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LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE





Army Hospital

By CHAPLAIN
ALBERT B. KETTELL

THIS is a house of PAIN,
Where men with shattered limbs and tortured
minds,
Fresh from the hell of distant battlefields,
Through long, long days and even longer nights,
Seek ease from pain and healing for their
wounds.

This is a house of CHEER,
Where men will smile through loneliness and
pain;
Of crippled limbs and bandaged heads make
jokes;
Where kindly hands and gentle voices seek
To lighten darkness, bring sad hearts a song.

A house of COURAGE this,
Where healer and the to-be-healed alike,
Refuse to recognize "impossible";
Still face the upward way, how great the odds
Where brave hearts will to live for others
hold.

This is a house of FAITH,
Where hands reach out and touch the hands
of God;
Where hearts believe it is God's will to heal
Men's bodies and the deep wounds of the
world,
And pledge their faith to God in helping
hands.

This is a house of PEACE,
Where hearts are lifted to the heart of God;
Where men are finding they lift up
Their pay
strength,
and

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CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor

Hear Susie ...



CENSORING the GI mail is a chore no company officer desires; yet for the safety of the entire outfit it must be done. The censor keeps your secrets, consciously; subconsciously he sizes up your ability as a letter-writer. Overseas censors say you soldiers are pretty good.

Of course, there are the failures, and these fall into three classes:

- The *careless*,
- The *complainer*, and
- The *would-be hero*.

The careless Joe puts off his writing; then, when he does get around to it, he takes half the letter to apologize or to alibi for the delay. He rarely blames himself, although any person with half an eye can see it is the fella's own triflingness. Such letters are a bore to both parties.

The complainer gripes about everything from the commander-in-chief down to the taste of powdered eggs. Nothing is right, to hear him tell it. He doesn't like his T/O position; less deserving men get promotions; the chow is terrible; the rear echelon Joes live like princes on vacation. The captain has slighted him for rotation. And so on. He's always complaining. Now this grouching is harmless in the company area, for everyone knows better and lets him clip his uppers; besides, griping is the prevalent pastime of the American military. But it is disconcerting to the home folks!

The would-be hero likes to exaggerate his activities, especially the hardships and the dangers. Maybe once a month he'll miss

The folks at home get plenty of advice on what to write and not write in their letters to you. But we've got an idea that GI's need a bit of guidance too!

By **CHAPLAIN RAYMOND E. MUSSER**

chow, or go without a night's sleep, or will hike under full pack, or get strafed by Messerschmitts, or fly over Germany, or sail through sub-suspected seas. From his letters one would think he never ate a good meal, nor slept on a cot, nor rode in a vehicle, nor cruised on a mission over friendly territory, nor plowed through calm and safe oceans. This worries and confuses the family. It makes a liar out of the GI. Come on, Joe, wait and strut your stuff for your grandchildren. They'll like it, believe it, and it won't worry them!

However, the majority of you write good letters, which fall into four classes:

1. The *descriptive* letter,
2. The *unselfish* letter,
3. The *love* letter, and
4. The *optimistic* letter.

(1) The average GI is having a world tour with pay. It takes six out of seven soldiers to supply that seventh, who does the fighting for the other six. The six have time on their hands to see the sights. Many

service troops are writing home excellent word-pictures of what they see and do, in club, lodge and church, and these letters are highly prized by the family. And concerning that seventh soldier, the fella who wears ODs and the long, blue combat medal: there is much he cannot tell, and many a one doesn't live to tell what he does see, but he's the guy everyone wants to know about and to hear about. The words he writes are as jewels. The best poems, the best cartoons, the best news stories, the most dramatic descriptions come out of the front lines. Let yourself go, Joe!

(2) The unselfish men write with the home front always in mind. They never relate an incident nor an accident that would increase the worry of the family. They deny their sufferings from homesickness. They say the things that will bolster home morale. They put the family first, for they know its members will hold up in exact proportion to the way the soldier does. Hats off to these unselfish soldiers!

(3) The love-makers can't be beaten. Thousands of miles away from their wives, sweethearts, and families, sometimes the springs of honest devotion fill up and overflow. Some come out with it; some are more subtle; some stammer about; some swear fidelity; all look for the war's end and the great migration of millions of American men homeward. That will be a day for the historians and these love-makers! Pour it on, Joe: Susie likes it!

(4) The optimistic GI has thought this

thing through. From his knowledge of history, from his understanding of philosophies of government, from his belief in Bible prophecy, or from a pure faith in God's goodness, he believes the world will be a better one after this war. From this proper perspective he views the big picture. He wants to go home, yes; but not until it's over over here and his comrades go also. Furthermore, he realizes that there is an increase in his abilities, a new breadth to his intellect, a better sense of values, a new strength to his character, a greater depth to his soul. The engineer, the mechanic, the clerk, the doctor, the preacher, the politician, and others who now serve with the armed forces throughout these war years will be upped each in his chosen lifework soon after adjustment into civilian life. Since he is sure of it, he can wait for it. He makes the most of his T/O job and looks for the dawn of a brighter day.

One soldier wrote a prayer, a sentence of which expresses the heart's desire of many a GI: "*Father in Heaven, I know I am not worthy of Thee, but please help me to be a MAN. Grant me the wisdom and the courage and the strength I need, not only for the time I am a soldier, but for all the days of my life.*"

Joe, pray that prayer when you sit down to write that letter to Susie, to Mom and Dad, to Tom, Dick and Harry.

And think of what Kate Smith used to say each high noon: "If you don't write, you're wrong!"

You Leave Your Fingerprints!

YOU read detective stories? You are interested in the application of modern science to criminology? It has gotten so now that a man can hardly go into a room without leaving traces of himself. He leaves fingerprints all over. He leaves fibers from his clothes and hairs from his head. Always where he goes he leaves something of himself behind.

Man discovers that he does that morally. He leaves his moral fingerprints on everything he touches. He cannot go into a room without leaving his traces. And in hours of penitence he understands what the converted sinner in Masefield's poem meant when he said, "The harm I done by being me."—**Harry Emerson Fosdick**

Bible Quiz

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The motto which is found on all U. S. coins is a shortened version of the middle verse of the Bible. Quote both the motto and the verse. (*Psalm 118:8*)

A radio quiz-master asked a boy for the meaning of the abbreviation "A. P.," expecting the answer "Associated Press." But the boy, being a Bible scholar, replied that the letters stood for the first two disciples called by Jesus. What two disciples did he have in mind? (*Matt. 4:18*)

How many Beatitudes are included in the Sermon on the Mount? (*Matt. 5:3-10*)

What is the first city mentioned in the New Testament? (*Matt. 1:11*)

The following famous Americans all had Biblical first names. What were they? (a) Franklin (b) Webster (c) Hawthorne (d) Carnegie (e) Decatur.

Rearrange the letters in the mysterious word CHOCU to spell a familiar article of household furniture in Bible times. (*Psalm 6:6*)

Nearly half the books of the New Testament begin with a man's name as the first word of the text. What's the name?

Where were the disciples first called "Christians"? (Hint: A well-known college in Yellow Springs, Ohio, is named after this city.) (*Acts 11:26*)

If the books of the Bible are listed in alphabetical order, which comes first?

What is the only instance where the Bible states that Jesus wrote anything? (*John 8:6*)

True or false: Paul was baptized by Ananias. (*Acts 9:17, 18*)

What are the three most famous heads of hair in the Bible? (*Judges 16:14-17; II Samuel 14:25, 26; Luke 7:44*)

Only once in the Bible is the name of a street mentioned. What is it? (*Acts 9:10, 11*)

Who was emperor of Rome at the time Christ was born? (*Luke 2:1*)

Who were the three most famous of the human ancestors of Christ? (*Matt. 1:1-16*)

In Christ's miracles of healing, two pools are mentioned. What are they? (*John 5:1-16, 9:1-8*)

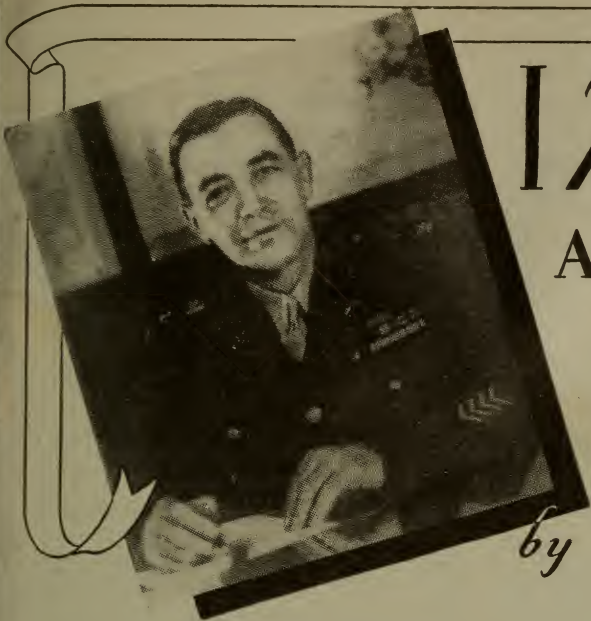
What is the text of the Bible verse that is inscribed on the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia? (*Lev. 25:10*)

What did Judas finally do with the thirty pieces of silver for which he betrayed Christ? (*Matt. 27:3-10*)

How many books of the Bible have names beginning with the letter J?

Herod the Great built the Temple in which Jesus worshiped, but how long did it take to build it? (*John 2:20*)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above quiz questions are selected from *The Bible Quiz Book* by Margaret E. Sangster, published by Lothrop Lee & Shepherd Co., 419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., and are used by permission of the copyright owner.



I Marvel AT GOD'S Mercy

by
GEORGE S. CLARKE

Colonel, Infantry, U. S. A.

I LEFT Bataan five minutes before its capitulation to the Japanese, just as General King, commander of the Fil-American forces was advancing in his jeep with the white flag of surrender. I left Bataan on a submarine on a special mission for General Wainwright, finally arriving in America.

I had plenty of time to read my New Testament on the submarine in the long, wakeful hours, where day was turned into night, when all but those on watch turned in for shuteye. The Japs always attacked at night on Bataan—they sniped during the daytime. Sleep as far as I was concerned was fitful there, and more so for me on the sub. I read and re-read my little Testament until it became what I call an automatic Bible. I had opened it at the 116th Psalm so often that it just automatically opens now at that particular page at the merest touch.

I pondered on God's mercy to me and tried to understand why He had rescued me as one of only three land combat officers to escape from Bataan.

I continue to marvel at God's mercy. It may seem strange to have me state here that I was positive that I was coming home on April 2, 1942, when ammunition, gasoline, food and even hope were running low on Bataan. I believe firmly in the power of prayer, and my prayer was answered in a way that was strange. But, knowing that God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, I know that the miracle of my return was His doing, and His alone.

You DON'T NEED TO Swear



An eminent Christian psychologist looks beneath the surface to find the real reasons why service men cuss

By JOHN SUTHERLAND BONNELL

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City



WHEN a young man enters upon military or naval training he is impressed at once, if he has been brought up in a good home, by the large amount of profanity he hears. Some men mistakenly think it is necessary to swear when in service; that they would be regarded as odd or different from everyone else if they don't. Let us analyze the reasons why there is so much profanity among soldiers and sailors.

1. *It is the result of habit.* Across the years some men have accustomed themselves to profanity so that swear words come naturally to their lips, especially if they wish to be emphatic in their conversation.

Professor William James, the psychologist, has told us how habit makes, as it were, little channels in the minds that deepen through repeated thought or action.

The use of profanity becomes almost second nature to some people. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that the habitual swearer is completely irreligious or has lost his faith in God. In many cases, he would be surprised and offended if you told him you had such thoughts of him.

Nevertheless it is to be remembered that

even the habitual swearer restrains himself when in the presence of ladies, showing that by a little exercise of self-control and will-power he can eliminate this unpleasant habit.

2. *Men swear often simply because their vocabulary is very limited.* I well remember being sent with a group of fellow sergeants during the last war to a unit of British sergeants for military training. It was the first time I had had a close-up of the famed Imperial Sergeants of the Regular Army. They were men with quite limited education. Their outlook and ideas were provincial and narrow. They knew very little of what was going on around them in the world. Their favorite swear word was "bloody."

As one examines the word, you wonder why it should be called a "cuss-word" at all. Certainly there is nothing specifically sinful about it. But it isn't a pretty word, and it is far from decorative in any conversation.

Seated at the table, one sergeant would say, "I suppose you'll be voting in the bloody election tomorrow." Another, "Do you suppose the bloody Premier will come

back again?" "Pass me the bloody butter," and so on.

It would be foolish to denounce these men as wicked. The major trouble with them was that their education was deficient. Unfortunately for themselves, they continuously advertised their deficiency—as does everyone who is a habitual swearer. They did not have enough adjectives with which to conduct a conversation, so they had to use the same hackneyed, stupid expression over and over again. They lacked an adequate stock of words.

Byron gave us the clue to the meaning of a great deal of the profanity we hear around us when he wrote: "He knew not what to say and so he swore."

3. *Profanity in the army and navy is generally evidence of insecurity.* This will be observed in the following places and situations:

(a) *At almost any Reception Center.* Many men find it tremendously difficult to

make the adjustment from civilian to army or navy life. They have had to surrender their privacy, their freedom to go where they please and regulate their hours. There are certain things, like saluting, that they must do whether they wish to or not. Somebody else tells them when they must put lights out, get up in the morning, have their meals, go on parade. In fact every minute detail of life is regulated by others. Oftentimes there is an unconscious feeling of resentment against society for this loss of freedom, and this resentment and irritation is frequently reflected in profanity.

(b) *In an effort to conceal their feeling of insecurity, soldiers and sailors oftentimes endeavor to make themselves appear "hard-boiled" to their comrades.* Generally this is because they have a desperately uneasy feeling within. In fact, it may almost be stated as a rule that the man who is "hard-boiled" on the outside is "soft-boiled" within. The bravado and bluster and oaths and curses are simply a cover.

This was true of the one man who used the most profanity in the artillery unit with which I served in France during the last war. This gunner always swaggered as he walked. If our unit was marching at ease he would shout to any civilian passing on the sidewalk, "Why don't you put on the khaki?" His entrance into a barracks room would be accompanied by a stream of blasphemy. He always tried to make himself out a "hard guy," the "tough nut" of the unit. He didn't fool many of the soldiers. They recognized him for what he was.

Then came a night in France when I was Acting Sergeant Major of a section of our battery. The sergeant in charge of the guns came to me saying, "For heaven's sake, take gunner — off our crew! He is wrecking the morale of the men. He is going up and down the gun position crying and shouting, 'There is not a man of us who will get out of this alive. We are all



Dr. Bonnell, author of this article, as he appeared when a sergeant in the Canadian Army during World War 1.

done for!" The "hard-boiled" outside, "soft-boiled" inside gunner was pulled off the guns and put on K.P. for the duration.

Don't be deceived by superficial appearances. The man who constantly swears is perilously insecure.

(c) *Profanity is an evidence of insecurity also in the case of the officer who finds it necessary to punctuate his commands with oaths and curses in order to have them obeyed.* Such an officer lacks the indispensable quality of "command." He is deficient in personality. He is incapable of exercising adequate leadership. He is like the school teacher who must bring his pointer crashing down upon the desk to emphasize his commands to the children.

The officer who is sure of himself and possessed with a feeling of quietness and confidence doesn't need the aid of profanity to have his commands carried out. No matter how quietly they are uttered, the strength of his own personality ensures that they will be obeyed.

Remember that words which are not wicked and sinful should be avoided if they are sloppy and dirty. No soldier wants to be slovenly in dress. Every service man worth his salt likes to be neat and snappy in appearance. Well, a sloppy personality

is far worse than a sloppy uniform—and the habitual swearer is a shining illustration of a sloppy personality. Swearing is not soldierly. It is not manly. It is not Christian. And it is not necessary!

If ordinary swearing is undesirable, even though the words may not in themselves be wicked, blasphemy is to be abhorred. It is distressing to hear a soldier, sailor or airman using the name of God or Christ in cheap and familiar ways. The Third Commandment says:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Blasphemy is the transgression of a Divine law.

Let it never be forgotten too that some day that soldier, sailor or airman may wish to take that sacred Name upon his lips in prayer in some hour of desperate emergency. If he has bandied it about in cheap conversation and in sordid discussions, it may well be that the very power of prayer and of realizing God's Holy Presence may be lost.

Be a credit to your family, your country and yourself! Keep your language clean.

PACIFIC distances are fabulous. The world's greatest ocean occupies more space than all the land on the globe. It would hold two Atlantics and still have room for a few Mediterraneans. Better than half of all the world's water is in the Pacific. Its greatest north-south dimension is 9,300 miles and its greatest width, 10,300. The sun takes ten hours to cross it, nearly half of its circle around the globe. No other ocean plumbs such depths. Its floor is a third deeper on the average than the Atlantic. But there are curious trenches or canyons that drop farther below sea level than the world's highest mountain rises above it. Off Guam the U. S. telegraph ship Nero found a depth of 31,500 feet. This was supposed to be the most profound of ocean depths until in 1927 the German cruiser Emden measured a chasm off the Philippine east coast and reached a depth of more than 35,000 feet. Everest is 29,000 feet high.

—From "Japan's Islands of Mystery" by Willard Price (John Day, 1944)

When You are Discharged

By CHAPLAIN GENE STONE

Do . . .

1. See your pastor as you did your chaplain. He wants to help you.
2. Connect with a church, if you have not already done so. Start attending worship services regularly and engage in the work of the church to make it a more effective instrument in your community and the world.
3. Remember the promises you may have made to God. Give Him thanks for sparing your life.
4. Worship each day with private or family devotions.
5. Take advantage of the government's offer and go back to school.
6. Keep yourself in the same fine physical condition that Uncle Sam endeavored to keep you.
7. Remember those who gave their lives and those who are crippled for life. Be eternally grateful.
8. Take an interest in government. Exercise the privilege of voting, and have a part in endeavors for a just and durable peace.
9. Be unselfish: do all in your power to help see that people around you and in the world have freedom from fear and from poverty.
10. Be cheerful and optimistic.

Don't . .

1. Don't think all your problems are over because you are discharged and going home.
2. Don't think you won the war all by yourself, and expect to be some sort of a hero. There were others who helped—and besides, the public is pretty fickle about this hero stuff.
3. Don't go on a spending spree. You will probably leave the service with some money, maybe the most you have ever had at one time. Remember the future.
4. Don't go on a pleasure bender and celebrate as if there was a pagan holiday.
5. Don't invest your money in "just anything." And don't gamble it away.
6. Don't gripe because the fellows who remained home are enjoying greater prosperity than you.
7. Don't think that you owe nothing more to society and man's welfare just because you were in the army or navy.
8. Don't expect all kinds of favors and a lot of coddling from the government.
9. Don't permit your experiences to sour and embitter you or cause you to pity yourself.
10. Don't forget about this awful mess to the extent that you will do nothing to prevent another war.

