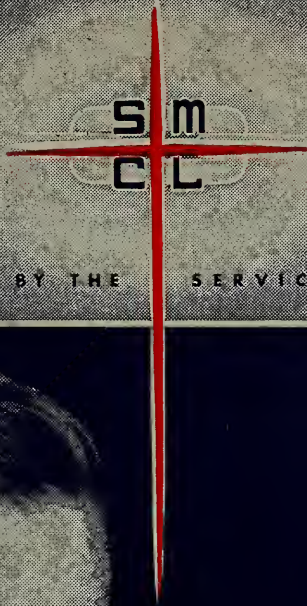


The



LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



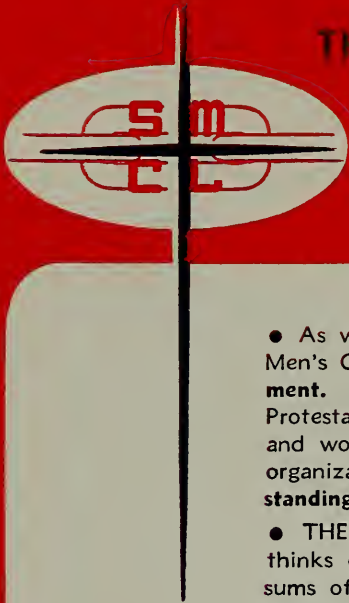
NOVEMBER

LINK CELEBRATES AN ANNIVERSARY

1943

Because YOUR CHURCH has not forgotten you . . .

THIS MAGAZINE IS **YOURS**



● As we have pointed out so often in these pages, the Service Men's Christian League is a **great world-wide inter-church movement**. Just a year ago this month, a majority of the leading Protestant denominations, taking to heart the needs of their men and women in the armed forces, banded together to form this organization which so often has been referred to as "**The outstanding example of Protestant co-operation in the war effort.**"

● THE LINK comes to you each month because your church thinks enough of you and your spiritual welfare to invest large sums of money in the League. It wants you to have the very best, the most wholesome and interesting reading matter available.

● The following denominations, listed according to their membership, are now actively supporting the S.M.C.L. program:

Methodist

Natl. Bapt. Convention, U. S. A., Inc.

Presbyterian in the U. S. A.

Disciples of Christ

Northern Baptist Convention

Congregational Christian

African Methodist Episcopal

Evangelical and Reformed

Presbyterian in the U. S.

United Brethren in Christ

African M. E. Church Zion

Colored Methodist Episcopal

Evangelical

United Presbyterian

Seventh Day Adventist

Church of the Nazarene

Church of the Brethren

Reformed Church in America

Church of God

Free Methodist

Moravian

Wesleyan Methodist

United Brethren in Christ (O. C.)

Primitive Methodist

SPONSORING AGENCIES: General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, International Council of Religious Education, World's Christian Endeavor Union

OTHER CO-OPERATING AGENCIES: National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association; Salvation Army; United Council of Church Women; Emergency Council of Student Work

Address all correspondence to
THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE
1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

SPONSORING AGENCIES: General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, International Council of Religious Education, World's Christian Endeavor Union

LEAGUE OFFICERS: Dr. William Barrow Pugh, Chairman; Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Vice-chairman; Dr. Luther Wesley Smith, Chairman of Administrative Committee; Rev. Ivan M. Gould, General Secretary; Carroll M. Wright, Executive Secretary and Assistant Treasurer; Dr. F. L. Gibbs, Asst. to the General Secretary; Dr. Clarence W. Hall, Editor.

★

In This Issue

FRONT COVER: "Required Reading"

Photo taken in Rockford (Ill.) USO clubhouse by Capt. William Blomgren

Special Articles

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US	2
"GENERAL IKE" HAD HIMSELF A SERVICE... <i>William L. Stidger</i>	7
FLYING BLIND	<i>Edward M. Reighard</i> 10
WHAT'S WRONG ABOUT GAMBLING?..... <i>Raymond R. Miller</i>	16
SOLDIER'S WIFE	<i>Caroline Hood Carlin</i> 20
SPOTLIGHT ON IRAN	<i>J. Christy Wilson</i>
MEN WHO "HIT THE SILK"	<i>Lee Edwin Walker</i>
IF I WERE A SOLDIER TODAY	<i>James L. Kraft</i>
WE FACE THE WORLD OF TOMORROW	<i>Cpl. Charles B. Kinney</i>
IT WORKS—AND HOW!—AT SAMPSON	41

Short Story

THE REAL THING	<i>Cpl. C. G. DeVan</i>	12
----------------------	-------------------------------	----

Regular Departments

Notes to Service Men	15	S.M.C.L. Communique	36
In Poetic Mood	18	"What I'm Fighting For"	45
You Asked for It!	30	Topic Talks	48
On the Beam	35	At Ease	64

★

THE LINK is published monthly for chaplains and members of the armed forces of the United States of America, by the National Council of Service Men's Christian League, at 815 Demonbreun St., Nashville, Tennessee. Editorial offices and League headquarters: 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tenn. 15c a copy; \$1.00 a year; 10c a copy in lots of ten or more. Copyright, 1943, by the National Council of Service Men's Christian League. Printed in the United States of America.

CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor

Happy Birthday

TO US

WE'RE ONE YEAR OLD THIS MONTH!



JUST one year ago this month the Service Men's Christian League was born. Today this organization, often labelled "one of the finest examples of Protestant unity in modern times," is far and away the largest and most virile interdenominational fellowship ever formed among service men and women.

Scarcely more than a gleam in Protestantism's eye at the start of World War II, the S.M.C.L. already has expanded into a world-wide organism whose active membership no man can number. Hundreds of units are meeting, probably at this moment, in camps and naval stations all over the United States, in the South Pacific and in Alaska, in North Africa and Sicily and Italy, in Great Britain and India and the Near East. And, even as you read these lines, copies of this magazine, the League's official journal, are likely being read by hundreds of thousands of fighting men in foxholes and barracks, on shipboard and in jungle, under the sea and "off in the high blue yonder."

And this is but our first year! The League's prodigious growth makes us feel a bit like the soldier who wandered into League headquarters the other day. On leave in Philadelphia, he decided to look

into the home base of the thing he'd joined months before while in North Africa. After asking a lot of questions, and poring through a lot of records, and wading through stacks of mail from all over the world, he looked a bit goggle-eyed as he exclaimed: "Only a year old? Boy, what a babe!"

The story of the S.M.C.L. is the story of a Big Idea—an idea, brave and daring, conceived by men and churches big enough to dream big dreams, broad enough to see wide visions, and energetic enough to make those dreams and visions come true. It's the story of Protestantism rising above narrow sectarianism, of inter-church co-operation that will everlastingly confound those cynics who delight to misquote the hymn: "We are subdivided; never one body we!"

Briefly, here's how it happened:

The League, unique in Protestant history, was born of a great need and an insistent demand. From the very start of the armed forces' expansion, the government wisely made careful provision for the service men's and women's spiritual needs by building up the ablest and best-trained Chaplains Corps in history. Thus, along with the tens of thousands of young men and women being drawn into the service, there were hundreds of chaplains being

inducted as "duration pastors."

Behind their service men, and the chaplains drawn from their ranks, the churches stood ready to help. Though the government supplied the chaplains with certain basic equipment, the churches felt (and the government agreed) that it was *their* responsibility to furnish their sons and daughters with such wholesome reading matter, discussion helps and study material as they had been accustomed to in their civilian church, church school and youth society.

But to the chaplains (who of necessity had to keep their ministry undenominational) it soon became apparent that a flood of "helps" from a score or more of denominations, each providing materials it considered helpful, tended toward confusion and duplication. It was next to impossible for the chaplains to correlate so much purely denominational matter into one united program suited to all Protestants.

