tom Brown (*School Days*) who was derided when he knelt to say his prayers the first night at school? I have always been sympathetic towards those little ruffians who guffawed at him. A conspicuous show of piety is not being what I consider a true Christian.



# Religion *EN ROUTE*

By **GRACE KIPKA BLANCHARD**

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** When the wife of Chaplain Ralph W. Blanchard of the Chinese Combat Command, U. S. Army, sent us the above photo showing her husband holding forth in a Buddhist temple deep in China, it struck us as something we should know more about. Mrs. Blanchard forthwith supplied us with the following account:

**T**HE longest supply line in the world is in China. Its roadbed is made of stones cracked into small bits by old men, mothers with bobbling babies on their backs, and small children. Over it have passed jeeps, whirring Army trucks marked U. S., Red Cross ambulances, straw-padded animal trucks, all with their special missions that have brought about the final phases of the battle of Japan. During the war years this road supplied much-needed vehicles to China which could not be ferried by plane. The road also operated part way as a service road for the oil pipelines pouring fuel from the Calcutta docksides over the hump to China. It is a rugged road cut from the countryside and mountain passes, a

monument to American engineers accustomed to tremendous obstacles and used to improvisations to overcome them.

Along the road one late spring day, the thought of peace, a far-flung dream of the imagination, poured a convoy of American troops. Anxiety over the hazardous journey had given way to fatigue. One by one, grown exhausted with rigid bracing against the jolts, each man had finally strapped himself to the truck's seat and slept intermittently. Three days and nights of this and then it was Sunday.

Near the front of the long line rode the Chaplain, unshaved and unwashed. His gravest concern was the truck back of him with the field organ that had survived until now any serious scars from rain and battle. Folded inside the organ were his communion set and altar phylacteries. Strapped securely beside the organ was his GI typewriter. These things were more precious to the Chaplain than any personal possessions, for the boys loved to sing, and an organ gave even a Sunday service con-



ducted at the edge of a Chinese cemetery the church atmosphere. Around the organ, too, gathered the boys at night to sing and be entertained. The Chaplain knew its morale and religious values. And on the typewriter, if it could withstand its arduous ride, would be written many more letters for homesick boys, and boys with problems that a Chaplain's advice usually could make right.

The rumbling Army motors ground their heavy cargoes on and on. "Got your Sunday pinks handy, Chaplain?" the driver broke through the monotonous whir. "Making a two-hour stop to refuel and check. About twenty more minutes."

The Chaplain rubbed his heavy eyelids and passed his hand over a whisker-stubbed face. Sunday! Two-hour stop! The eleven o'clock church hour. It was perfect!

He sprang from the truck before it had hardly stopped. His weather eye had already spotted a site for church. Like a telephonic flash the message had gone up and down the line. "Protestant church service while we wait here."

The Chaplain, without trouble, rented the Buddhist temple close by. With practiced ease he and his T/5 soon had the field organ and its stored treasures within the sacred inner walls of the ancient Chinese temple. When the men wearily straggled into their places a few minutes later there was a hush. The T/5 was playing "O Worship the King All Glorious Above." The little organ sent its swelling tones through the century-heavy walls. The altar, not GI like the chapels back home, but idol-strewn and oriental, held the sacred symbols. Lighted candles cast a soft gleam

on the sacred Cross. Nothing could dispel the compelling force of the Cross.

His pulpit a temple table of age-old ebony, the open Bible his authority, the Chaplain meditated:

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

The organ played on quietly and the Chaplain prayed. There was no feeling of hurry. It was as though this hour hung with eternal values, values untouchable by schedule and the element of time.

The Chaplain stood at the temple entrance and shook their hands as they filed out.

"I feel better now." It was unmistakably a mid-western youth.

Another, more timid in expressing religious thoughts, hesitated until he could say it secretly: "Chaplain, there's always something that stirs the goodness in me when I see the lighted cross and open Bible."

That afternoon the Chaplain, unshaved and unwashed, strapped himself securely again to the seat of the lunging, powerful Army truck, his field organ with its sacred symbols, and the GI typewriter safely riding in the truck back of him. There was a happy lift of his face and a gleam in his eyes.

The driver cast a furtive glance and said: "Well, Chaplain, you look like you are ready for another week of this. That last stop sure rested you, didn't it?"