Notes

TO SERVICE MEN
AND WOMEN

LOOKING out at twilight over a gentle, opalescent Lake Michigan, with the first stars beginning to crowd into view, and the glory and back-drop of a bright Indian Summer all about me, the horrors of this war seem very far away indeed. And so does the New Year, which has come upon us at such a headlong rate. They dash towards us, the days and months—then *crawl*, as bulletins from the battlefronts break or buoy our hearts.

And you at the front? You on pitching, blasting battle-wagons? You beneath the waters of the earth, and, you who fly far above?

To you New Year's Day is only New Year's because the calendar says so. Ah, God knows it takes *stuff*, and the ability to *endure*, and a high type of deep-down, seasoned *character* to climb up to that happy word *this* year!

And yet, on my soul, the stars will continue to creep shyly forth, Indian Summer will burn again, and the moon will kiss into silver the lakes and meadows of the world.

This war is shaping up rather faster now. We've learned a bitter, bitter lot. We've stopped, or almost stopped, grasping at the mirage of a miraculous enemy collapse, and are prepared to see this thing *through* to the stout ending which will insure our way of life and guarantee happy New Years upon Happy New Years to come.

You are battling and bleeding and suffering untold wretchedness for the sort of world-security which will make future world debacles like this one impossible, or at least improbable. Simultaneously we must remember that one's own *inner* security is important too, and that it lies wholly within the realm of the spirit. If we turn tail on what we know is right, if we let our country down and hop aboard the toboggan towards destruction of civilization, then we ourselves are lost and irreparably licked. Someone has said: "Life's tests reveal character. Not till winter comes do we know that the pine is an evergreen." Okay, then! Despite the almost intolerable cross saddled upon you fighters, and the weight of anguish on us at home, let's drag out hard the *stuff we're made of!* Let's show that we are indeed *evergreens*, and can stand up under this winter of delayed victory and postponed reunions.

—Mayo Cornell

AVOID

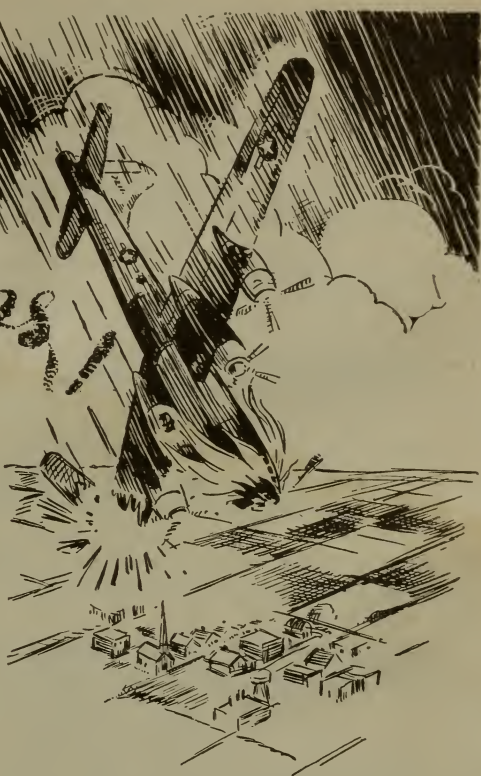
by

CHAPLAIN
ARTHUR B. MERCER

HAS it ever occurred to you that your life and mine are like a gigantic, Super-Fortress, B-29? Not just a Cub, but a mighty, high-powered, four-engine ship, equipped with every imaginably needed instrument for flying. Its four engines are Body, Heart, Mind and Soul—each of which is necessary and all of which must be perfectly synchronized if there is to be perfect flight.

True enough, an occasional Fort has made a landing on one wing and a prayer; but we will never know how very much of that safe landing was due to the prayer! The normal thing and the wise thing is to have all four engines working, to have wings, and octant and loop antennae and radio beam, the oil and the high octane gas, the engineer and navigator and pilot and co-pilot—all there and all doing their part. Otherwise a crash and a crack-up is quite certain, and with little if any time to bail out in safety.

Because of the constant possibility of physical crack-ups and mental crack-ups, moral and spiritual crack-ups, you and I are wise if we have maintenance crews checking up daily on this, our ship of life. And, if men would but see it aright, they would realize that this thing we call religion—with its church and chapel services, its Bible and the practice of prayer and deeds of mercy—is the maintenance crew, fixing up what is wrong, making safe what



might cause a crash, and insuring successful missions and happy landings.

Well, let's look at this thing a bit carefully, and let us think of some of the instruments necessary for even blind flying amid the dark and the fog and the flak of these war-troubled times. Certainly, the *compass* is important, and it is a great deal like conscience. The very first general and president of these United States dubbed it "that little spark of celestial fire."

But, of course, as any pilot knows, the compass cannot be trusted as is—it has to be corrected, especially if in the cargo there should be a bit of metal that pulls the compass needle to the left or to the right. So, too, do you and I have constantly to correct our compass conscience, because we are everlastingly getting in the pockets of our

hearts and minds things that deflect this compass needle. Habits that have gotten hold of us, habits we've thought were relatively harmless, like gambling or several beers or smutty stories or profanity. Any one of these is bound to deflect the compass needle of conscience, and we need daily—certainly more often than once or twice a year—to correct it. If we do not bother to do so, believe me, a crack-up is sure!

There is the *octant*, too, which helps to locate oneself, to get one's bearings. Now, you and I may neglect this ancient and yet very modern book, the Bible, and we may laugh at those we see reading it. But no one who knows at all what he is talking about can deny that this is the octant for every man's ship of life. This is the chief instrument by which all of us could get and could keep our bearings amid war and peace, in low ceiling or high, in fair weather or foul.

No other Book has been through so much, has been so well tested and passed so many tests, as has this Bible. It remains the Book of books, "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, and that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." It is the octant of your life and mine.

And think of the *radio beam*! Let that remind us of God's purpose for each life. God does have something big and good in His divine will for you and for me. He also is everlastingly broadcasting that to us—His radio beam for us! If only we were ever on the beam! If only we should keep our ship of life guided by it!

You see, it is important that we surrender to the beam, that we use heart and hand, mind and will in obedience to that beam. We just do not dare to ignore it, do not dare forget or neglect God's good purpose for our lives.

How important, too, is the *loop antennae*,

that broadcasting and listening post combined which is so much like prayer. Oh, yes, ignorant and foolish men may say that prayer is for panty-waists and old women. But men like Eisenhower and Montgomery, Washington and Lincoln, men like Gil Dodds, champion miler, and George Washington Carver, Negro scientist, and millions of the great and the common all through the years, have known how necessary prayer is to life itself. Prayer is human life in vital, radiant contact with divine life without which we are alone and lost, out in a vast, uncaring universe, and doomed to a crack-up!

While many other instruments might be spoken of, let me end by saying this: As you and I try to pilot this mighty, four-engined ship of life, we do need a *Co-Pilot*.

We need Him to help on every take-off.

We need Him at hand as a Companion who understands what we are trying to do and where we are trying to go.

We need Him to take over when, on long flights, we grow weary or sick or just dully tired of the whole thing.

And certainly we need Him—no matter how many hours are recorded in our flight log, no matter the number or the peril of our missions—when the enemies of our life shoot at us and wound us even unto death.

We need a Co-Pilot who then can fly us on through—through even the Valley of the Shadow of Death—and make for us a happy landing.

And I am proud to introduce you anew to the one Co-Pilot who Himself never cracked-up, not even on His cross of crucifixion, and who alone can be the sort of a Co-Pilot you and I most need. Jesus Christ is His name. I offer Him to you. And I assure you—on the verified testimony of the ages and of millions of people out of every race and tongue and class and condition—that if you choose Him you will never know a crack-up.

Dedicated to U. S. Servicemen wherever they may be

Prayer for Strength and Courage

Words and Music by
BLANCHE SMITH PIERCE

A

Re - store my soul O Lord I pray, Re - new my faith in Thee each day,
Lord, use my hands to do Thy work, And nev - er, nev - er let them shirk.

A

If I for - get to pray to Thee, Be Thou gen - tle Lord with me,
At - tune my ear to hear Thy call, Guard my feet lest they should fall.

A

O give me strength to win the fight, In the bat - tle for the Right.
In all I think and say or do, Lord, I would 'twere all for you;

A

Give me cour - age night and day, Stand be - side me all the way. A - men.
Thanks for guid - ance from A - bove, Safe am I with - in Thy Love. A - men.

Saipan

BATTLEFRONT BOWS

in Prayer

By SGT. DAVID DEMPSEY

(*Marine Corps Combat Correspondent*)

THE place is a command post a mile behind the front on Saipan. The sun is hot—very hot. The flies are so thick that you brush your hand in front of your face constantly to keep them away. The marines sit in a semicircle on the ground, their rifles at their feet. The chaplain stands in front of them.

It is Wednesday. There were no services Sunday because the regiment had been on the line. Now, for a few days, they are in reserve.

Many of the marines hold small paper hymnbooks with one hand, instinctively clutch the stock of their rifles with the other. Last night some Japs tried to work their way into the command post. After a furious blaze of fire, two of them had been killed. Others must have escaped.

Undoubtedly the Japs are still in the hills, waiting their chance. Even back of the lines you are prepared for anything. In the matted, cave-pocked mountains, the enemy might hide for days. He might be a hundred yards from you and you would not know it—until a shot rings out.

We sing "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms." The hundred voices are hardly more than a whisper. Even though there is not need for it now, the silence that means vigilance at the front stays with you. Now it is part of reverence.

The "church" is a grassy spot on the valley floor, arched by giant palms, fringed

with papaya trees, walled by sheer cliffs on either side.

The marines are a ragged, tired, dirty crew. Walking wounded from the sickbay sit among them, their white bandages glistening in hygienic contrast to their dirty-drab, camouflaged dungarees. They have felt Death's clammy breath down their necks, have watched her claim many from among them, have come closer to God than ever before in their lives. They are the lucky ones, the walking wounded. There are others not so lucky.

In the distance a machine-gun chatters angrily as the chaplain speaks. You listen apprehensively. You know it is hundreds of yards away. Yet the sound of it is uncomfortable.

Especially to those who have come back from "the line." There is no substitute for the real thing in battle. You have either hugged the earth fiercely while a machine-gun spat at you and the bullets clipped the grass over your head, or you have not. These are the young men who have walked in the Valley of the Shadow.

Close by, two radio men split their watch. One of them sits through half the service, then relieves his buddy who takes the vacated place in the circle of marines. A patrol, about to be sent on a mission, is given a half-hour's delay to attend. With their helmets on, their packs strapped to their backs, they take their places.

Artillery shells whine overhead to remind you that the battle is still on. To these no one pays any attention. They come from our own guns. By now, their characteristic sounds are familiar—the Brr-amm! of the howitzers; the duller thud of the 105's, as though some giant foot were punting a giant football; the *ptui* of the mortar shells that are being spit out from behind the hill in the back of us. These, if anything, are comforting sounds. Their presence, at this time, does not seem incongruous.

Even the tempo of the command post slows down for this half-hour of devotion. The quiet of the sickbay is even quieter as a doctor and several corpsmen disappear to attend the service. Orders are given in subdued voices. For these few moments it is the chaplain who commands, the colonel who waits for him, knowing that this too is part of the winning of a battle.

The chaplain is a young man of 24. He knows that many of his listeners have undergone an almost evangelical conversion since going into battle, that they have seen the reality of death on one hand and the miracle of salvation on the other.

He tells them that it is almost always a great, personal, near-tragic event that converts men to steadfast faith in God, that they should not feel ashamed because they have not come to know God as intimately before. The test will come when the fighting is over and the personal danger is gone. He pleads with them to begin now to give their lives a truly Christian pattern. Not much older than most of them, he and his words carry conviction.

Suddenly a squadron of planes appears from over the hills; almost involuntarily every neck is craned upward. We know that they are our own, yet it is a habit to make sure. They are high, flying toward the front. In a little while they begin their power dive, then level off to strafe. The rhythmic throbbing of their machine-guns absorbs everyone's attention; for the moment we lose the thread of the chaplain's words. Then the planes are gone.

The chaplain reads the text for the day. "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come shall separate us from the love of God . . ."

He might have added: "Nor the heat of battle."

Through the tropical foliage overhead, the sun lays a pattern on the assembled

Will We Remember?

By PFC. PAUL BUTTERWORTH

*After the battle's over,
After the victory's won,
After the war clouds roll away,
After our job is done—*

*After the shells stop screaming,
After the horrors cease,
After the killing's over,
After the world makes peace—*

*After our blood stops racing,
After our hearts are calm,
After our fears are over,
After we're free from harm—*

*Will we still remember,
How He stood by our side,
How He gave us shelter,
While our buddies died—*

*How He gave us courage,
How He shared our care,
How we turned to Him,
And found Him waiting there?*

*When our strength was not enough
Our burden He helped bear,
His Holy Spirit filled our soul.
Let us keep it there!*

marines as though it were filtered through a great, invisible rose window.

The silence of the valley settles over us. It is an interim in which even the shells stop screaming. The smoke lifts from the front and the machine-guns have quieted to an occasional, lonesome bark.

For a moment, the whole battlefront bows its head in prayer.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Married?

Some pretty sane counsel on the pros and cons—mostly cons—of the business of taking unto yourself a wife

By CHAPLAIN GEORGE P. WEISS



IN “The Major and the Minor” (a very good movie) there is a bit of dialogue something like the following:

“Major, I think you underrate us. Perhaps all a woman wants is to have her picture tacked up above a soldier’s bunk or to have a stupid lock of hair in the back of his wrist-watch.”

At the risk of having the fair ones down on my head, I say that is “strictly bunk.” Hollywood ought to cut it out!

I say it is bunk for three reasons. First, because marriage even in normal times is a severe adjustment on both sides. It takes in joy, sorrow, pain, suffering—in fact, the whole gamut of human emotions is involved when two personalities join to cement a real bond. Hasty marriages do not allow enough time to fuse all these things into a going co-operative and sharing companionship. In war times there is usually no time for this! Marriages are made in heaven, but they are lived on earth. True romance belongs to more normal times.

Second, we are built like men and women—not gods and goddesses. A few of us (Majors) can look up to that picture pinned above our bunk and be sustained by that. Others of us (Minors) can sit at home at night and be that “stupid lock of hair.” But most of us can’t do these things for too many months. In spite of all the modernisms of libertinism see what it does in-

wardly to those who are unfaithful. My friends, look at the record!

Third, we can’t win this war with disintegrated soldiers. If I am wrong about the facts, blame it on my limited experience. But here is the cycle—hasty marriage, love and kisses for six months, boredom for six more, experimenting with keeping oneself busy for four, then “play around”—and in the end divorce! And don’t fool yourself, divorce is a tough emotional experience. Then one side or the other gets worrying, whimpering or outright complaining. The soldier is distracted, disintegrated, his job ineffectually done.

There is no real solution except to bend everything to the winning of this war. I say *stay single*—win the war first before entering into marriage. But let us be plenty careful that we win it for something—for instance, an organized world where family life is preceded by long courtship and plenty of time to know that he or she is the one “to have and to hold, till death do us part.”

To sum up: Girls—there is no patriotism in a hasty marriage. You can keep busy at constructive things to win the war back home in your community. Men—ask the man who knows and see whether single soldiers are not the most contented, the most integrated, the most efficient.

Well, what do you think?



By CHAPLAIN
CHARLES M. PRUG



THE *Rules* OF THE GAME



IN his book, *Letter From New Guinea*, Vern Haugland describes this island as follows: "Because it is a land of extremes—extremes of height, of weather and of terrain—she inspires thoughts of the beginning and the end, of what went on before we came into being and of what might be in the hereafter. Caught in a wilderness that seems without end, it is only natural for a man to turn to his Creator for help."

Many of us who have served in this part of the world have experienced the thing of which the author is speaking, many have begun to yearn for true life as never before, asking from the depths of their beings this insistent question, "What shall I do that I may have Eternal Life?"

A young man came to Jesus with that question long ago. Notice that in His reply to him Jesus referred him to the one Book in which are to be found the rules of the Game of Life. Everyone knows that in learning any game the first thing necessary is to learn the rules. That is where you must begin, for as any sport expert will tell you, "it's the rules that make the

game." No game would be worth playing if there were no rules, and that goes for the game of life, too. Moreover, if you wish to excel in any sport the rules have to be memorized, mastered, so that they become, as it were, second nature to you. The player who thinks to overlook the rules in a football game will find himself penalized, perhaps put out of the game.

"*Keep the Commandments*," said Jesus. The game of life would not be worth playing if there were no rules. In another chapter St. Luke relates that a lawyer came to Jesus asking the Master the same question about Eternal Life. At Christ's bidding, the man recited the two great commandments, after which the Master continued, "This do and thou shalt live." Pointing to the Great Rule Book, Jesus was giving the young man the principles of Eternal Life.

The Commandments are ancient and well established in human society; they are essential to the way of life which God has revealed and prescribed for man in this world. They have to be mastered and

obeyed if you wish to perfect your way of living. Without a strict adherence to these rules you cannot hope to have a satisfying, successful and enduring kind of existence.

The Commandments are where you begin the Christian life, and a man cannot hope to go further until he has faced them seriously and adjusted his ways to them. *But the Christian life does not stop there.*

The young man thought that he had it all when he said "All this have I kept from my youth up." And all too many church folk in our day still conceive of Christianity as a moral code, a perfect system of ethics. But if Christianity were only that, it had died out of history long ago.

So Jesus proceeded to show the young man the further steps on the way to Eternal Life. He led him to think about a form of idolatry in his life that did not square with the will of God: his love of money. This was, in fact, an infringement of one of the rules which the man had overlooked: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

In many of our lives there is some form of idolatry beneath the surface of things which strangles the life of the spirit, and which eclipses our interest in the Kingdom of God. We cannot come to perfection in living, as Jesus said, until we have given up the false materialistic gods we have been serving heretofore.

In His parting word to the young man, Jesus came to the climax of his teaching: "*And then come and follow Me.*" This is at once the supreme privilege, the crowning experience of the Christian way of life, personal fellowship with Christ.

Having learned the rules of the game he wishes to play, the sportsman will do well to select a star performer in that particular line and begin to study his technique. The man who aspires to be a good tennis player may learn much by studying Bill Tilden; one interested in football should follow one of the All-Americans through a season of play.