The chaplains, therefore, appealed to the churches: "Your help is splendid, your support magnificent. *But can you not pool*

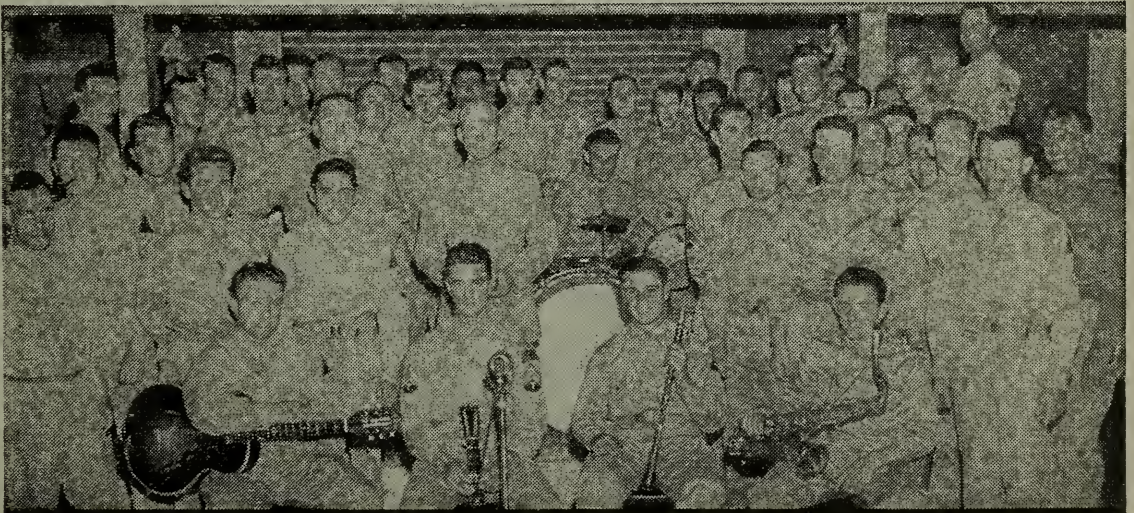
your Protestant resources and efforts into one broad and comprehensive organization that will represent all of Protestantism to all Protestant service men?"

It was a challenge—a challenge created by a definite need: And the churches accepted it!

Came the dawn of one of the classic examples of Protestant unity in all history. The various denominations affiliated with or subscribing to the programs of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the International Council of Religious Education and the World's Christian Endeavor Union—and these make up about ninety per cent of all Protestantism—got together in a series of confabs. And, encouraged in their efforts by the Secretaries of War and the Navy, and advised by the Chiefs of Chaplains in both branches of the service, they formed "The Service Men's Christian League."

Just one year ago—on November 11, 1942—the League was launched. It announced its objectives as follows:

CAMP BEALE, Calif.—One of the liveliest examples of League organization we know anything about is thriving at this camp where, at last count, there were eight units going full blaze and several others being organized. In the above photo are seen several Leaguers who attended a recent "stag party" at Service Club No. 1. Standing next to the drum is Chaplain Walter G. Peck who, with Chaplain Samuel Maddox, is one of our most energetic promoters of the S.M.C.L. program.



1. To offer the chaplains of the armed forces a program for men on active duty, a program which may be readily adapted to their special needs and used at their discretion.

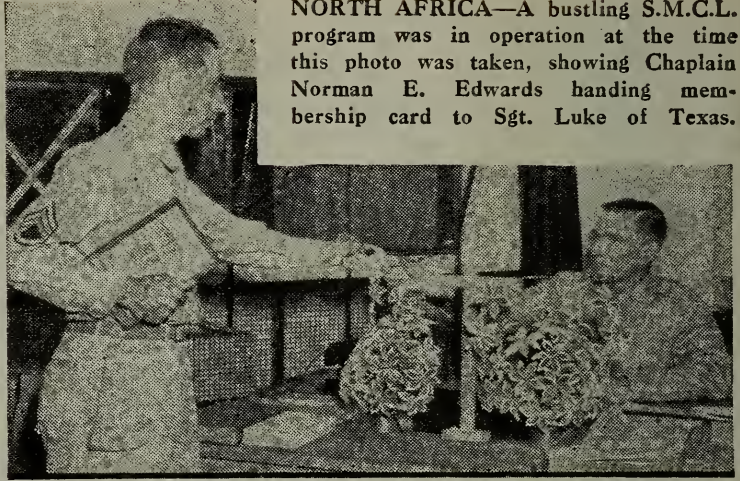
2. To provide a means of Christian fellowship, devotion, evangelism and education aimed at fortifying the service man's Christian life.

3. To assist the man in service in maintaining his church affiliation and to prepare him for Christian citizenship in his community, nation and world when he returns to civil life.

Without any very intensive promotion, the League idea during those early, formative months spread rapidly—almost embarrassingly so. Chaplains who in the first two months had little more than a handbook outlining the idea, plus whatever additional help they could get from the League staff so promptly engulfed in a thousand details demanded by this new and self-propelling organization, joyfully went to work adapting the League idea to their special uses. From the very first, the program was kept so elastic that it could be stretched to meet the requirements of any chaplain who, in addition to his regular services, had bands of Christian men meeting either formally or informally for fellowship and discussion.

Thus Bible classes became S.M.C.L. units—as did prayer meetings, bull sessions, literary clubs, post-war planning classes and what-have-you. World's Christian Endeavor, one of the sponsoring agencies, which already had units operating in the service, threw its full weight and experience behind the program, its leaders urging all existing C.E. units to merge with the new all-Protestant League.

Spontaneously the new League units sprang up everywhere. The demand for handbooks, for enrollment blanks, covenant and membership cards, and for copies of THE LINK became a virtual tide that kept



NORTH AFRICA—A bustling S.M.C.L. program was in operation at the time this photo was taken, showing Chaplain Norman E. Edwards handing membership card to Sgt. Luke of Texas.

employees at League headquarters working into the small hours to fill. Meanwhile, out on the field Dr. Gibbs, Field Secretary, sped from camp to camp in a strenuous effort to meet the needs of chaplains who wanted personal assistance in getting the League a-rolling in their outfits.

Today there are many hundreds of *known* units in the service. We italicize the word "known," for experience has indicated that the units formally reported to headquarters are but a small proportion of those actually organized. In some camps and naval stations, there are as many as ten or more units all going at once. Staffed by their own elected officers, these groups meet separately in weekly gatherings, then come together for a huge rally once a month. (See page 41 for a sample of this kind of over-all S.M.C.L. activity.) In most such cases, the local League, guided but by no means run by the chaplains, becomes the sponsoring agency for all religious activity on that post or station.

The great advantage of League membership over an alliance with any purely local or denominational group lies, of course, in the League's international and all-Protestant character. A member, wherever he goes, will find a unit in operation—or he can start one. His membership card is his

passport to Christian fellowship everywhere.

The League had not been in operation long before the Army and Navy began their expansion of the women's services. The question arose: "What shall be done for the WACS, WAVES, SPARS and members of the Marine auxiliary? Shall the S.M.C.L. create a special auxiliary of its own and call it the 'Service Women's Christian League'? Or cannot the one organization serve for both—a sort of co-educational project that no more needs a change of name than 'seaman' needs to be converted to 'seawoman,' for example?"

The League took a poll and discovered that, on the whole, the young women wanted no separate organization. Some few did—and, thanks to the elastic quality of the League, a few S.W.C.L.'s were able to spring up of their own volition and, after formation, attach themselves to the parent body. But, by and large, the various S.M.C.L. units, hitherto unanimously male in their membership, began to welcome WACS and WAVES as regular members. And they all testify that this scheme works out much more normally—and to the delight of both men and women—than if separate organizations were formed. Moreover, this "co-ed" arrangement helps retain the feeling and flavor of the back-home youth fellowship whose parallel S.M.C.L. is in the service.

In hundreds of units all over the world, therefore, the units have elected to welcome both men and women. Those whose circumstances make separate units advisable operate as such. But, with a few notable exceptions, all have maintained the original name of the League and regularly use the same materials and insignia.

The growth of THE LINK's circulation is a story all its own. Right here it should be emphasized that *this magazine is not restricted to League members*, but is fur-

Commendation from *Brig. General Clewell*

"I wish to express my interest and appreciation of the splendid material and composition of this publication.

"The wide scope of its substance, its interest in the service man and its concern for his welfare and religious training is most commendable. Your ability to co-ordinate the various features of the religious and spiritual as well as the humorous and less serious side of the soldier's life are also given due consideration.

"I have suggested to the chaplain that he organize the Service Men's Christian League so that the men may receive the full value and help from this excellent bit of service literature.

"The name which you use is an admirable illustration of 'linking' all men together in one great common faith."

—EDGAR L. CLEWELL,
Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

nished in quantity to chaplains who distribute it gratis among any and all service men and women who request it. That has placed the League squarely on the horns of a financial dilemma. Here's why:

In laying out a budget for the first year, the members of the National Council of the S.M.C.L. felt that the demand for THE LINK was not likely to exceed 100,000 copies per month. So into the budget, which the supporting denominations and sponsoring agencies had accepted with commendable alacrity, went an item for printing just that many copies each month for the year.

But instead of the demand behaving itself and staying within the budget, it soared past the 100,000 mark after the June issue, leaping in one fell swoop from 86,000 to 220,000—and going progressively upward ever since!