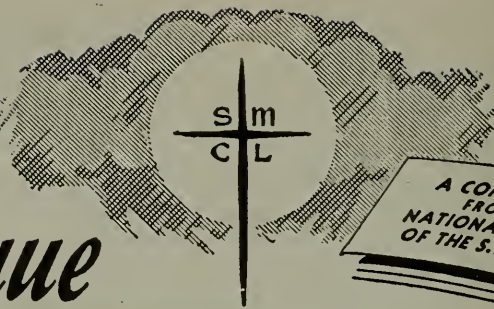
The Chaplain grinned and spread his slightly swollen feet to catch the bumps.

"Yes," he answered, "I'm fine now. Nothing like food and rest."



**E**VER wondered why they call it a "chit"? Well, it seems that Hindu traders used to use slips of paper called "chitti" for money so they wouldn't have to carry heavy bags of gold and silver. The name was shortened and adopted by the American and British navies so that today a "chit" is any paper from a pass to an official letter.

# This Is YOUR League



A COMMUNIQUE  
FROM THE  
NATIONAL OFFICE  
OF THE S. M. C. L.

By **IVAN M. GOULD**

*General Secretary, Service Men's Christian League*

A SURPRISE package came to the office this week. It contained all the records, pictures and minutes of every meeting of the Caribe Unit of the Service Men's Christian League. **Norville R. Price SpW 1/c** sent the record and stated that while the unit was completely disbanded, the personnel remaining on the base have joined the Protestant chaplain's SMCL at the Naval Air Station at San Juan.

We mention this because there are more ideas per square inch in this package for League units than in anything we have received. We wonder how many units are keeping a complete record of their meetings and activities. We'd like to see them!

The Caribe unit found that Bible quizzes such as are contained in **THE LINK** were quite popular. In addition, at Christmas time "they worked out an original" true and false quiz. Here are ten of the questions which can be answered by "True" or "False." The answers are at the end of this communique.

(1) Christ was born in Galilee. (True or false?)

(2) Christ was born in Nazareth. (True or false?)

(3) The angel came to Mary to announce the birth of Christ. (True or false?)

(4) The angel came to the shepherds to announce the birth of Christ. (True or false?)

(5) The Wise Men sought the Child

because of the angel's message. (True or false?)

(6) Joseph took Mary and the Child to Egypt. (True or false?)

(7) Jesus was popular in His youth. (True or false?)

(8) Jesus was given His name before His birth. (True or false?)

(9) Jesus returned to Jerusalem after He had started a day's journey toward Nazareth. (True or false?)

(10) Mary and Joseph noticed the remarks made about Jesus at Jerusalem in the temple. (True or false?)

## *Five Principles for Christian Life*

On one of the bulletins for the meeting of the Caribe League Unit was a mimeographed set of principles that might well be posted as a guide to all of us who want to fulfill our Christian obligations. Here they are:

(1) I will endeavor to do my Christian duty as a world citizen.

(2) I will undertake to carry my share of the task of world relief and reconstruction.

(3) I will purpose to witness for Christ in my daily contacts with my neighbors and fellow workers.

(4) I will honestly endeavor to practice Christ's principles of the stewardship of all of life and possessions.

(5) I will unite in a Church-wide movement to increase enrollment and attendance in the Church and to provide for the religious education of the unchurched.