Similarly, if a man wants to learn to *Live*—I spell that with a capital letter—he will best learn it by coming to know the Champion of all times, Jesus Christ our Lord. For Eternal Life, as the New Testament clearly shows us, is the product of personal fellowship with Christ. "Nearer than myself to you He stands, Eternal Life within His pierced hands."

"And then come and follow Me." That's it! And when a man becomes a follower of Christ, seeking to know Him better each day, he begins to experience that growing, enriching and uplifting influence in his life that is the promise and guarantee that he has found the thing for which his soul has yearned.

In talking with a native one day, I asked him if he were a Christian. But the man did not understand what I was asking him, and I pointed to the insignia, the Cross. Immediately his face began to light up, and pointing to the sky he said, "Jesus Number-one Man."

That was a rather crude but accurate characterization of his religious faith, and when Christ becomes the "Number-one Man" in our lives, we may be sure we are really and truly Christian.



DURING General Grant's famous trip around the world honors were showered upon him in every country. In Paris the French President invited him to be his guest at a great racing event set for Sunday. Though it was considered the height of discourtesy to refuse such invitation—an act before unheard of—General Grant, in a very polite note declining the honor, said: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." On that Sunday this great hero was one of the quiet worshippers in the American Chapel in Paris.



By
WILLIAM
ROSE
BENET

THE STRONG Swimmer

*It's here in an old A. P. dispatch
From the Coast, of a broadcast there—
One item of news from a tattered batch;
What an Ensign said on the Air!*

I have a story fit to tell,
In head and heart a song;
A burning blue Pacific swell;
A raft that was towed along.

Out in the bloody Solomon Isles
Destroyer Gregory gone;
Ocean that kills for all her smiles,
And darkness coming on.

Destroyer's raft bobbed on the tide
Loaded with wounded men.
Ensign and seaman clung to her side.
Seaward she drifted then.

A mess-attendant, a Negro man,
Mighty of chest and limb,
Spoke up: "I'll tow you all I can
As long as I can swim."

Naked, he wound his waist with a line;
Slipped smoothly overside,
Where the red bubble tells the brine
That sharks have sheared the tide.

"I'm going to tow this old craft in
Since we ain't got not one oar,"
He breathed, as the water lapped his chin;
And he inched that raft ashore.

Strongly he stroked, and long he hauled—
No breath for any song.
His wounded mates clung close, appalled.
He towed that raft along.

Clear to the eye the darkening swell
Where glimmering dangers glide;
The raft of sailors grimed from Hell
Afloat on a smoky tide—

And a dark shoulder and muscled arm
Lunging, steady and strong
The messman, their brother, who bears a
charm,
Is towing their raft along.

He gasped, "Just say if I'm goin' right!"
Yes, brother, right you are!
Danger of ocean or dark of night,
You steer by one clear star.

Six hours crawled by. . . . A barge in sight
With the raft just off the shore. . . .
The messman coughed, "Sure, I'm all right."
He was just as he was before.

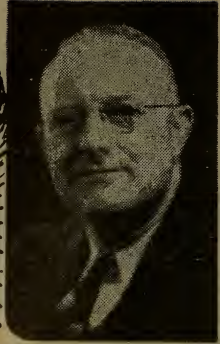
And all that they knew was they called him
"French"—
Not quite a name to sing.
Green jungle hell or desert trench,
No man did a braver thing.

He's burned a story in my brain,
Set in my heart a song.
He and his like, by wave and main,
World without end—and not in vain—
Are towing this world along!

IN DEFENSE OF AN

Ideal

by **FRANK GLENN LANKARD**
Dean, Brothers College, Drew University.



RECENTLY, a college graduate who is now a soldier in the United States Army, wrote a letter to one of his former professors, which he called "In Defense of an Ideal." "I choose this subject," he said, "because it best explains the reason for a gradual trend toward emotional instability and the complete oblivion of a strong philosophy of life among men in the armed forces today."

Calling attention to the message of a certain speaker on the previous Sunday's broadcast, this young soldier said: "If you heard him, you will remember his emphasis upon unswerving faith in an allegiance to one's ideals. He reiterated again and again the irreparable loss brought about by one committing treason against those values, which were the stabilizing factors in one's life.

"I cannot help but believe that he was directing this admonition solely to those men who have left home to enter a new environment, which requires a tremendous adjustment. In his transformation from a civilian, the soldier has become so conditioned that life for him is considered a fatalistic routine. His creativity is lost, and he fails to regard with enough significance his once important position in civilian life. "In order to shun embarrassment and derision the soldier temporarily shelves his

philosophy of life to conform to a pattern which will make him accepted by the group. The tendency toward this mass acceptance, in my way of thinking, is caused by a complete loss of an individual's defense against those forces which seek to disintegrate his personality.

"There is no sound reason why those values to which one adheres at home should be thrown overboard in the army. It seems to me that this situation should be a test of one's strength. The truth of the matter is that the army is a test—a severe one—and only those who were well-grounded will survive after it is all over.

"This is my reason for being militant in defense of a far more important entity than the material—the soul of man. The average soldier believes he will eventually return home with somewhat the same perspective with which he left. He fails to see that this cannot happen if he has become a victim of a change of values. It is necessary that we cling to something secure. There is a tendency to put extra emphasis on the satisfaction of physical cravings. Increased emphasis upon the physical at the expense of the mental and spiritual breaks an equilibrium which is hard to reobtain.

"So in the last analysis, I believe that morale, high morale, can thrive upon high morals. Some day I hope to return to

civilian life, not a changed individual, but possessed with knowledge from observations which I have made that will better enable me to see the contrast between opposing forces in life.

"To stand in defense of my ideals might seem a bit far-fetched at present, but unless I do so life for me would be retrogression and disintegration instead of progression and integration."

Here is a thoughtful letter by an eager young American who not only diagnoses his new environment but expresses his hopes and longings for the day when he will return to civilian life.

This young American soldier believes that high morale is reinforced by high morals. Why should not all Americans, including soldiers and sailors, guard the ramparts of physical and mental purity? In any period of war there is apt to be a high state of morale but a low level of morality. The temptations incident to drinking and immorality are particularly tantalizing to the young men in the armed forces. Numerous beer halls and houses of prostitution are ready to supply diversion to soldiers and sailors on leave. In and around the training camps the men in uniform are so numerous that they tend to "let go" a great deal more than if they were well diluted with civilians.

Facing Dangerous Attitudes

As regards drinking, there is all too little restraint. Many a young soldier, newly snipped, as it were, from the apron strings, finds an attitude that a fellow can drink all he wants and get as drunk as he wants so long as he creates no serious disturbance.

The new recruit, hearing of the sexual and bacchanalian adventures of the old service men in camp, listening to the extensive lectures on venereal diseases and how they may be prevented by service-supplied prophylactic kits and treatments,

and seeing on every hand the great numbers of loose women found around every training camp, is sorely tempted to believe that promiscuous intercourse becomes "the thing" to do. There will probably be no reprimand from higher authority for such a practice; in fact, the higher authority in some training camps has been known to take a "boys-will-be-boys" attitude towards it. Is it any wonder, then, that the armed service becomes such a stern battleground for those young men who would preserve their ideals?

Easy to Acquire, Hard to Shake

If we are to keep America strong and ourselves able at all times to defend her best traditions, let us beware of drinking and sexual immorality. Why should anyone want to fix upon himself a drinking habit with which he will need to wrestle for the rest of his life if he really wishes to succeed?

Sex indulgence is definitely not necessary for good health. When it occurs with a prostitute, then of course no love play is expected or thought of. The sexual act without love results in physical satisfaction at the time, and is essentially selfish. Having gained a conception of the sex act under abnormal conditions, there will be a strong tendency to carry over into marriage, atmospheres, attitudes and the technique thus acquired.

After marriage, when the young man is with his wife who has had no experience and is diffident, he does not realize the necessity for love play and the normal stimulation of his wife. The result most likely is that he gets satisfaction while she frequently does not. He blames her and thinks she is frigid when the trouble is with himself because he has acquired improper attitudes and techniques with women of the street.

Furthermore, when one indulges in sexual

immorality, he runs a decided risk of developing one of the venereal diseases. They are practically always contracted through sexual intercourse. The use of preventatives is by no means 100 per cent safe.

When a young man, in the service or out of it, urges another to indulge in drinking or in promiscuous sex relations by daring him, by recounting the pleasures or by casting doubt upon his manhood if he does not, I should suggest that the victim keep in mind the fable of "The Fox Who Lost His Tail," who tried to convince all of the other foxes of the advantage of such a state in order to cover his own conspicuousness.

Shall I conform because I am in uniform? Is it not really better to keep my goal before me? Should I not believe with my soldier buddy that "morale, high morale can, in the last analysis, thrive upon high morals? Some day I hope to return to civilian life, not a changed individual, but possessed with knowledge from observa-

tions which I have made that will better enable me to see the contrast between opposing forces in life."

There are positive ideals, too. You believe in peace based on justice? Determine to work for it when once more you are in civilian life! You believe in a vital religion and in a church that has the courage to express it? Get into that church and pitch!

You have mingled with men from every part of America and have gained a tolerance for new ideas? When your chance comes again, use all of the influence at your command to unseat intolerance and race prejudice, those arch enemies of a peaceful future! You are fighting for freedom and democracy? When the guns have been silenced you will need still to guard our freedom and work for democracy if they are not to be betrayed or rendered ineffective!

The future of our country is in your hands. You dare not fail! Boldly take your stand in defense of an ideal!

Our Non-Sectarian Hymn Book

YOU have in your hands a hymn book where the saints and the sinners of all ages and all churches have lifted up their hearts to the One God and Father of us all, praising him in the beauty of holiness!

Here in a single hymnal in constant use in almost any one of our churches are "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" and "I Need Thee Every Hour," written by Baptists!

Here are "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and "The Church's One Foundation Is Jesus Christ Her Lord," written by Episcopalians!

Here are "Love Divine, All Love Excelling" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," written by a Methodist!

Here are "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" and "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say, Come Unto Me and Rest," written by Presbyterians!

Here are "Lead Kindly Light" and "Jerusalem the Golden," written by Roman Catholics!

Here are "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" and "Now Thank We All Our God," written by Lutherans!

Here are "Nearer My God to Thee" and "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," written by Unitarians!

Here are "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" and "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee," written by Congregationalists!

Doctrinal discussion and personal preference in the matter of ritual and polity may divide us everywhere, but we all come together in prayer and praise.

—Charles R. Brown, in "The Art of Preaching" (Macmillan)

★

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

★

Bewildered

By ENS. JOE DALE, USNR

*Am I a dreamer, a yokel, a hick?
Do I seem impractical or queer
Because life is too fast for me,
And I hold the simple things dear?*

*Has war wrought so great a change
In this land of Pilgrims' pride,
That a white fence has lost its meaning,
And shameless goodness died?*

*Will I see again the family hearth,
Or was I born too late,
In a land crazed by wartime tempo,
Nourished and fed by hate?*

*Cease your aimless rush, America.
Compete not with gay Patee.
Frivolity little becomes one so great;
Yours is the land of destiny.*

The Answer

By MEYER R. VERNOF, S2/c

*Dost thou want forgiveness, my son,
When from thy religion thou hast gone?
Believe as thy forefathers and ye shall win
My forgiveness and thy way out of sin!*

Little Things

By SGT. JOHN WALKER

*Dear God, please give to me
A thankful heart for little things,
For sunshine in my tent door,
For mail the orderly brings;
For memories in the making—
Things the fellows do and say—
That I will smile about perhaps
Some future, lonelier day.*

Give me enthusiasm

*To greet each brand-new day
With the honest joy in living
As I go my simple way.
Let me not yearn for greatness
And scorn the near and small,
But teach me, Lord, to see Thy love,
Thy light encircling all.
I do not ask contentment
That would ambition stay—
But let me love the little things
I find along my way.*

To My Son

By T/SGT. JOHN H. BURROWS

*Will your ideals in future
Years to come, my son,
Be exalted in praise of rights
This war will have won?*

*It will soon be your turn
To carry Freedom's light,
To guide the world
In peace and in right.*

*Seek not the strength
For your task in self alone;
Be familiar with God
And all His armour don.*

*The strength of God, my son,
Is everlasting, even through death—
So carry high Freedom's light,
Be a conqueror of wrath—*

*A conqueror of wrath, my son,
With a spirit strong;
Prove to men that life is theirs to live,
But to God it must belong.*

"Resurgence"

By IRVING SLADE

The bombing went on, day after day,
 It seemed it would never end.
 They had to leave their homes behind,
 Run away from foe and friend.
 They never questioned why it was;
 Their courage never slack.
 They went to the hills, till the turmoil
 stopped,
 And then they all came back.

Their homes destroyed, their churches
 ruined,
 Was victory their gem?
 The foe was gone, the friend was in,
 But what was left for them?
 The town they loved, its beauty dead,
 A future it seemed to lack.
 But yet with faces set like stone
 They all start coming back.

Yesterday was hell, today was even worse.
 But tomorrow —

That's where their hopes were set.
 So with this faith that still remained,
 Their problems they gallantly met.
 Tomorrow, Tomorrow, that was their
 faith;
 That's why despair they lack'd.
 And that's the faith that carries us on,
 And keeps them coming back!

Meditation

By SGT. FRANK BROOKS

The fight is hard, the road is rough,
 And when our day is done,
 Our shoulders ache, our heads are bowed;
 But when God's setting sun goes down,
 We think of Him who wore a crown
 Of thorns so long ago,
 And as we turn to Him in prayer,
 We find our troubles are no longer there;
 O God, that all the world might see,
 The peace and rest that is in Thee!

Thy Will Be Done

By PFC. DONALD J. KETCHUM

Thy will be done, Lord, as Jesus taught
 When His disciples a prayer from Him
 sought.

Help me to realize the help Thou canst give
 When I consult Thee in learning to live.

Thy will be done, Lord, that is my prayer,
 All of my problems with Thee, Lord, I'll
 share.

I'll learn Thy will, Lord, and make my will
 Thine

Instead of trying to change Thy will to
 mine.

Thy will be done, Lord, that is my prayer.
 Thou knowest best how to watch o'er my
 care.

Perfect submission to Thy guiding hand
 Will be the theme, Lord, for which I will
 stand.

A WAC's Evening Prayer

By PVT. MARGARET EVANS

For you, my own soldier so far over there,
 I offer to God this night my prayer:
 "God bless him and give him the courage to
 fight,
 With face lifted up, eyes turned right.

"Let him have memories of things in the
 past,
 Back from his childhood, things that will
 last.

May Sunday school verses remain with him
 still

To give him the courage, the strength,
 and the will."

All the stars in the heaven shine bright as
 day,

Each one a blessing a loved one has
 prayed.

I'm praying, dear soldier, along with rest,
 As I'm taking your place—back of the
 desk.

*You do not know me, perhaps never will,
I'm helping you fight, determined, but
still
A little bit sad, when I think of it, Bill,
How many have gone—not of their will.*

*I call you my soldier—you're the closest I
have,
You're serving our country, I'm proud of
you, lad!*

This Is My Prayer

By S1/C ARVILLA M. HANSEN

*O God, I ask: give me the strength
To live another day;
To not turn coward at troubles,
Nor from duty run away.
May I not lose faith in my fellow men,
Keep me clean, and sound of heart;
While meanness and treachery roam the
world,
O, may I live apart!*

*Preserve me from minding little hurts,
And cruel words that sting;
May I not be guilty of all the shame
A careless tongue can bring.
Grant me a share of gratitude,
And the greatest honesty;
Make me staunch and fearless,
Nor let failure dishearten me.*

*That I may see good in everything,
Open wide the eyes of my soul;
Inspire me with Thy truth and grace,
May the vision of Christ be my goal.
Above all, Lord, I pray I may be
A help to a soul going wrong,
May the warming grasp of my friendly
hand
Help another along.*

*This is my prayer for every day,
O Lord in heaven above;
I will turn to Thee with unflinching trust
While I spread abroad Thy love.*

To My Wife and Children

By PVT. ARTHUR MCGARRITY

*Each night before I go to bed
I say a prayer with low-bowed head,
Praying to God, for Him to keep
And watch over my family while they
are asleep.*

*And every night it seems as I awake from
my dreams,
In the heavens there's always a star.
Reminding me of your love, dear,
And just how beautiful you are.*

*There's Arthur and Helen, and I bet they're
both yellin'
To be held in your arms all the time;
Their eyes are blue, and their hair curly too,
And, darling, they are both yours and
mine.*

*Our Lord gave them to you, a mother so
true,
Blessed with your love and your care;
I know you're a-yearning for my returning,
And if I had my way I'd be there.*

*O how I pine for that family of mine,
That I surely wish I could be
On the floor with the toys for my little
girl and boy,
So I could watch them grow up, you see.*

*So, good-night, my love, and my children,
too,
One more night to dream, if my dreams
could come true
I hope and pray that there'll come the day
That I'll come home safely to you.*

Hospitalized

*Lord Jesus, You were always good
To everyone in pain,
Please think of me while I am here
And make me well again.*



BATTING THE BREEZE

Toward a Lasting Peace

✓ NOW IS A GOOD TIME for our Christian leaders back at home to be alive and active in their plans for world peace and brotherhood. It is clear that any program for a lasting peace or an enduring civilization must be built upon the growing concept of international co-operation for the advancement of human rights. The supreme values in this world are human personalities, not material resources. Unless man has the wit and grit to build his civilization on something better than sheer material power, it is surely idle to talk of plans for a stable peace or an enduring civilization. The only peace that can endure is a peace based upon human brotherhood.

After the war is ended, Christians should be vitally and tremendously concerned with the making of the peace. The task cannot be left to statesmen alone, even to Christian statesmen. The redemption of a civilization depends upon something far more fundamental than outward form or enacted law or paper program. It depends upon the deep convictions and efforts of the great rank and file of people.

It will be a great day if, when the service men and women come marching home, they come back to find a peace and brotherhood existing that will permit them to return to a normal life as a civilian, with the opportunity to earn a decent living by useful

work, earning a fair reward for individual initiative and enterprise.

These are the things the men and women are fighting for, and most everybody knows it. What they don't know is how to reach this goal once peace is declared, how to switch from an all-out war to a fully productive, smoothly functioning peacetime economy. The brave and noble patriotic men who made this great country a reality on the fourth day of July, 1776, laid down a lasting challenge. They defied the foes from without our country as well as the enemies from within. We can do no less now. So let's keep America always America!—SGT. ELIAS S. BOWMAN.

"Christian Endeavor Will Do"

✓ IN REPLY to the article, "We've Got It! Let's Keep It!" the writer feels that perpetuation of the Service Men's Christian League would lead back into the situation found at the start of World War II, that of too many denominations and too much organization to do relatively the same work.

The strong denominations are important. In my mind they parallel the relationship of state governments to our national government. We need an interdenominational organization for our country and for the world to serve as a "national government."