Rather than refuse to supply the demand until further funds were forthcoming, the League officers and staff have tried sundry means of giving THE LINK the circulation demanded without appealing to the sponsoring and supporting groups for more funds before the first fiscal year was up. Some of the schemes which have helped make this non-budgeted expansion possible are:

1. Local churches (particularly those of denominations which have not yet joined in financial support of the League program, but whose chaplains and men regularly receive THE LINK) are being asked to purchase copies in bulk to send to their men and women in the service as a token of their interest in their own members. (Many local churches have already responded to this plan, jumping at the chance to use the magazine to maintain this additional "link" with the home congregation.)

2. Civilians with relatives or friends in the service have subscribed (at \$1.00 per year) for one or more persons to whom they want the magazine sent direct.

3. Service men and women, interested in seeing more copies made available for others, have paid for subscriptions for themselves or their fellows, or made cash contributions directly to the League's support.

4. Corporations and other business and industrial concerns with many stars in their service flags are being invited to subscribe for their service men and women.

5. Many chaplains, out of special funds allotted to them for literature purchases, are voluntarily purchasing all or a portion of the copies sent them for distribution.

6. The national offices of the Salvation Army and Y.M.C.A. units of the USO regularly purchase large quantities of THE LINK for distribution to their clubhouses in the U.S.A. (And these same agencies have placed an order for a special miniature edition of a million copies to be included in the USO kit of religious literature for Protestant men which is distributed at ports of embarkation.)

Those purchases, subscriptions and outright gifts have thus far aided the League to keep abreast of the demand. The indications now, however, are that such means of support, plus others now only in the

embryonic stage, will have to be quickly and vastly expanded if THE LINK is to do its appointed task. It is earnestly to be hoped that local churches and interested individuals, eager to see their members and relatives in the service get THE LINK, will come to the aid of the League in its endeavor to obtain the extra funds necessary.

As more and more chaplains see the advantage of organizing League units, or turning their present discussion groups into S.M.C.L. chapters, the League will increasingly make its influence felt as a great service-wide organization.

One of the ways in which this end is already being accomplished on no mean scale is by the League sponsoring, in many camps and bases, regular forums on subjects prominent in the minds of service men and women.

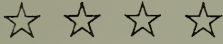
Take, for example, the question on World Order. The League was the first organization in the service to encourage those who are actually fighting for a brave new world to have their say on the kind of world they want. Just now that topic is catching on like a prairie fire among the various League units which have thrown it out for discussion.

At this writing, both the chairman and the vice-chairman of the National Council of the Service Men's Christian League—Dr. William Barrow Pugh and Dr. Daniel A. Poling, respectively—are on world tours of the fighting fronts. They have already told of meeting with League units in advanced positions right on the most hotly contested fighting fronts, and of finding the League and THE LINK in the remotest corners of the globe.

A year old only—and already the Service Men's Christian League is a world-girdling fellowship. It doth not yet appear what we shall be!

WHEN "GENERAL IKE" HAD HIMSELF A

"Little Service"

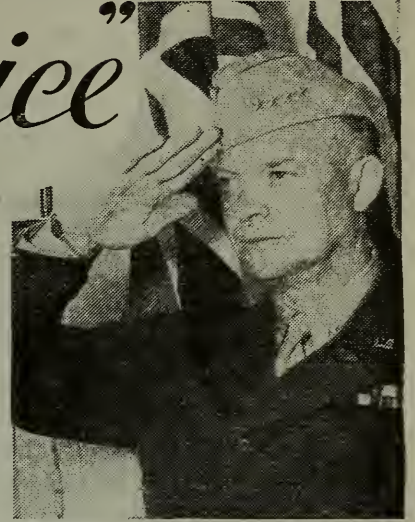


NOBODY is saying that General Eisenhower is a Padre, nor that he holds a devotional service every morning in his tent on Italian beachheads or Sicilian shores. Nobody is saying that, like General Washington, he has been observed kneeling at his Valley Forge under the trees, praying for God's help. Nobody is trying to insinuate that this rugged American general carries a Bible around in his pocket—although he may do so for all I know. Nobody makes the assertion—at least, I don't—that he ever taught a Sunday school class, although I would not put it past him, for he has always liked boys and young men.

But what I *do* claim is that the "big shot" general has his intimate reverences, and he knows when he is up against it. He was certainly up against it with an ultimate sense of responsibility when he sent that armada of three thousand ships across the water into Sicily a few months ago. Then it was that General Eisenhower "had himself a little service" of prayer. Then it was that he turned to God.

And when he did that he was doing what all strong men do in the face of a great responsibility and a great need.

They say that General Eisenhower is a fighter, a "pug," a hard-fisted "battling Nelson" in his dominant moods; that he is a slugger, a man who pulls no punches, who never shadow-boxes but hits for the button.



Official U. S. Army Photo

WILLIAM L. STIDGER



Saul Kane in John Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy," following a prize fight in The Red Lion Inn, gathered a crowd of friends around him that night to celebrate. He awoke about two o'clock in the morning, groggy with the battle and with gin; and, looking around him, saw about fifteen of his friends stretched out on the bed, the floor and the chairs, all of them dead to the world following a drunken orgy.

Even Saul Kane the pugilist was disgusted, got up from bed, went to the window, threw it up to let in some clean air, breathed deeply of that clean, pure night air; and as he did so he heard "the cool notes of the chapel bell" and a rooster crowed across the yard. And this is the way that the poet describes what happened to his soul:

"And then a cock crew, flappin' wings,
And summat made me think o' things."

Aye, there's the rub! "Sommat made me think o' things!" That's what happens to the biggest and best of them when they face responsibility that is too much for human frames. And war is a great responsibility, especially for those who are in charge and have to make the great decisions affecting mighty projects.

New Vision on New Guinea

General Eisenhower, on that fateful night in mid-July when he ordered that sea-and-air armada and that vast army of American, Australian, Canadian and English boys into the Sicilian invasion, did exactly what a lesser soldier in this war did last Easter and told his mother about in a letter he wrote to her in New England. This boy had never had a lot of interest in religion. He was forced to go to Sunday school when he was a boy, but he found it "pretty damned dull," as he later put it when telling his story.

He actually didn't have any time for the church, for it seemed to be sadly out of touch with life as he knew it. Then he enlisted and found himself in charge of a reconnaissance party of fifteen men in New Guinea. They had been lost for two weeks and were living on powdered milk and canned stew. They were about ready to give up. Then one night a strange thing happened, and this is what he wrote his mother about that thing:

"All my men and myself were having a bull session one night, and the fact that it was Easter was not even mentioned. But all of us were thinking about it and it seemed to us that it was a helluva way to spend Easter. But the fact that none of us spoke of its being Easter didn't keep us from remembering the day and thinking of a lot of other and different Easters that we had spent at home—most of those memories centering around the church.

"It was because of that line of thinking,

I guess, that I awoke around five o'clock and I just had an impulse to climb a little hill back of our hiding-place in the jungle. That hill looks out over the ocean, and I went up there alone to hold myself a little Easter sunrise service such as I had attended a good many times at home with the kids. Every man in camp was there. We sang some hymns in which some native Christians joined in their own language.

"As the sky turned pink, we all were quiet. As the sun came up, someone started to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' for that sky looked like a star spangled banner, I guess. Then one of our boys took out a Bible and asked me to read something from it (me, of all people, who had never read the Bible aloud in all my life!).

"But somehow that morning made me think of things that had seeped into my soul without my realizing it—things that you and Pop had taught me and exposed me to. And I opened the Bible to the Lord's Prayer—at least I knew where *that* was. I read it through very softly once and then we all said it together. Then, with a look at the sun which was now up in all its glory, we all returned to the camp." He added: "It seemed a good idea at the time."

A Hero's Action in Zero Hour

That leads us back to General Eisenhower who also "had himself a little service" the night of the Sicilian invasion. One eyewitness, according to my friend Bill Cunningham, the sports writer, told how General Eisenhower at the zero hour that night also went to the top of a high hill which overlooked the Malta harbor from which, in five minutes to the second, according to his plans, that invasion armada was to sail.

There he stood with a small group of his staff, and with a full moon shining down

on the sea and that armada, he watched those thousands of ships lift anchor as they had planned and sail out into the low mists, watched the airplanes lift into the moonlit skies, could even hear the sound of oars and engines on sea and in the sky.

At that moment, evidently moved deeply—and not only by the spectacle of that moving fleet—he suddenly lifted himself to rigid military carriage and attention, lifted his hand reverently to a formal salute, stood that way for a few solemn seconds, and then dropped his hand from that rigid salute to his valiant soldiers—and bowed his head in a short prayer of silence.

According to a reporter who was there, the General turned to one of his aides, and, as if feeling that it was necessary to explain his mood, said: "There comes a time when you have done all that you can possibly do; when you have used your brains, your training, your technical skill, and the die is cast and events are in the hands of God—and there you have to put them."