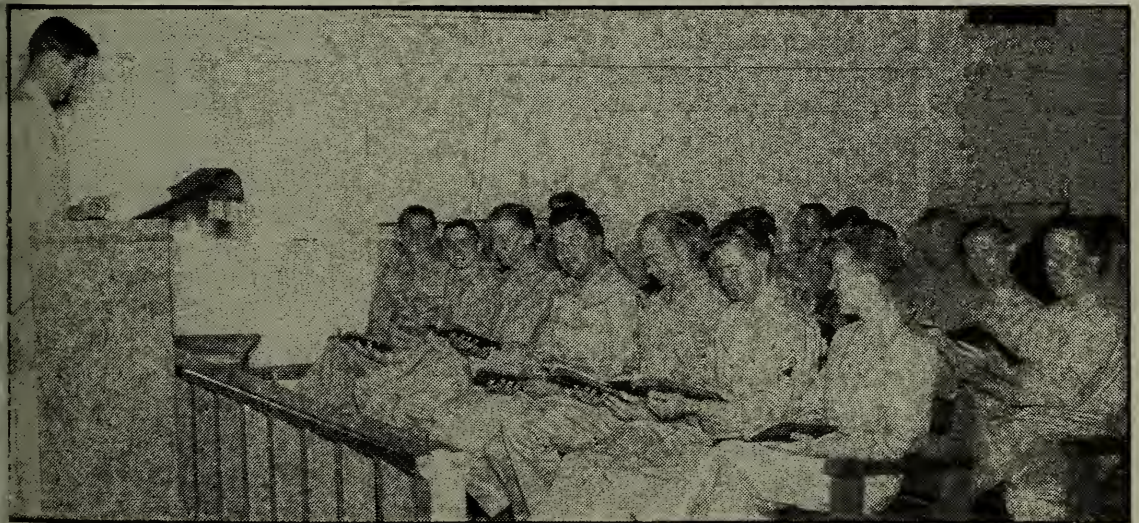
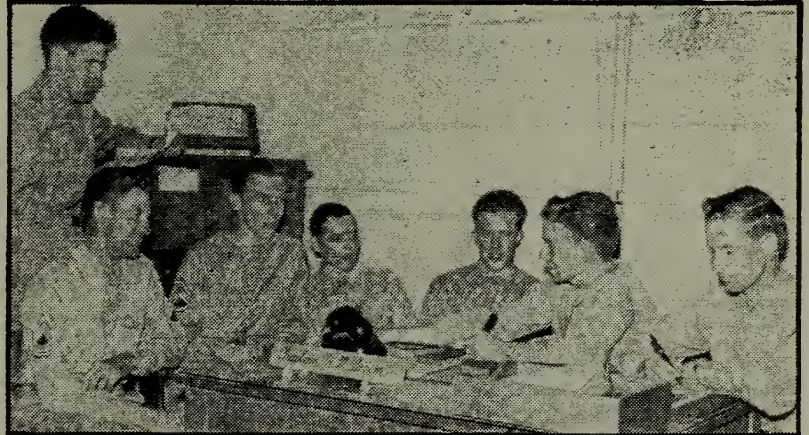
### *The SMCL in France*

League units have been organized all over the world. Many of these are still in existence and will remain as long as our armed forces are at the four corners of the earth. Many, of course, have been disbanded or have moved back intact to the States. Two such units have recently been reported. **Corporal B. F. Andrews** writes: "We were

organized back in Marhange, France, last Christmas when we were in the 103rd Infantry Division. We had tracts printed in several different languages, and, since our work as truck drivers took us to almost all the four corners of Europe, we were able to spread the Gospel in seven or eight countries as well as to our own boys."

**Chaplain Delbert Kuehl** reports from Rembervillers, France, for the 507th Parachute Infantry SMCL. He stated that this unit was started in November, 1944, at Sissonne, France, with only nine members. Under his leadership and that of the unit's League officers the membership grew to

(RIGHT) Executive committee of Hickam Field SMCL in session (left to right) Ch. W. M. Brown; M/Sgt. T. Robertson; S/Sgt. Paul Kehler, Sgt. Wm. Crw, chairman of Membership, Social, and Worship committees respectively; Cpl. V. Wing, vice-president; Cpl. Emmett Coons, president; Cpl. Roy Baxter, secretary-treasurer. (BELOW) A meeting of Hickam Field SMCL with Cpl. Willis Payne leading the discussion (Official Photo-USAAF)



about fifty. At the last meeting in France the group took an offering, "half of which was to be given to a local French Protestant pastor, and half to be given to the Service Men's Christian League." Thank you, SMCL members: We are proud that you collected almost \$200 at one offering and gave half of it to the local work.

### *Strengthening Family Ties*

There have been many plans adopted by homes and churches to bridge the miles which separate members of families. Some League units have developed ingenious devices, and one of the best we have seen comes from the 743rd AAA Gun Battalion, With **Chaplain Rufus H. Timberlake** as sponsor, this group developed the following Family Circle Covenant:

"I gladly accept the invitation to become a member of the Family Circle, sponsored by the Service Men's Christian League, joining with them in a prayer life that reaches around the world."

The full story behind this covenant is told as follows by Chaplain Timberlake:

"It really began at Finschhafen, New Guinea, but the story is being written from Luzon, where the headquarters of the new movement is now located.