One of the sponsoring agencies of the Service Men's Christian League is the

World's Christian Endeavor Union. And of the supporting denominations practically all, if not every one of those listed, have young people's societies affiliated with Christian Endeavor in one part of the United States or another, or throughout the whole land. And Christian Endeavor is organized on a world-wide basis, as the name World's Christian Endeavor Union indicates.

The organization is already set up and experienced. The first society was organized at the Williston Congregational Church, Portland, Maine, on February 2, 1881. Shortly afterward it was established abroad and spread into eighty denominations around the world. World conventions have been held in London, Budapest, Melbourne and other cities—that in Melbourne being in 1938 and the last before the war. The first world's convention was held in London in 1900. The first society in China was begun in Foochow in 1885. In China and India the work goes on, and with the coming of peace should make great strides for Protestantism and Christianity.

When American troops cross to foreign soil, Endeavorers lose no time in seeking the familiar societies, find them and attend them to their great delight. Just like *THE LINK*, the *Christian Endeavor World* correlates the news and for the same reason; it is published for no particular denomination, and yet it appeals to all denominations.

The program of Christian Endeavor is carefully planned, and has the approval of the International Council of Religious Education, but suffice it to say that it now includes postwar planning and long-range planning, just as it has been planned according to the day ever since it was founded.

Christian Endeavor has that "something," which is One Faith and One Fellowship, and will do!—CPL. ROBERT R. CRAMMER.

"Less Creed, More Bible"

✓ I HAVE READ quite a number of articles in *THE LINK* as I lay in a hospital bed. I have noticed the stress laid on undenominationalism in the postwar era. I have always been one to feel quite at home wherever the Gospel was preached, regardless of the denomination of the church in question.

However, I feel that there is one danger which must be studiously avoided. That is the danger of just recognizing anyone's conception of religion so long as it is sincere.

We know that a person can be sincere and yet sincerely wrong. A person who gets lost is generally sincere in his belief that he is traveling the right road until it is too late, and then he recognizes that he has been misleading himself.

Our churches need to get back to the Bible and preach more of the Gospel and less of denominational creeds. We need more preaching of the elementary essentials of salvation and less of sermonic platitudes. Our churches should stop slapping each other either on the back or in the face and start preaching that there's only one way to salvation.

They must preach that moral righteousness cannot attain heaven, for "All *our* righteousness is as filthy rags" that "None are righteous, no not one" for "*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

They must all preach separation from the world. "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean things and I will receive you." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, for if any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him."

We must lift our voices in no uncertain tone against those industries which are ruining the lives of the youth in the country today, that are lowering their standards and glamorizing sin in the eyes of youth.

If we accept these things and say nothing, we are guilty of aiding them and are thus trying to serve two masters. "He who is not for me is against me."

We must get back to preaching that there is a heaven to gain and a hell to shun; that God is a just God, a loving God, but also a God of wrath to workers of unrighteousness. We must make it plain that the greatest sin is the sin of unbelief in the Son of God.

We must also face reality again in old-fashioned prayer meetings where the Christian will get power, renew family altars and read and study the Bible more.

The idea that this world will be evangelized by a paid clergy is false as proved by years of experience. It needs a returning to God by everyone who is truly saved and a witness for Him in *every* walk of life.—PVT. RALPH CUSHING.

"Christendom, Retired"

✓ I TAKE THE LIBERTY of expressing my view of Alfred Welch's "Christian Veteran's Association" which appeared in the June issue of *THE LINK*.

If Mr. Welch is interested in *organization*, he can no doubt bring it into being, particularly in view of the predominating tendency of people today to let organizations shoulder a responsibility which is rightfully the charge of the individual. He shall have in it the mediocre, the "self-justifiers," the radicals, the reactionaries: there will be members of any and all denominations, sects, and isms, as he wishes.

As such an organization it may even become a "voice" and claim the official representation of "Christendom, Retired." There is no question but that it would serve to foster the "stay at home" spirit which has been such a successful weapon of the Adversary in check-mating all missionary effort.

I think I express the sentiment of no

small number when I say: "Mr. Welch, you may have your Christian Veteran's Organization (and I don't think the first word should be capitalized), but we, for our part, shall give every ounce of energy, time, talent and substance to reaching the last tribe with the Gospel of Jesus Christ."
—DAVID J. LYNCH, Y1/c.

Links Lost and Found

✓ I JUST THOUGHT I would drop you a line to let you know how much I enjoy *THE LINK*. It has done wonders for me. Not long ago, when I was in combat, my chaplain gave me the one and only *LINK* he had at that time and told me to take care of it, pass it on, but make sure it got back. In passing it on, one of the fellows let it get ruined. In the meantime I was sent to the hospital and I never did get to tell the chaplain how sorry I was. I suppose he has his issue in by now and all is forgiven.

I am now back in New Guinea in a base hospital. My fever has gone down and I'm feeling better. I had the "scrub typhus." But I have plenty of time to catch up on my copies of *THE LINK*. I saw the chaplain down here and managed to get all the back ones, and so now I'm lying here enjoying myself reading.

I know a lot of fellows who read *THE LINK* and enjoy it, but they aren't much of a hand to write.—PAUL E. HELMS.

From a British Reader

✓ I AM A YOUNG SAILOR serving in the Royal Navy. At present I am in Normandy where I have been since soon after the invasion of June 6th.

My story really starts over two months ago when I was on leave. My father brought home one day a copy of *THE LINK*, Volume 2, No. 2. He gave it to me saying he had seen it lying around in one of the firm's lorries (trucks) and thought I

would like to read it as it was a service man's book. I did not pay much attention to the book immediately, as I had such a lot to do and places to go. However, just before I left home I packed it away in my attache case.

On board ship I remembered the book and began to read it, mostly in the few minutes before the first parade. I thoroughly enjoyed every page and derived much benefit from it. I especially enjoyed the beautiful, well-written poems. I cut out the poem "I See You Kneel—I Hear You Pray" and it is now in my Bible. I made a copy for my girl friend and we often use the prayer.

I noticed that the book is published for the chaplains and men of the forces of the United States of America and there is no mention of its being available for other servicemen of the United Nations, although I anxiously searched every page in the hope of finding some way in which I could get further editions.

I would like to read something about what other Christian men are doing and thinking; the publication which satisfies those wants is *THE LINK*. As far as I know there is not any publication similar to *THE LINK* being published in the British Isles.

I thank you for what you have already done for me in that one edition I have, and in anticipation of reading still more. God bless your efforts, and may they be rewarded an hundredfold!—ARNOLD MOON.

Pvt. Fischer Takes Exception

✓ *THE LINK* undoubtedly strengthens GI thought on social issues. However any man with common sense is repulsed by the naive statement by Chaplain W. E. Bishop that God saved England, Russia's armies, and our West Coast by direct intervention. The Russians with ten million dead, the battered British and our own men fighting

against a very real enemy realize that it is power and distance that has thrown the enemy back.

The most amateurish strategist knows that the Nazi decision to beat Russia first saved the British from invasion and that the Japanese aim to win an Asiatic empire made an invasion of the United States foolhardy on their part. Distance and an empire yet to be taken saved the West Coast. A powerful, valiant Russian army stopped Hitler's Fascist hordes. A victory gained by blood and sacrifice—and you attribute it all to God!

Don't make yourselves and religion foolish. Publish facts, not fancy. Only a realistic religion that has an enlightening influence in the real world can pioneer. Religion must be neither escape nor fancy.—PVT. GLENN A. FISCHER.

An Episcopalian Demurs

✓ REFERRING to the article by Chaplain G. E. Hopkins on page 13 of the November, 1944, issue of *THE LINK*, I quote: "There is nothing sectarian about either the chapel or the chaplain. There is no Methodist nor Baptist nor Episcopalian. There is only Protestant!"

May I ask on what grounds does Chaplain Hopkins draw this conclusion? Why does he think the Episcopal priests in the Chaplain's Corps celebrate the Holy Eucharist (or the Mass) every Sunday and often on weekdays as well as every Holy Day for the Episcopalian men of his organization? And where does he get the idea that the Episcopalian men worship in general Protestant worship services? Is he at all acquainted with the Episcopal Church and its doctrines and teachings? Apparently he isn't!

I have worked in the Chaplains Department for nearly two years, and I have yet to see Episcopalian men worshiping in general worship services conducted by

other "Protestant" chaplains when there is an Episcopalian chaplain on the post or an Episcopalian priest in a near-by civilian community. In many cases, civilian priests are hired to say the Mass for Episcopalian men.

I am only one of many, who, in the absence of an Episcopalian chaplain, attend Roman Catholic masses. I find, too, that this practice is commonly advocated by the civilian parish priests. So, let's have men like Chaplain Hopkins do a little research before publishing statements of that kind, which, I am sure, are quite distressing to the parents of Episcopalian men in service.—CPL. JOHN S. (JACK) DUGGER.

"The Veterans' Organization I Want"

✓ A STREAMLINED WAR has produced a present-day fighting man who, through bitter experience and comparatively superior sacrifice, has become superlatively more "gregarious" than could ever be expected of his World War I father. You see, Dad's Legion or Uncle Joe's VFW just won't do for Junior, whose viewpoint from a fox-hole on some fever-ridden island has a much sharper focus than Pop's old trench in France. Both places are extremely hard on a man's body and soul, and just in case the "old man" is in this thing along with Junior, he'll more than likely agree with his son.

They'll *both* want and need "something that will last," and they haven't got too much time left to enjoy it if it's going to take the rest of their natural lives to bring it about. Of necessity it has to be some simple and homely thing for which they can reach out each day and bask in the secure peace of it, particularly on Sundays. It has to be the culmination of everything they've dreamed about, shed tears over, laughed with and fought for—all the way from Paducah to Tokyo and back from Berlin to Main Street.

You don't get that sort of thing through an American Legion or a Veterans of Foreign Wars organization.

But, brother, it's something we can't do without unless you want to do this sorry mess all over again in the next twenty or thirty years. Do you know what it is?

That Something is what God planned for you before you were born and what Christ died for almost two thousand years ago and what we've been overlooking all our lives.

It is the one certain path to a permanent peace and I can tell you just where you can find it! There's a little white church at the foot of a hill on Main Street—you can find it there if you want it. There's a little leatherbound Book on the parlor table at home—you can find it there if you want it. This very same thing lives in the heart of every and any man who loves God enough to follow Him—you can find it there if you want it!

Friend, that's *exactly* what I want! How about you? That little white church at the foot of a hill on Main Street is "The Kind of Veterans' Organization I Want." Somehow, I have a strange feeling that it will work. It'll take more than Mom and Dad and Junior to do it—we need you, too, Mister! Going my way?—SGT. WILLIAM R. MOORE.

"Through a Glass, Darkly"

✓ FIRST OF ALL, I'm mad. A friend of mine from home was killed in Northern France. So many men I've come to know around here get killed every day, but they are new acquaintances. When someone gets it whom you had looked forward to seeing return, then you more poignantly realize the meaning of war.

I'm mad! I'm mad at people. I know that's not right. But why must we always quarrel so, hating each other when we are all supposed to be the children of God? We

speak of races of men, of the Japs and the Germans, the Russians and the English; enemies and allies, that this one is good and that one is bad, one superior and the other inferior. We seem to have utterly forgotten the word Brotherhood. There is only one race of men—the human race. Differences in ways and appearances, surely, but still the Children of God.

War is wasteful, brutal and stupid. It is the first impulse of the barbarian and the last resort of the so-called civilized. Intolerance breeds intolerance, hate breeds hate and often it seems to make no sense, but those who suffer most from intolerance grow so fiercely intolerant themselves. I'm afraid of that in the eventual peace that soon must come. Will we be vindictive and plant the seeds for another war?

It's hard at times—especially over here—to have faith that God will make the whole thing mean something; that we are not fighting and sacrificing in vain. And yet we must be like him who said, "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." We must not faint. The light of hope and faith and goodness is fighting to survive the fierce onrushing darkness which has swept against it during the centuries.

Each war seems worse! We must keep the spark guarded in our minds and hearts by our determined faith and hope. It is the light that makes us men and which, at the present time, is like the struggle of a tiny candle flame trying to survive the currents of air in a dark and drafty room.

I think the fact that our faith is too narrow hinders us. We should find good in every religion that helps any man to lay hold of higher things and to see majestic meaning in life, whatever the name of that faith may be. Perhaps the "many rooms" in "My Father's house" could apply to the various faiths.

To see good in all things, to believe that

there is no good act lost, to see more than mud in a puddle, and to look into the face of the most forlorn mortal and see something besides sin, takes a deeper experience and more of the power and the presence of Almighty God than many of us have. No man's life can rise higher than the things he loves and for which he lives.

Think on the eternal values of life. There are things that will outlast time, the hate and agony of war, the long bewilderment of work and the opposite, idleness, the poison and dense stupidity of vanity and greed. Sight is a gift, but seeing is an art, for beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. Seeing is the difference between the painter and the artist, the laborer and the architect, the happy and the unhappy. To have your eyes and heart in tune with the good things about you is to have your heart echo and re-echo to a thrilling view of life.

To see tall trees all huddled in the golden dusk of sunset with their leafy branches blurring away indistinctly in the fading twilight—to see, on some blustery stormy evening, a harried moon take furtive glances through the wind tossed clouds—to walk under a brilliant sky late at night with the glistening stars looking like bright jewels on a satin cloth bringing forth a rare angelic light—then you sort of wonder that, if the wrong side of heaven can be so beautiful, what will the right side be?

Do you still remember your Latin?—"Plus Ultra"—"there is more beyond." How very much more only the unfolding eons of an immeasurable eternity can bring before our wondering eyes. Seeing that, we feel that the sting of death doesn't seem nearly as fearful.—CPL. WILLIAM C. KIESSEL, JR.

Revival Meetings

✓ NOTHING IS MORE heart-warming than a good old-fashioned revival meeting. But let's look at one. Many eager and happy

faces gathered together for a mutual worshiping of our God. When you walk in, three persons jump at you and shake your hand. They tell you how glad they are to see you, then promptly forget you and go on to welcome the next person in their professional "greater voices."

You sit down and sing good hymns until your courage is bolstered enough to come again the next time. Truly this handshaking at the first is enough to frighten a person away. If this could be eliminated, these meetings would really be a revival spiritually and not put a person in need of physical revival.—PVT. CHESTER WARREN COMBS.

Likes "Link Lines"

✓ I HAPPENED TO PICK up a LINK here this morning. That was nothing unusual, as I've done it many times before and always found something interesting. But in this one in particular, in your "Link Lines," you said a lot, and I like your way of putting it. I like the fact that you don't shout hallelujah or Amen in every sentence, which so many would have us believe has to go with religion.

I see you're collecting reports now from the boys and gals out here, over there or wherever they may be and whatever uniform they wear. Well, from what I've seen while being in the service, I don't think you'll have to worry much about us out here. The closer you are to the front, the more you get to think about God and religion. Your chaplain becomes something more than another gold braid, or the guy you tell your troubles to. You look up to him, respect him, listen to him, even start saying your prayers regularly.

You'd be surprised to see how many boys out here do go to church whenever possible. I'm not very religious myself. When a child back in Denmark I was forced to go to Sunday school (Lutheran) and, being that my brother happened to be the teacher for

my class, I raised Cain most of the time. I came to the U. S. when I was 19 years old, went to church (Danish) at Emmdaw, Washington, even sang in the choir. For the next three or four years I went to Alaska during the summer, down south to California and Nevada during the winter. Got married in 1928 and that ended my traveling. During those three or four years I didn't go to church.

My wife and I never went to church. The children went to Sunday school most of the time, but even that faded out. My wife and I called it quits after fourteen years of married life, having three fine children. I started for Alaska again, was called into the army where I spent only five months, got out on being overage, was out of the service exactly four months and decided to go back in again. I suppose patriotism and splitting up with my family both had something to do with it. So I joined the Seabees and have been in over a year now and over here about eight months.

I started going to church again when in the army and was surprised to find so many attending, and of all faiths. From then on I've gone to church quite often, not that I feel you just have to go to church every Sunday to be a good Christian—you don't, but it certainly helped me over many rough spots.

During this time my children were not taken care of—roaming the streets, more or less, and I was pretty worried about them. They were not going to Sunday school any more and it hurt me. But in the last few months I've had several letters from by big girl (15 years old) and in all her letters she says, "I'm kneeling here by my window, looking up at the stars, praying for you." My two smaller children do the same—God bless them. So, you see, it isn't all lost.

Well, this probably has no interest to you. As for your editorial "They Ain't

Talking," I don't agree with you there. Religion is discussed more freely in here than on the outside, I believe, because we've all been thrown together, all religions. It's a touchy subject, but if you're open-minded enough and have had a few knocks in life, you can discuss it okay. I've learned many things by that. I have Jewish friends, many Catholics, too, and I'm sure some good will come out of all of us being forced to live—yes, and die—together.

You're not afraid to admit your feelings about religion to your buddies. You say your prayers every night, and they don't laugh or snicker at you either. You're in closer touch with God out here, and as my children hung on to some of it, so will we when we get back and are safe and sound again. I think most of us will realize how much and how big a part God played in getting us back—alive.

I don't know if this convinces you of anything, Sir. It's hard to put your thoughts down on paper, but as for worrying about the boys as far as religion goes, I'm sure you don't have to.

I enjoy your little poems and prayers. THE LINK gets places and does things. Keep up the good work. God bless all of you.—ARNOLD HANSEN, C.M.2c.

The Japanese-Americans

✓ FIRST OF ALL I wish to commend you for a great work. LINK was instrumental in leading me to Christ. Only another Christian soldier or loved one could fathom the depths of my appreciation. Jesus seems to be in my tent with me as I read. I can't see Him, but I know He is here. His presence makes even this leaky tent sacred.

Second, I wish to congratulate you on the article entitled "Japyanks." I have only one criticism. I think that "Courageous Americans" or "Niseiyank" would be more appropriate—to me it sounded insulting to Nisei Yanks, their people and non-prejudiced people the world over. If you were

going to write about the destitute people of my native south, you wouldn't call them "White Trash" as some haughty people do. How's about it?

Why don't you write an article pertaining to a possible solution for their trying problems? Few whose forefathers came over on the *Mayflower* could have remained as loyal as they. Sure enough is the fact that a small minority are disloyal, but the facts speak for themselves. Less than a dozen have been proven disloyal in Hawaii since Pearl Harbor. From what I have read, the sabotage at Pearl Harbor was by paid enemy agents and alien Japanese. Can the white Americans, composed of German, Italian, French and other descents, boast such a record? Give those boys the break they so well deserve!