Then he turned silently away from that hill overlooking the harbor, walked quietly down the hill with his staff following him

reverently, changed his clothes and went to breakfast. General Eisenhower, like the young soldier in New Guinea, moved by old memories and the import of that Easter morning, moved by old memories of a childhood lived in a Christian home, "had himself a little service."

At the same time that General Eisenhower was having himself a little service on that hill, another group was doing the same thing on a Canadian ship. A reporter tells of going to the Ward Room where the officers of the landing party were being given their last instructions. There was a tenseness in the room. When the officer had finished explaining the landing plan, detail by detail for the fiftieth time, and every officer present had assured the commander that he was familiar with the details of the plans, they bowed their heads and said the Lord's Prayer together. Then they all shook hands and each went back to his men. An hour later the battle was on. But they were stronger men, as was General Eisenhower a stronger general, because they, like he, had "had themselves a little service."

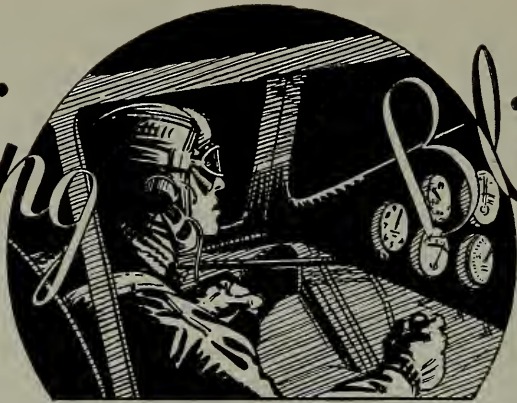
A Challenge from New Guinea

THE whole island is big and rough and a terrible challenge to the courage and ingenuity of man. But this is stimulating rather than terrifying to the American soldier. From any mountain top you thrill to views of indescribable beauty. From high-flying planes, as you look down on towering mountain ranges and green velvet that is the jungle cover, broken only by great waterfalls, it becomes more evident that here God and nature made their most magnificent efforts.

These are difficult times for the Church. But while the problem is difficult now, the task after the war will be infinitely greater. The Axis-dominated countries have become almost heathen. In order to avoid another holocaust, we must plan, with infinite patience and thought, a program of re-enlightenment and education for our conquered foes. We must not think of the cost in dollars or the years, and perhaps generations, that it will take.

God would never give the beauty of a tropical sunset to a world that he did not dearly love.—Lieut. Oliver N. Roth, Jr., in "The Front Rank."

Flying Blind



By CHAPLAIN EDWARD M. REIGHARD

FLYING a plane is never easy, yet almost anyone can learn to fly. To take a good plane out on a smooth field in fine, clear weather when the visibility is limited only by the horizon is not much more difficult than getting a car through city traffic. But it is another story to fly through black night or dense fog, or both, consuming terrific quantities of gasoline and traveling at 350 miles an hour.

Lost in the fog at such speed, knowing that the gasoline in the tanks can't last forever, is often a tragic experience. When the pilot can't see where he is going we say that he is "blind" (as he truly is), but we speak more perfectly when we say that he is "flying on instruments." In a very real sense the instruments are his "eyes"—and more reliable than his own two orbs. They are never wrong.

At most flying fields pilots must spend a few hours each week in a "Link Trainer." These curious little five-foot planes have tiny dark cockpits, into which the pilot is shut with the instrument panel glaring at him with many green, cat-like eyes, while the bellows bounce the plane around. The success or failure of his flight is charted before an instructor who is able to advise the pilot on his work by radio,

just as he will later be guided in an actual plane.

In "blind" or "instrument" flying the problem is not with the instruments or even the pilot's skill at interpreting them, but rather in that curious human body and mind we all have. Due to inertia, we feel that we are continuing to turn when we have already leveled off; we feel that we are flying upside down when we have rolled over and are right side up. Many planes have crashed because pilots have relied upon their own inclinations and intuition and refused to believe their instruments. They feel "it just can't be that way; it doesn't feel right." But the pilot must learn that instruments don't lie, although it may be hard for him to believe the truth.

When Life's Storms Blind Us

We are all "flying blind" much of the time. In the lives of all of us there come many dark days, days when we can't see clearly, days when we are literally blinded by the storms of life. As the prophet Zephaniah said, "We walk like blind men." The worst of it is that so many of us do not realize how blind we are, and therefore refuse to "go on instruments" until it is too late. We just go zooming through the

fog and the storm, forgetting that the minutes of life are numbered and that disasters are plentiful. Sooner or later all of us must realize that we are "in a fog"; we see but dimly, and when we want to risk a crash, we must "go on instruments."

The instruments for guiding our lives through the dark days of despair, the red days of war, the confused days of fog, are the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, the Beatitudes, and the other precepts and patterns given by Jesus.

It was ever Jesus' way to supply direction when human sight failed. To men who were born blind He restored physical sight. But to all who would take it He gave a more precious gift—spiritual vision.

The instruments He gives indicate that honesty, purity and kindness are guides to right living. Yet when one can seem to get ahead faster by lies, seem to have a better time by impurity, seem to be imposed upon for kindness, it may seem as if the instruments lie. Then men may ask, "How can Jesus be right? Isn't it more fun to fly through life as we feel?"

If a Flyer Ignores Guidance

The only answer is that, if we insist on relying upon our unguided sense, there isn't a chance of getting through life without accident. Certainly it may seem to be more pleasant to follow one's inclinations than to stand up firmly against tendencies which seem to consume one's whole being. But



Chaplain E. M. Reighard,
Floyd Bennett Field, N. Y.

if a fellow *does* ignore the instruments, he will either fly smack into a mountain and crack up or he will run out of gas before he arrives at the goal.

The instruments given by Jesus do not lie. Just as the pilot gets through the thickest weather by instrument flying, being able to fly when and where even the birds cannot, so we can get through whatever life offers us if we will follow the instruments of Jesus. A good conscience, the Christian rules of life, and God for a co-pilot make living safe—and dying a victorious experience.

Religion No "Last Ditch" Device

These instruments of Christ, however, are more than bad weather aids. Too many people think of religion as a "last ditch" device. Every pilot uses his instruments continually in good weather and bad. Where would he be without his compass or his radio? Those who would fly high depend almost entirely upon instruments, for they cannot see Heaven and much of the earth that is visible may be unfamiliar.

Flying over new terrain, we depend upon instruments and maps. In life we are continually traveling over new territory. We have not been this way before. So we take out our maps—the Holy Scriptures—and we get onto the instruments, and with God's help as co-pilot, we have a happy landing in His Kingdom.

» The night the Marines landed in the Solomons, a Marine sergeant in a San Francisco cafe was praising his corps to the skies.

An Army captain finally interrupted. "Don't forget," he said, "that when a

Marine goes into battle there are ten soldiers on one side of him and ten sailors on the other."

The Marine raised himself to his full six feet one and came to attention. "Sir," he retorted, "that's the proper proportion."

The

Real Thing

"That kid in the corner gets the most letters," whispered the soda-jerk

By Corporal
C. G. DeVAN



Funny, isn't it, how mixed up a fellow's dreams get when thinking about THE Girl? It may take a gal like Lois to straighten 'em out for him!

WHEN Eddie awoke the first morning on maneuvers there was a happy but perplexed grin on his face. It couldn't be the weather, for that night had been cold and rainy—and cold and rain can be pretty unpleasant on maneuvers. He smiled because of a dream he had just had. It had been a pleasant dream, and so remarkably clear. The clearness made it puzzling. He knew somehow that the dream had been a reflection of something that had actually happened to him, but he couldn't remember where. He closed his eyes, recalling the scene. He was sitting on something looking down upon a girl. She was smiling up at him with large and friendly blue eyes. The sun reflecting upon her hair made it shine like gold. But where had this meeting taken place? And when?

That day he racked his brain trying to

remember. Of the girls he had known back home, there was only one—Ann—that he thought enough of to dream about. And the girl in the dream wasn't Ann. He wished that it were, for she was *the* girl in his life. And, while there had been no definite promises pass between them, both had sort of taken it for granted that some day, after the war was over, they would be married.

So, because the vision in his dreams hadn't been Ann, Eddie was intrigued to search for her real-life identity. He probed his memory all day, but not until that night did he remember. The advance had been long that day and he was really tired. He was just dropping off to sleep when he sat up wide-awake. Why, it was a girl named Lois!

It was all coming back now. They had

met during the trip from his camp to the maneuver area. He had been on guard on the flatcars when the train had stopped at a small town to take on water. He even remembered now the name of the town—Merimal. The car he had been on had blocked the crossing, blocked too the way of a girl, a rather pretty girl. She had gaily hailed him, and that had started the conversation that lasted the half hour that the train remained at the crossing.

