

he **LINK**

*May 1967*

IN DEFENSE OF CHASTITY

OVERCOMING FEAR

INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN WRITERS

*35c*

**A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE SERVING GOD  
AND MILITARY PERSONNEL FOR 25 YEARS**







THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 25

MAY 1967

NO. 5

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Front: "I pronounce you man and wife...." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: Home is when you are together—whether you stay or go. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: A smile is a smile is a smile. Photo by Eastern Photo Service.

Inside Back: "Every athlete exercises self-control in all things" (Paul. 1 Cor. 9:25). Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Illustration by Jim Talone. Spot by Volk.

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# SOUFF

## Wholesome

Thank you for the copies of THE LINK. It is an interesting, wholesome publication and we should have more of the same in this country.

—Carl E. Haugh, 20 Lenox Ave., Wheeling, W. Va. 26003

## Appreciate THE LINK

We deeply appreciate THE LINK.

—Chaplain William David Cooper, USS *Albany* (CG-10).

## Young Men Speak of THE LINK

Wherever I go in my evangelistic work, I meet young men who tell me of blessings received from THE LINK.

—Charles Ludwig, author, evangelist, 7217 E. 30th St., Tucson, Ariz. 85710

## Re Article "I Was an Unwed Mother"

Several chaplains have asked for reprints of the article which appeared in the January issue of THE LINK entitled "I was an Unwed Mother." This article appeared originally in *Our Sunday Visitor*. Reprints may be secured by writing *Our Sunday Visitor*, Noll Plaza, P. O. Box 920, Huntington, Ind. 46750. Costs: 50 copies-\$2.50; 100 copies-\$4.00; 500 copies-\$15.00; and 1,000 copies-\$25.00.

## "The Tatum Twins"

I have read with a great deal of pleasure, your February 1967 issue of THE LINK. Of particular interest, as it primarily concerned the Reserve Officers'

*(Continued on page 65)*

## S T A F F

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# In Defense of Chastity

By Charles C. Currie

**T**HE QUESTION which faces many young people today in our increasingly sensually-oriented culture is: What is wrong with having sexual relations before marriage? There are many who are saying that chastity and the idea of moral purity are outdated as standards for our time. As we consider these voices calling for change, we should pause to ask ourselves, "Where did these standards come from in the first place?"

## Teaching from the Old Testament

The basic source of our ideas about sexual morality is God. The Christian belief of God is that he is a holy Being self-affirming in purity. As such he has made himself known to man through revelation, especially in the Bible. In this revelation, God has provided us with many instructive moral examples. In the book of Genesis we learn of the experience of Joseph, who was tempted

to commit sin by the wife of one of the king's officers. Even though he was only a slave, Joseph refused to sin sexually and uttered these immortal words, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" (Gen. 39:9). God blessed his life for this courageous moral decision.

Later on, God gave his people the Ten Commandments. These laws have become the moral foundation for western civilization and have passed on down through centuries to us as a part of the Judeo-Christian tradition. One of these commands is crystal clear: "You shall not commit adultery" (Ex. 20:14). This command not only applies to sexual immorality on the part of marriage partners but also applies to premarital sexual relations (commonly called fornication). A holy God, who is also all-wise, has forbidden us to engage in illicit sexual relationships.

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## Teaching from the New Testament

The teaching of the Old Testament is reinforced by that of the New. Paul, the Apostle, gives special instructions to the Christian converts of Corinth and Thessalonica in this matter. (See 1 Cor. 6:15-20; 1 Thess. 4:3-7.) These Christians came out of a culture where fornication was an accepted standard and where ritual prostitution was part of their religion. The Apostle emphasized three points:

1. As Christians our bodies belong to God. His Holy Spirit inhabits us. Therefore we do not have the right to use them for fornication. (1 Cor. 6:15-20.)

2. The sexual union unites two persons in a mysterious physical and spiritual union so that "the two become one flesh."

3. It is God's purpose that a man and woman join their lives together in marriage, a relationship of "sanctification and honor." In this wise divinely-ordained institution, the sexual relationship is properly exercised (Heb. 13:4), legal protection is afforded the wife who conceives and rears the young, offspring in turn are surrounded with the necessary material and emotional supports for their physical development, characterizing, and education.

The Bible is consistent in its emphasis that the temptation toward fornication is a menace to Christian living.

### Love and Self-respect

Another important reason to avoid sexual immorality is that Christ

has commanded us to love one another. (Jn. 13:34). The Apostle Paul, explaining this command in the book of Romans (13:8-10), wrote "Love does no wrong to a neighbor." A Christian is committed to this principle of life.

Almost every man seeks a woman for his bride who is chaste, one who has kept her virginity and can bring it to her marriage as one of her most treasured possessions. This is the moral ideal of the Judeo-Christian tradition. A Christian man, guided by Christ's principle to love, will conduct himself so that his associations, dating, and even courtship with a woman, should they fail to eventuate in marriage, will be such that he will have done nothing to injure her reputation, her emotions, or her chastity. He will then be able to look back upon the relationship with neither shame nor remorse.

Some men seek to excuse their sexual immorality and their use of immoral women by saying, "They are only prostitutes." God made woman at the first and has endowed the sex with very wonderful capacities to develop life and perform the functions of motherhood. The use of prostitutes perverts divinely created capacities, brutalizes emotions, and destroys self-respect and modesty. No man in his best moments wants to be responsible for advancing these processes in any life. Someone has well said, "God would have our lives directed by our best moments and not our worst. Love does no wrong to a neighbor."

The last important reason one should honor chastity is respect for

one's self as a person. There are two strong influences which a man must protect himself against in his battle to maintain chastity. The first is curiosity. Some men fall into immorality out of curiosity in consequence of "bull sessions," or locker-room conversations. The second reason is social pressure from the crowd, such as the fraternity brothers, or the fellows in the barracks. A man who has ideals must often uphold them in the face of opposition and ridicule. A man has to choose whether he will live by principle or submit to "pressure." Basically a man must ask himself the question, "What kind of a man do I want to be?"

From the classic days of Greece, men have chosen to follow philosophies which permitted liberty and sexual license. The philosophy of Epicurus is well known, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." The Christian however adds this thought: "...and then we must stand to give account of our lives before a holy God."

A Christian is a person who has committed himself to obey Jesus Christ and the standards of God's revelation which are found in the Bible.

The writer has sought to follow this standard for life. It has brought no regrets. ■ ■

### A Licking Good Time

When Martyn Cominsky put a quarter in an automatic stamp machine in Amherst, N.Y., it kept spewing 25-cent stamps—2,760 of them!—Eva Kraus.

### At Ease

Joan went to the seashore and met the young man with whom she had quarreled the year before.

"Sorry," she murmured sweetly. "I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't," said he cheerfully. "But you tried hard enough."

A man filling out an application in a factory was greatly perplexed at one question: "Person to notify in case of accident?"

His decision: "Anybody in sight."  
—First Baptist, Tulsa, Oka.

EGOTIST: One with an oversupply of Vitamin I.—Jack Herbert.



"I'd like to speak to Our Father who art in heaven..."



Entrance to the Cathedral of the Pines at Rindge, N. H., dedicated to the memory Sandy Sloane, bomber pilot during World War II.

## A Memorial to Heroic Women

By Mark E. Rooney

**T**HERE IS a precious *link* between man and heaven: *woman*. And nowhere is she more truly appreciated than in the armed forces; and never is she dearer than on the field of battle. When woman enters the arena of war, it is not as a combatant with violence and horror, but with the hands of tenderness,

the smile of love, the sacrifice that lends hope of blessed peace.

So it is most fitting that the memorial chosen to honor American women war dead at the famous Cathedral of the Pines (Rindge, N. H.) will be a Bell Tower, housing the soft chimes of an Angelus, the clear tones of an old Sheffield bell,

the richness of Schulmerich Carillon Bells and the vibrant joy of the great English bell from the old Keene City Hall of Keene, N. H.

The outdoor cathedral overlooking the glorious scene of hills, lakes, and the slopes of Mount Monadnock was dedicated in the name of all faiths to the memory of Sandy Sloane, son of the founder, Dr. Douglas Sloane, after World War II. Sandy was lost while flying a bombing mission over Germany on February 22, 1944. Today the cathedral is a national monument visited by over five million people from one hundred countries of forty-nine faiths. At the Altar of the Nations, these religions have celebrated their ceremonies.

It is impossible to visit this outdoor temple without looking up to God and uttering your own prayer of faith. Dr. Sloane is usually on hand to welcome groups, and to describe how he and his family began this living memorial to their gay and lovable Sandy. He will guide you about the grounds from the rustic benches before the lovely altars to the glorious garden of St. Francis—1,400 feet above the sea, and set in the jeweled mountains of New Hampshire. He welcomes everyone, opens and closes the day here near to God; prays with many neighbors who stop in to say good night to God. Then, erect and content, he walks down the road to his own home.

**N**OW, something new and wonderful is to be added, the Memorial Bell Tower, commemorat-



A Memorial Bell Tower is being built to honor all American women who have given their lives to make the American dream become reality. Peter Rockwell will depict in stone women who have sacrificed to make the United States a great nation.

ing the sacrifices of the women of the United States. Dr. Sloane insists that "the great women to be remembered here are not only those who wore a uniform; an uncounted number of pioneer women gave their lives." In the early colonies and in the westward trek, women worked, sacrificed, and died for America's dream.

Norman Rockwell's sketches will be immortalized by his sculptor son,

Peter, who will depict in stone the colonial women; the pioneers, the nurses and nuns on Civil War battlefields; Clara Barton of the Red Cross; girl correspondents; U.S.O. entertainers; and, of course, the five branches of the military now open to women.

Under the gigantic pines and surrounded by beauty, the Tower itself will be built of fieldstone like the altars and pulpit. Twenty-four feet square in area with four pillars cornering four archways, with a fountain in the center playing a liquid benediction, the Tower will be like a small medieval chapel. Over each archway, Peter Rockwell's figures will prove his father's genius in picturing these women who helped to create America.

This memorial has been a dream of the Sloanes for a long time. When I first visited the Cathedral in 1963, Dr. Sloane spoke of his desire to build something in memory of our country's heroines as he said: "As far as I know there is no national monument dedicated specifically to the women who have given so much to America. The lives of both men and women are equally precious; their deaths are equally tragic."

This memorial indeed dramatizes the miraculous *link* between man (in war and peace) and God in his heaven—*woman*: the mother, the nurse, the sister, and the peace-maker.

May the memorial lead, indeed, to new attempts for peace! ■ ■

Take time to pray every day.

## Daily Bible Readings

May

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Psalms	49:1-20
2	Psalms	51:1-19
3	Psalms	71:1-24
4	Ascension Day. Luke	24:36-53
5	Daniel	12:1-13
6	Matthew	6:19-34
7	Sunday	Matthew 28:1-20
8	Mark	12:13-27
9	Luke	3:15-22
10	John	3:1-21
11	John	3:22-36
12	John	5:19-30
13	John	9:1-41
14	Pentecost	
	Sunday	Acts 2:1-13
15	John	10:1-42
16	John	16:1-15
17	John	20:19-31
18	Acts	2:37-47
19	Acts	24:10-27
20	Romans	1:1-17
21	Sunday	Romans 4:1-25
22	1 Corinthians	15:1-34
23	1 Corinthians	15:35-58
24	2 Corinthians	4:1-18
25	Ephesians	4:17-32
26	1 Thessalonians	4:1-18
27	1 Timothy	6:12-21
28	Sunday	1 John 1:1-10
29	1 John	2:12-29
30	1 John	3:1-24
31	Revelation	21:1-27

### APOLOGY

It takes a man  
Worth all of salt,  
To stand and state  
He was at fault.

—L. J. Huber

## Old "999"

ON MEMORIAL DAY the racing cars start spinning around the Indianapolis Speedway track well over 100 miles per hour. Tension mounts as the speedy race cars near the end of the famous 500-mile race. Some of the flashy cars are equipped with hundreds of specially built gadgets to make the cars go faster and smoother, and the prices of the racers are unbelievable. This memorable racing date brings to mind a famous racer by the name of Barney Oldfield. Barney had many unforgettable racing events crammed into his fifteen years of racing. As you can well realize the car itself was just being born when this old-timer was making a name for himself behind the wheel. The racing cars in those early days had no safety devices; the tires blew out frequently on fast, sharp curves and the cars overturned often on the loose dirt tracks.

Barney was the first driver to drive a mile-a-minute on those dangerous tracks—his motto was “get ahead of the others and stay there.” Well, to get on with the story of how this old daredevil got started in racing . . . it is almost unbelievable. It began in the early 1900's when he was working as a mechanic's helper on racing cars. This particular mechanic was having a lot of “hard luck” on his car and one afternoon got so disgusted with the situation that he banged his wrench to the ground and yelled at his helper, “I'm sick of racing, Barney, I'll sell you the car for \$200!” Barney was flabbergasted. He took the offer and bought the car.

All this had occurred just before a big race that they were to enter the car in. Barney was faced with a problem, *no* driver. He looked around the area for an extra driver but found none so he did the next practical thing—not knowing how to drive he got behind the wheel and started to practice . . . after a few hours of practice he was driving pretty good. In a short time he entered the big race—got out front with his big “999,” stayed out there for the rest of the race, hitting the unheard of speed of 60 miles per hour. He won the race from some of the best drivers in the country that hot and dusty day. The mechanic from whom he had purchased the car was none other than Henry Ford! As the years passed, Barney, his cigar, and old racer “999” became famous. He had become a famous racer in one easy lesson!