I heard a captain with this regiment say that he would be honored and proud to command a Japanese-American unit. Until shortly after Pearl Harbor he had about ten Nisei troops under his command in a regular line outfit. Those boys' record spoke for themselves. I was in the same company with them and I know what fine boys they were. Their soldierly conduct put many of us to shame.

One of them, Private Kariya, and I became close friends. We had few secrets between us, being more like brothers than just friends. I went with him to see his family one day. They were preparing to sell their farm equipment as they were being sent to a relocation camp. They sold it at a great loss. The only crime they had committed was being born of oriental parents.

Is it any wonder that tears came into my friend's eyes when he said words to this effect, "I can't understand why my people, who are citizens, should be behind barbed wire while German and Italian aliens come and go unmolested in their daily affairs"? All the answer I could give was that the

commanding general of that area had decreed it as a defense measure. I couldn't say that it was mostly because of racial prejudice and ignorance to facts by many other self-centered Americans. Without malice I say that I hope this general gets some of these Nisei Yanks under his command, since he is now in the European theater. That would change his former opinion as to their fidelity!

In closing, I have a suggestion to make. It's the one decent thing we can do to make up in some small way for the wrongs and hardships they have suffered in the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Why can't more people offer these people jobs they are so well fitted for, or, due to their high intelligence, they can be taught? In my home town there are 10,000 people. I have asked them through my pastor to invite at least three families to come there to live. If every Reidsville in the U. S. A. would do this, the entire group could be assimilated without disrupting the economic security of any given community.

Ask people who have already done this as to its success. True, there have been cases when it didn't work because of racial prejudice. Those people gave their communities a black eye that will take a long time to heal.

If every progressive soldier or sailor would use his influence in his own community, one of America's most vexing problems could be practically eliminated. I have invited my Nisei Yank friend to go in business with me after the war.

When the war is over, we service men don't want to come back to the same cities we left. We want to see Liberty and equality in force 100%. That's what this war is for!—PFC. BRADY FIELDS.

"Give It to Us Straight . . ."

✓ NEXT TO MY BIBLE I consider THE LINK to be the best publication that a soldier can read. It bridges the gap between

the home church and all the battlefronts of the world where the youth of America are in deadly combat with the forces of evil, fighting for all that we hold dear. I have found it extremely helpful and very vital in my Christian living.

Over here (in France) we have no "Church" as a physical structure. Scores of men meet along hedgerows, in orchards, in deserted, debris-filled buildings to worship God. But we realize keenly that we are a part of *The Church*. According to His promise, God is in our midst as we meet.

We believe in a personality-directed preaching, i.e., the Christian message to the individual and through the individual to the collective group. We want the voice from the pulpit to be God's voice, bringing to us the great, simple, eternal truths of the Word of God.

We do not want polite little dissertations or a review on the current "book of the month." Give us a continual review on the Book of Books, and *give it to us straight and strong*. Tell us how the love of God, revealed in and through Jesus Christ, can save and keep men who are lost in their sin. Lead us into the riches of the life that is hidden with Christ in God. If there are those who can't take it, let them trundle off with their little red wagons and play somewhere else.

Over here, hugging the loose dirt in the bottom of our foxholes or flattened out along row and road, ditch and dugout, while death is reaching for us with clawing fingers, we want to know that "the Eternal God is *our* refuge" and that "underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

Here we are "comrades all." Unless the spirit of comradeship is taken into our political problems, racial prejudices, and our economic tangles, they cannot be solved. Under God all are equal and we demand, in the postwar world, that *sincerity, service* and *sharing* be the triune foundation of our social structure.

I disagree strongly with the chaplain who says, "Most of our men long only to get home and to sink back into their old peacetime ruts, conforming themselves to that deadly pattern of a godless life which has brought them, along with their world, though they don't know it, into all this hell."

German 88's have jarred a lot of us permanently out of "that deadly pattern" and we'll prove it in the postwar days if, by the grace of God, we return.

I hold no personal grudge against the Church for my lack of spiritual equipment. But I am not at all pleased to know that so many of my buddies have been sent to this place without the wonderful assurance of eternal life. Nearly every man carries a Testament or Prayer Book, and those who do use them. Man's extremity has truly been God's opportunity with us. Many men have realized their greatest need here in the hell of battle.

As for myself, I pray to God that He will use me as his agent in helping turn the world back to the way He would have it be. My main interest in myself as a man is to study and show myself "a workman approved of God, rightly dividing the Word of Truth."

We are coming back home with the firm intention of serving instead of being served. We know that our work will have just begun when this is over and we are back. Therefore, we will stand by and support the Church, live for Christ, obey God's laws, and seek to conduct ourselves as true Christians always.—CPL. JOSEPH B. SNEED.

Seeds of World War III

✓ TWENTY-FIVE YEARS or so ago we fought and won a war. It was a "war to end all wars." But it didn't. If anything, it and the resultant "peace" merely fertilized the seeds of the present conflict.

Now we are determined, so we say, that

the same results shall not ensue. *This* must be the war to end all wars. *This* must be the peace that lasts. I only wish it could be, but I fear it is not going to be the last war, or even "the war to end all wars."

I have been living on Italian soil for better than a year now—first in Sicily, and then the Italian mainland. I have seen what was once a proud nation with a beautiful countryside, and unique, if not beautiful, cities become a veritable beggar among the nations of the world. Many of its cities, once thriving and prosperous, are now reduced to rubble with not a building left standing.

Along with many others I have been guilty of saying, "No nation of the world ever deserved its fate more than Italy." She raped Ethiopia; she stabbed France in the back; she went into partnership with the world's number one gangster. Why? Just to satiate the personal ambition of one man and his satellites—for power and personal gain.

Thus a man's selfishness destroyed a great nation. Through the throes of war and destruction her people became poor, naked and hungry—not all, but the great majority.

Then the Allies came promising shiploads of food. The Italians welcomed them with open arms. I remember a truck convoy trip from Salerno to Taranto that was a triumphal procession—the Italians in the towns gathering as we passed through to cheer us and throw us flowers and fruits.

But we failed to produce. Due to war exigencies we couldn't bring all the food we promised. It's true we brought some, and the situation improved. But not enough. Then more and more soldiers came, as well as more vehicles. And right here is where the seeds for the next war were sown. Instead of many of the soldiers acting as Christian gentlemen, worthy of the great nations whose uniforms they wore, they

tried to show their superiority over a conquered people.

Trucks would go racing down highways, their drivers being ever the more delighted when they could force a cart off the road. They called the natives stupid "Dagoes" and "Guineas" because the Italian cart-driver, used to a quiet road, would be a little slow in turning his tired horse aside. In many cases carts were wrecked, the animals either badly maimed or killed.

But who cared? They were only dagoes. Former productive farmlands necessarily had to be used for bivouac areas and equipment dumps. Civilians had to be forced out of beautiful apartment houses in order that billets for the soldiers might be provided. Theaters were taken over by the armed forces to provide entertainment for the troops. All this was probably necessary, but deep down in the Italian's heart was born resentment.

Italy is a great wine country. Her people drink regularly, but don't get drunken. The soldier, however, didn't know when to stop and in many cases became a spectacle, often causing fights and drunken brawls.

The Italians couldn't quite figure that out. These were the "Liberators." Self-respecting Italian girls, attending to their own business, were often accosted by spineless soldiers not able to control their passions. Disrespectful names were often hurled toward the Italian girls, and in many cases were understood by them, for more Italians understand English than vice versa.

Yes, a conquered people became a humiliated people. But in the depth of this humiliation there remained a spark of pride. And from this spark of pride is arising a flare for revenge. It may not come right away, but, unless the American and British peoples and soldiers redeem themselves by acting as Christian people should act, that flare will in time become a great conflagration.

It is a hopeful sign, however, that not all soldiers act in the manner described above. Some conduct themselves as gentlemen and thus impress the natives by their clean-cut mannerisms. They treat the Italians as fellow beings rather than conquered swine; they smile rather than look with scorn; they lift rather than knock down.

Thus it behooves every one of us, if we expect to forestall future wars, to not only treat others as we would like to be treated under similar circumstances, but to persuade our fellowmen to act likewise.

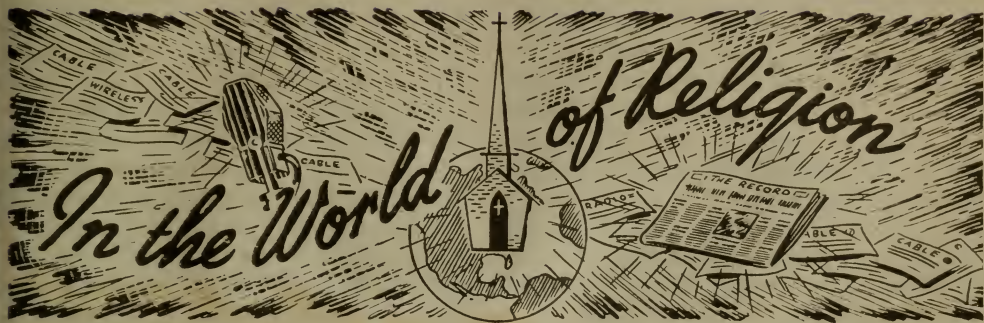
I am more than ever convinced that it is not the treaties, pacts or policies of corporate states that can prevent wars and strife, but the individual actions and thoughts of members of those states. To change nations we must change men.—CPL. ROLLA M. VARDELL.

"For Those of Us Overseas"

✓ THE LINK is a grand source of information and encouragement for those in the armed forces, especially for us who are overseas. With increased interest and enthusiasm we read such departments as "What Goes on in the World of Religion" and "Under Home-Town Spires." Increasingly must we link ourselves with that great opportunity to serve God for home and country, knowing that both have beauty and depth and meaning only as they become a part of a world-wide fellowship.

May I suggest to service men, at home or overseas, that they obtain a catalogue from a religious publishing house, or their own denominational press, and send good books, Bibles, pictures, or magazine subscriptions to parents, relatives and friends. Especially for us who are overseas, it is a fine, convenient way to remember birthdays, Christmas, or to send tokens of appreciation to those we respect and love.

Best wishes for the continued success of
LIEUT. WARD L. STEPHENSON.



From latest dispatches by Religious News Service

THE HOME FRONT

100 Million Dollars. Church bodies in the United States have made plans to raise more than 100 million dollars for postwar activities. This sum will be for expansion of work at home and abroad in addition to relief and reconstruction in war-torn countries.

A summary of postwar expansion plans so far announced by leading church groups follows:

METHODIST CHURCH: \$25,000,000 has been set as the goal for an extensive postwar reconstruction program to be known as the Crusade for Christ. The fund-raising plan of the campaign will be launched on December 1 and will conclude not later than January 31, 1946.

The Crusade has five major objectives: (1) establishment of an international organization for permanent peace; (2) rebuilding of church property and rehabilitation of peoples in war areas; (3) a church-wide evangelistic campaign; (4) cultivation of Christian stewardship; (5) increased enrollment in Sunday schools and related organizations.

More than half the total fund will be used for foreign missions.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.: A fund of \$20,000,000 has been authorized

for postwar reconstruction during the five years beginning in 1945.

NORTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION: The World Emergency Fund has been increased to \$2,000,000 per year. The denomination has also decided to accelerate its \$10,000,000 fund-raising program originally expected to extend over a four-to-five year period. Officials estimate that at least \$8,000,000 will be needed to meet the postwar situation in any adequate way.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH: The National Council of the Church has authorized a campaign to raise \$3,000,000 for postwar relief and rehabilitation in this country and in areas ravaged by war.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION: This denomination has set a goal of \$20,000,000 as a reserve fund for postwar denominational activities. The campaign will be in connection with the denomination's Centennial Crusade in 1945. A major goal will be to seek 1,000,000 converts. Half the amount sought will be allocated to activities of the Baptists within the various Southern states, the other half will be devoted to Southwide and world causes.

LUTHERANS: The campaign goal of Lutheran World Action for 1945 is expected to be more than \$2,000,000. In addition various Lutheran bodies are setting

aside funds for certain postwar purposes.

LUTHERAN SYNOD OF MISSOURI, OHIO, AND OTHER STATES has appropriated \$5,000,000 for postwar plans, including reconstruction of foreign mission stations. United Lutheran Church is setting aside \$3,000,000 for postwar planning. Other Lutheran bodies are expected to authorize proportionate postwar funds.

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS: The General Conference recently mapped plans to raise \$5,000,000 for postwar rehabilitation in war-torn countries.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. (Southern): This body is seeking a "Re-occupation Fund" of \$1,000,000 for foreign missions, a great part of which has already been provided.

EVANGELICAL AND REFORMED CHURCH: A three-year goal of \$1,200,000 in free-will offerings has been set to support the denomination's newly-established Commission on Postwar Service. Among major objectives of the commission will be rebuilding of ruined churches and reorganizations of congregational life in European Protestantism.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH: This group has created a Kingdom Service Fund of \$500,000 for postwar relief, reconstruction of demolished properties, and expansion of religious work in Europe and Asia.

Interdenominational groups have begun making detailed plans for postwar rehabilitation and expansion. The World Sunday School Association has announced it will raise a reconstruction fund of \$475,000 which will be used to restore essential religious education facilities and services interrupted or destroyed by the war, provide new services where none existed before, and generally enlarge the association.

World Order Training: Sixty one-day conferences have been conducted by the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. to

train leaders for its church-wide campaign of education for world order, to be held during the four-week period from January 14 to February 14, 1945, on the theme, "The Price of Peace."

Approved by the Church's 156th General Assembly last May, the project dealt with the central issues involved in the coming peace and will aim to "create attitudes, understanding, and action on the part of the members of the churches in support of a foreign policy that is in keeping with the Six Pillars of Peace of the Federal Council of Churches."

Peacetime Conscription: Deferment until after the war of Congressional action on peacetime military conscription was urged here by the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, which represents 25 national communions with a total membership of more than 25,000,000 persons.

In a resolution recently adopted, the committee pointed out that "for the United States to change now its historic policy might be so interpreted as to prejudice the postwar settlement and jeopardize the possibility of achieving the kind of world order reflected in our government's war aims."

Several denominations within the Federal Council previously had taken similar action on the proposed legislation, and a number of other church groups, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish have expressed outright opposition to contemplated postwar training of the nation's youth.

The committee pledged itself to continue activity "for a postwar settlement that will insure to all nations peace, security, and justice," in the hope that "peoples everywhere may be released from the burden of competitive armaments and given the opportunity to develop a world community in accordance with Christian principles."

Conscription Opposed: Opposition to universal military conscription "now or at any other time" was recorded by members of the Religious Society of Friends at a recent conference on postwar planning, on the grounds that the proposal "violates both the rights of conscience and religious liberty."

The resolution called on the President, the State Department, and the Congress "to work for an international agreement for the abolition of military conscription and also for the universal reduction of armaments; for opening the channels of trade and migration; and for generous support of the institutions of world organization."

Military conscription, the Quakers asserted, is an "unwise" public policy, offers "no guarantee" of peace and freedom from attack, would injure "our domestic well-being," and has a "harmful effect upon education."

Prediction: Consolidation of six great Protestant denominations into three communions "within my lifetime" was predicted recently by the Rt. Rev. Ivan Lee Holt, bishop of the Methodist Church's St. Louis area.

"I fully expect a union of the Baptist and Disciples of Christ churches, a union of the Congregational Christian and Evangelical Reformed, a union of the Methodist and Protestant Episcopal churches," he said.

Bishop Holt spoke at the 125th anniversary of Christ Church Cathedral, first Episcopal church to be established west of the Mississippi River.

Popular Painting: One million reprints of "The Universal Christ," a painting by Warner Sallman, have been distributed through USO clubs and chaplains to men and women in the armed forces, it was reported recently in New York by the

YMCA Army and Navy Department.

The most widely distributed picture of Christ during the war years, it continues to be printed in large quantities to meet increasing demands for it by service men and women.

Tours Fronts: Bishop Henry Wise Hobson of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has returned from an extensive tour of the Western front, where he conferred with U. S. army chaplains, and addressed troops in various centers. His colleague, Bishop G. Ashton Oldham also fulfilled a number of engagements in Scotland, including a visit to St. Mary's Cathedral in Edinburg, where he preached.

Among Prisoners: In the year ending June 30, 1944, the Salvation Army visited 151 correctional institutions for women, conducted 66 prison meetings attended by 6,302 prisoners, effected 284 conversions, supervised 141 parolees, and serviced 4,500 released inmates, Lt. Col. Agnes McKernan, secretary of the Women's Prison Bureau for the Eastern Territory has reported. In addition 16,564 pieces of literature were distributed, and jobs were secured for 750 women.

Merger Talk: Proposed merger of the United Brethren and the Evangelical Church will be the principal business of the former denomination's quadrennial conference here in 1945, opening May 15 and continuing for 10 days. The union has already been approved by the Evangelical Church.

Dr. Roy Smith of Chicago, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, has been chosen as guest speaker, and fraternal greetings from the Evangelical Church will be extended by Bishop J. S. Stamm of Harrisburg, Pa.

Future Leaders: Returning service men will provide much of the leadership of the

Church in the postwar world, Dr. J. Harry Cotton, president of McCormick Theological Seminary at Chicago, told the Council of Theological Education of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

"Each year," Dr. Cotton predicted, "our 10 theological seminaries within the Presbyterian Church will be expected to supply 50 to 75 chaplains for the armed forces, even in the postwar period. Many of these, it can be expected, will come from men now serving within the Army who will, upon discharge, want to secure a theological education."

"Funeral Reform": Noting widespread concern among clergy and laity over funeral costs and the commercialization of funeral practices, the department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches has devoted an issue of its weekly Information Service bulletin to a study of efforts being made to change the current situation.

Department of Commerce figures for 1942, according to Information Service, placed the total deaths for the year at 1,385,187, with total costs for funerals and burial services, cemeteries and crematories, and monuments and tombstones amounting to \$560,900,000, or \$405 per death. Other authoritative sources are also quoted to indicate that funerals are expensive, particularly in relation to the assets and income of the average family.

In a section on "attempts at funeral reform," the Federal Council's study discusses the progress of co-operative burial associations, which one authority claims "offer a way through sound business organization to lower prices to the public and to eliminate the flagrant abuses which now exist in the funeral industry."

Prayer Week: Observance of the 1945 "Universal Week of Prayer" went forward from January 7 to 14. The event was spon-

sored in the United States by the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches, and in other countries by the World's Evangelical Alliance, with headquarters in London.

For More Bibles: Plans for launching a \$3,000,000 War Emergency and Postwar Rehabilitation Fund in January were announced by the American Bible Society at a meeting of 300 Protestant ministers recently. The fund will provide ten million Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels during the next four years to members of the armed forces, prisoners of war, and churches and peoples of liberated areas.