It was such a pleasure to talk to someone who was not a soldier. Lois had impressed him as a swell kid. Before his train finally had pulled out she had given him her picture. It wasn't a very good picture. He had told her that it didn't do her justice. She had liked that—and she apparently liked him too, because on the back of the picture she had written her address. He went to sleep with the resolve that he would drop her a line.

THE next day, when he had time, he did write—then spent the rest of the week wondering if she would remember him at all; and, if she did, whether she would answer. In a few days there came a letter that banished all questions on that score. The note was just as friendly as she had been. He wrote again, and before maneuvers were over he and Lois were swapping letters regularly. Sometimes he had two and three letters a week from her. The correspondence with Ann, of course, suffered. He excused himself by saying that he didn't have time—but he always seemed to find the time to write Lois.

Maneuvers ended all too slowly for Eddie. He was expecting his furlough as soon as they were finished. By this time he had made up his mind to stop off at Merimal for several days. It would be unfair to his parents and Ann—but, then, he just *had* to see Lois! Their friendship

had advanced quite a distance by letter, and now it needed cultivation by something more than the written word. With thoughts of Ann receding in the distance, he wondered whether this was "the real thing" for him.

THE train pulled into Merimal in the late afternoon. Eddie planned to surprise Lois. He knew that she and her girl friends gathered after school in Merimal's local ice-cream parlor. She had often mentioned it in her letters.

He located the place and sauntered in, his eyes on the lookout for Lois. He bought a magazine and casually surveyed the crowd lining the counter and filling the booths. He spied her among a crowd of girls in a booth back in the corner, and, as nonchalantly as possible, advanced to the counter and ordered a coke.

While he stood there a gale of laughter swept from the far corner. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that it came from Lois' crowd. Although he couldn't see her very well the sight of her stopped him. He suddenly knew that now he couldn't just walk up to the table calmly as he had planned.

The counter man was looking at him, and Eddie realized he was staring very hard. Another gust of laughter came from the corner booth, as though the group there were finding something hilariously funny. He turned for a better look at the source of the merriment. Lois was sitting with a sheet of paper in her hand, reading aloud to the others.

The soda-jerk sidled up with the coke. "A dirty trick, I call it," he said pointedly.

"What's a dirty trick?" Eddie demanded.

"Those girls back there." The counter man nodded his head in the direction of the booth. "They get soldiers like yourself to write to them, and then have a swell time laughing over the letters."

Eddie felt the blood drain from his face. He looked in the direction of Lois. He looked again at the paper in her hand. His mouth went dry.

The soda-jerk leaned across the counter. "That kid in the corner—name's Lois—gets the most letters," he whispered.

Eddie weakly nodded and pushed his glass of coke back. He didn't want to listen but he had to.

"Some guy writes her two or three times a week," said the soda-jerk, mopping the counter with a cloth. "Her gang seems to get a special kick out of that poor guy's mail."

Eddie felt kind of hollow inside—also kind of mad. He was just getting up to

leave when he felt someone behind him. He turned, and there was Lois at his elbow. "Haven't I met you somewhere, 'soldier?'" she asked sweetly. "I seem to remember you."

He looked her over with the deliberate calm of a man surveying something that mattered very little in his life. And as he looked he mused about how mixed up a fellow's dreams can get.

"I'm sorry, but I don't believe I know you," he said evenly. With that he walked out of the store.

Once on the street, his steps quickened toward the railroad station. He hoped that there would be a train going east that night. Ann would be waiting for him.

Speaking of Profanity

By CHAPLAIN PHILIP NICHOLAS

CAPTAIN'S MAST had been held, and, shortly after, the list of the men with their offenses and punishments came to my office. My eyes rested on a striking line: "For insubordination and using profane language: five days bread and water."

During the morning I had passed a group of sailors and overheard them swearing and using vile language. I stopped to ask what they would think if I had them write down what they had said, and had them sign the paper and then send it to their mother or wife or sweetheart. They admitted shamefully that they would be deeply embarrassed. I asked them if they didn't know it was against Navy rules to use profane language. Well, it isn't only against Navy rules, but against the moral and spiritual laws of God. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

In the rules for the regulation of the Navy of the United Colonies, adopted by the Continental Congress, Nov. 28, 1775, we find these words: "If any shall be heard

to swear, curse, or blaspheme the name of God, the Commander is strictly enjoined to punish them for every offense by causing them to wear a wooden collar or some shameful badge, for so long a time as he shall judge proper."

The statement we find today in "Regs," the bible of the Navy, says: "*Such punishment as a court-martial may adjudge may be inflicted on any person in the Navy who is guilty of profane swearing, falsehood, drunkenness, gambling, fraud, theft, or any other scandalous conduct tending to the destruction of good morals.*" Note that in the Navy Regulations profanity is not considered an innocent social habit, but is listed among the grave offenses of the service.

Vulgarity, profanity and vile talk has no place in the life of a real man. It exhibits ignorance and a poverty of language with which to express one's self properly; it cheapens and demoralizes character. To the fellow who values his self-respect, it is repulsive.

Notes

TO SERVICE MEN

FOR weeks a disturbing undercurrent of thought regarding the men in service who formerly held responsible executive positions has been constantly with me. To such men the taking of orders from ineffectuals (in addition to the money loss they quite naturally feel) is a canker difficult to ignore.

What I'd like to point out is the fact that to a civilized, cultural society like that in the U. S. A., war is always an "emergency measure." An emergency implies something unforeseen, something which demands rapid-fire action and speedy concentration of power. There is meager time in which to catalogue and classify the individual, or to acknowledge his specialized talents. Things must move, and fast!

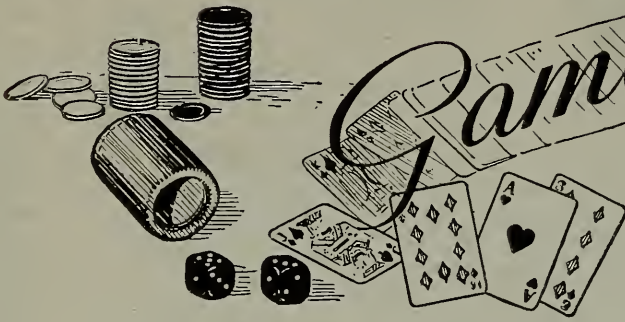
Many of you men feel that you have been unceremoniously jerked from occupations in which your service to your country would be infinitely greater, your productivity enormously more to the point. Add to this conviction the fact that many are retained in essential industries who seem less capable, less patriotic, less experienced than you, and your cup of bitterness flows over! It is quite possible you have been taken from one of the innumerable industries which, though quite essential to the war effort, is altogether immune from the hard discipline, physical risk and obnoxious routine you at the front face. You may not miss the difference in pay so much, but you do miss the respect, recognition and commendation a fellow who knows his stuff receives in a civilian job.

Again, then, permit me to say that WAR, in a country whose national ideal and pursuits are PEACE, is always an emergency. Round pegs are jammed into square holes, the concentration of authority in high places is on the "larger good" rather than individual desire or peculiar facility. There is, alas, a scarcity of time where the stencilling of men against MEN is concerned. One of these fine, bright mornings you may get your break—but don't bank on it! Apparently it's the strength which abounds in mass unity, rather than individual tabulated drive, which counts most at this time.

The only antidote I can bring to mind lies in your sense of humor, fellow, and your objective, patriotic point of view. And perhaps, too, it will help to know how many of us know of—and sympathize with—your restraint!

—Mayo Cornell.

WHAT'S WRONG ABOUT



by

CHAPLAIN
RAYMOND B. MILLER

WHAT'S wrong about gambling? "Life is just a gamble anyway," say some fellows. What man knows but that his latest breath may be his last? Everywhere we go we take a chance, a chance of injury or death. In fact, in these perilous times, many are cut down in the very act of seeking safety.

Making a living is fraught with risk and chance. The farmer sows in hope but takes such risk that, in parts of the country in which farming is most hazardous, it is a common expression among farmers that they "gamble against nature" when they sow their seed. Those who are acquainted with the business world know all too well about the risks in business. The manufacturer, the merchant and the salesman are constantly risking capital, equipment, time and energy in their attempts to serve and please a fickle public.

Men Willing to "Take a Chance"

Moreover, isn't it true that all who have been willing to leave beaten paths and launch out into new ventures have been those who were willing to take a chance? Our great explorers took a chance. Our pioneer forefathers forsook security and they risked the hazards of the sea and pressed forward into the wilderness to face new hazards there. Inventors risked a lifetime of painful labor and the derision

of the crowd. Scientists run the risk of being blown to bits by powerful chemicals or of being poisoned by others. The microbe-hunters have conquered disease by taking the risk of handling deadly germs.