"Soon after we organized a chapter of The Service Men's Christian League, in the 743rd AAA Gun Battalion, the question arose as to how we might bring the members of our families to share with us in the rich experiences which the League provides.

"As the idea grew, an emblem was adopted which sets forth the main purpose that we had in mind. It is a cross, in the center of which is represented the world, with a chain encircling it, signifying the links of faith and prayer which reach around the world to unite us. At the top of the globe the letters SMCL appear, and beneath the globe are the words 'Family Circle.'

"To enlist the members of our families we sent to each of them copies of a Family Circle Covenant, based on the regular SMCL Covenant, but with military terms omitted. We requested each member to send his favorite Scripture passage, which is recorded in the membership roster so that any man can have ready reference to the favorite chapter of his loved ones.

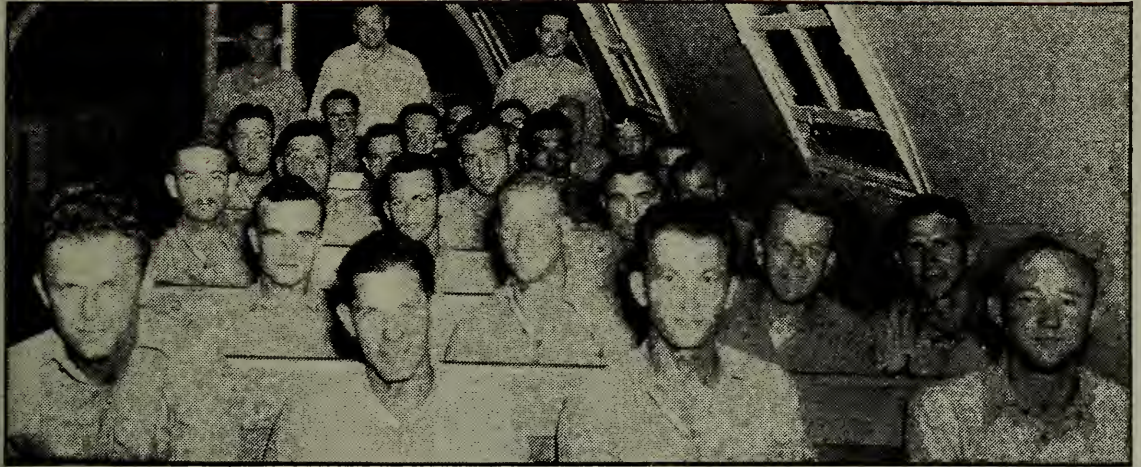
"The Family Altar, inside the Family Circle Shrine, is arranged with soft, indirect light falling on an open Bible, beside which is kept the roll of Family Circle members. It is in a room at the chapel, behind a white silk curtain, and the light is always burning to invite men to prayer and communion with God and the spiritual presence of their loved ones."

We would like to hear from other chapters of the SMCL where this plan may be adopted.

### *The SMCL in the U. S. A.*

At the U. S. Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Illinois, there are five units of the SMCL. A short time ago there was a rally of the combined units. **Senior Chaplain Joseph H. Brooks** has general supervision and took an active part in the rally. The main address was given by Mr. James L. Kraft, well-known Christian businessman from Chicago, and Treasurer of the International Council of Religious Education. He spoke on "You Can't Dicker With God." The program was planned by Merle Kelly, Mus. 2/c, and was under the direction of **Chaplain James S. Chase**. Over 150 attended the meeting.

At Great Bend, Kansas, members of the SMCL unit of the Army Air Field celebrated their first anniversary. (*See photo on page 24.*) This is an unusual League unit because it brings together not only service men and women, but also the members of the youth fellowship of both the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. This



*This fine-looking group of men comprise the SMCL unit of Marine Airgroup 23, Midway Island.*

combined group was developed through the efforts of two chaplains, Jones and Perkins, and the pastors of the churches, Reverend John Paige and Reverend J. S. Ploughe. Chaplain Orr A. Jaynes describes it:

"After the Chapel Vesper Services at the base, a GI bus takes the men into town to the church entertaining the group for that month. Here the young people enjoy a worship program and a fellowship hour after which refreshments are served.

"This has afforded an opportunity for the men who desire clean and wholesome social contacts. Many men from this field have benefited spiritually and socially from these civilian contacts. Some marriages have even resulted."