Dr. Eric M. North, general secretary of the Bible Society, stressed the immediate need this year of 400,000 complete Bibles for the armed forces. In the past four years, he said, the Society has issued more than 200,000 Bibles, more than 4,200,000 Testaments, and 1,500,000 Gospels and other portions of the Scriptures.

The Allied campaign in Western Europe, Dr. North said, has increased requests for Bibles and Testaments in the German language, as well as in French, Greek, Italian, and Russian for prisoners of war. Orders are "streaming in by the thousands" from chaplains attached to prisoner of war camps and hospitals, he added.

Buy Ball Park: The Gospel Publishing Company will purchase the entire White City ball park property in Springfield, Mo., as the site for its new plant, J. Z. Kamerer, manager, announced following a meeting of the executive board of the Assemblies of God. The property has a frontage of 517 feet, and the sale price is \$35,000. As soon as materials can be obtained, the company will build a half-million dollar plant for expansion of its business. The building also will include the executive offices of the Assemblies of God.

JOINS SMCL STAFF



● WE TAKE PLEASURE in presenting to you in this issue the Rev. Wilbert B. Smith, Jr., most recent addition to the staff of the Service Men's Christian League. Mr. Smith comes to the League as Assistant General Secretary, and will be principally responsible for promoting SMCL units in co-operation with chaplains throughout the service.

Mr. Smith has been serving for the past two years as Program Director of the Army-Navy YMCA and as Executive Secretary of the Protestant Council for Service Men in Philadelphia. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., having served as assistant to Dr. J. V. Moldenhawer of the First Presbyterian Church, New York City. While there he also served on the National Board of Review for Motion Pictures and on the Lower West Side Council of Social Agencies. He graduated from Haverford College in 1933, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1938. Before going to Haverford, Mr. Smith lived for fourteen years in India, Egypt and Europe. His father is connected with the International Committee of the YMCA.

Federal Council: Meeting in Pittsburgh for its biennial meeting late in November, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America elected Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam its new president, succeeding Bishop Henry St. George Tucker.

Prominent in the high councils of the Methodist Church, Bishop Oxnam is also an active battler for projects affecting chaplains and service men. He is a long-time friend and supporter of the Service Men's Christian League.

Elected vice president of the Federal Council was Dr. Benjamin E. Mays, president of Morehouse College, Atlanta. Dr. Mays' election marks the first time a Negro has been appointed to so high an office in the Council, and is an indication of that body's eagerness to give Negroes a more prominent place in the Church.

Other significant happenings at the Council meeting were:

The plea for greater Protestant-mindedness and greater Christian unity among churches, made by Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Council.

The summoning of churches to be "more aggressive and effective in evangelism and Christian education" in order that America may not become "a pagan nation, decadent in its own life and a menace to the world."

The overwhelming vote taken by delegates recommending deferment of congressional action on peacetime military conscription until after the war.

The appeal made by Dr. Mark A. Dawber, executive secretary of the Home Missions Council, urging Protestantism to unite its forces to make a single impact upon public opinion; and that made by John Foster Dulles in support of the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals.

The Council approved for 1945 a budget of \$518,000, including a war emergency amount of \$40,000 for the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains.

Negro Press: Creation of the part-time office of Representative to the Negro Press was announced by the Commission on Public Information of the Methodist Church. The position will be filled by the Rev. Daniel Lyman Rideout, pastor of Camphor Memorial Methodist Church in Philadelphia.

The Methodist Church has 3,115 Negro congregations with a total membership of 330,600, and Mr. Rideout will serve both the Negro and general press with news of their activities.

THE FOREIGN FRONT

Typewritten Bibles: So great has been the lack of Bibles in Germany that copies have been typewritten to fill the demand, says the Rt. Rev. Arthur Gayley Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester (England). He spoke in support of a resolution, which was passed, pleading the Assembly to assume its share of Christian reconstruction in Europe.

"Christian churches of this country," the Bishop said, "should as soon as possible get in touch with the Christians of Germany." He added that, according to information he had received, the German churches were "quite ready to receive them and be friends."

Lord Quickswood expressed the hope that the resolution would not be too narrowly restricted to Europe, but would take into account the churches in other parts of the world. As an example, he cited the Assyrian Church in Asia which, he said, was "still in the same unhappy plight as in 1918."

Churchmen Executed: A number of active church laymen were executed in Germany after the July attempt on Hitler's life, Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, general secretary of the World Council of Churches, revealed recently in an address before the British Council of Churches.

He indicated that the German Confessional Church is playing an active part in resistance to the Nazis, but said the full story of this activity cannot, "for security reasons," be told at present.

"The Confessional Church," he added, "is stronger than it was a few years ago. There is much greater unity within the church than formerly, and it has great evangelistic possibilities. Great missions have recently been held which brought a response comparable to that in the best days of the Church. There has been a great revival of Bible study, especially by laymen. Many local churches deprived of clerical leadership have experienced a revival of lay leadership."

Discussing the role of churches in occupied countries, Dr. Visser 't Hooft stressed that an important phase of resistance was not what the churches said, "but what they have refused to say."

"One of the great struggles of the French Reformed Church," he recalled, "was to remain silent. Berlin sent a special representative to Paris to get a strong declaration against the Allied bombing policy, but he was told by the Reformed Church that they were not in the habit of making declarations at the request of a temporal power."

Church resistance was primarily spiritual, but in some places, Dr. Visser 't Hooft declared, the church felt obligated to go further and become, for the first time in modern church history, a church on the offensive.

"Several churches," he said, "could very easily have bought for themselves a long period of quiet existence if they had been content to take no action except when their own normal church life was interfered with. The great thing is that several of them took aggressive action."

In Secular Issues: In a tradition-shattering proposal, Prof. Adolph Keller,

noted Swiss theologian, has called on continental churches to follow the lead of American churches and play a prominent part in political, economic, and social questions.

Addressing a conference of the Swiss Pastors' Union at Lucerne, Prof. Keller stressed the need to "bring the mind of the Church" before powers legislating on political and social matters, and suggested that parliaments, governments, advisory councils, and peace conferences should select outstanding Christian leaders to make contact between ecclesiastical and secular organs.

"If need be," he added, "the Church can mobilize the political strength of its own members, as American churches have done extensively."

In the past, continental churches have adhered strictly to a "hands-off" policy on such questions, holding that their principal function was to pursue a spiritual ministry.

Catholic Expansion: Liberation of the Philippines will be followed by widespread expansion of Roman Catholic missionary activities, and eventually the Philippine church will become a leader in mission work in the Far East. This prediction was made

by the Rev. William F. Masterson, director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau, in a statement to *Religious News Service*.

The Jesuit executive revealed that despite Japanese occupation, Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines have found means to continue seminary training and as a result a group of some forty new priests will be ordained in the next few months. This will increase to about 150 the number of American Jesuits in this mission field.

In addition, he said, the Jesuit Bureau is ready to send 50 priests to the Philippines at the first opportunity. They include several priests who were studying here at the outbreak of the Pacific war, and who are now serving as chaplains with American invasion forces.

Nazi Decree: Nazi authorities in Germany have struck another blow at religion by forbidding chaplains to hold services in German prisons. An announcement in a recent issue of *Deutsche Justiz*, German law publication, states that religious services may not be held either for political or civil prisoners, and that no exception is to be made even in the case of prisoners awaiting execution. Prisoners of war, however, are not affected by the decree.

He Prayed for the Japanese!

A CANADIAN missionary tells of an evening meal in Chungking in Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's home which was interrupted by an air raid. When the meal was finally finished, the Generalissimo asked the missionary to stay and join in evening devotion.

"The Generalissimo began by reading some scripture, then prayed," he says. "I never expect to hear such a prayer again in all my life. First he gave a simple expression of thanks for our personal safety, then he added thanks for the courage of the nation under fire. He prayed for strength for the men in the field and along the firing lines. He prayed for strength for himself.

"The most amazing thing in his prayer was a plea that God would help him and help China not to hate the Japanese people. He prayed for the Japanese Christians and for all the suffering multitudes of Japan whose impoverishment was making the war on China possible. He also prayed for the people who were bombed."

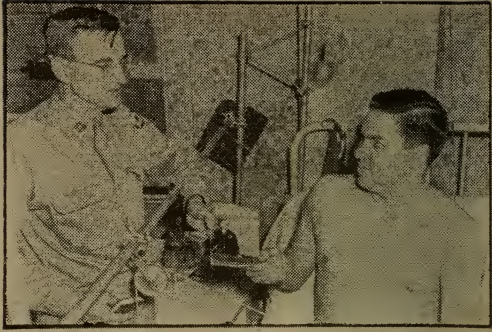


THIS IS YOUR *League*

A COMMUNIQUE FROM THE NATIONAL OFFICE OF THE SMCL

By **IVAN M. GOULD**

General Secretary, Service Men's Christian League



START the New Year right! To all of you who read this, the officers and leaders of the Service Men's Christian League send warm and sincere greetings for the New Year. May the year 1945 bring the cessation of the war; may it be the time when you can return to your wives and loved ones; may it be a time when a just and enduring peace will be written so that your sons and daughters may enjoy the peace and good will which is necessary for an abundant life.

New Year's Day is a good time to take stock of the past and look forward to the kind of future that will make your life worth while. Caught up as you are in a huge war machine, it is easy to think only in terms of the present. It is routine. It is monotonous. It involves all the hardships of war.

The past becomes glorified whenever you think back upon it, and, like Aladdin's lamp, takes on the magic of escape. Thinking only of the past and the present leads

to pessimism and disillusionment. It is in looking to the future in anticipation, because of your faith in Christ and in a Christian world, that life takes on new meaning and becomes worth while.

Woe unto him who gives way to despair of the future!

But blessed is the man who at some time in his life pauses, looks back at the past, and then determines in his own heart which way he will go. What more appropriate time could there be for thus taking stock than New Year's Day? Not that a blueprint can be drawn with exact measurements, but a start can be made in the right direction. That is what we mean when we say "Start the New Year right!"

A Source of Strength

Chaplain Cecil H. Lang, Chief of the Chaplains Section, Headquarters XIII Corps, has shared with us a most unusual letter. We do not know the people involved, nor the family of either the soldier or his brother. But we know that the cross on the insignie of the SMCL speaks a language that brings strength to those who believe and unites in brotherhood the peoples of

PHOTO AT TOP OF PAGE: Chaplain Charles L. Carpenter presenting a copy of LINK magazine to Cpl. Dale DeSart at Ashford General Hospital, White Sulphur Springs. DeSart, wounded by a machine-gun bullet in Tunisia, had been a bed patient at Ashford Hospital for 15 months when this photo was taken.

different nationalities and races. Here is the letter Chaplain Lang wrote:

"A soldier of my unit, who is an Armenian and a member of The Apostolic Church, had a brother killed in action during the invasion of Normandy. Last week he came to me saying that he had located his brother's grave and wanted me to go with him to it. He desired to place on the grave some Christian memento and asked my advice and aid.

"I had in my field desk a small lithographed reproduction of Hofmann's Head of Christ and a few SMCL insignia. When we visited the grave on Sunday afternoon we placed the picture, in cellophane cover, just above the cross-arm, and the SMCL insignia, with cross on it, just below the cross-arm. We then had a brief memorial service and prayer. The whole thing seemed to bring great comfort to the soldier's heart. He felt the knowledge of this would be a source of strength and comfort to his mother."

May the symbol of the League be a source of strength to all who wear it!

The Bible on the Spot

We can imagine that the observance of Christmas by Chaplain James G. Jones and his men was especially significant because he is (or was) stationed in the Bible Lands. Places which have become familiar to us only from our reading have been visited by the group with Chaplain Jones. He has organized two Leagues, one in the States and one overseas. Now he writes:

"At this post in Egypt, we have a Bible Class in which we study the Old Testament history beginning with Genesis. This has been going on for two and one-half months with very good interest. The personnel has visited Palestine frequently and are taking advantage of every situation."

Well done, Chaplain Jones! We would like to hear from other chaplains stationed in the Bible Lands.

After the League Meeting

In many places in civilian life, Sunday evening activities include more than just the young people's meeting. Either before or after the meeting there are "social hours." Chaplain Francis Lee Albert at the Marine Base, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, informs us that such a program is not limited to civilian life. He says:

"Here at Camp Lejeune we have an active group of young people meeting each Sunday evening in the Chapel at 1830 for worship and in the gymnasium across the street at 2100 for fellowship, games and refreshments."

Sounds inviting doesn't it?

Chaplain George F. Pearce, Jr., with the Marine Aircraft Group at Corvallis, Oregon, writes that his League has a program similar to the one described above. To use his own words:

"We vary our programs some, using religious movies (which are proving tremendously popular), and Bible study, and we also take topics from THE LINK and discuss them. Periodically we invite Leagues from different denominational churches to our meetings and we are invited to theirs in return.

"We have in the back room of our chapel a room in which we serve refreshments, such as coffee, doughnuts and Coca Colas. We have also mixed recreation with refreshments, such as ping pong and checkers."

"Water . . . Everywhere"

This section might have another title such as "Reading in the Dark." Chaplain Lawrence H. Bone gives us the most novel idea for reading THE LINK. It might be regarded as expensive via long distance telephone, but not in an AAA Battalion. Chaplain Bone reports that they have numerous searchlight positions scattered over about 200 square miles. These positions have no reading light. What should they

do? How could they read **THE LINK**? The answer is that a man from a position where there is a light reads the articles in **THE LINK** over the telephone to the other men in the darkened positions.

That's about the most novel idea we've heard about lately! But just incidentally it strikes me that, with searchlights that can shine for miles, and yet no light for reading, there's a similarity between that situation and the Ancient Mariner's lament, "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink!"

SMCL in the Hospital

This month we call for reports on the activity of the SMCL in hospitals. First we take you to Lawson General Hospital. Here **Chaplain Jesse L. Pittard** has worked out a good scheme to utilize all the copies of **THE LINK**. He receives about two **LINKS** for each ward of ten men. Into each copy of the magazine Chaplain Pittard inserts a small note which reads: "Dear Reader, when you have finished reading **THE LINK**, please pass it on to the man in the bed next indicated. Thanks." The note

is signed by Protestant Chaplains **Charles D. Trexler** and **Jesse L. Pittard**. Then there is space before for the numbers of the beds of Protestant patients. It's a good idea and we pass it along.

From the 15th Evacuation Hospital comes a report by **Chaplain Raymond E. Spears** (See photo below):

"The Service Men's Christian League of the 15th Evacuation Hospital was organized on the Anzio Beachhead under enemy fire. This unit was stationed there for four months.

"The chaplain held midweek services for about two weeks. From these services he introduced the organization of the League to the men. He appointed certain men to take charge of the meetings, from which emerged the present organization of the League.

"The first meeting in charge of the men had for its subject and discussion 'The Temptations of Christ.' From that time there have been varied subjects, such as Love, Faith, Victory, etc. The men have taken turns in conducting the meetings, and at each meeting a number take their individual parts, which have been assigned to them before the meeting. The meeting is finally thrown open for discussion, and questions are asked concerning the study



Members of the Service Men's Christian League of the 15th Evacuation Hospital, organized on the Anzio Beachhead during some of the heaviest fighting there. (See story above)

of the Bible, and its usefulness in life itself. The chaplain enters into the discussion and helps direct it.

"These meetings have become quite a major interest for the patients as they pass through our hospital. We have also visitors from neighboring units. All in attendance usually take part in the discussion, which creates a wonderful fellowship.

"THE LINK has been an important factor in its organization. We have a number of copies of the magazine coming to us each month, and they are distributed to the patients as well as our own organization, and are enthusiastically read.

"The Christian League of this unit has only one end in view, and that is to seek and do the will of God, whatever the cost might be. Our aim is to bring Christ to the men through His Gospel. The road is rough, straight and narrow. The goal is sure through Eternal Life of Christ.

"The paragraph immediately above was constructed by the men themselves. We hope and pray that this organization will be a help and a blessing to all the men that attend."

There is a flourishing League unit at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Long Beach, California. Some weeks ago **Chaplain Edgar F. Lawrence, Jr.**, reported for this group. He states that at first they held meetings every two weeks but then decided upon weekly meetings every Thursday. The membership is made up of corpsmen, WAVES and Navy nurses. The League sponsored a trip to the Hollywood Pilgrimage Play and are planning to repeat activities like this.

At the 78th Station Hospital, **Cpl. George H. Mitchell** reports for the League under the sponsorship of **Chaplain Doyle T. Rowe**. This League has 22 members and meets twice a month.

Chaplain B. W. Birdsall of the 39th Station Hospital reports that his League unit reaches out into near-by smaller installations where there is no chaplain. The president assigns five minute "starter" talks to three men who present the topic. Last June this SMCL unit met with units from

three other hospitals. Now, with **Chaplain Leonard Cox** of the 20th Station Hospital, **Chaplain Birdsall** is planning an island-wide rally of all SMCL men. Great work, say we! We wish we could look in on that rally.

Motto for Adoption

The other day we received a letter from **Chaplain R. T. Welch** which should be passed on. He has organized a League and submits the following motto. If enough units like it, we can adopt it for the national office. What is your answer?

Here it is: S. M. C. L.—meaning "So May Christ Lead."

The League Goes to College

There are numerous League units organized among service men on college campuses. One of them has met with great success at Colby College, Waterville, Maine. The faculty advisor for religious activities at the college before the war was **Herbert L. Newman**. He had one of the best religious groups of college students in New England, so that when service men appeared he lost no time in working out a similar top-notch program for them. His report was as follows:

"Our experience with the SMCL was very happy. First of all our men at the 21st College Training Detachment wanted to organize themselves for service. Their SMCL was ideal for them, locally and nationally. Officers and committees were organized at intervals of change. Services were conducted weekly by the men on Sunday morning. Business and discussions, also prayer meetings, were planned once or twice weekly. Boys in the infirmary or hospital were given attention. Through the SMCL, contacts were made with the college, city churches, USO and other agencies. THE LINK was distributed to members and used for discussions, prayer groups, etc. We were all conscious of the close tie between all Protestants of a wide variety of types in this fellowship."

Install the Officers

The Vulcan Unit of the SMCL was organized under the direction of **Chaplain L. O. Crain** of the *USS Vulcan*. A constitution was adopted which would make an excellent model for any organization.

The preamble to the Constitution states the purpose of the League as "providing a means of Christian fellowship, devotion, evangelism and education for the purpose of fortifying our Christian lives; to assist us who are in the service in maintaining church affiliations; to prepare us for Christian citizenship in the community, nation and world when we return to civil life; and to assist our chaplain in any way possible for maintenance of this League and regular Sunday services upon our vessel."