They "Bet Their Lives"

We live in a "Land of Liberty" because our forefathers despised the dangers of war and were willing to take a chance. We take a chance when we take the vow, "for better or for worse," and accept a risky burden when we assume the responsibilities of parenthood. The martyrs of our Christian faith were willing to risk their present security and sometimes this life itself for their faith in ultimate spiritual good.

A careful study of the teachings of Jesus Christ in the Parable of the Talents (Matthew 25:25) and likewise in the Parable of the Pounds (Luke 19:21) reveals the startling fact that in each case a servant was condemned *because* he was afraid to take a chance. The Christian faith is an adventure, and every time Jesus gave the invitation, "Follow me," He gave someone the option of risking some present, physically visible good for an unseen spiritual good.

What, then, is wrong about gambling? There must be something wrong, for the wisdom of the ages is filled with warnings

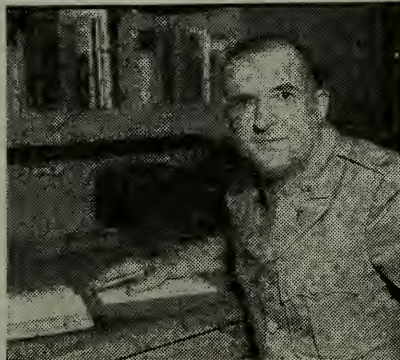
against it. "The Hymn of the Rig Veda," among the oldest ethical writing which we have preserved, contains a condemnation of gambling. The dictionary defines gambling as the "deliberate incurrence of a risk." Since we have been unable to find anything morally wrong with a risk, perhaps the word "deliberate" contains the key.

In the field of economics, an important element is the matter of production. It includes not only the creation of wealth by such methods as growing crops, raising cattle, hunting, fishing, mining and manufacturing, but the utility gained by transporting articles to the places where they are needed and by storing articles in time of over-abundance so they will be available in time of need. Production is not all of a material nature, but includes the work of the teacher, the provider of wholesome recreation, the minister to spiritual needs. The economist meets the teacher of ethics on common ground when both agree that production of needful things is virtuous and that waste is evil. Time and energy are elements of production.

Wicked Because It's Wasteful

But here we come to the core of the matter: gambling is a complete waste of time and energy; *it produces nothing*. And because it produces nothing it comes under just condemnation of God and man.

True it is that the farmer does not always get back his seed. But he has not really gambled because he has made an effort to produce the food to feed the world. True it is that many fail in business, but if they have tried to serve the world by producing, by storing, or by distributing



Chaplain Raymond R. Miller

its products, they have not gambled. Even the much-maligned stock market serves a productive purpose so long as it honestly serves as a distribution agency, and gambling on the stock market begins when time and place utility are overshadowed by the desire to acquire wealth without production.

Gambling, then, may be defined as *an attempt to gain ownership of that for which one has neither attempted any productive work nor offered anything in exchange*. It is of interest to notice that the same definition will serve for stealing. It is of further interest to observe that although the Bible does not mention gambling as such, it does have much to say in condemnation of stealing and of covetousness.

Perversion of Noble Instincts

So we must conclude that gambling, like many other vices, is the perversion of noble instincts. The acquisitive instinct is the moving force that gives us things to make life fuller and richer. The instinct to take a chance is the promoter of progress. The physical appetites, whose satisfaction is a part of normal life, can be perverted so as to result in gluttony and wantonness instead of contributing to the general good, as the Creator intended.

Likewise, the instincts that promote industry and progress may be perverted so that one may seek to acquire something of value by unproductive cleverness rather than by intelligent production. Gambling may result in change of ownership with joy for the present winner and grief for the loser, but there is not even an attempt to increase the total of the supply of good things for the use of man.

That's what is wrong about gambling.

Service Men IN POETIC MOOD

Thankful

By HENRY T. MASSEY, Y3C, U.S.N.R.
Jacksonville, Fla.

*I'm thankful, God,
For that moment
She held me in her arms.
I was a little boy again—
At my mother's knee.
She was brave—
Yes, much braver than I.
I searched for tears
As I looked into her eyes,
But there were none.
Upon her lips
I did detect a quivering smile
And knew
That when I was gone
The tears would fall.
I'm thankful, God,
For those tears I didn't see
But know did fall.
I'm thankful that I have someone
Who loves me so.*

Fate? Providence?

By CPL. HUBERT VAN TOL
Stanford University, Calif.

*Men speak of Fate and Futility,
Resignment to what is chance;
Men ascribe to such a deity
A maker of circumstance.
The cruelties of war, the endless pain,
The agony of hosts that fall within its train,
Despair awaiting all that dwell below:
Such is Fate's destiny—what sad tableau!
For evil is the sure reward,
And haunting discomposure none can re-
tard.*

*I'll speak of God and His providence—
Of guidance, order and light;
My Lord Divine in magnificence*

*Will all my trusting requite.
What though I see about me raging war,
And tyranny of hell all nature's beauty
mar?*

*The whys, the quests of life disturb me not,
His providence I'll trust whate'er my lot.
Though future be unknown, peace is mine—
Come what may, in faith I will resign.*

*Oh, friend, let me speak—there is no Fate!
All of nature and life doth vindicate
That some Supreme is guiding all
Without whose will not one hair will fall.*

Soldier's Cargo

By CHAPLAIN HERMAN C. JOHNSON
Camp Chaffee, Ark.

*Ride easy, danger, with my little life;
Ride me to battle with respectful care.
My ribs are hard and I am fit for strife;
But riding with me are a tender pair.*

*Two hands cling to me when I marched
away;
Two hearts came with me, sleeping in
my arms.
My nerves are steeled for this noisy fray—
But O, preserve my loved-ones from its
harms.*

*Come on, disaster, flay my calloused hide;
Try me and bleed me with my fighting
men.
But dare not touch the precious ones inside:
Send back these innocents to life again.*

Prayer for the WAC

By PRIVATE VIVIAN COOK
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

*God, when we kneel to pray at night
It's not our cause we plead,
But for the heart and strength to serve
Our country in her need;
For smiles to wear upon our face,*

*And words of faith to speak
To all who ask us if our place
Is one a girl should seek.
God, let us serve till peace is ours,
And bring us safely back,
Proud that once our title was
Auxiliary, in the WAAC.*

Brotherhood

By T/5 GLEN ODMAN
Camp Howze, Texas

*An untamed flower bowed its yellow head
As at its root my passing foot did prod.
I chanced to pause, to watch its feeble
nod,
Then thought, "How crude this flower!"
and tred
Upon its stem. I know the heart within
it bled
As, looking down upon the trampled sod,
I saw a crushed and dying work of God.
And on I walked, as in my heart I said,
"God grant that never shall I think I see
A soul that's ugly, crude, beneath my feet
That I might trample all his beauty
down—
Nor think that he is ever lost to Thee;
For as Your child he too can this day meet
To share with me the beauty of Thy
crown."*

The Force Within Us

By VINCENT JAMES HUMBERSTONE
Royal Air Force, Nassau, Bahamas

*God, who art the force within us,
Nature, and the kin of man:
Give me strength that I might travel
Paths allotted in Thy plan.*

*When Thou madest me in Thy image,
Part of Thee, each man Thou bless'd
With Thy wisdom, love and power;
Ours till comes the final rest.*

*Not beyond the great horizon,
Nor dwellest Thou up in the air.
God, Thou art the mind within me,
When I need Thee, Thou art there.*

*Thou wast Christ, the great Redeemer,
Christ, Thy force in human birth;
Earthly flesh with Thine own Spirit
Sent Thou here to save the earth.*

*When my earthly life is finished,
I go where from whence I came.
Thou wilt fuse the portion lent me,
With Thy own eternal flame.*

*Thus for me this life is simple,
Now I know my very breath;
Keep my share both stead and virgin,
Until we meet again in death.*

Prayer for Peace

By CPL. ROBERT E. AULABAUGH
Long Beach, Calif.