### *Topics That Click*

In addition to the topics for discussion which are recommended in *THE LINK*, many League units choose their own. **Sgt. Horace L. Felton**, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, the secretary-treasurer of the SMCL unit of Hdqts. Squadron, Second Marine Aircraft Wing, reports a series of topics that were well received by their members: "What a Service Man Expects

of His Church," "History of Religious Music," "Christian Attitude Toward War," "A Christian Justifying War," "The Will of God."

**Wing Chaplain George F. Pearce, Jr.**, is the guiding spirit behind this unit. Two meetings are held each week: Tuesday, talks and discussion; Thursday, Bible study led by the chaplain. In addition, the League unit has a recreation chairman who arranged sightseeing trips around Okinawa, including visits to the ruins of Christian churches at Naha and Shuri and to a local Buddhist museum.

### *Hats-Off Department*

In closing the Communique this month we doff our hats to **Chaplain Frederick B. Crane**. He had organized SMCL units throughout the four battalions which he served. Altogether he has had twenty battery League units bound together into a battery organization. Total membership: 218.

*(Answers to true and false questions:*  
 (1) False. (2) False. (3) True. (4) False. (5) False. (6) True. (7) True. (8) True. (9) False. (10) True.)



"Confound you, yeoman," roared the Admiral, "why don't you be more careful?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why instead of addressing this letter to the Intelligence Officer, you addressed it to the Intelligent Officer. You know there's no such thing in the Navy."



Conductor: "No smoking, sir."

Passenger: "I'm not smoking."

Conductor: "You've got your pipe in your mouth."

Passenger: "I've got my shoes on, too, but I'm not walking."



"Did you say you wanted these eggs turned over?"

"Yes, to the Museum of Natural History."



When a bride blushes no one can tell whether it is embarrassment or the flush of victory.



First-aid Instructor: "What's the first thing you'd do if you got hydrophobia?"

Corporal: "Bite the first sergeant."



A sailor in a chapel was seen to bow silently whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the minister met him and asked him to explain.

"Well," said the sailor, "politeness costs nothing—and you never know."

Mess Cook: "Chief, can't I take a little time off for a rest? My head is spinning around and it seems like the ceiling is coming down on me."

Chief: "Here, take this rag and wipe the dust off the rafters when they get close enough."



A young medical lieutenant who walked past the psychiatric ward each morning and watched one of the inmates go through the motions of winding up and pitching an imaginary ball, was finally asked by one of his friends why he stopped daily and watched the screwball go through his act.

"Well," he answered, "if things keep going the way they are, I'll be in there some day catching for that guy, and I want to get on to his curves."



During the height of the excitement over calling soldiers "GI-Joes," the *New York Herald-Tribune* sent a reporter out into the street to question servicemen on the subject. He stopped a soldier.

"What would you prefer to be called instead of GI-Joe?" he asked.

"Civilian," said the soldier.



Prof.: "You don't know the first thing about syntax."

Student: "Don't tell me they're taxing that too!"



The Marine Corps, never the one to boast unduly about its exploits (it says here), sends out the following distinct understatement from its Quantico base:

Four of the leathernecks were playing bridge in a hut on a small Pacific isle. From outside came a shout: "Force of about 200 Japs landing on the beach."

The four marines looked at one another. Finally one rose casually and said, "O.K., I'll go—I'm dummy this hand."

# Biblical PIN-UPS

## No. 3

Continuing our series of features on famous women who are prominent in the Bible's gallery of personalities . . .