At the installation service the following officers were installed: president, Hobart W. Mitchell; vice-president, Robert W. Owens; and secretary-treasurer, John H. Rice.

In the Mail

Chaplain Oliver H. Kelly reports that his active chapter of the SMCL in Iran has sponsored a series of lectures by one of the American Presbyterian missionaries in the vicinity. That is making good use of near-by talent.

And **Chaplain Alfred M. Ellison** reported some time ago that while at Gulfport he had the SMCL meet in his home. We wonder if other chaplains have done that. Sounds like a good idea, and one that would be appreciated, not only by homesick boys but by everyone.

Chaplain Harold Hayward writes from the Station Hospital at Camp Haan, California, that each Sunday he has ward "hymn-sings." These are very popular.

Not very often do we receive in the mail an article that describes simply and graphically the activity and program of a unit of the SMCL. But **Corporal James C.**

Kemp has sent in such an article. With pleasure we devote the rest of "This Is Your League" to Corporal Kemp. Says he:

"'Anyone who brings religion with him to New Guinea is insane,' was a statement made within my hearing while convalescing at a Station Hospital. To me, quite the contrary is the case; for religion, or should I say Christianity, is something one cannot take or leave at will. Who would want to be on an island such as this without some faith in God and his eternal destiny? One of the things that we are fighting for is to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, so why not practice a little of the freedom that we have?"

"Aside from letters from our praying families and friends at home, our next best inspiration to live righteously comes from our chapel services.

"Growing interest in the Service Men's Christian League is proof that fellows are interested in religion here in New Guinea. The League was established here several months ago.

"The first meeting's attendance was small, but recent countings average nearly 50, with ten or more denominations represented. Fellows hail from all parts of the States. At one meeting there were some from 25 different states.

"Meetings are of a varied nature, with each one presenting something new or different. For example, besides the regular hymns found in the hymnals, choruses from various sources are used, after which subjects of the following types are used: 'Faith,' 'Prayer,' 'What Can a Christian do in New Guinea to further God's Kingdom?' and 'What Part Will Service Men Play in Establishing Postwar Christianity?' Special numbers have been offered by talented Negro quartets, while others have rendered numbers which are of the typical Southern style.

"An outgrowth of the League was the suggestion for a chorus-choir. It is now in the formative stages, but will eventually be lending its services in the various meetings.

"After several months of activity, the fellows felt the need for a more definite organization, and so elected the following officers: president, Cpl. James C. Kemp; vice-president, Cpl. Henry Bateman; secretary, Sgt. Jack Gay, and program chairman, Sgt. Henry Endsley."

LET *Us* PRAY

By G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY

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

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

UNDER CHRIST'S LEADERSHIP

● BE THOU our Strength and Shield, O mighty God, as we serve Thy cause this day. Let not the plans of evil men prevail. Use us to bring the victory of Thy love to those who cry to Thee for deliverance from their oppressors. Help us to overthrow the tyranny of force, and grant that our deeds this day may hasten the time when brotherhood and peace shall reign in all the earth under the leadership of Christ, the King of love. Amen.

IN REMEMBRANCE

● DEAR FATHER, we commend to Thee our departed comrades, knowing that in Thee they will continue more and more to grow, serve, and rejoice in everlasting life. We remember with thanks their days with us: their friendship and laughter, their courage and strength. We praise Thee that their work on earth is sealed with the beauty and unselfishness of their young lives given in sacrifice, that righteousness, freedom, brotherhood, and peace may prevail among men throughout the world. In the name of Him who died on the Cross for them and us, Jesus, our Saviour. Amen.

FOR PATIENCE

● LORD, give us patience with ourselves, that we may discipline our hearts and minds and grow in character and grace. Give us patience with others, that we may bear with all their faults and bless them with our good will and loving deeds. Give us patience with Thee, that our faith in Thee may lift us up, our strength from Thee support us on our way, and our love for Thee be our full happiness in this life and in the life to come. Amen.

AT DAY'S END

● HEAVENLY FATHER, for every blessing of Thy bounty unto me, for hopes and dreams and plans, for work completed or begun, for all that made me strive and grow and understand, for friendliness and discipline, for others' patience, thoughtfulness and love, I thank Thee now at

close of day. Correct whatever I have done amiss. Accept whatever I have given of my best. Help me to see each undertaking and performance in the light of Thy good purposes, and to make all my plans and deeds more worthy gifts for Thine acceptance. Through Him who works in me, my Master Christ. Amen.

FOR THE DISCIPLINE OF THE CROSS

● TEACH US, O God, so to accept the pain and sorrow which we must endure in this world that they shall be for us the means of attaining greater patience and sympathy for others. Grant that we may so use the disciplines of our imperfect life on earth that we shall be prepared, according to the example and promise of Jesus the Crucified, to enter into the everlasting joys and peace of heaven. Amen.

LOVE FOR OTHERS

● HOLY GOD, may our love for Thee shine forth in our love for our neighbor, that Thy beauty and holiness may be more and more revealed in the lives of Thy children on earth. Amen.

TO OUR DIVINE COMPANION

● BE THE COMPANION of our days, O Christ, the Author of our thoughts, the Guardian of our words, the Fashioner of our deeds. May we walk our way with Thee, and may we meet our sorrows and our joys as those who know Thy mercy, love, and peace. May we bring Thee nearer to our fellows, and may we build up Thy Kingdom in our hearts and world. Be Thou, O Christ, the End and the Fulfillment of our dreams and hopes, our prayers and lives. Amen.

INTERCESSION AT NIGHT

● SPIRIT OF LIFE, give rest and peace this night to hearts bowed down by sin, to bodies wearied with toil or pain, to minds disturbed by fear, to souls laid low by doubt. Be with each sufferer, and cleanse and heal each one by Thy compassion and Thy love. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Topic TALKS



• *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

LOOKING DOWN NEW PATHS

• *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How can self-examination help us in making resolutions for the New Year?*
(Psalm 119:59; II Corinthians 13:5)
2. *How should repentance enter into our New Year resolutions?*
(Acts 2:38; 3:19; Revelation 3:3a, 19, 20)
3. *How can the resurrection of Jesus Christ serve as a New Year challenge to us?*
(Romans 6:4)
4. *Is it possible for us to reform ourselves, or does God change us?*
(Psalm 34:12-14, 18; Matthew 18:3; 19:17c; John 3:3, 5; Acts 3:19; Romans 2:4)
5. *Is there a basic and an infallible way by which any of us can come to newness of life?*
(Luke 9:57c; II Corinthians 5:17; Philippians 3:13, 14; James 4:8)

• *Resource material:*

ARE you making resolutions again this New Year? Wouldn't this be a good time to go at the problem more seriously than ever before? Wouldn't it be worth while this year to do more than merely "turn over a new leaf"? Why not resolve that you will really try to achieve a fullness of life that will go beyond any resolutions you have previously made?

Has there ever been a time when "newness of life" mattered more to you, and to those you love, than now? In the midst of all the hatreds and the searing flames of global war, is it not possible that you can quietly shape your highest hopes and longings and make them ideals to shine forth bravely in the midst of this night? When everything around you may be convulsed from the explosive shocks of brutal war, could there be a time when it would be more important for you to continue to play the man in your own life, and redouble all your efforts to make your life strong

enough to ride out the storm victoriously?

The year 1945 will be very important for you if it provides you with the motive to cleanse your life of every known evil and purge your thoughts and your motives. This is not silly nor sissy. Perhaps you still remember a passage that you read, in your high school days, from Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*. A great and famous knight of King Arthur's Round Table said, very modestly, "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

Do You Have to Be a "Tough Guy"?

Perhaps you would like to tell me that this looks good on paper but it just isn't so. You may feel quite convinced that the war will be won by the rough, tough guys who would like to make it appear that they subsist on nails and black coffee—or cognac. But I'm not so sure about that, and I've seen a lot of soldiers and sailors too.

If you think you have to be "tough" in

order to be a good soldier or seaman, you'd better think again. I am referring, of course, to the sort of tough guy who brandishes his moral imperfections in the face of sober and decent people. He looks down upon them as weaklings and pantywaists because they try to be decent in speech and in conduct. But very often the blusterer and the bully mistake bravado for bravery, and swaggering for courage. These are not the same, as thoughtful and efficient service men know.

Boy With a "Batting Average"

Do you remember David—that young shepherd boy who planted a pebble squarely in the forehead of the roaring Philistine, Goliath? Goliath was a tough guy and a boaster. His roar was louder than the defiant screaming of Adolf Schickleguber when he cut loose with his throatiest gutturals in 1939.

We don't know where nor how Goliath spent the preceding night, nor what or how much he drank. But he was the sort of fellow who considered himself to be a real man-sized he-man, who could take his share of almost anything and get away with it.

David was just a modest young shepherd who had had plenty of practice with a sling and innumerable pebbles. He had a steady hand and a clear eye, because he had never thought it important to get around with the big fellows who roared at ribald jokes and boasted how much wine they could guzzle.

But this innocent shepherd boy knew his strength and his sling, and one shot was enough for him—and much too much for the mighty Goliath. Here was a batting average that makes Babe Ruth's look sick. I doubt if David could have done better if he had been the heaviest drinker in the kingdom—or the most profane, or the lewdest! David, I feel very sure, was a better soldier because he had prayed often and

had read and loved the Scriptures of his people, and because he had a strong and sincere faith in God.

Don't be afraid or ashamed to make this New Year a time to take stock of yourself. Don't be afraid to do a bit of work on your weak spots, to make yourself stronger for combat and for civilian life. Make up your mind that you will try to measure up to the *best* that Mom or your wife or your sweetheart sees in you. And do the best you can to make yourself the best you can. That's plenty hard, but it will pay the biggest dividends you ever saw.

Perhaps you want to tell me you have made resolution after resolution, only to see them buckle like Goliath's knees. Maybe you didn't seek the divine help that was yours for the asking. Maybe you were not as eager to fell your temptation as David was to down Goliath. Maybe you liked the temptation so much that you put up only a token resistance. Perhaps you deliberately lobbed your shells over on too low or too high a trajectory. Maybe you were just a lukewarm saboteur of all the finest things your parents tried to help you to build into your life.

Why not endeavor to make up for all of these past failures? Why not breathe a prayer for the help of God? There is no good reason why you can't dedicate your life *now* to Christ as your Saviour, if you haven't done so before. If it's strength you need, this is your opportunity. Pray to your God for strength to live a *new* life.

Carry This Text With You!

If I could give you one text that you could set high in your sky, to shine for you in 1945 like a giant flaming star, it would be this: "*I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me*" (Philippians 4:13).

Try to keep that shining before your eyes when the fog and the mists begin to form

and the darkness settles all around you and the signposts are obscured and you don't see how you can push forward any farther. "I"—say it, fellow—"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth ME."

Say it often. Say it when it's hard to believe it. Say it, deep down inside of you, until you feel sure He must have heard you. Then lift up your chin and start walking—forward—and don't look back or falter.

This implies a divine-human partnership of interest and of effort. We can do the difficult things *through* Christ. We work at it. So does He, else we should fail as miserably as we failed those countless times when we relied only upon our own strength and our own mentality. But when we link ourselves up with the Christ of God, that is different—*vastly* different. He never lets us down.

On Christmas Day in the dark year of 1939, King George V of England made a radio address which was carried around the world. Perhaps you heard it, and if you did you must have thrilled to these brave words:

I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year: "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown." And he replied, "Go out into the darkness and put your

hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way." So I went forth, and, finding the hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And He led me toward the hills and the breaking of day in the lone east. May that Almighty Hand guide and uphold us all!

When the monarch of the British Empire quoted those words from an English writer, it must have been with grave forebodings. Things are infinitely brighter now, and yet we do not know what heavy burdens and griefs may come upon us this year. We know only that God watches over all, and He never forgets us and never fails us.

Let me urge you to reread those brave words from the king's message. The beauty of the words is matched by the beauty of the imagery. But beyond the beauty of the words and the imagery is the challenge of a wonderful experience of fellowship with Almighty God. Better than a light in the darkness shall be the touch of His guidance. And it shall be safer for us than a known way. From the hills to which he leads us we shall see the breaking of the dawn. And as the day grows apace we shall keep walking—with Him.

That would indeed be a *new year!*



TODAY men say that war can never be stopped, that it has always been here, that it is inherent in human nature, that it is an incurable disease. That is exactly what men said with equal truth about chattel slavery—that it had always been here, that it was inherent in human nature, that it was an incurable disease. Believe it or not, the **New York Gazette** for September 4, 1738, carried an advertisement offering for sale: "Englishmen, Cheshire cheese, Negro men, a Negro girl, and a few Welshmen."

Only two hundred years ago in this city chattel slavery seemed a disease that only a miracle could cure! Well, such miracles can happen. They always have been happening. And in these days when men like Hitler, believing the impossible possible, undertake incredible things, it would be a pity if we who believe in the living God should not at least match them with an equal faith in the possibilities of a world organized for peace.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick, in "**A Good Time to Be Alive**" (Harper & Bros.)

- *Subject for group discussion:*

SOME SECRETS OF SUCCESS

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Do you consider integrity essential to success?* (James 4:8)
2. *Show how it will help you to be successful if you try to live according to the Bible.* (Joshua 1:8)
3. *Do you think prayer ever helps to unlock opportunities?*
(Matthew 7:7-11; Mark 11:24, 25; John 14:13, 14; James 4:8a; I John 3:22)
4. *Just how important in God's sight are your earnest and effectual efforts to overcome evil?* (Revelation 3:12)
5. *What is the Christian's best source of spiritual power in his search for success?* (Romans 8:37; Philippians 4:13)

- *Resource material:*

DO you wish to be successful in life? Have you any serious plans by which you expect to win success in your chosen field of work? You must have discovered by this time that objectives usually are not won by haphazard reconnoitering and occasional weak forays into enemy territory. *How* do you expect to be successful when you return to civilian life?

One of the best ways to succeed in life is to try to live according to the teachings of the Bible. This is not just a pious platitude. It rests on deep foundations, and is as certain as mathematics. Recently a distinguished writer brought out a book which he probably did not intend at all to be primarily religious. He wrote in great deference to science and showed himself to be at home with the latest psychological terms. A very thoughtful review of this book appeared in one of the most influential newspapers in America, and the reviewer put it down as his sober judgment that this modern author had put the fifth chapter of the Gospel According to St. Matthew into scientific language!

What a tribute that is to the timelessness

of Jesus! Those simple words that fell upon listening ears in far-off Galilee nineteen centuries ago are still fresh enough and stimulating enough and challenging enough to grip the imagination and the heart of a modern writer, schooled in the methods of scientific research and the phrases of psychiatry and psychoanalysis.

A man, modern as the most modern, can set out to walk in the ways approved by the Bible and he need never fear that he will stray from right and goodness.

Take the Ten Commandments as an example. They were set down for all succeeding centuries by a great leader and law-giver who was very sure that he wrote with God guiding him. And he was correct, for the laws upon which our very civilization has been builded have all rested upon those ten great laws as a sure foundation.

If some tyrant had the power to erase those ten divine commandments and their cognate laws from the world's laws, and if he could obliterate them from the minds of men, there is no human mind that could imagine the resulting chaos for all mankind.

Sobering as that realization is, take a

look at the other side of that picture: there is no human mind that can visualize the blissful state of the world if these Ten Commandments were to be kept by *everyone!*

There would be no wars in such a world. There would be no want. There would be no wickedness. What a world for the Prince of Peace and the King of Kings!

"Then Thou Shalt Have Success"

You who look for success may well read a strong word written in that far-off day when Joshua had been chosen as a successor to Moses: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein *day and night*, that thou mayest observe to *do* according to all that is written therein, for *then* thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and *then* thou shalt have good *success*" (Joshua 1:8).

Of course this brings us to something else: that success should follow a deliberate and painstaking attempt to build a strong Christian character. There is an old word of assurance in one of the greatest dramas ever written: "If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity, and their years in pleasure" (Job 36:11). Or, even better, read this glorious assurance: "The righteous also shall *hold on his way*, and he that hath clean hands shall be *stronger and stronger*" (Job 17:9).

Here, surely, is an old and a worthy picture of tenacity of direction. Long before radio beams and direction-finders were thought of, this old sage tried to make it very clear that a good man could find a right course and hold to it in spite of adverse winds and tempestuous storms. And, more than that, he whose hands are clean shall not grow faint and weary. He shall grow "*stronger and stronger.*"

In prayer is another reason for success. Any thinking man who devoutly believes in God is surely awake to the possibilities of

prayer. Prayer can unlock doors to opportunities. Even if sometimes the doors remain closed, it is still good for us to pray. For sincere and earnest prayer does something to us.

Dr. William L. Stidger, who has written so frequently in *THE LINK*, has a new book, *More Sermons in Stories*. In it he has a most interesting account concerning the way in which the members of the Loyal Order of Moose are accustomed to pray in their lodge rooms at nine o'clock at night for the children in Mooseheart. This great orphanage, as you may know, is located at Mooseheart, Illinois. There the men of that fraternal order have gathered a large group of children and are providing for them the safeguards of a home.

At the stroke of nine these men leave off their ritual or their recreation and bow their heads in prayer: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. And God bless Mooseheart!"

Those children kneel at that same hour and offer the same prayer, and surely it welds a wonderful bond between them and these men whose love protects and nourishes this great family. Surely God heeds a prayer so simple and so selfless.

No man has a right to feel that he has done his utmost to achieve success, unless he has learned to come humbly and confidently before God in prayer, asking the help of divine Omnipotence in the best that a human being can do.

Strength for Every Occasion

We should realize also that we can be sure of God's assistance and rewards when we do our utmost to overcome temptations and obstacles. The writer of the Book of the Revelation put it this way: "Him that overcometh will I make a *pillar* in the temple of my God, and he *shall go no more out*" (3:12). This is a very colorful way

to say what strength and permanence await those who struggle and succeed in winning the victor's crown in their fight against temptations. And it carries reassurance that we shall indeed find enduring favor in the sight of God, and receive the inestimable gift of His abiding presence.

Prove Character by Battling Odds

We should remember that success can be a very fickle damsel. We can woo her ardently and long and yet have the feeling often that we are getting nowhere at all. Then, quite suddenly, we find we have won. And it was worth every bit of the effort it cost, and all the disappointments and the delays. Many a man has discovered that he can win after many defeats. He finds, too, that it is a mark of courage and a proof of character to keep on trying, against great odds, for the things we feel we have a right to get.

Do you recall how terrible that obstacle course seemed to be, and how you devoutly wished somebody had never thought it up and laid it out for you to toil over?

And have you not wondered at times if life is not just one grand obstacle course? Have you not felt that it was one hurdle after another, some of them high enough to frighten a fellow who lacks courage and pluck and boundless determination?