—Mario DeMarco

# The Christian Soldier and Family Life

By Emery W. Braa

Major Emery W. Braa, Assistant Civil Affairs Officer, 5th Special Forces Group, gave this address on Laymen's Sunday. We're grateful to Chaplain David G. Boyce, 5th SFGH, APO San Francisco, 96240, who submitted it to us.

**T**HE WORD "family" has perhaps a different connotation for each of us. Certainly it brings to mind for all of us parents, brothers, sisters, wife, sons, and daughters, but beyond that, it also conjures up an image in each of our minds. We might visualize evenings at home, picnics, outings, sporting events seen together, or holiday reunions enjoyed in the past. Some of you here may well be looking forward to that time when your term is up on the fighting front and you can spend a joyous holiday season with the family. Then, too, one hears expressions such as "One big happy family," "A family of nations," or "Welcome to the family." The word "family" almost always suggests warmth and comradeship and fellowship.

Down through the ages, perhaps the single important social structure has been the family. Composition has always consisted of the father, mother, and all sons and daughters born of this union, although in times past, relatives, servants, and even slaves were included in the family inner circle. Even in the primitive areas of the world, the family is the primary social entity, with members striving together toward common goals and objectives. The tremendous strength of family bonds is almost beyond belief in some instances. A specialist in Japanese culture tells us that Japan's 90,000,000 population prior to World War II were included in slightly more than 300 separate families. Anyone who failed to follow the wishes of those at the head



of the family could have their names stricken from the family rolls. When this happened, an individual became a "lost soul," unable to marry, to find employment, or to remain in his home area. He ceased to exist. Japan's warlords were thus able, once they had gained control over the 300 plus family heads, to effectively control the entire population.

### Disruptive Forces

In today's society, it would seem that traditional family ties are being torn by a multitude of disruptive forces. The father is no longer the sole breadwinner for the family. Many wives now have regular jobs and a new position within the household. Children also begin working at full or part-time jobs at an early age. Parents have less time to spend with their children due to jobs, school, extra-curricular activities, social obligations, or television. The old, traditional communication link between family members has in large measure been interrupted or destroyed. These new relationships between members of the family with each other and the community are thought by many social scientists to contain the germ of various psychological and sociological maladjustments. In other words, the family continues to be the single most important social unit; however, individual members need assistance in coping with modern-day problems and disintegrative forces. They are, in effect, groping for a way to cope with life's problems.

We in the military are also caught

up in this web of social change, this unending search for solutions to life's problems. Our situations are further complicated by periodic separations for extended periods of time. How can we cope with those problems? Where can we seek assistance? I think that the answers may well be found in the Letter to the Ephesians, chapter 6, verses 10-18.

Now just what is the situation of each of us here today with reference to our families—be they parents, brothers, sisters, relatives, or wives and children of our own? Let's analyze our answer. In doing so, I think it would be appropriate to use as our basis the old time-tested and proved five-paragraph Operation Order. We have all heard many times in training or in actual operations of 1. Situation. 2. Mission. 3. Execution. 4. Administration and Logistics. and 5. Command and Signal.

### Situation

First of all, let us consider *Situation*. Who is the enemy? What are we up against? With reference to Christianity, the enemy situation for us here in Vietnam is evident all around us. Separation from families and loved ones is in itself a formidable foe. Couple this with the threat of bodily harm in many areas, an abundance of bars, prostitutes, and low-priced liquor, and it becomes readily apparent that the enemy has a lot going for him.

But how about our own individual situations? What do we have going

for us? First, we have families waiting back home. Those folks think about us, pray for us, worry about us, and wait for that wonderful day when we'll all be together again. This alone gives us ample weaponry to stand up against a pretty tough opponent. But we as Christians have an even greater asset than this—we have the promise of our Lord, Jesus Christ, when he says, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life" (Rev. 2:10). And he also promised to help us, to give us the strength—the fortitude—to remain faithful to him, to our loved ones, and, equally important, to remain faithful to ourselves. Truly we have, with his help, a whole lot going for us also.

### Mission

Now let us consider our *Mission*. Exactly what do we and our families want to accomplish? What is our goal in life? Where do we want to go? Do you have plans for that dream house, that cottage beside the lake, or that small business establishment after retirement? Or some of you here may have a goal of getting out of the Army, of going to school, getting married, then starting up the ladder in the business or commercial world. We all have goals. We want an education for our children, a comfortable old age, a retirement home where we and our wives can "grow old gracefully." We may have as a goal simply scrambling to the top of the heap or—conversely—getting as much fun and pleasure as possible out of life and making the most of the "free-

dom" in separation which comes periodically during our military careers. These then are some types of missions, or goals, toward which members of the military aspire.

### Execution

Next, let us consider *Execution*. How will we go about attaining our mission in life? What is our concept of the operation? May I say here that, during my brief military career, I have been privileged to know many truly fine military families of all ranks, men who without exception exhibited habits which exemplified the admonition, "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Time seems to be the critical factor in the military—time to live, to laugh, to play, and to enjoy life with our families. Thinking once again of those long periods of separation during unaccompanied tours, it behooves each of us to *take* the time to spend with our families if we are to accomplish our mission of attaining a happy, Christian family life in the military. During these all-too-brief periods when we are all together, we must utilize *time* to the maximum.

Let me ask: Have you ever taken you children fishing? Do you recall that "whoopee" and those saucer-sized eyes as that "first fish ever" came flopping to the bank? Or camping? Do you recall sitting around the campfire singing, telling stories, or just listening to the chatter about the day's fishing and hiking experience? How about Sun-

day activities? *Taking* the children to Sunday school rather than *sending* them, and then staying as a family to worship together.

Just as the Army needs strong, steady, reliable men, so too, does the Master need men—men with convictions, men with clean lives, men mastered by the Master, men with a mission, men with Christian families.

### Administration and Logistics

Paragraph 4 of the Operation Order deals with *Administration and Logistics*. What do we need in the way of supplies and ammunition to enable us and our families to strive toward attainment of our mission? We actually have a sizable list of assets. First and foremost is the heavy artillery—the Bible. Without this “Biggest of all Guns,” the battle is lost prior to the opening skirmish. We must read that Bible, study it, and, with the help of God, strive to rear our families according to its teachings. In close support also, we have church, Sunday school, school, and Christian friends and neighbors.

### Command and Signal

Finally, we come to Paragraph 5, *Command and Signal*. Let us never

forget who stands at the head of the Christian’s chain of command. God must always be clearly recognized as our great Commander, and each of us must strive to live, and to assist our families to live, according to his instructions. Remember that “all things are possible through Christ.” Equally important here is the matter of signal, of keeping our line of communication open with God. Even as we hope that our children will always confide in us when troubled, just so does God wish for us to confide in him through prayer.

Whether you are on active duty for two years or three years, or twenty or thirty years, you may well recall the immortal words of General Douglas MacArthur: “Duty, Honor, Country. Those three words reverently dictate what you can be, what you ought to be, what you will be. They are your rallying point to build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith, when there seems little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn.”

Duty, Honor, Country. But I believe another word needs to be added to those three; it is intermingled with these words and it stands for the most sacred of all social institutions; it is *family*. ■ ■

### THIS IS THE DAY

*This is the day which the Lord has made;  
let us rejoice and be glad in it (Ps. 118:24)*

I start my day with thankfulness  
Through all the changing seasons.  
And each new day I seem to find  
A fresh supply of reasons.

—Mary Hamlett Goodman

# Overcoming Fear

By Paul K. McAfee

**S**O YOUR heart beat fast and you felt hot and you wanted to run? You felt that the world had moved away and you were alone and no one cared that you faced a problem you couldn't solve? *In fact, you were just plain scared!*

Welcome, friend! You just joined the human race! You just stood where some ancestor of yours stood, umpteen great-greats ago, when he, with a rock and a club, faced a savor-toothed tiger! He was scared! But his wife sure loved the rug he gave her.

From the first time man faced an enemy whom he knew was attempting to take something from him—even to the point of killing him if necessary—to this nuclear age, fear has been part of man's experience. And yet he somehow overcame the emotion of fear and went on to build his civilizations. There is something within him that has allowed man to conquer fear. What is it?

## What Fear Is

Man is able to respond to many emotions such as love, pity, hate, joy, and others. Among them is the emotion of fear. In moments of stress, at the onset of danger, at the threat of life or family, the emotion wells up from within and the individual reacts.

The reaction may cause the person to run for cover in terror and give up, or stand and struggle for his very existence, or the existence of family or nation—or ideal. However, the fact that man has conquered nature, harnessed the wind and the lightning, and struggled against tyranny to establish governments for people, proves he has been able through the ages to harness and control the emotion of fear. Perhaps this is because through fear he has gained insight into himself and his problems. Proverbs 1:7 says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." Along with the

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attainment of knowledge is developed humility, reverence for God and faith in God.

### **What We Fear**

We fear the unknown, the things we do not understand. It has always been so. We feared God in the early beginning because we did not know him as a God who loved beyond the love of men. Still we fear God, but the fears now stem from our knowledge of right and wrong.

We fear some things known, such as pain for ourselves and the pain of others. The loss of prestige, loss of position, of material gains, of "face," brings fear. The knowledge that the way of peace can be lost to encroaching communism brings fears, which causes those trying to build a peaceful world to struggle for its survival in midwestern American towns or in Vietnam.

Out of his knowledge of pain and discouragement, Franklin D. Roosevelt was able to brace the spirits of all Americans during World War II when he said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Here was a man who in the prime of life was stricken with polio. It seemed he would never walk or work again. His mother, an extremely strong-willed woman, advised him to forget politics—the love of his life. But he refused to forget. He willed to walk, and he did, battling the fear of being a "vegetable." Pushing through and around fear, he came back strongly and became the President who led his country through a devastating depression and a terrible war.

There are many things we fear that are commonplace in our lives; being alone; failure in what we are attempting to do; misplacement of trust. These, and many others like them form an area where fears come and influence our thinking and our action.

### **Everyone Fears Something**

One must never think he is alone with his fear. It is not a private affair, by any means. Fear is a matter which comes to any society and fear is part of the experience of every person. No one has the exclusive corner on fear.

A sergeant, combat experienced, said, "I wouldn't knowingly go into battle with a leader who boasts he is never afraid. He is a liar—and a lie is a form of weakness."

Every person fears something, sometime. A man may be physically courageous under the most extreme emergency. Yet the same person may be shaken to the core at the thought of addressing a PTA meeting. One may break under fire; where another time he will stand and fight with honor. One may hunt dangerous animals and face them in perfect coolness, and be deeply frightened at the thought of a hidden secret being disclosed.

No man is completely without fear somewhere, sometime. To say one is without fear or has never been afraid, is to speak without understanding the emotion.

### **Fear Can Be Overcome**

We know that men have overcome fear and have gone on to do great

things. John Wesley saw the towering waves of an Atlantic storm tossing his small ship about, and was fearful for his life. He heard some Moravians singing a hymn of praise to God and found through them a confidence that helped him overcome his fears.

Four chaplains in World War II were without doubt afraid when their ship the *Dorchester* was hit and began to sink. Yet they gave away their life belts to others who had none, and linking arms, singing a hymn of faith, went down with their ship.

*Confidence* in God, and through him, *confidence* in self. This is a bulwark against which fear dashes itself to pieces.

Another strength that arms one against fear is *conviction*. Being true to one's teachings and beliefs, in the face of odds, is a way of conquering fear. The fear will not go away, but one is able to overcome its numbing effects. Martin Luther stood before the Diet of Worms. The Old Church was trying him for heresy. But he stood and declared, with conviction in himself and in God, "Here I stand. God help me; I can do no other."

Here one can remember the 23rd Psalm, "Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil." Why? "For thou

(God) art with me." God is always present. We need only to recognize his eternal presence. Psalm 27 declares, "...be strong, and let your heart take courage; yea, wait for the Lord!"

The greatest strength we have to aid in conquering fear is the keeping of God at the center of our lives. Jesus said, "Do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul..." (Mt. 10:28), "Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me" (Jn. 14:1).