*Dear Lord, who lived that we might live,
Who tried to teach us right and wrong,
Our bloody way, please, Lord, forgive—
Sometimes we seem to grow too strong,
And striving to be stronger still
Completely fail to do Thy will.*

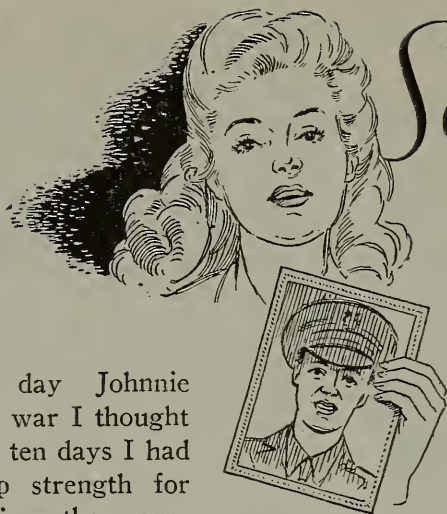
*Dear Lord, who died on Calvary,
We've grown too strong, so being weak
We beg again Thy way to see—
Once more Thy footsteps do we seek,
For Thou alone may yet instill
In us the only way, Thy will.*

*Dear Lord, who died that we might not,
Daily we offer an humble prayer:
Lord God of Hosts, if we've forgot . . .
Thy will than ours is far more fair—
Come to us, comfort us, and forgive,
Teach us the way that we should live.*

God, Make Me Brave

*God, make me brave for life: oh, braver
than this. Let me straighten after pain
as a tree straightens after rain, shining and
lovely again. God, make me brave for
life: much braver than this. As the blown
grass lifts, let me rise from sorrow with
quiet eyes, knowing Thy way is wise. God,
make me brave. Life brings such blinding
things. Help me to keep my sight: help
me to see aright that out of dark comes
light. (AUTHOR UNKNOWN)*

By CAROLINE
HOOD CARLIN



Soldier's Wife

THAT first day Johnnie went away to war I thought I would die. For ten days I had been building up strength for that day—ever since the morning I found an innocent-looking postal card in our mailbox. My heart fell a mile as I read: "*You have been reclassified to Class 1-A and will report for induction on Friday —.*"

That night we discussed it quietly. Johnnie had resigned his job immediately. We would have a vacation—a second honeymoon together. I watched Johnnie delve into the mysteries of the checkbook, pay the bills, and then make out checks to pay his insurance policies three years in advance. Three years without Johnnie—what an eternity!

"How long do you think it'll be? I asked as calmly as I could.

Johnnie didn't look up. "No one knows," he answered.

I clenched my fists. A great bitterness swept over me, for I realized suddenly that perhaps my dream of having children never could be. For seven years I'd wanted a baby. No, it was longer, really. It started before I met Johnnie—when I first knew there must be someone like Johnnie in the world for me. I had it all figured out. I would have twin boys and a girl. Twins, at least, whether they were boys or girls. But every time we reached a point where we thought I could stop working and we could have our family, a cruel

fate intervened and smashed our dream.

The next day we boarded a train for Barrington, Rhode Island, the quiet little town where I grew up, the place where we were married on a gorgeous October day in 1935. I tried to be gay, endeavoring not to think of that little postal which had suddenly disrupted our entire lives.

It was dusk when we arrived home. The train rolled to a stop and it found me determined. We would be happy. We would have at least eight days of complete bliss. We would do all the things we loved to do together—swimming, tennis, riding, dancing, reading, walking on the beach hand-in-hand, saying nothing and being perfectly happy watching the white-caps and sailboats on the water and drinking in the beauty of the everchanging sky.

How those days fled! They sped onward as though some great, invisible and relentless force were behind them whipping them forward with terrific speed.

IT was the day before Johnnie was to report that we returned to our apartment in New York. Our hearts were filled with precious memories and dreams—and, over all of them, the immense shadow of a little postcard!

The never-to-be-forgotten morning that Johnnie went away I got up at 6:30. I put on my prettiest housecoat. I made his favorite breakfast—a large glass of orange

juice, waffles, crisp bacon, maple syrup, steaming hot coffee.

We tried to act as if nothing were happening. We talked of the news of the day as we ate.

And so quickly it was time for him to go. He waved and I waved. To be honest, I felt a little like an actress in a play at that moment. Then I came inside our apartment again. The door clicked shut behind me—and something in me snapped. I threw myself on the divan. Sobs that had brewed within me for the last ten days suddenly broke. They tumbled out like the great waves I'd watched on the rocky New England shore in my childhood.

IT seemed the world had come to an end. Mine practically had. Seven years of being married to an awfully nice man rather spoils one for living alone and liking it. I felt none of the pride I'd heard mothers, wives, sweethearts talk about when their men went off to war. I didn't even feel nobly sacrificial. I just felt resentful and bitter that my husband had been snatched away from me, that our home had been broken up, that my dream of having children had been shattered again.

The whole thing kept whirling around in my brain as I lay there sobbing. I couldn't seem to stop it. I heard the clicking of that door a thousand times.

Then I remembered how Johnnie had put his hands on each side of my face, looked deep into my eyes and said: "Don't let's have any tears. Let's just take it in our stride—as we've taken so much else."

I resolved to keep my part of the bargain, so I started doing the housework—anything to keep my mind occupied. After all, he would come back. He wouldn't be accepted, something would happen. Why, maybe the war would end today!

I did the breakfast dishes. I made the

beds. I walked to his dresser to dust it. I tried to laugh at the picture of me he keeps there. He likes it but I never thought it was very good. Then my eyes fell on the framed photograph of the little church where we were married, and in spite of my determination, the tears came again.

After all the beauty, the wonderful life we had together, this just couldn't happen to us. It wouldn't. Soon the telephone would ring and Johnnie would tell me he'd been rejected. How we cling to hopeless hopes in moments of despair!

Late that afternoon a telegram arrived: "*Inducted into the Army of the United States, at 1 P.M. Love, Johnnie.*"

There it was. For ten days I had lived somewhere between heaven and earth, dodging the truth, clinging to my little fragments of hope that it would not be. But now I had been bounced back to reality.

I didn't want this war; I'd never really faced the possibility it would crash headlong into our lives. Oh, yes, I had said all the sentences good Americans say—and feel. I had spoken the fine sounding words—and meant them. This was a war of people. We would have to sacrifice and we would be glad to. There would be shortages of gas, sugar, coffee, tea, silk stockings. But we would smile bravely and carry on.

BUT until the day Johnnie was inducted I didn't know what I was talking about. That day was the longest in the history of the world.

That night Johnnie called from Camp Upton on Long Island. He told me he'd been made acting corporal to take the men to camp. He would call me as often as he could.

One lonely day followed another. I went back to work. That helped some, but there was always a lump in my throat that I

couldn't seem to swallow. And always at home there was a terrible void nothing ever filled. I couldn't put Johnnie's clothes away—just couldn't face the realization that he would not be back to wear them for a long time.

The nights were worse than the days, especially those last conscious moments before dropping off to sleep. The agony of reaching out to the other bed, hoping some miracle would bring me Johnnie's loving handclasp and his sleepy mumble: "Good night, honey, see you in the morning."

THEN one day he telephoned that he had his first leave—36 hours. I was glad our apartment was just as he left it, with his clothes closet untouched, his shaving things still on the bathroom shelf, his magazine rack and smoking stand beside his big chair. I wore his favorite dress, selected the menu he liked best, searched the town for a porterhouse steak. I got theater tickets for the best show on Broadway, I put coffee in the sugar bowl, salted the geraniums and brushed my teeth with shaving cream!

And Johnnie came marching home—erect like a soldier, a tan that shouted of the open air, strong in body, and splendid in his uniform he must always wear now.

We laughed as he told about KP, garbage duty, latrine duty, shoveling coal, chopping wood, cementing sidewalks. But it was a forced laugh from both Johnnie and me. I knew he was trying to be gay, and he knew I was. Deep inside me I couldn't help feeling sad and even resentful that my Johnnie was doing jobs like these.

But that night at the theater I changed. Johnnie had just been telling me about his bunkmates, Private Little Moon, a full-blooded Indian, and Private Lin Chin, a Chinese. Then the orchestra struck into the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner.

As we stood up, Johnnie's chest expanded. His head went up. His eyes stared straight ahead. As the music swelled, a series of pictures flashed through my mind. I saw the early Revolutionary patriots in tattered clothing fighting against terrific odds. With Francis Scott Key I stood on the deck of a British frigate and saw the American flag through the smoke-filled air.

I saw those crossed swords of Johnnie's grandfather in the little foyer in our apartment—those swords that went through the Civil War with him.

I remembered when I was a little girl how Mrs. Kenyon next door had wept as though her heart would break one day in 1918. Her son had just been killed in the Argonne. Then I thought of the thousands of British soldiers—so many of them just boys I'd seen on the streets of New York. Of fighting Frenchmen, of brave Hollanders, fair-haired Norwegians who had gone almost around the world to continue the fight. I thought of courageous Russians—men and women—battling the invaders together.

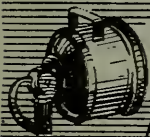
I saw in my mind the extermination of Lidice, the slaughter of 30,000 civilians at Rotterdam, the machine-gunning of Poles, the starvation of Greece.