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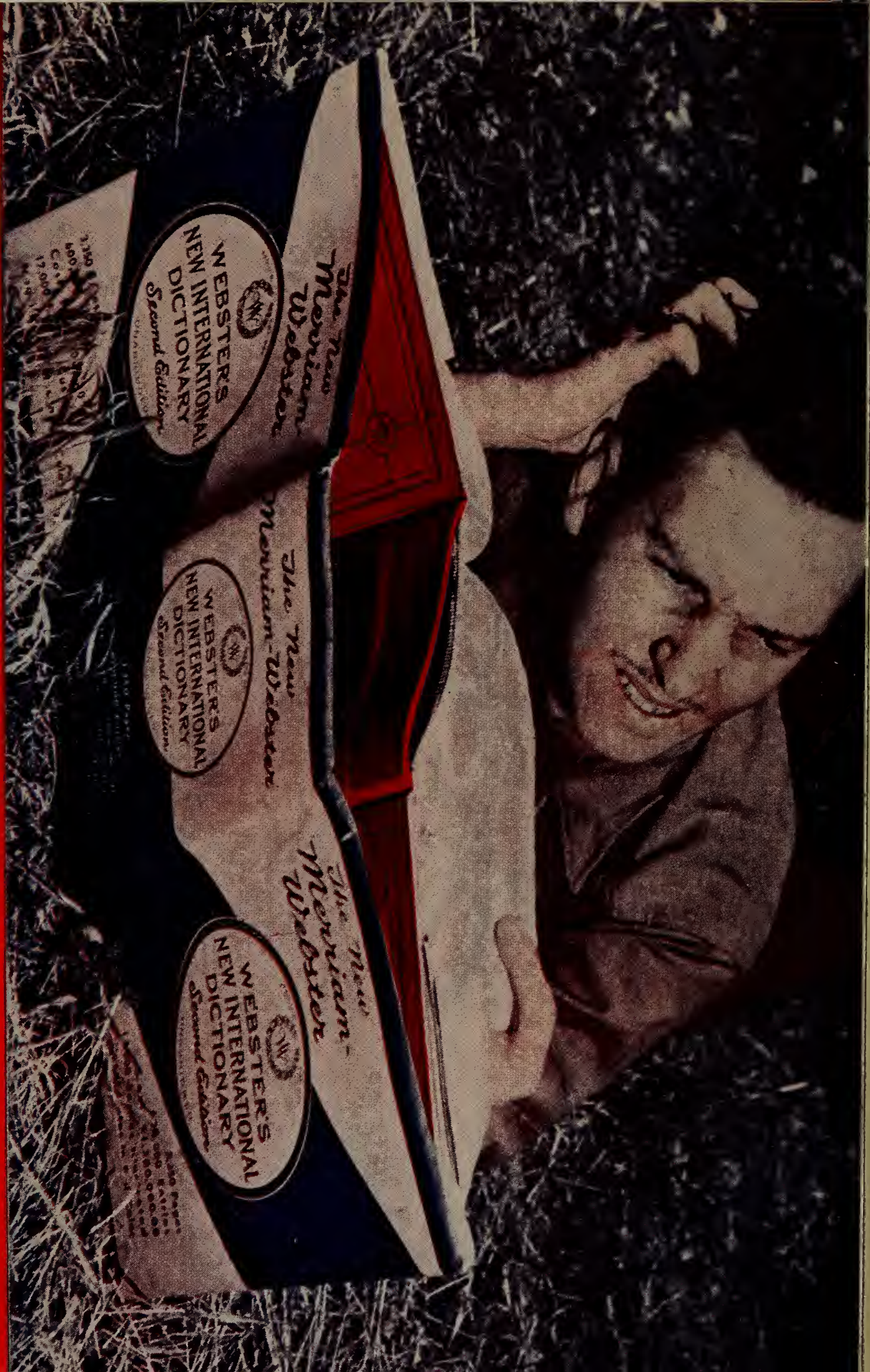
## REBEKAH, THE GIRL AT THE WELL

**A**N aged man stood near a well on the outskirts of the City of Nabor, in Mesopotamia. A damsel carrying a pitcher approached. She was fair to look upon, and in her youthful beauty he even discerned marks of wisdom and reflection beyond her years. He accosted her and asked her for water. With the utmost kindness, she presented the pitcher to him; and when he had slacked his thirst, she brought water also for his camels. The girl was Rebekah.

The old man presented the damsel with rich earrings and bracelets, and when Rebekah told him her name, he bowed his head and worshiped the Lord. Rebekah ran to tell her mother all that had happened at the well.

Soon her brother Laban came running towards the old man. He was Eliezer, the emissary of Abraham. The good man explained he had come to find a bride for Isaac. And so, as we further read the story in Genesis 24:45-67, Rebekah was married to Isaac, and to them were born two sons. One was Esau, a cunning hunter, a man of the field; the second was Jacob, a plain man, dwelling in tents.

The affectionate nurse of Isaac, the careful housewife and the active manager of the affairs of her husband in his weakness—such was Rebekah until she died and was buried in the Cave of Machpelah.



Bogged down in an etymological foxtrot at the University Study Center, Florence, Italy.