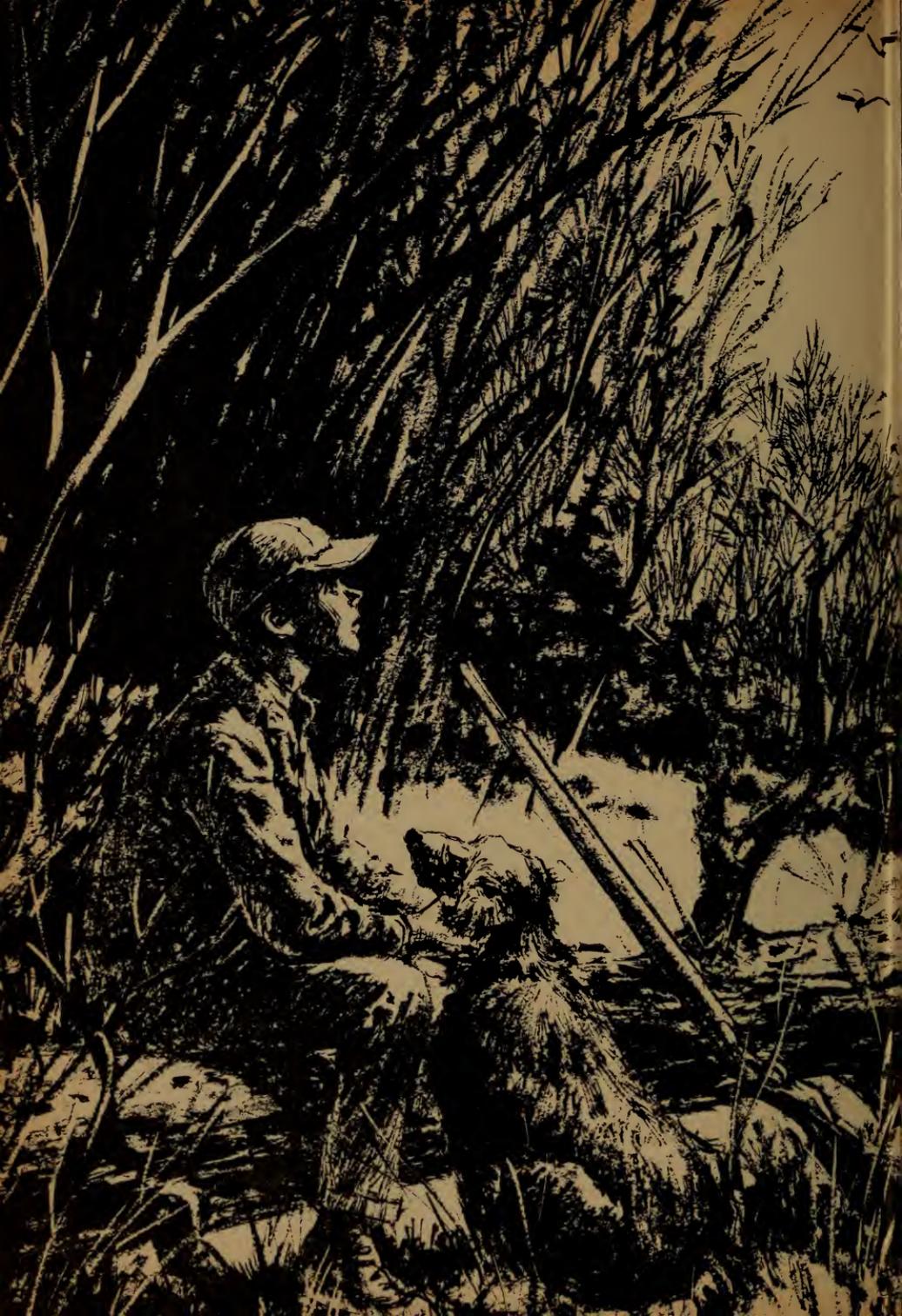
Jesus stood on the heaving planks of a small fishing boat as it tossed in a great storm. Around him the disciples cried out in fear. He said, "Peace! Be still!" (Mk. 4:39). The winds stilled. The waves quieted. But even more significant, the storm of fear in the hearts of the disciples was stilled. The words "Peace! Be still!" touched their hearts and gave them confidence.

By keeping God at the center of our lives, through constant prayer, by constant study of His word, and through living up to the guidance of the Bible to the best in us, we overcome the fears of our days.

When tempest-storms of fear overwhelm us, we can close out the world and listen to hear the voice of God say to us, quieting our fears, "Peace! Be still!"



One is inclined to believe that the only reason they hang some of these modern paintings is because they can't find the artist. . . . By the time you have that home in the suburbs paid for it's in the city. . . . It's surprising how many kids learn to drive an automobile before they master the operation of a lawnmower.  
—Anna Herbert.



# Exit for a Hero

By Gerald Mygatt

Cap was a gallant thoroughbred to the end

FREDDIE paled as his father talked on the telephone. He looked as if he were going to be sick. His father hung up and, turning to Freddie, said, "The vet can take him now. Want to go down with me, old man?"

"No," said Freddie between clenched teeth.

"I wish you would, Freddie. You can sort of hold him while I drive. It—it isn't very easy for me either, you know. After all, Cap really belongs to all of us."

"Yes, but just the same he's mine," said Freddie. "Look, Dad—just one more day. Can't we wait till tomorrow?"

His father said, "We've waited too long as it is. The dog is suffering terribly. You know that as well as I do."

"I suppose so," said Freddie. And then he said, "The vet. He might be scared of the vet. That would be awful—to end up scared."

"That's one reason why I want you there."

"Oh," said Freddie.

"The vet knows how to do it, son. He's done it for hundreds of dogs. He did it for the Carpenters—remember?—only a couple of months ago. He just gives them a whiff of chloroform and it's all over."

"I chloroformed a cat once," Freddie said soberly. "With Tot Lawrence. We used a garbage pail, and the cat just fought and fought. Pretty near pushed the cover off. It was fierce. I had to sit on the cover, and then I couldn't stand it any more and I yanked the cover off. But the cat was as good as dead by then. Anyway, he died. I wouldn't want Cap to have chloroform, Dad."

"They have different ways, Freddie. We could ask him for something different."

"Hooley!" said Freddie. "They

tell you they'll use something different, but chloroform's cheap, I guess. The vet will give us a lot of baloney, and then he'll use chloroform anyway."

"The kindest thing, of course," said Freddie's father—"the kindest thing would be a gun. But we haven't got a gun. Even if we had one, I don't believe I'd have the nerve to pull the trigger. Not on Cap. You wouldn't either, Fred."

"N-n-no," said Freddie, going very white again. "I—no, Dad, I wouldn't."

"Well, might as well face it," said Freddie's father, shrugging. "I'll get the car out of the garage. You bring Cap out when I blow the horn. Better carry Cap. It's painful for him to walk."

The moment his father left the house Freddie dashed upstairs. He had, perhaps, two minutes. He meant to use them. For one thing he had a gun. It was a shotgun; pretty seedy-looking, but it worked. He had got it from Walt Bannister through a slick trade: his microscope, plus a real German helmet which Freddie didn't want because he had two, and a piece of a Jap flag. Since Freddie was only twelve, he hadn't yet dared tell his father and mother about the gun; he figured on leading up to that gradually. But now it didn't matter. He had the gun. He had five shells for it. He would put Cap out of his misery—as his father had said—the kindest way. Just simply take Cap out in the woods behind the house and then over the hill, and start to talk to Cap, and then

bang-o! He would argue the gun out with his father later.

Did he have the nerve to do it? His father might not have, but he had. Anything to keep Cap away from that stinking chloroform.

Freddie paused to make sure that his mother was out of the way. Yes, he could hear her humming in her bedroom. The rest was very easy. The shells were in his pockets by now. The gun—a quick run downstairs and the gun was outside, tucked into a corner by the grape arbor. It was dusk, growing dark, perfect for ducking away.

Freddie's father blew the horn. That meant he had the car backed out of the garage. Freddie moved fast. Cap was in the kitchen, of course. Nowadays he was always in the kitchen, lying beside the electric stove that years ago had been a coal stove, and cozily warm. It must have been all the same to Cap—an imaginary warmth. Or else Cap was eternally hopeful that the coal stove would be put back. Freddie didn't know.

Cap whimpered a little when Freddie picked him up in his arms. That would be Cap's pain.

"We're going out in the woods," said Freddie to Cap. "Just like the old days. Hey, Cap?"

Cap stretched around and licked Freddie's face. He licked it warmly. "We got to go," said Freddie, and let himself and Cap out of the kitchen door. At the corner by the grape arbor he stooped and picked up the gun.

Now he felt ready to do the job he knew he had to do.

CAP was a very old dog. He had been an old dog since Freddie could remember. He was a big dog, too. Black, as black as coal. Nobody—much less Cap—had any idea as to who, or what, his father might have been. Cap's mother had been a sort of mixture. So Cap was doubly a mixture, which was just fine with Cap. Everything was fine with Cap, particularly having his ears fooled with by Freddie.

After about an eighth of a mile through the woods, Freddie, who was panting, set the gun and Cap down. He found a log, squatted on it. Immediately Cap shoved his long head between Freddie's knees. That was Cap's manner of saying that he wanted his ears tousled. Freddie tousled them. Then he picked Cap and the gun up again and climbed the hill, where they couldn't hear the gun from the house, or not very much.

"You're heavy," said Freddie to Cap, breasting the hill. Cap again stretched around and licked Freddie's face.

"Have a heart," said Freddie. Cap had a heart. He licked Freddie's face some more.

"Quit it," said Freddie. Cap quit it.

Freddie fought through the briars till he got to an open place. He eased Cap down. He eased the gun down.

"Look, Cap," said Freddie, "you got to back off a ways." Freddie put a shell in the gun, threw off the safety catch. Then he saw a fallen tree. He sat down on it. "Want to have my hand steady," he said,

addressing the air around him.

The minute Freddie sat down, Cap shoved his long head between Freddie's knees. And then and there Freddie knew that in spite of all the chloroform in the world, he couldn't pull the trigger on Cap. "Pop was right," he said in a sort of wonder. "I just can't do it."

He rumbled Cap's ears, and Cap thumped his heavy tail on the ground. Cap, in spite of his pain was very happy. He was in the woods again. He was with Freddie.

"There must be some answer to this," said Freddie.

The gun, which Freddie had propped against a sapling, suddenly slipped. As it teetered, Freddie grabbed for it.

FREDDIE didn't come back. His father walked around and around the house, and then presently his mother and father walked around and around the house. Sort of lost like; bewildered like. "The dog's gone too, of course," said Freddie's father. "He might be out by the car now. I mean Freddie."

"Go look," said Freddie's mother. But Freddie wasn't out by the car. Neither was Cap. "I simply don't understand it," Freddie's father said. They had gone back to the kitchen, where Cap always lay. They looked at each other helplessly.

Then there came a whimpering at the back door, then a familiar scratching. Freddie's father whipped the door open. It was Cap all right, but no Freddie. Not till Cap was indoors and under a bright light

did they see the raw, bleeding hole in his hindquarters.

Cap lay down and thumped his heavy tail on the floor. Then he got up, moving very, very stiffly, and went to the back door and nosed it. He stood with his nose to the door till they opened it, then he went out. He began to crawl on his belly.

"He's hurt bad," said Freddie's father. "Hope he leads us to the boy."

Cap did. It was a slow and painful crawl, but he led them all the way. Every once in a while he looked back over his shoulder, to say, "Are you following me?" At the very last, Cap seemed to make a little run forward. They found him nuzzled tight in against Freddie. His heavy

tail wagged, thump, thump, thump.

Then it lifted an inch maybe. Then it lay still.

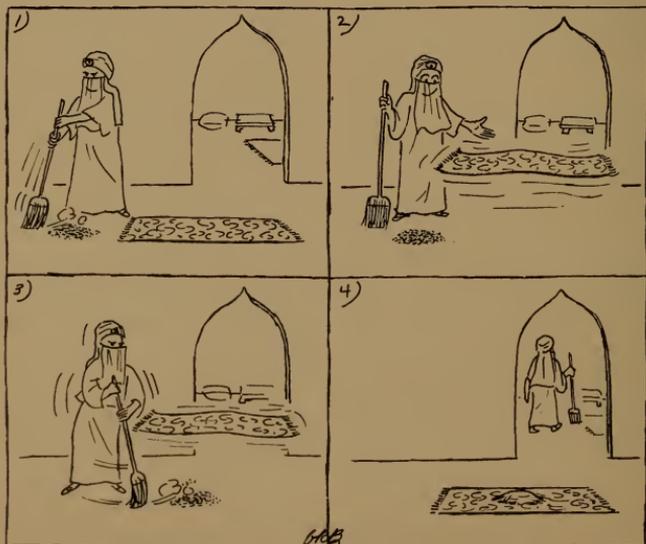
**F**REDDIE came awake. He said, "I guess I shot myself in the leg, Dad. I was trying to shoot Cap, but I couldn't. Look, Dad—we can't use chloroform on Cap. It would be cruel. Can't we—can't we find a better way?"

Freddie's father bent over Cap. The big black body had slumped. Cap was dead. He had died happy, doing a job for Freddie. Freddie's father said soberly, "You have my word for it; we'll never chloroform Cap."

"Is—is he all right?"

"Yes, he's all right, Fred. Now let's worry about you." ■ ■

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The proud ship, *USS Constellation*, has participated in many outstanding events in American history. Here it is shown when used as a training vessel in 1918 during World War I.

## The Frigate *Constellation*

By P. J. Reale

CASSIUS Clay seemed a bit shaken when Baltimore's Mayor McKeldin handed him a key to the National Anthem City.

"It's made of wood," mumbled the heavyweight boxing champion inspecting the gift. "Most of them are made of gold."

"But it's from *The Constellation*," the mayor advised the pugilist.

In Baltimore, in other words,

the frigate *U.S. Constellation* is "the greatest."

The grand old champion of numerous sea bouts is moored at Pier 4 off Pratt street in the city of her birth. A key to Baltimore fashioned from the timber of the ancient warrior is the city's way of extending an official welcome to distinguished visitors (recipients include President John F. Kennedy).



Two sailors are photographed viewing the ship at Pier 4, Port of Baltimore, where it is beginning to look like the proud ship of earlier days. The Star-Spangled Banner Flag House Assn. has already spent \$500,000 in restoring the famous vessel. Much more will be needed.

The practice was inaugurated after 1955, the year *The Constellation*, badly deteriorated by long neglect and destined for the junk heap, was returned from a Boston berth via floating drydock to Baltimore at the insistence of the Star-Spangled Banner Flag House Association, a non-profit society of patriots determined to preserve the famous vessel. (President Dwight Eisenhower signed the bill granting the association title to the relic.)

In the years since, Baltimoreans, along with other Marylanders and Americans everywhere, have been striving to finance restoration of the 169-year-old ship; and with \$500,000 already expended, she's

starting to resemble the vessel that Captain Thomas Truxtun commanded, the sleek and swift craft dubbed *The Yankee Race Horse* by the French.

"When we finally got *The Constellation* home, she was in bad shape," recalls Robert E. Michel, who heads the Flag House Association Restoration Committee. "We had to pump her out every day. Today she's in good condition. Funds have been used for general care, hull maintenance, and essential repairs. With another \$250,000, I think we could restore the spars and riggings, install fittings and detail; we could make her a real showpiece."