Even when you feel that way about it, never allow yourself to doubt that you can make your way across its barriers. Never forget that persistence is a real secret of success.

Not long ago a young lady needed a key in order to put gasoline into the tank of an automobile so that she could drive to her job in a factory manufacturing Wildcat fighter planes. She went to a locksmith and watched him in fascination as he worked deftly and persistently with the simple tools of his craft. Expert though he was, he had to try a number of times until at length his

RELIGIOUS REMARKABLES - - - By Scheel

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Ernest Coquelot
HAS PROOFREAD
BIBLES
FOR THE AMERICAN
BIBLE SOCIETY
IN 47 LANGUAGES,
AND OVERLOOKED
BUT THREE ERRORS.

A NORTH CAROLINA SURVEY Reports
THAT 10,000 TOWNS
AND VILLAGES
IN THE UNITED STATES
ARE WITHOUT CHURCHES
AND 30,000
WITHOUT PREACHERS

Religion News Service
Scheel



U.S.



KANSAS ONLY
Tobacco-Grower
IS THE
REV. MATTHEW
GUILFOYLE,
A CATHOLIC PRIEST,
BEFORE HIS ORDINATION
TO THE PRIESTHOOD
FATHER MATT
RAISED TOBACCO IN
MAYSVILLE, KY.

efforts were rewarded with success and she was able to drive off to work. But one homely bit of philosophy fell from his lips when he had finished his deft work: "Never give up *hope*; there's *always a way out*." That word was worth almost as much as the key he placed in her hands that morning. She—and you, if you will—can find in those words a stirring challenge to keep unfalteringly at some hard task that deserves to be finished, or some baffling problem which *must* have a solution.

Many men might have pushed their way through to success if they had heeded that sage word. But they failed because they gave up hope. It is not enough to try. It is enough only when one has tried *until he does not need to try again*.

- *Subject for group discussion:*

FINDING YOUR NICHE IN LIFE

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Do you believe God has given each of us talents which we ought to use if we are to be most successful in life?*
(Matthew 25:14-30)

2. *What is your duty, when once you have discovered what your best talents are?*
(Ecclesiastes 9:10; Romans 12:11)

3. *Can a man, with such an ideal concerning his life-work, expect success?*
(Psalm 27:1; Mark 9:23; Philippians 4:13)

4. *What effect will it have upon our work if we think of ourselves as fellow-workers with God?*
(I Corinthians 3:9)

5. *Shall we not do our best work when we believe that our vocation fits into a divine pattern, and that we have an obligation to God to work well?*
(Colossians 3:23)

-
- *Resource material:*

WHAT are you going to do when you are mustered out of the service? Do you have a job waiting for you? Is it the job you really want to spend your life in? Would you like to enter and finish college?

Several millions of you have not yet embarked upon a life-work. Why don't you resolve to enter college when you return, to study for at least a year, if not longer, under the handsome provisions of the GI Bill of Rights? With a year's tuition provided, up to \$500, and with a good allowance for monthly expenses besides, it is a wonderful opportunity to try to find one's place in the world. For college can help a man to find himself by bringing out latent talents and abilities that he had never suspected he possessed. By all means, if you can go to college under these provisions, make every effort to go, for a year or more if possible.

But some of you will feel you cannot go, for one reason or another. Some will feel you should return to a job that awaits you. Others wish to return to a career which you have been forced to leave temporarily.

And many of you will feel that you have discovered your place in life, and will be eager to get to work in your chosen field. Success to you!

But many of you would like to know how you can be sure of making the best choice of a life-work. What things can guide you in making your choice? How can you know what is best to do?

I like to think that God has given each of us certain talents and we should somehow be able to discover them. Once we find these, we should be happy and successful if we employ our energies in making the best use of these talents.

Possessed With a Passion for Music

For instance, take this case: Some years ago a boy of six stood in overalls in a penny arcade, listening in rapt attention as an automatic piano leaped through the measures of Rubenstein's *Melody in F*. It was as if an inner flame had been lighted deep within that kid, to burn upon a newly discovered altar where he could not think of letting the flame burn low. He was

possessed with a passion for music. It would not let him go.

He began to compose music. On the sidewalks of New York, on trains, on the tops of buses that crawled up Fifth Avenue, and sometimes in the din of rooms where groups of friends laughed and talked, he worked away.

Awaken the Talent Within You

Well, this lad got along. When he was only twenty-one years of age, *La La Lucile*, his first success, had its opening on Broadway. Just five years later he wrote *Rhapsody in Blue*, and from this one success alone a cool million dollars in royalties flowed into the pockets of that erstwhile lad in blue overalls.

Yes, that kid was George Gershwin. You may or may not like his *Porgy and Bess* and *Of Thee I Sing*, but here was a lad who was awakened to wonder and rhapsodies as he set out to use the talents that God had implanted within him.

Perhaps the finest teacher I ever had was one who had a similar awakening. One Sunday afternoon in his father's home in Philadelphia he fell to reading the Book of Job. A lad in his teens, he began to play with the idea that it should be great fun to read that superb drama in the Hebrew in which it had been written. He didn't know any Hebrew, but he determined to teach himself.

He did so well at it that he became, according to his friends, the leading orientalist in this country. For years Dr. Robert William Rogers taught his beloved Hebrew and Old Testament in Drew Theological Seminary, and probably there were few, if any, in all those years who would not say he was the greatest teacher they ever had. Year after year he spent his summers in the Bodleian Library at Oxford University, pouring over books and cuneiform inscriptions almost as avidly as that boy in blue

overalls had listened to the strangely leaping music of that automatic piano in New York.

You may possess such a talent within you. Who knows? If so, will you deny the world an opportunity to share it with you? Better not. Can you imagine a potential Fritz Kreisler deciding that the drudgery of long hours and days and years of practice is not for him, and settling down to a routine job on a production line somewhere? Can you imagine a potential Charles Dickens denying an outlet to his urge to write? Can you picture a potential Charles Steinmetz lazily turning his back upon the lightnings that beckon to him, and settling down to learn the baker's trade?

There is no happier man in the world than one who has found his niche in life. He sets out in the morning to his day's work as to a pleasant adventure, not as a slave to pull at an oar in a galley of drudgery that he secretly loathes. The fact that a man enjoys his work enables him to put into it some of the qualities of imagination and devotion that multiply his chances for success.

Some Pebble May Be a Nugget!

When there are countless types of jobs in the world, why should you supinely settle down in the first one that comes your way? What work would you rather do more than anything else? Isn't that clew enough to stimulate you to search within yourself for those very talents and capacities? It is tremendously important for you, and perhaps for the world, that you take the trouble to explore the gifts that God has made to your life's abilities.

You may need to search for them. But it will be worth the effort. There may be outward indications of the rich gold that lies beneath the surface. See if some pebble is not really a nugget, or if some of those gleaming specks are not something much

richer than sand. And if someone who should know tells you that you have a ruby or a diamond in your possession, don't try to laugh it off. This is really very serious business. It may mean the difference between abundance and poverty, or between happiness and a gnawing sense of futility and failure.

When Grooves Become Ruts

Don't be over-anxious for short-cuts. Don't take a job driving mules when you should be preparing sluices for the pay-dirt that lies at your feet—if you only have eyes to see the gold there. Too many men have taken a job because it was easy or handy, without much thought as to whether or not it was the work at which they would like to spend their lives. And too often some of them found that the grooves had become ruts out of which they never took the trouble to climb. Try to avoid *that!*

And this brings us back again to the matter of getting an adequate preparation. Whether it be college or a trade school or a professional school or an exacting and rewarding apprenticeship under someone from whom you can wrest the secrets of the craft which you long to make your own, be square enough with yourself to equip yourself for the best work you can do. Give yourself a break. You deserve it.

Because this is worth pounding home, I wish you would turn to the Gospel According to St. Matthew, the 25th chapter, and read verses 14 to 30. Here is a stirring story which we like to call the Parable of the Talents. It is a parable concerning our obligation to *make the most* of the gifts that God places in our hands and in our minds. It is the story of a man who was a rank quitter. Instead of being industrious and ambitious and imaginative and constructive, he became a grave-digger. He made a grave for the precious thing that had been entrusted to him.

Graves don't usually return dividends. This one didn't. In fact, he was to find that he had buried his future along with his talent. And when the day of accounting came and he faced the one who had entrusted much to him, all the grave-digger could do was to grovel and whimper, "*I was afraid.*"

Afraid? Afraid of *what?* Afraid of matching his industry and his judgment and his moral uprightness against the trust that had been laid in his nervous hands? Afraid of testing his ingenuity and his business acumen? Afraid of *himself?*

Well, what are *you* afraid of, if you are among those who haven't set out seriously to discover and to do the one thing in all the world that you can do best? Are you afraid to undertake a few years of training and discipline, to bring out your mettle and heighten your abilities and perfect your skills?

If iron ingots could shrink from the white heat of the crucibles of the steel mills we should have no steel. If "Honest Abe" had shrunk from the light that kept beckoning him, by night and by day, to leave the obscurity of a little mountain cabin and mount the steps of the White House, we should have had no Abraham Lincoln in the world's hall of fame and in the hearts of his grateful countrymen.

Find Your Niche—and Make It Good!

Afraid of *what?* Afraid of *yourself?* Or are you as brave—and as dutiful—as the two other men of the parable who went and traded with their master's money and made, in each case, a clear profit of 100 per cent? They proved their mettle and their worthiness. *Will you?*

Try your hand at success. Seek out a niche for yourself in life. And make it a good one.

Perhaps, with God's help, you can make it a *great* one!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

RETRIBUTION AND RECOMPENSE

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Is retribution an inescapable law of a righteous universe?*
(Matthew 7:1, 2; Romans 2:1, 3)
2. *Does the aggressor in warfare face this eternal law of retribution?*
(Psalm 37:15; Matthew 26:52; Revelation 13:10)
3. *Is it true that those who plan evil are likely to be caught in the net they have woven?*
(Proverbs 26:27)
4. *Just how inescapable are the consequences of our deliberate sins?*
(Romans 2:3; Galatians 6:7, 8a)
5. *Are we as certain to find recompense for our good deeds as we are to encounter retribution for the evil we do?*
(Matthew 7:2, 12; Luke 6:37, 38; Galatians 6:7, 8b)

- *Resource material:*

IT may be well for us to consider one of the stern laws of the universe: namely, that life usually gives back to us just about what we give to it. If we deal harshly with people, they are likely, sooner or later, to gang up against us and give us a dose of our own medicine. And if we have found it possible to be kind and considerate and helpful, we need not be surprised if people vie with each other to be good to us.

Do you remember that childhood story of the small boy and his echo? The lad shouted at the mountain and its bleak sides gave back a shout to him. When the boy stormed in reply he heard the same angry words hurled back into his ears. And when finally he discovered the reason why he was being bombarded with angry shouts, he laughed in relief, and heard the same relieved ripple of amusement coming back to him.

Some years ago a friend of mine went into another section of our country for a visit, and later he told me that the people there seemed to be suspicious and lacking

in friendliness. Said he, "When they found I was from up North, they just froze up."

It happened that I went into that same section a short time later, and I decided to keep my eyes and ears open. I stayed in tourist homes and talked and ate with people who seemed to be friendly and not at all suspicious. In one state the filling station attendants serviced my car with a cheery word and a smile, saying at last, "Hurry back!"—this being their friendly variation of a formal farewell.

Finally one morning I grew confidential enough to tell a stranger about my friend's experience. The stranger smiled and said that reminded him of a story he once heard:

A certain man, he said, moved into a strange town, and soon afterward he sat down beside an old man on a park bench.

"What sort of place is this town, anyhow?" demanded the newcomer. "What sort of people live here?"

The old man turned quietly and looked at the noisy newcomer. "Well, that depends," he replied, looking critically at the

man who had dropped down beside him. "Tell me, stranger, what sort of people did you have where you came from?"

"Well, between me and you, they weren't so hot," replied the newcomer. "They weren't friendly at all. To be real frank with you, that's one reason why I was glad to get out of that place."

The old man shook his head sadly and replied slowly: "I'm afraid you will find just that sort of people here."

Life Is a Sounding Board

Soon the newcomer walked away and it was not long until another stranger sat down on the bench, smiled at the old man and began to chat. "Tell me something, sir," said the newcomer. "What sort of people do you have in this beautiful town?"

The old fellow bent kindly eyes upon the newcomer and asked, "Tell me, what sort of people did you have where you came from?"

"Swell," said the newcomer briefly and ardently. "They were friendly, and wonderful neighbors, so kind and thoughtful. I really hated to move away."

"Never you mind," said the old man kindly as he laid a gentle hand on the other's arm. "You are going to find that this town is *filled* with just that sort."

Yes, it is the same old story of the echo. We get what we give. Life is a sounding board, giving back angry shouts for angry shouts, tender whispers for tender whispers, curses for curses, prayers for prayers.

We call it retribution. And we call it recompense.

In a way, these two hard and inflexible words are opposite sides of the same coin. They are currency in the bank of life.

Retribution is a hard and sobering fact. We don't play with it. It strikes us in the face. And it hurts. It falls upon us, and it crushes us. It hurls itself against us with gathering force until, typhoon-like, it is

more than flesh can stand against.

. There are some clear-cut words in the Bible about this universal phenomenon of retribution. Some of them are terrible words that we should like to change. In our best moments we feel sure that God may yet soften them. But they are there. Stark words of granite and steel, unflinching and relentless as death.

Listen to some of them: "Their sword shall enter their own heart" (Psalm 37:15a). "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins" (Proverbs 5:22). "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him" (Proverbs 26:27). "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind" (Hosea 8:7a). "Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity" (Hosea 10:13a). "And thinkest thou this, O man that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?" (Romans 2:3). "For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption" (Galatians 6:8a). And then this wail: "Thou . . . makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth" (Job 13:26).

Things We Can Get Away With

They are trying to tell us, as earnestly as cold words can, that you and I can't sin against a righteous God and get away with it in a universe that operates according to unchanging laws. I would not leap into the path of an onrushing locomotive and expect God to stop it before it struck me. I would have no right to fling myself into some rotten moral cesspool and mutter a gibbering prayer for divine protection.

All around us people are asking a despairing question: "Why doesn't God stop this war?" And someone quips in reply, "Because He didn't start it." But that is no reply. Of course He didn't start it. He

is no reprobate thug, ripping up a civilization and shredding the tender hearts of women and children weeping for those who will never return again!

But God is stopping the war. He is stopping it as He would a runaway locomotive, by guiding and strengthening the taut human fingers that close about the lever that operates the air-brakes that grip those flashing wheels until they grind to a stop.

Law of Retribution Is Inflexible

The hands that operate those brakes shall have their reward. And, believe me, the diabolical bandits who started the train crashing down into the valley shall reap their retribution, in another world if not in this. Because the law of retribution, inflexible and unchanging, is written indelibly into the structure of the moral universe.

This is a very inadequate picture of the stern and unflinching reality that we call retribution, but it may serve to make some things clearer to us.

Now look for a moment at the other side—the thing we call *recompense*. The bank of life honors our checks up to the amount of our credit. The mountain gives back kindness for kindness, throws back laughter for laughter, breathes the benediction of goodness in return for the benediction of goodness.

Life is like that. *God* is like that.

Probably you will want to know where Christ your Saviour enters into this picture. Well, you know, don't you? He enters it as a Man patiently teaching the power of love and forgiveness and gentleness and courage and faith and goodness. And He staggers one black day under bitter humiliation and a heavy cross and is hanged on that rude instrument of torture and death until His head sags and the last faint prayer leaves those lips.

Goodness, as He hung there, was ringed

about with evil in the persons of his two neighbors in death. Do you tell me that those three had each the same clean white page as they slipped away into the life that follows this?

Oh, yes, I know, the repentant malefactor received the remission of his sins through his final faith in Christ. That is to explain the cross and the redemptive love that gave up its human breath that afternoon. But let's get this straight: Not even that cross—not even that redemptive love—could quite wash away the putridity of the moral leprosy that the repentant thief had nourished.

The *guilt* was gone, because Christ had suffered guiltlessly but not needlessly on His cross. But the *physical effects* of that man's sins remained. It was still a body that had sinned. And the marks, ugly and terrible and inerasable, were still there, after the moral guilt had been purged away.

This is where a moral universe stands guard over human rectitude and puts a premium upon goodness.

If God were to fling away the moral laws of retribution and of recompense in this present universe, we should find ourselves looking into the gun-muzzle of moral anarchy. And it wouldn't be a pretty sight.

Your Sins Can Be Forgiven!

Then we could never be certain that the patient sowing of goodness and decency would ever ripen into their just harvest. The rewards of the saint and of the vilest sinner could too easily be interchanged. It just wouldn't make sense.

Your sins can be forgiven. Never doubt that. To make forgiveness possible Christ died and rose again from the dead. But never let yourself believe that you can still be the same as if you had never sinned. All the laws of rectitude and of retribution and of recompense and of human decency are against *that!*



A PAGE OF LAUGHS

Ship: "Yes, sir, 22 Marines and a sailor drowned."

Mate: "The poor guy!"



Seaman: "I met a gal whose father is the best shot in the country."

Chief: "What does that make you?"

Seaman: "Her fiance."



Teacher had asked little Agnes to write a composition on the subject of Men. This was what she wrote. "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church much. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from mokeys, but the women sprung further than the men did."



PhM3c: "Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."

She: "Well, you don't have to try to win a halo in one night."



Captain (to gunner): "See that man on the bridge five miles away?"

Gunner: "Yes, sir."

Captain: "Let him have a twelve-inch in the eye."

Gunner: "Which eye, sir?"

Waitress: "Which dinner would you prefer, sailor?"

"Today was payday; I want the \$3.50 dinner," was the reply.

"On white or rye?"



"I'm sorry, old man, but I make it a rule never to lend money. It ruins friendships."

"Why let that worry you? We never were what you might call wonderfully good friends."



Naval lieutenant (roaring with rage): "Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Steward: "The captain, sir."

Lieutenant: "Oh! Pretty, aren't they?"



Returning to camp one evening, a two-star general couldn't produce his identification, and the rookies guard refused to let him pass. Exasperated, the general leaned forward, pointed to the stars on his shoulders and bellowed, "Do you know what these mean?"

"Sure," popped the rookies. "You got two sons in the service."



An enemy spy was being led to his execution by a squad of soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you are," he grumbled, "to march me through the rain like this!"

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We gotta march back!"



The post electrician was stumped.

"Hey, Private Useless, grab one of those wires."

"Which one?"

"Any one."

"Feel anything?"

"No."

"Good. I forgot which was which. Don't touch the other one. It'll kill you."



Photo by Keystone View Co.

THY WORD
A LIGHT UNTO MY PATHWAY