At the close of the Revolutionary

The City of Baltimore is proudly restoring the first U.S. Navy ship to defeat an enemy man-of-war on the high seas during the early days of the Republic—a ship that later served as flagship to the Atlantic fleet during World War II.

War in 1782, the infant nation disbanded its armed forces. Americans enjoyed a mounting prosperity as merchant ships carried the flag of the United States across the seven seas. However, the corsairs of the Barbary States (Morocco, Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli) started attacking the merchant vessels in the Mediterranean. In the Caribbean, merchant ships were being captured by French warships and privateers. The Barbary powers seized as many as eleven American merchant ships in the fall of 1793 alone, and the seamen were enslaved pending payment of ransom. "Millions for defense—not one cent for tribute!" cried Congressman Robert G. Harper of South Carolina in Washington.

Consequently, Congress in 1794, with the blessings of President George Washington, authorized construction of frigates that would protect United States rights and property. The first three men-of-war were launched in 1797: *The United States*, 44 guns, in Philadelphia on July 10; *The Constellation*, 36 guns, in Baltimore on September 7; and *The Constitution* (Old Ironsides), 44 guns, in Boston on October 21.

*The Constellation*, under Truxtun, left port June 26, 1798, the first of the original frigates to get to sea.

On February 9, 1799, in the Caribbean, *The Constellation's* guns battered the strong French frigate *L'Insurgente* (40 guns) into submission to become the first U.S. Navy ship ever to defeat an enemy man-of-war on the high seas.

A year later, *The Constellation* won America's second great naval victory by whipping the French ship *La Vengeance*, 52 guns, in a savage five-hour battle in the West Indies.

*Constellation's* victories, celebrated throughout the country, served notice to the world that the United States intended to defend her honor and freedom.

ONE visits the ship today, chats with ship curator, Donald F. Stewart, and realizes soon enough that sea duty in the old days was rather an ordeal.

Pay for able-bodied seamen was \$14 monthly, while ordinary seamen drew \$10, with Truxtun willing to allow an advance if a hand could provide "good and sufficient security against running away before entering the ship."

Each sailor was allotted a pound of pickled meat daily, plus a pound of ship's bread and a quart of grog. Thrice weekly he was permitted, in addition to meat and bread, a quarter pound of cheese. On speci-

fied days there were turnips, dried peas, and rice; and every seven days two ounces of butter.

The seamen's quarters are marked today by numerous hammock hooks hanging from massive wooden beams deep below decks, an area that was warmed in cold weather by 400 open buckets of burning, fumes-belching charcoal. ("You can see," says Stewart, "why the crew suffered extensively from consumption.")

One explores *The Constellation* now and imagines what it was like during that first great battle, the drums beating general quarters, barefooted seamen in check shirts and duck trousers clambering top-side to the cannons.

*L'Insurgente* lost 29 men while *The Constellation's* death toll was one crewman, a youth run through by an officer's sword because, terrified by the action, he fled his station. "You must not think this strange," the officer wrote his brother of the incident later, "for we would put a man to death for even looking pale on board this ship."

This was hyperbole, of course. Truxtun, although a stern disciplinarian, was hardly a demon. Cat o' nine tails was not his way of punishing misconduct—and this was at a time when *The Constitution's* skipper was flogging six men daily. Truxtun preferred to take away a man's allowance of grog. He was a fair and widely respected captain; a naval genius. (A system of regulations drawn up by him for *The Constellation* forms the basis

for present day naval regulations.)

The Barbary pirates and the French subdued, *The Constellation* served next in the War of 1812, when she stationed herself between a formidable British fleet and the American fort at Craney Island, Hampton Roads, Virginia, and thwarted every enemy attempt to destroy her and the fort.

In October, 1835, after missions to France, England, and South America, she sailed to Florida and helped crush the Seminole Indian uprising.

As flagship of the East Indian Squadron she became the first United States warship to enter the inland waters of China when, on April 13, 1842, she passed both sandbars of the Canton river (where other ships had been shot to pieces by the Chinese) and anchored at Whampea. (Learning of a commercial treaty between China and Britain, Commodore Lawrence Kearney, squadron commander, urged the Chinese to grant the same trade rights to Americans. His success in *The Constellation* opened China's ports to United States shipping.) Shortly after, Kearney and *The Constellation* sailed to Hawaii and scored still another victory: they blocked a British bid to annex the Islands.

In 1859, as flagship of the African Squadron, *The Constellation* captured three slave ships and freed at least 1,000 slaves in the campaign to smash the slave trade. During the Civil War, she plied the Mediterranean defending Union merchant ships from Confederate cruisers.



Painting shows the USS *Constellation* battling the French ship, *L'Insurgente*, on February 9, 1799, in the Caribbean. It was the first U.S. Navy ship to beat an enemy war vessel on the high seas.

**I**N THE ensuing years, the age of wooden ships and billowing sails over, *The Constellation* served as a training vessel, going on special missions only on occasion, like in 1880 when she was called to transport food to the famine-stricken people of Ireland.

No other ship has amassed such a record of participation in so many historic events over so great a span of years. This fact was dramatized 1940 when one of *The Constellation's* greatest admirers, President Franklin Roosevelt, who had seen her at anchor in Newport, R. I., ordered her back into service as the flagship of the Atlantic Fleet. Into a newly installed communications center of *The Constellation* came the

first military communication concerning the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Even as she sits waiting at Pier 4, the old ship manages now and again to prove herself still of service. Not long ago the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, planning to perform Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*, went seeking the cannon and bells so essential to this spectacular musical masterwork about war and peace. The Naval Academy in Annapolis volunteered three bolt-action howitzers. *The Constellation* delivered one of its great bells, a 200-pounder that rang out beautifully through the concert hall. For *The Constellation*, it was another mission accomplished. ■ ■

# Tribute to Mary

By Wilber T. Dayton

**I**T WAS a teen-ager in a hill town of Nazareth in ancient Galilee that answered a unique call and went down in history as perhaps the greatest woman of all time. Of course, there is temptation to exaggerate her nature as a person and her contribution to the world. On the other hand, there is the opposite reaction of neglect or fear to give proper credit to a great and "blessed" soul. Like any other human being, Mary is best honored and best understood in the light of the facts. Legend and fantasy can be misleading and destructive of the very honor that one seeks to give. The facts for the present consideration come from the only trustworthy documents of the first century that treat the subject—the books of the New Testament. Much of the material is from the first chapters of Luke's Gospel, where a physician reflects a woman's viewpoint as he uses perhaps feminine sources of information.

## Mary As Perfectly Human

The call of God came as a surprise to Mary. True, she must have been a product of a godly Jewish home. Her parents had, no doubt, impressed upon her the importance of the Scriptures and of obedient devotion to the God of her fathers. But her attitudes and plans were those of any Jewish girl. Husband, home and motherhood were taken for granted as the vantage point from which she could make her contribution in life. As was the case with most girls in their teens, marriage was already contracted in a binding preliminary sense, though, in this instance, not yet in its full consummation. The New Testament has no suggestion of any other thought on her part of something more than a "normal" place in a home with the usual human involvements.

When the angel appeared to Mary, she had the usual reaction

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Picture of Madonna and Child, painted by Artist Mantegna.

—fear. The salutation was sufficiently reassuring, “Hail, O favored one. The Lord is with you!” (Lk. 1:28) But fear of judgment was the natural reaction to a heavenly appearance. “She was greatly troubled.” The angel had to allay her fears by saying, “Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have found favor with God” (Lk. 1:30). Heavenly intervention was mysterious to her. She needed to be introduced to the supernatural—as any human being does.

### Her Perplexity

The message was as perplexing as it was comforting. “And behold, you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus” (Lk. 1:31). Every

devout Jewish maiden had the hope deep in her heart that she might be the one to give birth to the Messiah. But wasn't this announcement premature? She was a virgin, keeping herself pure for the man that would soon be her husband. No woman ever had borne a son while yet a virgin. What did the angel mean? Mary's reaction was perfectly normal and human.

Life's hopes, plans, and loyalties flashed before her. What would Joseph think? She knew. How could she stay in Nazareth? Would it ever be possible to live a normal life—to have a home and family, with acceptance and respectability? How could this all happen, and how could it be reconciled with life as human beings desire it? Part of the answer is given in brief glimpses of the outcome as recorded in other passages. But faith and obedience were required in extreme measure to overcome her perplexity at this time.

### Her Great Honor

In describing the honor that was coming to Mary, the angel discussed only the excellences of the Child. No word is said in evaluation or praise of Mary beyond the first salutation. She is favored. God is with her. But the attention is entirely on the Babe to be born. Her honor is not in a personal reign either on earth or in heaven, according to the angel. But God's favor is shown in the fact that she is to be honored in coming to be the mother of our Lord. It is he who will be great. He will be called the Son of

the Most High. He will have the throne of David. He will reign forever. Hers is the highest honor God ever gave to a woman—a unique fulfillment of motherhood at its best. This is the supreme sacred trust. This is the great compliment paid to Mary's integrity and training. God committed to her the care of his Son by showing favor to a human being, by causing his Son to become man—born of a woman. Her body would warm and nourish him. She would give him birth. To her would be entrusted his training and care.

### Her Surrender

The angel's explanation did not make the way easy for Mary. The answer was not an early marriage and an incarnation through normal parenthood. This conception was not to be an act of man. It was to be God's own act. The Holy Spirit, the power of the Most High, the original Creator, would be sufficient to cause Mary to be the mother of our Lord. How fantastic! It has never been done before. And what a price she might have to pay! What foreseeable pangs! And what unforeseen perplexities and sorrows! But her answer vindicated the wisdom of God's choice. "Behold I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be to me according to your word." The most important thing in Mary's life was the will of God. She was the servant. He was the Lord. It was his prerogative to call. It was hers to answer. This was the kind of absolute obedience and trust necessary. Perhaps no more

difficult test ever came to a human being. To her everlasting credit, she passed the test.

### Her Assurance That God Was with Her

The key to Mary's confidence was in the angel's opening remark, "The Lord is with you." Without this assurance she never could have held steady in the tests before her. But it was a true instinct of faith that God's presence and power brings more security and benefit than all of one's own plans and inventions. Such confidence must often be maintained somewhat in the abstract. But the angel gave word of a companion who would share and bolster her faith. God, who visited Mary, had already visited her relative, Elizabeth, and had answered a prayer of many years.

Mary expected some degree of human sympathy from Elizabeth, if it could be found anywhere. But she was likely not prepared for the reception she found. Mary's closely guarded secret was not only known but believed by Elizabeth. There was to be a baby, but not a product of incontinence; it was the Lord himself. To the angel's words were added the prophetic utterances of a mature and trusted saint. The Holy Spirit had revealed not only the news but its significance.

Meanwhile, the angel did what Mary could never have done. He made clear to Joseph the innocence of his espoused wife and the meaning of the event. He assured Joseph that this was not to destroy his

hopes. It did demand certain sacrifices and adjustments. But God was working out his plan of salvation as had been prophesied.

Then Joseph took Mary. Patiently they waited for the birth of the child before marriage was consummated physically (Mt. 1:25). Glimpses of prophetic understanding and faith from time to time encouraged them. The hopes of a home and family were apparently

fulfilled also. See the mention of at least six or seven other children (Mt. 13:55, 56). For thirty-odd years Mary experienced the joys, sorrows, and anxieties of being the mother of our Lord until she emerged a triumphant member of that body of Spirit-filled believers that became the nucleus of the church of Jesus Christ to this day. We pay tribute to you, Mary; you have set a high standard. ■■



“Looks like Ralph Adams is getting his induction notice!”

# World Influence of American Writers

By James W. Carty, Jr.

REVOLUTIONARY soldiers stormed Nanking, China. They stole valuable possessions, occupied property, and murdered foreigners. Among those who eluded the thieves and assassins was an American novelist, Pearl S. Buck, who had been brought up in that Asian country by her missionary parents. She hid in a tiny hovel for thirteen hours until she and others were rescued by American and British warships.

The action saved her life, but not some of her writings. The looting Chinese soldiers—the time was 1927—found one of her manuscripts for a prospective novel and destroyed it. But Mrs. Buck—who returned from Japan to China after that particular revolution ended—found that the marauders fortunately had overlooked a biography of her mother. Subsequently, it was published as her seventh book, *The Exile*, in 1936.

Meanwhile her first novel, *East Wind, West Wind*, was issued in 1930. It evolved from a story which

she penned while traveling by ship from China to the United States in 1925.

Another novel about her observations and memories, *The Good Earth*, was published in 1931 and won her the Pulitzer Prize. Later in 1938, she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for the entire body of her work—the first American woman to win that high distinction. She is the author of more than fifty fiction and non-fiction books.

Both as a writer and humanitarian, Mrs. Buck has worked to build friendships which transcend national boundaries. In 1949, she established Welcome House, Inc., an adoption agency which helps find permanent parents for children of mixed Asian-American blood. Earlier, in 1941, she founded the East and West Association, devoted to promoting mutual understanding and good will among peoples with different backgrounds.

She is among several distinguished Americans who have used the universal language of writing to



Author Pearl Buck, Pulitzer and Nobel Prize-winner.

create an informed world citizenry. For example, her book, *The Good Earth*, was translated into more than thirty languages, and was made into a movie, which was viewed in many countries around the globe.

My impressions of her and other famous authors have yielded insights into their characteristics and ways that young writers can emulate these leaders. They include other Pulitzer Prize Winners, such as Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren; Paul Engle, John Crowe Ransom, Faith Baldwin, and the late David B. Steinman.

What are some of the features of these word artists as revealed in their creative careers? Included are (1) a regular writing discipline, (2) deep interest in the vital issues of the world, and (3) a mission to use their talents to set forth original ideas in their own medium of expression, be it the novel, short story, poem, or non-fiction volume. Many have been equally excellent in several branches of writing.

The interest of Mrs. Buck in writing began as a child, and her first storytelling influence was an aged Chinese nurse. As Pearl grew older, her mother insisted she prepare some written material each week and frequently sent her daughter's material to a newspaper, *The Shanghai Mercury*. Later, one of her articles was accepted by *The Atlantic Monthly*. Pearl Buck continued writing, and her output largely over a forty-year period, has included novels, an autobiography, non-fiction works, and books for children.



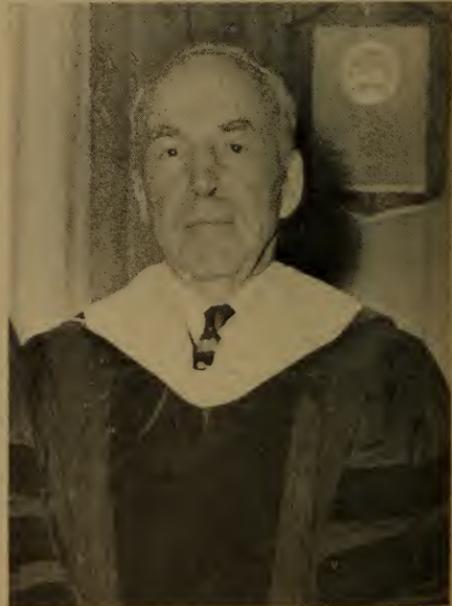
Mark Van Doren

essays for periodicals. Some of his works have included *Poems and Essays*, *God Without Thunder*, and *The New Criticism (New Directions)*.

MacLeish, one-time Assistant Secretary of State, won the Pulitzer Prize on three different occasions for his poetry: in 1932, 1953, and 1958. He also has been awarded several other prizes. His many works have included the verse drama, *J.B.*, a modern treatment of the book of Job and its current implications.

Dr. Engle, also a noted poet, is the director of the Program in Creative Writing at the State University of Iowa. He also began his writing during his school days. For his M.A. degree at the University of Iowa, he presented for his thesis

Archibald MacLeish



**B**OTH Van Doren and Dr. Ransom have been literary editors as well as contributing authors. Van Doren was literary editor of *The Nation*. His books of poetry have included *Collected Poems*, which received the Pulitzer Prize in 1939, and his fiction includes *Collected Stories*. His versatility of research and theme also is shown in the range of works from books on Shakespeare to Nathaniel Hawthorne to liberal education.

Dr. Ransom began his writing as a senior member of the famed literary group, "The Fugitives of Vanderbilt University," and became the editor of *The Kenyon Review*. Also a versatile writer, his work ranged in scope from the lyric poem to several volumes of criticism to

an original book of poems, *Worn Earth*, which won the Yale Series of Younger Poets prize that year. It is believed to be the first book of poems to be submitted for a graduate degree in this country or any other. He was a Rhodes scholar at Merton College, Oxford, England, and is the author of several books of poetry, a novel, a book of reminiscences, an opera libretto, several musical texts, articles for journals and magazines, and book reviews for newspapers.

Dr. Steinman, who combined the careers of bridge builder, engineer, and author, contributed more than 150 poems to leading magazines and to five anthologies. His poetry won fifty prizes and honors. He also was the author of twenty-four books, including *Song of a Bridge Builder*.

The author of approximately eighty books, Faith Baldwin has written best-selling novels, children's stories, poetry, and inspirational books. She writes a monthly column for *Woman's Day* magazine, addressed to housewives, and contributes regularly to other national magazines, as well as television and radio programs.

ALL of these noted authors, then, show by the bulk of their work, as well as by its first-rate quality, that they have a regular writing discipline. In addition, their concern with important questions of life is reflected in the tremendous research that has gone into the preparing of their novels, dramas, poems, and other literary works.



Paul Engle

In other words, they have demonstrated to would-be writers who desire to emulate them that a person does not write from a vacuum or void, but needs firsthand knowledge.

Many have been teachers and have sharpened their insights in discussions, in the give-and-take exchange of ideas with young persons. Pearl Buck taught English literature at the University of Nanking and Chung Yang University. Van Doren was visiting professor of English at Columbia University during 1920-59 and later became a visiting professor at Harvard University. MacLeish was the Boylston Professor at Harvard and also curator of the Nieman Fellows, a group of newspaper reporters who are doing post-graduate work. Dr.



The late Dr. David B. Steinman (left), who endowed the Steinman Poetry Lectureship at Bethany College, with Dr. Perry E. Gresham, president of Bethany.

Engle is an Iowa professor. Dr. Steinman, who was the dean of American Bridge Builders, designed and built more than 440 bridges on five continents, including Michigan's famous Mackinac bridge.

In their speeches and informal conversations these authors have described some of the goals of writing. Faith Baldwin, whose books have sold in the millions of copies in the United States and around the world, listed functions of a novel. She said fiction should: give a lift to American culture; establish in story form some of the principles by which Americans live; stir up controversy, and give hope.

"The poet has an awareness of something which happened to him, which moved him, and his job is to make the reader grasp, merely from looking at words, what the poet felt from the intense human experience," Paul Engle said. "But when he writes about such an event, he does not want the reader to

escape from reality, but to be made more aware of it, and of its many energies." Thus, the poet bases his work on his personal experience, but has a social purpose of aiding others to grasp truth. "The poet begins in his private life, but he must make a public work of art out of it," Engle continued. "One thing wrong with much of the 'beatnik' poetry today is its total concern merely with the personality of the poet, so that it often becomes simply a list of complaints and grievances."

Van Doren said there is a unifying relationship of poetry and music which exemplify the orderliness and harmony of the universe. He took issue with many modern poets who have pessimistic attitudes toward the world. In spite of world crises, he added, people can be and still are happy, and he reaffirmed his own optimism and faith in the modern world.

Young modern American writers also have been criticized by MacLeish who said they produce works with the effect of "glass in a goat's belly—sharp but undigested." Often the writers are not committed to the American past or present or to the great declarations of American freedoms, he said. Now, as in recent decades, he added, some young American writers have turned their attention beyond their country.

**I**T IS NOT easy to write for publication, but there is opportunity for potential authors to write magazine and newspaper articles. Their ideas, based on personal experiences and observations, can provide in-



Faith Baldwin, famous novelist and author of eighty books (right), with Mrs. Perry E. Gresham, wife of the president of Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.

sight, information, interpretation and inspiration for readers. They can have the pleasure of self-expression and also contribute to the enrichment of the lives of readers. Editors are constantly on the lookout for fresh material, which is stated originally. The 10,000 magazines and weekend supplements of five hundred newspapers constantly require fiction and non-fiction articles.

A potential writer may find this

formula for breaking into print helpful:

1. Learn about writing techniques.
2. Analyze personal experience and concerns to discover possible subjects within your experiences and capabilities.
3. Study the market—magazines and newspapers—to find publications with a possible interest in your particular material.
4. Begin a daily discipline of writing.
5. Patiently submit articles to magazines.
6. Don't become discouraged at rejections.
7. Continue improving in style and research and writing until magazines begin to accept articles.

There are many books on writing and journalism that give the potential writer valuable information about writing techniques. As examples, I suggest, *How to Write and Sell Magazine Articles* by Richard Gehman; *The Feature Writer's Handbook* by Stewart Harral. Harral's book lists 2,000 ideas on five hundred topics for possible feature articles.

About 3,500 possible markets—magazine and book publishers—are listed in the annual, *The Writer's Market*. It and the monthly magazine with tips, the *Writer's Digest*, are published at 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45210. ■■

### PHOTO CREDITS

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# *My Childhood with the Marines*

By Dorothy Warren Catlin

ON THE night before my sixth birthday, I asked my mother to have a birthday party for me, but she replied: "Darling, there are no children on the Naval Base to invite." So I promptly gave up the idea of a party, but down deep I wondered how different my birthday would be from all the other days of the year.

On this day of days I arose as usual long before my parents... but I'd like to give you the setting, for this event took place a long time ago and far away from where I now live.

My father, a Marine officer, and my mother and I lived in government quarters at Port Royal, S.C. Our home was in the Marine sector and was a large two-story frame house at the far corner of the parade grounds. It faced the rambling barracks across the closely cropped, velvety smooth grass.

Every room in the house had a large fireplace, including the four upstairs bedrooms, off the square

hall at the head of the broad stairs.

The rooms around the downstairs hall were: a large living room across one side; a den in front, on the other side, with a dining room behind it; and then the kitchen and pantry. At the front of the house was an entrance vestibule which had a powder room on one side and large coat closet on the other. Also, across the front was a wide porch, screened with wistaria vines, covered with drooping clusters of purple flowers and fragrant honeysuckle.

The basement was a huge recreation center complete with billiard table, piano, Victrola and a snack bar.

The quarters were tastefully furnished and comfortable; but they were simple so the occupants could leave on a moment's notice with a minimum amount of packing.

Mother, although delicate in health much of the time, still managed to express her individuality through personal and interesting touches.

I remember a small table where she had many of Dad's souvenirs. Each memento had a story behind it. There were the ivory chessmen and a glass shaving mug, retrieved by divers from Dad's stateroom on the battleship *Maine*, lying at the bottom of Havana Harbor. There was a section of cable belonging to the gunboat *USS St. Louis* which Dad had helped to cut while the ship was under fire from the Spanish forts, overlooking Guantanamo Bay. There was the bullet that missed Dad's head by an inch while he and his Marines were carrying out mop-up operations at Vera Cruz, Mexico, during the landing on Mexican soil of troops from the Atlantic Fleet. There was also a beautiful cloisonné cross which had been left behind in a tavern that was used as a military post in the same engagement. Dad picked it up and prized it very highly.

I always had a large assortment of pets wherever we lived. On arrival at a new post, my parents always got me a pony; this was my first pet. I spent many happy hours on my pony. Then there was a brilliant parrot housed in a cage on the front porch. His long-wing feathers were clipped on the underside so he couldn't fly. On the table by the railing was another cage with two white rats; they spent their hours running around the wheel suspended in the center. And that's not all—the rain barrel which stood at the corner of the porch housed my foot-and-a-half long baby alligator. Then there were the chickens. My

parents received every week a crate of young broilers brought down on a Navy tugboat from Beaufort, S.C. They had a brilliant and most beautiful plumage—green and red and black and white; and green and red and yellow. I was permitted to select one from each shipment and soon I had a whole hen-house full and was supplying my parents with fresh eggs. Finally, there were two cats and three dogs.

I had to take care of my pets all by myself; and so that is the reason I had to get up early each morning. After taking care of my pets, I stood at attention at my flagpole in front of the house as the flag of the barracks was hauled up the pole and the buglers played "colors" and the guards stood at attention with their rifles at "present arms." Just then I raised my flag.

After that I hurried to the barracks and sat at the long mess table next to Sergeant Holt and ate breakfast with the enlisted men. At first when I began this habit, Mother was concerned because I spent so much time at the barracks; but Dad explained that I was safe with his men—they were even careful about their language when I was present.

These fine Marines watched over me like big brothers. They called me "The Old Man's Kid," and many of them read to me hour by hour. But, to look ahead, when I was twelve years old I was no longer a little girl and my parents stopped me from going over to the barracks. For months I grieved because I missed my wonderful friends.

NOW that we have the setting, let us go back to my sixth birthday where we started. After raising my flag, I was eating my breakfast as usual at the long mess table by Sergeant Holt. And I was feeling sorry for myself because I was to have no birthday party.

But there was an air of excitement all around me. I noticed it. There was an exceptional amount of activity around the barracks—the Marines were whitening their belts, polishing belt buckles and brass buttons and shining their shoes. As the men dressed for inspection, I noticed they kept whispering to one another. No one mentioned my birthday and so I went home, feeling neglected.

I found Mother and Dad finishing breakfast, but neither of them mentioned my birthday. How strange! Cha Lee, our Chinese cook, beamed at me, but then I thought, he doesn't even know it is my birthday.

My father turned to me and asked: "Have you been taking care of your pony?" I said, "No. O'Hara was grooming your horse and he said, 'Run along, I'll take care of Jerry, too, today...'" I was about to say: "Because it is your birthday" for that is what O'Hara said; but I didn't because if anything was said about my birthday, I wanted Mother and Daddy to bring it up first.

Mother said, "You run and change your clothes. You look awful in those old overalls and sweat shirt. I fixed the plaid dress you like. Put that on!"

Daddy had a meeting at the Admiral's office with some of the staff officers. He looked very handsome and important as he left the house in his dark blue uniform with his medals across his chest and his swagger stick in his hand. My father was over six feet high, and weighed about 220 pounds. He was a perfect example of an outstanding military man. He looked every inch the part.

I can never remember my father raising his voice when he talked with my mother. He was the kindest, most thoughtful man I ever knew. I adored him, and so did mother; the men under him would do anything for him, they were so devoted to him.

By the time I had dressed again, mother was waiting for me in the den, to hear my lessons, and when they were over it was time for luncheon. Cha Lee served with much grinning and pattering back and forth. As we were finishing luncheon two young officers arrived to discuss some project with Daddy. I left, intending to go back to the barracks.

As I walked down the porch steps, Sammy, our house boy, ran up to tell me that my young red fox which the Marines had given me some months ago, had something wrong with his front leg.

"I'll hold him, Miss Dorothy, he likes me," Sam said. We went out to the dog house where Foxy was chained from a dog collar. He ran up to us, acting just like a dog, showing his pleasure, and grinning in his odd manner. He was limping

and we went over his leg carefully and extracted a sliver from above his front paw.

As I leaned over him applying mercurochrome, I heard footsteps approaching. It was about two o'clock. When I looked up one of the enlisted men stood over me.

"Sergeant Holt says for you to report at once to him on the parade ground," he turned and hurried back toward the barracks.

WHAT had I done? A mandate of this kind usually was followed by some sharp reprimand for an escapade of mine. I was supposed to abide by regulations, when visiting the barracks. I was about to sneak into the house and ignore the summons. Then I made up my mind, that even if something awful was going to happen, I would face the consequences.

I took a firm grip on my courage and resolved to face the worst. After all, I was a Marine too.

I didn't look guilty as I strolled nonchalantly across the parade ground.

In the center of the drill ground, the portly figure of Sergeant Holt stood stiffly in front of the company of Marines, in drill formation. I walked within ten feet of Holt and spread my feet apart and placed my hands on my hips and stood waiting.

Suddenly the drums rolled out and the bugles gave an admiral's salute of four flourishes, in their best style, while the guard sharply presented arms, looking straight ahead.

I stood there wondering what it was all about, when Sergeant Holt stepped smartly forward in military style, and in a rigid little speech, he presented me with a jeweler's box; it was open and contained a beautiful, frosted gold locket, slightly larger than a quarter, with a huge diamond in the center, and a solid gold chain. Holt said "Everyone chipped in and got this for our little Mascot," he stepped back in place.

I opened the locket and inside it was engraved: *To Dorothy on her sixth birthday from her devoted friends of the Marine Guard.*

I remember letting out my breath and drawing myself to my small height and making a salute, with military brevity,

"Thanks, Holt, and all my friends."

Then the guard was dismissed, and the men gave three cheers and one to grow on, and shouted and milled around me, and a big husky corporal swung me up on his shoulders, turned and led the way to our quarters. There was my real surprise!

Mother and Dad were on the porch which had a huge table filled with food, and Dad greeted each of the men and Mother served them all strawberries and ice cream, and we cut two huge birthday cakes with candles and trimming, and had milk shakes and nuts and candy. It was a real party!

Daddy thanked every man for their kindness to his little girl. It was a day of my life never to be forgotten.

\* \* \*

NOW, sixty-four years and many countries later, a retired widow, I am nearing another birthday, and as I sit in my small, cozy apartment, gazing across one of Michigan's lovely little lakes, which laps the rear lawn of this house, I look down in my hands at the gleaming, frosted gold locket, and read the inscription again. That sixth birthday is pictured in my mind as clearly as though it had taken place last week.

I wondered if any of those fine men were still alive. I'll always be a Marine at heart, and even living in Michigan for thirty years I still miss the Marine Corps and think of

the brave boys in Vietnam with undying pride and affection.

A verse from the Marine Hymn comes to mind, and I whisper it aloud as I learned it as a child. *First to fight for right and freedom, and to keep our honor clean; we are proud to claim the title of United States Marine.*

I press the snap and the locket hangs in place around my neck, and, although I'm sad that those wonderful days are gone forever, I am thankful for a beautiful childhood, and an old Hindu proverb comes back to me, "The wise man looks inside his heart and finds eternal peace." ■■



DAVE

"Tell me about yourself—to the penny."

## How My Faith Has Helped Me in the Military

**F**AITH IN Christ Jesus needs no apology or defense. It is the substance of things Christians hope for and the evidence in their lives the world does not understand. The experiential knowledge of the existing power of truth in this definition shows that faith is the unseen cause that brings about a change in one's actions and speech. Not a passing reformation but a new life, permanently imparted to one who accepts from God faith to believe in his only Son Jesus Christ.

I have found Christ Jesus because he first sought me in the United States Navy, three years ago. I have traveled from Europe to Asia, and my conclusion is that the war within one's soul is greater than any physical conflict. The challenge is the greatest one I have ever known, for I am not competing with mere man but against cosmic powers and principalities, for Christ, the Captain of my salvation, has already won the victory.

I know with the armor of God, I shall stand even after death as one justified by him who is the forgiver of all sins. The one who loved us enough to die and pay the penalty of judgment upon our condemned souls.

Yours in Christ,  
Bennett Broadway, MM2, USN

(USS *Canberra* (CAG-2) B. Div. FPO San Francisco, 96601)

(Editors's Note: We'd like to hear from you, all who read **THE LINK**, to discover what your ideas are on: "How My Faith Has Helped Me in the Military." Not long, perhaps between 200-300 words. We will publish the best of these. Send your testimony to The Editor, **THE LINK**, 122 Maryland Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C. 20002.)

*Just a Rat Race.* Psychology students at American River College in Sacramento, California, train rats to run a maze, jump hurdles, climb a rope, and walk a tight-rope. And the rats perform right in their classroom. It is part of a rat decathlon held by the class each year.—Eva Kraus.

The reason some (lady) drivers don't signal is that there is no signal for what they want to do.—Jack Herbert.

# *A Letter about Quarreling*

By Edward C. Coley

Dear Bill and Joan:

So you have had your first real quarrel! Surprised? Think you're different from the 99.9% other married folk who are so like you in that respect? Quarreling itself is not so bad. In fact, it's to be expected.

Why expected? Well, think about it a moment. Two people get married; but don't kid yourself, that doesn't make them always of one accord as some romantically think. They are still two different people, with different ways of looking at life, different ways of reacting to the same stimuli, and different ways of feeling about the same thing.

After all, each of these two persons has been pretty self-centered for the past several years; and they've gotten into a rut with their self-centeredness. They can't now be expected to change overnight simply because they promised to love "till death do us part" and had a preacher offer a short prayer for them in a wedding ceremony. Oh, no! It takes a great deal more than that.

## **A Selfish Single Life**

Let's take two entirely fictitious people to illustrate my point. We'll call them Bill and Joan and assume they are 26 and 24 respectively. From the moment of birth until the day of their wedding, they have lived primarily in their own little worlds where their prime concern was their own interests, wants, and feelings. When they were infants the whole world revolved around them, in fact existed for them—at least as far as they were concerned. When they were uncomfortable, they learned that they could cry and someone would come to give them what they wanted.

*Mr. Coley is pastor of St. Andrew's Methodist Church, 18700 Joy Road, Detroit, Mich. 48228, and a reserve chaplain in the Air Force at Kincheloe AFB, Mich.*

Later as small children, they learned to share toys and their mother and father with other children, not because they were interested in the welfare of those others, but because they learned that if they didn't share, someone spanked, paddled, scolded, or in some other way made them wish they had. Even in learning to share, they were thinking primarily of themselves or their own comfort.

In school they studied and sought to make acceptable grades, again either to win approval and someone's love, or because it was less uncomfortable than a scolding or a spanking. Once more, they are primarily concerned with themselves and their own comfort. This same principle holds true—in varying degrees of course—even through high school and college.

In their young adult years, they exercised greater freedom to choose their clothing to suit their own purposes, came and went pretty much as it suited their own interests, and engaged essentially in various activities to suit themselves rather than others. They may have obeyed their parents in certain things, at times choosing to please them, but here too, their approach was essentially selfish. They did what they did either for what they could get out of their parents, to avoid various forms of punishment they would otherwise receive, or because these actions made them happier.

Then these two people meet and fall in love. Pretty soon they are whispering "sweet nothings" in each other's ear. Eventually, one of them says "I love you" and the other responds, "I love you, too." But do they mean it? Of course not! (Realize I'm exaggerating a bit to make my point.) What each really means is essentially "I enjoy myself when I'm with you. You satisfy the longings of *my* heart and *my* personal interests. You make *me* feel important." In other words, they are still thinking of themselves, primarily. When one says to the other "I want to marry you," he means "*I think I will be happier* with you than some other." Still thinking of self!

### Now the Wedding's Over

That's about the way of it. But don't knock it! This is the way it has to begin. Otherwise we wouldn't ever fall in love and marry. But now the wedding's over. They must make the transition from thinking of "me and my wants" to "us and our needs together"—and that takes time. They must change their thinking from "what I can get out of you" to "what we can give to each other and our marriage." But this doesn't come from a mere twenty minutes of a wedding ceremony. Until the transition is made there is naturally going to be conflict and even after good adjustment, there will still be some conflict because they are still two different people with different feelings, attitudes, and reactions to the same things.

Sociologists tell us that it takes “up to ten years to make a marriage.” In other words, a “marriage” is an accomplishment, something two people create for themselves. That means they’ve got to work at it. Now, if it takes up to ten years to “make a marriage”—and a large portion of divorces occur within the first three years—that means that those couples either haven’t the guts and intelligence to work it out, or they haven’t really given themselves a chance.

So, the fact that you’ve had your first fight isn’t critical. Not at all. But how you *resolve* the conflict is *crucial*. *And don’t you forget it!* How you work it out is crucial because in this first attempt to resolve a conflict between you, you begin to set a pattern for solving all your problems for the rest of your lives together. If you do not really solve the difficulty, but merely shunt it aside in order to kiss and make up “because you love each other,” you are setting the stage for a really difficult and miserable time of it together. Unsolved, the problem remains on the periphery of your relationship together, a nagging, undefined feeling that the other acted selfishly, thoughtlessly, or inconsiderately, and that you don’t really understand her at all . . . or that he doesn’t really love me after all . . . or that since I don’t understand her, I’m not really sure I can trust her.

Neither is the problem solved by a shout-down. It only proved which has the greater lung power or the greater willingness to tangle. For one to act as an innocent and wronged victim and demand an apology is merely to play the martyr, and evokes not sympathy but resentment. Nor are any of the other methods of getting one’s way going to solve the problem. These methods will only weaken your relationship . . . and you need something to strengthen it. You need understanding, respect, and a growing devotion to one another.

### **The Great Need of Communication**

A study in Philadelphia of 3,000 separate marriages that were in trouble, revealed that excessive drinking, household management (finances, schedule, etc.), in-law troubles, and sexual maladjustment, accounted for *only 15 percent of the trouble*. The major problem was a thing they called “communication.” Eighty-five percent of these marriages were in trouble because of either poor or no communication between the spouses. And by communication, they didn’t mean just talking at one another. All of us do a great deal of that, and while the other person is talking, we are thinking either of what we are going to say just as soon as we can break into the conversation, or how we’re going to answer an argument. That isn’t communication, because it isn’t really hearing what the other is saying and isn’t really *sharing* feelings, frustrations, hopes, dreams, joys. It is monologue

followed by monologue. Communication is mutual give and take so that real understanding follows. And *it takes two* to communicate.

To work out a problem by hurling accusations "you hurt me," "you don't love me," "you don't understand," you'd better do thus and so, or I won't do such and such" is not communication. It is emotional blackmail to get one's way. It forces one to "give in" by coercion, and will eventually lead to resentment and alienation—when what is needed is understanding and love.

On the other hand, communication assumes the other spouse had a reasonable purpose for what he or she said and gives the other the benefit of the doubt, respects the other's integrity, and assumes the other did not intentionally want to hurt or disappoint. It results in understanding of hidden feelings, the frustrations and emotional entanglements which result in a sharp or thoughtlessly spoken word or apparent inconsiderate action. It preserves respect for each other, and frees each other from resentments, so that love may grow. (If you want a Christian word for it, call it forgiveness, reconciliation, and redemption.)

So I suggest that you stop and evaluate the manner in which you resolved this fight that you had. If it isn't really resolved, didn't result in better understanding between you, and strengthen your affection for one another, then you'd better go back to it and start again to see if you can't communicate (really communicate) about it. Listening and really hearing what the other is *attempting* to articulate is just as important (perhaps a little more so) as verbalizing one's thoughts and feelings for the other. And you listen, not just with your ears, but with eyes, heart, mind and even your hands. In true communication, one hears with his whole being.

Thus endeth the lecture about marriage.

Your pastor,  
Ed Coley

**Pins** are really crazy: they are pointed in one direction and headed in the other.—Anthony Rutkowski.

**Cynic**: One who looks down on those above him.—F. G. Kernan.

Considering the traffic-jammed streets, the fellow who buys a new car is lucky to get home with it before the second payment is due.—Anna Herbert.

If the going seems easy, you may be going downhill.—Jack Herbert.

**PAWNBROKER**: One who lives on the flat of the land.—Jack Herbert.

# Don't Turn Down Feedback

By David W. Plank



WHEN a golfer slices the ball, and it sails off into the rough, he tries to correct that angle at which the club meets the ball. When our lives are heading through life in the wrong direction, when we are on a collision course with the "rough," we must locate the error and make the needed correction.

Some people appear to be trouble-prone, like the Navy man who returned to the brig five times on the same charge. They continually fall victim to the same temptations and mistakes, repeatedly commit the same offense. The trouble is that the needed corrections have not been made.

Industrial controls operate on the principle of feedback. They com-

pare what *is* with what *ought to be*. This difference, or error, is then fed back to the controlling equipment which makes the correction. If the room temperature is 60 degrees and the wall thermostat is set for 68 degrees, then the 8 degree deviation is fed back to the furnace and additional heat is pumped into the room until the desired temperature is reached.

If we are to gain mastery of life and the art of living, then we must allow the experience and mistakes of the past to feed back to us their lessons. We must make corrections. If we do not, the error is compounded, the collision course is maintained, and it may become so permanently set that we cannot

change it regardless of how hard we try. Life hits the rocks.

You've heard this nursery rhyme:

There was a crooked man and he  
went a crooked mile,  
He found a crooked sixpence against  
a crooked stile;  
He bought a crooked cat which  
caught a crooked mouse,  
And they all lived together in a little  
crooked house.

Here is the lesson we learn from that childhood rhyme: If you start crooked, stay crooked, and don't correct, you'll end up crooked. Hopelessly so. A man who repeats his folly, and does not respond positively to the feedback from past mistakes, is likened in the Bible to a dog returning again and again to his own vomit. Such behavior is an abomination in the eyes of God. And it is ruinous for the individual.

Too many people blame their problems on bad luck; a bum rap from a blind cop; a mother who weaned them a week too soon; a father who suffered from an underdeveloped superego and an overdeveloped *id*; a home that had a Chicago stockyard for a backyard. True, it can be shown that such conditions do influence human behavior. But we cannot, we must not, hobble along through life on

these crutches of the past. We must shift the weight of our life onto our own two feet, manfully assume responsibility for ourselves and our behavior, and with the help of God get cracking with the needed corrections.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars," said Shakespeare in Julius Caesar, "but in ourselves." Indeed!

"What is past is prologue," reads an inscription on the outside of the National Archives building on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C. How true! For the events and errors of days past should be introduction and preface to the present and future. They should feed back to us their lessons which with the help of God, the wise counsel of elders, and our own firm resolve, we use to make the correction and change which our lives require.

Do you seek mastery of life? Then "mend your ways," as Paul in seeming exasperation told the Corinthian Christians. Repent: change your mind, change your ways, change the collision-course of your life.

Correct the error in the compass of your life, set a straight course, and perform deeds worthy of sons of God. ■■

Ever since the bridegroom answered the question, "Do you take this woman?," he hasn't taken her anywhere.—H. L. Taylor.

The woman who doesn't want to tie a man down is usually stringing him along.—H. L. Taylor.

One good thing about keeping your chin up is that it keeps your mouth closed.—Jack Herbert.

# The Price

By Rex Dorn

**A**WAKENING from a peaceful sleep, I silently spoke: "Good morning, God" with enthusiasm and gratitude. I had a job to go to; new friends; felt alive and mentally free; and I was rid of my private hell. It was a new day and one eagerly looked forward to rather than shunned. No longer present was the miserable alcoholic utterance of: "Good God, morning!" Remembering the past, with all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, I now use it as a guide for today, being well aware that this philosophy had its "price tag." And it was learned—the hard way.

When I was 17, in high school, and "knew all the answers," I tried to out-drink everyone in the crowd, usually passing out and missing all the real fun and festivities. But I would bounce right back because of my youth and fear of "what the guys would say." I was in college only a year when the war came along to whisk me away for the duration. After North Africa (where

I tried to drink the natives "under their tents"), the invasion of Sicily brought my combat experience to an abrupt halt: I was shot down July 11, 1943, and returned to the U.S.A. Having been badly wounded (and an excellent reason for continued drinking), I was in and out of hospitals for many months. Finally I was patched up well enough to finish out the war serving as instructor and flying from Florida to India for the Air Transport Command.

I entered the bonds of matrimony following Hitler's Armageddon and joined the church of my wife's faith; then put aside alcohol forever—or so I thought! But then came the baby, the return to civilian life, the pressures of responsibility, and countless readjustments. I was slowly being torn apart; trying to be loyal to our religion, my wife, and my parents in whose home, incidentally, liquor flowed freely. I did not realize that I was running away from reality, via "the jug." When-

“There is a way out,” says this alcoholic. His story should be an inspiration to others who face this problem.

ever there were family problems to solve, I felt the false illusions of insecurity, fear, and failure as they started to take their toll. These phobias fanned the fire of resentment I built up toward the cult I had married into and when “they” persisted in advising me on how to raise my children—well, I had had enough. I rebelled—violently!

First on the agenda of my retaliative crusade was to get drunk—for, surely, that would take the pressure off! But the troubles multiplied faster than I could drown them and, in a very short time, I became a “compulsive drinker”—hooked on the booze, but good! My life had, indeed, become unmanageable yet my little “demon-friend” kept prodding me on with: “Common buddy, another shot’ll fix you up fine.” Losing all self-control, I kept Mr. Barleycorn in business! Going downhill fast, thrust onward by the wind of alcoholic vapors, I didn’t care about anyone or anything, except, of course, when the reality of morning rolled around. Being sick beyond description, physically and mentally, I would cry out: “Please God, get me over this one and I promise to... etc. etc.”

My wife gathered the children (a boy six, and a girl eight) together and left, serving me with divorce papers. Then the jobs started to vanish—top paying ones, too. My position as a design engineer was

the first one to go down the drain. Thinking that a “geographical change” would provide just the escape for me, I procured a foreign contract as a pilot and went, of all places to the Dark Continent of Africa! “Ole man booze” tagged right along and it wasn’t long before he kicked me again, harder. I was fired, being informed that “although we will have a tough time running the airline without you, we’re going to try!”

Approaching other foreign airlines, I soon learned that the word had gotten around fast. I was black-listed and I blamed everybody but myself! They just didn’t understand, I thought, yet, despite repeated warnings, I continued to drink. I was in a spot—thirteen thousand miles from home, no job, no income, and broke! A momentous decision was thrust upon me—to go home or to get another jug. So... I didn’t go home!

**A**WAKENING from a restless sleep in a hotel room in Karachi, India, I beheld two huge cobras reeling their ugly heads alongside my bed! Throwing the blankets over their hideous, slithering bodies I dashed to a corner of the room and screamed bloody murder. Two bellboys came running into the suite. Crouching in my protective niche, I warned them about the snakes.

“Where, Sahib?” asked one of

the excited servants.

"Over there by the bed," I shouted. "For goodness sake, get 'em!"

Shaking their heads to one another, they approached me and voiced in unison: "It's O.K., Sahib, O.K. . . . nothing here . . . not here . . . see?" Helping me to get on my wobbly legs, they stood holding me by each arm. The moment of clarity came; there were no cobras yet I was a physical and mental wreck! I cried. One boy disappeared for a moment, returning with a bottle of whiskey. With its nauseating acid searing my parched throat, I felt the tensivity of fear gradually subside. I drank another and another and "one for the road." I passed out again. Later stiff as an iced mackerel, I phoned the airline's director of operations.

"Look," I said, "I'm getting tired of waiting around for your O.K. to go to work! When do I start flying? What goes on?!"

"We've decided otherwise, Captain," came the terse reply. "If you'll come to the office we'll give you your ticket home." There was a sharp click at the other end of the wire and I knew, once again, that I had had it. Slamming the phone to the floor, I thought "Well, away with 'em! I'll go home and get a better job—they can't do this to me!!"

With depleted finances I arrived home physically and mentally impoverished. With a depressing thought of a dark record, I was lost in a crowd, miserably unhappy, and afraid. Constantly being given

advice by Mamma, Papa, Sister, and barroom "pals," I tried to drink "intelligently" which lasted two days. I tried talking to a doctor who said: "Take it easy. You get all wound up with tensive nerves. Relax! Have just a few sips of wine before dinner. It'll soothe your nerves." I did. But I got so "soothed" that I couldn't even move! I was in a mental hell, a merry-go-round of terror fearing that I was going to die or go completely insane!

An engineering position was finally acquired and I thought all my troubles were over. Contemplating my good fortune, as I sat alone in my small hotel room one night, I was determined to apply myself with an all-out effort and to "stick" to the job. But, again, the pressures commenced to build up. I would take problems home with me at night, try to drown them in the bottle, and carry them back to the office the next day. It became a different type of "guzzling" now; it was no longer for pleasure but for necessity and I became a "loner." I began thinking up excuses to tell the office why I couldn't be "in today." Umpteen times I used my sick mother, my sister who broke her arm, and the flu as reasons . . . but I wasn't fooling anyone. They knew and, ironically, I was the last to find out.

Sitting on the edge of my bed, I would listen to the laughter and gaiety drifting upward from the bar off the hotel lobby, wishing to join them but afraid I wouldn't be accepted. Nursing on my second "fifth" of the day, I suddenly was

talking to . . . no . . . lecturing myself:

"Listen, buddy, you've got to get out of this squirrel cage! You're an educated man and there *must* be a better way to live." At that precise moment the truth of the psychiatric teacher, William James, struck me like a thunderbolt: "disparity at depth!" I was so sick and tired of being sick and tired and knew, that if I kept on like this, I would be on "skid row" very soon. I felt like the airline pilot who, running back to the passengers, said: "We're still lost folks, but we're making good time!" And my ground speed was phenomenal. As a drowning man will grasp the nearest straw to keep from going under, and out of sheer desperation and panic, I called Alcoholics Anonymous.

I gazed with bleary eyes at the two men seated before me and listened well. They informed me, each in turn, as to what uncontrolled drinking had done to them, how they had found a way out, and how I could also.

"We're not psychiatrists, Rex," one of them spoke, "but we've gone through the hell you're in right now and have come back." The other added "...And we've found the way out of the rat-race."

Here, at last, was hope! From their stories I could identify myself. These men "knew" the painful loneliness that was tearing my heart asunder! Never having admitted, to myself, that Mr. Barleycorn had me whipped, I did so now.

It was a tragic admission and my pride fought against it, but it was my first step upward.

ON MAY 9, 1959, I attended my first A.A. meeting which was held in a large basement of a rented house. Some twenty members were present. The chairman, whose mannerism was as clean and polished as stainless steel, read a chapter from the book "Twelve Steps" and, following this, each individual was permitted to speak on his personal experiences and to make various comments. Their words came forth like rounds from a mortar and held my rapt attention:

"Always trying to be the big shot . . ." was part of the first member's speech. The second said: "Pitying yourself rather than trying . . ." The third: "Blaming everyone else except . . ." The fourth: "Loneliness . . . to be one of the boys . . .," and so it went—ad infinitum. And God was there.

At first, I felt that I was to be "grilled" and then shot at sunrise! But, when the chairman came around to me, I was addressed very humbly and all apprehensions that had plagued me faded away like an echo.

"Rex, we know it's your first meeting and if you'd like to say anything feel free to do so. Here, you're among friends." I unburdened myself and not one of the men interrupted me, for they understood having "been there" themselves. Thank God, I had come home—at last! I felt like the prodigal son: I was born at 36.

The hell of yesteryears is a guide for me today. I have ceased the futile struggle of trying to live tomorrow, concentrating on living

today the best I can. And even though the day may not have gone the way *I* wanted it to, I know that His guidance is ever-present and that I lived without relying upon alcohol's false security and deceiving courage, being able to face problems straightforward and unafraid. A place in society without fear, without regret—for I can now talk everything over with my Partner, whose advice and council never fails.

Am I now a saint? Hardly! The booze simply brought out into the open what was really amiss, not with the world or others, but within me. Self-centeredness, haughty attitude, false pride, inward hate of authority, impatience, fear—these and many, many other sins were the real killers. The “jug” merely materialized them into an actuality, usually with dire consequences.

Our group has formulated a slogan: “If you want to drink, that’s your business. If you want to quit, that’s ours.” For me, I’ve added: “And God’s, too.”

We are living in tense times and this fast-paced society of today holds open the door to easy, temporary escape via the “social cocktail.” But, true to the Master’s Word, from weakness can come strength—from despair can emerge victory. And this truth can, and will, set you free!

I have paid the highest initiation fee of any club in the world—myself. And if in any way I can “carry the message” to the alcoholic who still suffers, then “the price” was worth it. To those who might recognize themselves within this narrative—just remember that no man stands alone: “There is a way!”



“I realize it takes a lot of money going through medical school to become a doctor; but does he need to get it all back from his first patient?”

# A DECK OF CARDS

By T. T. Tyler

**D**URING the North African Campaign of World War II, a bunch of soldier boys had been on a long hike. They arrived in a little town called Casino and the next day being Sunday several of the boys went to church. After the chaplain read the prayer the text was taken up. Those of the boys who had prayer books took them out, but one boy had only a deck of cards so he spread them out. When taken before the provost marshal for playing cards in church this was his defense.

"The ace reminds me there is but one God; the deuce that the Bible is divided into the Old and New Testaments; the trey of the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit. The four recalls the four evangelists: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The five of the wise virgins who

trimmed their lamps; the six of the six days in which God created heaven and earth; the seven reminds that on the seventh day God rested.

"The eight recalls the eight righteous persons God saved when he destroyed the earth; the nine of the lepers Jesus cleansed; the ten of the Ten Commandments God handed to Moses; the King is the one King of heaven; the Queen, Mary; and the Jack or Knave is the Devil.

"When I count the number of spots on a deck of cards, I find 365—the number of days in a year. There are 52 cards, the number of weeks in a year; 12 picture cards, the number of months in a year. So you see, Sir, my deck of cards has served me as a Bible, almanac, and prayer book."

—From A. P. Arrowhead,  
Heidelberg College.

*Dry Land Okies.* A scientific journal reported that a group of oceanographers had calculated that if the earth were entirely flattened, the sea would be two miles deep all over the earth.

Reading this, the editor of an Oklahoma newspaper reprinted the article with this addition: "If any man is caught flattening the earth, report him to the sheriff's office at once. A whole lot of us here in Oklahoma can't swim."—*Quote.*

## *Lift Up Your Heart*

The final truth about God is, therefore, that he is a love that cannot be exhausted and can consequently never be fully grasped, albeit he is eternally the God of love who can be known as adequate for salvation, both by the babe in Christ and by the sage of theology.—Nels F. S. Ferré.

The church is not a gallery for the exhibition of eminent Christians, but a school for the education of imperfect ones.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Profanity is a crutch for conversational cripples.—Ann Landers.

Not what we have, but what we use; nor what we see, but what we choose: these are the things that mar or bless the sum of human happiness.—Joseph Fort Newton.

We must choose between peace on earth or earth in pieces.—C. Carey Cloud.

Man's conquest of nature has been astonishing. His failure to conquer human nature has been tragic.—Julius Mark.

We ask God to forgive us for our evil thoughts and evil temper, but rarely, if ever, ask him to forgive us our sadness.—R. W. Dale.

In our age Christianity has become so naturalized and so accommodated to the world that nobody dreams of the offense. Well, that is quite natural, for no one takes offense at insignificance, and that is what Christianity is about to become.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

A good practice to cultivate is to read nothing any day before reading the Word of God. What has man—any man—to say to us which is more important than what God has to say?—W. T. Purkiser.

No man understands the Scriptures unless he be acquainted with the cross.—Martin Luther.

Christians are like tea. Their real strength comes out when they get into hot water.—*The Defender*.

# Brief News Items

## Ten Outstanding Young Men

The U. S. Jaycees have named as the 10 outstanding young men in America for 1966, the following: William Carpenter; Sanford Greenberg; Robert Price; Walter Lane, M.D.; Ralph Nader; Lester R. Brown; John L. Putnam; Joseph A. Califano; Morris Dees; and Wil Rose. . . . Wm. Carpenter is an Army captain; Walter Lane is a doctor; Ralph Nader wrote *Unsafe At Any Speed*; John Lloyd Putnam is almost totally blind; Wil Rose is President of People-to-People; all are distinguished young men in their 20's or 30's.

## Who's Pollution Is It?

The Chamber of Commerce of the U.S. points out that we are all guilty of causing pollution with our furnaces and fireplaces, our trash burning, our indiscriminate use of certain chemicals and paints, by the condition of the cars we drive, and the like. Moreover much of the pollution is related to the kind of life we live today, packed together in great metropolitan centers, enjoying push-button comforts, fast transportation, etc. We should, the Chamber points out, take responsibility as individuals and as communities for dealing with this critical pollution problem.

## New Freedoms Foundation Chairman

Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, former Chief of Naval Operations, USN, is the new chairman of the 1967 Freedoms Roll Call, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Walt Disney. Dwight Eisenhower is the honorary chairman of Freedoms Foundation.

Maj Casimer C. Kuliga (right), Director of the Protestant Choir, Keesler AFB, Miss., receives the first place award in the Air Training Command's chapel choir competition from Maj Gen R. W. Puryear, Center Commander. Maj Kuliga is chief of Maintenance Logistics Plans Branch, 3380th Technical School. The choir will represent ATC in the 11th Annual Chapel Choir contest this year. Mrs. Ann Windsor is Asst. Dir., and A2C Kenneth P. McClelland is the organist.





Dr. Billy Graham holds services aboard the USS *Kitty Hawk* in the Tonkin Gulf during which thousands of crew members listen intently. CAPT Paul E. Pugh, Commanding Officer, later gave Dr. Graham a tour of the ship when he met personally many of the crew members.

### Christian Endeavor Convention

Arch J. McQuilkin of Strafford, Pennsylvania, president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, announces: "We are enthusiastically planning for the 49th International Christian Endeavor Convention to be held in Detroit, Michigan, July 3-7, 1967. Bible study, educational classes, and great inspirational sessions will be a part of the program. Other features are the Kawaihāo Choir from Honolulu, Hawaii; soloist Jerome Hines; and outstanding speakers."

### World Population

World population now totals 3 and  $\frac{1}{3}$  billion. Last year there was

an increase of 65 million in one year, or 180,000 a day. Half the population on the earth has been born since the end of World War II. This 1.6 billion approximates the total population of the planet in 1900—only 66 years ago. It took a million years for world population to reach a billion mark in 1800. In the intervening 166 years, world population more than tripled. World population growing at the rate of 2 percent per year doubles in 35 years; in a century it increases eightfold. In 2066, the total world population will be 24 billion.—Population Reference Bureau.

### Welfare of Our Fighting Men

As the new Congress of the U.S. convened on Jan. 10, Senator Ralph

Yarborough wrote: "The welfare of our fighting men in Vietnam and that of our other servicemen stationed around the world as Keepers of the Peace is of first concern. And our hearts go out to all families... throughout the land... who are bereaved because of the tragic loss of a loved one in battle. It is our earnest hope that this conflict may be concluded as quickly as possible."

### What's Wrong with Our Universities?

The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in a new publication "The University in America" report that "university teachers, trustees, and students... generally agree on what constitutes the most pernicious ailments of the American university: massive size, impersonalism, undue emphasis on research, diminished quality of undergraduate teaching, loss of sense of community and purpose...."

**CAPT James C. Donaldson, Jr. (left), Commanding Officer of the USS *Hancock* (CVA-19) and Chaplain David W. Plank, officially open the exhibit of Miss Burns' Second Grade, Oakridge School, Sacramento, Calif. In January, 1966, the bundle of drawings was mailed and 70 days later reached the chaplains' office aboard the *Hancock* in the South China Sea. The sailors were touched by this expression of concern and love from second graders back in the States, which brought a touch of home to them.**



# The Link Calendar

**M**AY, the fifth month. Spring is honored on the first day (called May Day). Labor has captured this day and made it a day to pay tribute to the working man. Other emphases: Prevention of physical and mental illness; Radio; and Senior Citizens.

**May 1.** Law Day. Also Loyalty Day. How greatly we need respect for law and rededication to the American dream!

**May 1-7.** American Camping Week. "A camping we will go." Also Mental Health Week.

**May 2.** Passover Day. A Jewish holy day.

**May 4.** Ascension Day. 40 days after Easter.

**May 5.** May Fellowship Day. Christian women unite in fellowship and action. Theme: "People, Poverty, Plenty: How Can All Share?" Also American Comedy Day and Press Agents Shining Hour.

**May 5-13.** American Comedy Week. You need a sense of humor!

**May 6.** Kentucky Derby, Louisville. 93rd running.

**May 6-13.** National Goodwill Week. Goodwill toward handicapped.

**May 7.** Sunday after Ascension Day. Mother-in-Law Day.

**May 7-14.** National Family Week. National Hospital Week. Music Week.

**May 8.** Harry S. Truman's birthday. Born 1884. 33rd President. Also World Red Cross Day.

**May 14.** Mother's Day or the Festival of the Christian Home. Also Whitsunday or Pentecost. Christian Unity Sunday.

**May 19, 20.** Walker Cup Golf Match, Sandwich, Kent, England.

**May 20.** Armed Forces Day.

**May 21.** Trinity Sunday—in honor of the Holy Trinity.

**May 21-27.** American Merchant Marine Book Week. National Salvation Army Week. Public Relations Week.

**May 22.** National Maritime Day.

**May 27.** Hubert H. Humphrey's birthday. Born 1911. 38th VP of U.S.

**May 28.** Second Sunday after Pentecost.

**May 29.** John F. Kennedy's birthday. Born in 1917. 35th President of the U.S.

**May 29-June 2.** Traffic Safety Week.

**May 30.** Memorial Day. Prayer for Peace.

1967. This year marks the 50th Anniversary of The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel, the religious group of 36 denominations which publishes THE LINK. It is also the 25th Anniversary of THE LINK. Moreover, it is the 450th Anniversary of the Reformation. It was in 1517 that Martin Luther tacked the 95-theses on the Wittenberg church.

# Discussion Helps

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

## 1. In Defense of Chastity (page 5)

*Biblical Material:* Exodus 20:14; 1 Corinthians 6:15-20

What are the ideas of persons who believe it is all right to engage in sexual relations outside of marriage? What does the Bible say? What are the reasons for chastity? How does love insure respect for the other person?

## 2. Overcoming Fear (page 17)

*Biblical Material:* Psalm 23:1-6; Mark 4:39; John 14:1

What is fear? Of what are we afraid? How can fear be overcome? In what way can fear be used to work for an individual? How can the understanding of fear enable one to gain insight into his own character? How does religion aid in conquering fear?

## 3. Tribute to Mary (page 30)

*Biblical Material:* Luke 1:26-56

What kind of person was Mary, the mother of Jesus? Would it have been an advantage or a disadvantage for accomplishing her mission in life if Mary had been equipped with more than normal humanity? Can the qualities that made Mary great be imitated or are they a peculiar gift to her? What can the life of Mary teach us about overcoming obstacles in a life of faith and obedience?

## 4. A Letter About Quarreling (page 46)

*Biblical Material:* Ephesians 5:21-33

What do couples quarrel about? How may quarreling be overcome? What adjustments must be made by each person for marriage to succeed? How can couples learn to communicate? How does religion help couples to get along?

No wonder teen-agers are confused; half the adults tell them to "find" themselves and the other half tell them to "get lost."—Anna Herbert.

## Books Are Friendly Things

**The Source** by James A. Michener. Fawcett World Library, 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. 1967. \$1.65.

To the average person, perhaps "the farthest out" thing around which to build a novel would be a *tell*, an ancient mound in the Middle East containing the remains of successive generations. But if so he has not reckoned with the storytelling ability of James Michener. Taking the imaginary *tell*, Makor (meaning "the source"), located in Israel, and imaginary archeologists, Michener constructs a perfectly fascinating novel which has been a Book-of-the-Month selection and gone through ten editions in the hardback Random House edition. The Fawcett edition is the first paperback.

**Hawaii** by James A. Michener. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. 1966. \$1.65.

A vast, historically important, enormously entertaining novel. The reader will discover Hawaii in all its beauty and splendor and exotic mystery. The hardcover Random House edition has gone through 17 printings. Now the Bantam paperback edition has gone through 19 printings.

**Hell Is a Very Small Place** by Bernard B. Fall. J. B. Lippincott, E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. 1967. \$8.95.

The tragic story of the defeat of the French forces at Dien Bien Phu. Dr. Bernard B. Fall is a Frenchman who is now Professor of International Relations at Howard University. He has become a specialist in Vietnam. He writes: "Thirteen years ago the Viet-Minh, who are now the holders of power in Communist North Viet-Nam, laid siege to the fortress of Dien Bien Phu. They came away as the only guerilla force to have defeated a major power on the battlefield. That victory persuaded them later that similar tactics could win out even against the United States. The present 'Second Indochina War' is the result of the catastrophic defeat of the French at that last colonial bastion, and of the resulting apparent miscalculation of America's ability to see a war through."

Dr. Fall had access to France's still-secret military files as he wrote this book. He leads the reader from the conference rooms of the State Department and the French Foreign Office to the frontline bunkers where, unit by unit, the French Union Forces died. The author was recently killed in Vietnam.

**Travel in Europe '67** by Nigel Buxton. Follett Publishing Co., 432 Park Ave., South, New York, N. Y. 10016. 1967. \$5.95.

If you're going to Europe this year, this book is a must. Written by a newspaperman, it is an intelligent approach to the best of Europe.

# Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

Training Corps program here at Eastern, was the article on the Tatum Twins written by Betty T. Balke. Through its publication you have contributed immeasurably to one of the Army's most vital and urgent programs—that of attracting and developing selected young college-educated men (such as the Tatum Twins) for positions of responsibility as officers in the Active Army and its Reserve Components.

I would appreciate six additional copies. Also request permission to use the article in our continuing ROTC publicity and recruitment programs.

—Everett N. Smith, Col, Artillery, Profession of Military Science, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, Ky.

## Appreciation from the YMCA

I want to express appreciation for the excellent coverage in the February issue of THE LINK with regard to the "One Solitary Life Poster." . . . We passed out copies of THE LINK and THE CHAPLAIN at our committee meeting this noon in New York and the committee members were much impressed with the professional style and the timely articles included in the two publications.

—Donald E. McGraw, Program Secretary, National YMCA, 291 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## Appreciation from the Salvation Army

We have read with interest the article "A General's Daughter Led the Way" by Andrew S. Miller. We would hasten to add our commendations to the excellency of your magazine and for the appropriate inclusion of this story in your December issue. . . . We would further express our compliments on the production of your magazine for armed forces personnel. Surely this is an ideal presentation and continues to enrich the Christian witness.

—Earl Stubbs, Major, Public Relations Sect., The Salvation Army, Territorial Hq. 860 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

## Ever Grateful

I am enclosing a check for \$50.00 from our Chaplain's Fund. Our patients greatly appreciate and enjoy copies of THE LINK, which are distributed to the wards regularly. The patients have expressed a desire to send this small gift to show their appreciation.

—Chaplain Milton B. Fauster, V. A. Hospital, Salisbury, N. C. 28144

*(Many thanks. Checks like this help us to square our account with the printer. He always charges us!)*

## Can't Get Along without THE LINK

I have just been assigned to 3rd Battalion of the 7th Marines. When I arrived I found that there were no copies of THE LINK in existence or even on order. Consequently I would like to order 45 copies.

—LTJG D. W. Pedersen, CHC, USNR, 3 Batt. 7th Marines, FPO San Francisco 96602.

*(Like the man says, how can you get along without THE LINK?)*

# At Ease!



"I'd like to see you again, Donald, when you've saved up some more money."

He: I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

No answer.

He: I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

She: I heard you the first time: I was just trying to think.

The shop foreman, a rough, tough, and rather conceited individual, was forever boasting of his strength.

"I can lick any man working for me!" he declared one day.

"You can't lick me," said a new employee.

The foreman looked over the young man's powerfully-built muscular frame very carefully, then spoke.

"You're fired!" he said.

—F. G. Kernan

The teacher asked one of her third graders to spell and define the word "thinking."

Little Billy said, "Thinking. T-h-i-n-k-i-n-g. It means when your mouth stays shut and your head keeps talking to itself."

—Gene Yasenak

Everything was set for the wedding ceremony, but the groom looked bothered. "What's the matter?" whispered the best man. "Don't tell me you've lost the ring."

"No," the groom answered feebly, "but I seem to have lost my enthusiasm."

—Builders

A hunter and his friends stopped in a small gun shop in a remote section of the country for some minor repairs to one of the hunter's guns and read the following sign quoting prices hanging on the wall of the shop: "Labor, \$4.00 per hour. Discussing hunting, fishing, politics, etc. \$7.50 per hour. Arguing, \$20 per hour. Discussing women, free!"

—Dan Bennett in *Quote*.