SLOWLY I began to feel in my heart the real meaning of this fight for freedom. Then it was clear to me. I had been selfish—very selfish—thinking only in terms of my own little sphere when untold millions like Johnnie, Little Moon and Lin Chin were fighting this ghastly thing together all over the world and millions of women across the Atlantic and across the Pacific were suffering tortures I had not even begun to comprehend.

And suddenly I was proud—very proud—that my man was a soldier fighting side by side with free men in a great cause.

SPOTLIGHT ON

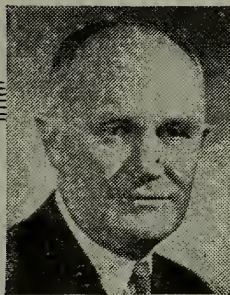
Iran



by

J. CHRISTY WILSON

*Director, Dept. of Field Work,
Princeton Theological Seminary;
missionary in Iran for 20 years*



*A few sidelights on a part of
the world now in the news—and
promising to be more so as time
and military movements go by*

TAKE a globe and spot the meridian of longitude that strikes the coast of the U. S. A. in Southern California, follow it on up over the North Pole and down the opposite side of the globe. It will pass through Persia—Iran to you, if you wish to be up-to-date. When it is day with us in the United States it is night out there. Pretty far away, isn't it? But many of our friends and brothers are in Persia now with the armed forces, and some of you may soon be, so let's turn the spotlight on Iran.

First, however, we had better get a bit of background, because not many Americans know very much about this ancient and romantic land. To the average person it might suggest Persian cats and rugs, or perhaps a bit of verse from Omar Khayyam.

Others would have heard of Cyrus and Darius and Xerxes and a few more, but, they might ask, "Persia isn't so important in modern times, is it?"

Well, is it? As a matter of fact, members of the United States armed forces who are sent into the Bible lands will be headed for one of the most important spots on the globe. Do you realize that the Near East

is the meeting place of three continents? Out there are the crossroads of the world. Those countries have been the stage for many of the critical events in history.

Egypt, Palestine and Syria, bordering on the Mediterranean, have figured prominently in the war news, but this other Bible land to the east of them may be of even greater consequence in the present global struggle. In ancient times it was known as Persia by the Greeks, but its own people have through the ages called their country Iran—a name which comes from the same root as "Aryan." This was the land of Daniel, and when that prophet was cast into the den of lions far below him was one of the world's vastest deposits of oil, though he didn't realize that fact.

Today the southern Iranian oil field is one of the greatest producers on the earth. It supplies much of the "black blood" for the British navy. At the head of the Persian Gulf are some of the most up-to-date refineries to be found anywhere. These "cracker plants" were completed shortly before the war by British and American engineers working together; now they supply a great deal of the high octane gasoline that keeps 'em flying in the R.A.F.

Much of the vital motor fuel that won the battle of North Africa also came from this field. The oil of Iran, the Russian Caucasus and Iraq is so important that we may be justified in saying that unless the Axis can take these fields they must face certain defeat in the end, for modern wars are won by oil and gasoline.

Vital Supply Line to Russia

Then again, Iran is significant as a portal through which military supplies may be sent to Soviet Russia. It is in this connection that most of our American armed forces and construction units are stationed there. Their task is to improve transportation and get the goods through, and, from the articles appearing recently in the press, it would seem that they are succeeding in piling up supplies faster than the Russians can take them over and haul them away.

But there is another very important thing that the spotlight will show us in this land of Daniel and Queen Esther and the Magi. It is the Christian Church. Yes, the armed forces of the United States are moving into Persia now, but the soldiers of the cross beat our Army and Navy and Marines to the spot by a hundred years.

The American Mission, maintained by the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., established the first modern schools in Iran and finally built up a system of training from kindergarten to college. There were high schools in a number of cities conducted by the Americans—and they taught not only boys but girls! That was an unheard-of thing when it began. For centuries a great majority of the Persians have been Moslems—followers of Mohammed—and they thought that the place for young women was in the harem, not the schoolroom. There were many objections at first to this coeducational innovation, but the missionaries finally won out, and now there are government schools for both boys

and girls scattered all over the country.

The Minister of Education who founded this modern system was a graduate of the mission college in Teheran. Over a number of decades the leaders of the new Iran have been trained in Christian schools. The influence of this educational work has so permeated the land that individual conduct in Iran, among all classes and religions, is often judged by the ethical standards of Christ rather than by those of Mohammed.

Since Jesus was the Great Physician, hospitals and dispensaries were founded to minister in His name. Modern medicine and surgery came to Persia through the American Mission working in the northern half of the country and the Church Missionary Society of the Church of England in the southern, and thousands have been healed each year by the hospitals and medical stations in all of the principal cities. Even in the fanatical shrine city of Meshed, up near the border of Afghanistan, there is a Christian hospital of which any American might well be proud.

Another "Reservoir of Good Will"

All types of disease are encountered—and perhaps the worst is leprosy. The American Mission has long carried on work for these poor unfortunates, and at length, with government co-operation, they were gathered into proper buildings for segregation. The progress of the disease has been arrested in many cases and some lepers have been cured. There is scarcely anything that so well demonstrates to peoples of unchristian lands the spirit and love of Christ as the medical mission. Iran has seen this for many years, and there has been created one of the "reservoirs of good will" toward Americans which Mr. Willkie reported finding in many places on his world tour.

In addition, the American hospitals have

trained nurses, and the girls who graduate from these classes were the pioneers of a new profession. Iran never had real trained nurses before. How much they mean in a country where so little is known of hygiene and the prevention of disease! The capable American nurses from the mission hospitals started the first classes for the government, and now all over the land a new profession of mercy is coming into being.

Persia is one of the most difficult mission fields in the world. Predominately Moslem, there are still adherents of the ancient Armenian and Nestorian churches resident there. And today a new evangelical Christian church is arising. Its members are people of all races, many of whom had formerly been bitter enemies. Now they are united in the Christian fellowship which transcends all race and language barriers. Our troops will find small congregations of Protestant Christians in the main cities and some villages of the country. In Teheran there are weekly services in English as well as Persian.

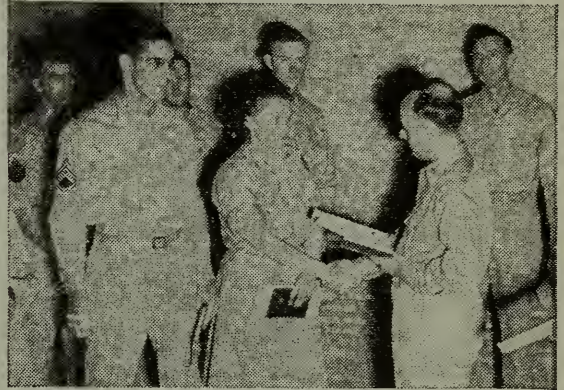
When we turn the spotlight on Iran we see it glisten on a giant stream of oil flowing out to run the ships and machines of modern warfare; we see the great caravans of trucks and trains bearing supplies to Russia. But, most important of all, we see the Church which Americans have had a hand in building out there. For the past

century missionaries have been working faithfully in the name and in the spirit of the Master.

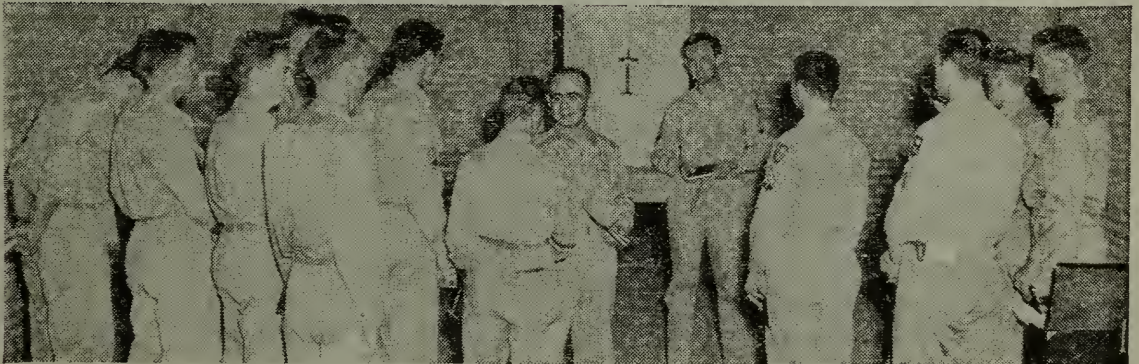
Fellowship Awaits You There!

When and if you go to Iran you will find these men and women ready to welcome you. But you will find, too, Persian Christians who are eager to meet a member of their faith from overseas, who realize that Christianity is a sound basis for friendship. And in the Persian church you will find the same comfort and inspiration as in your church back home.

THE S. M. C. L. IN IRAN



Here are two photos of the lively S.M.C.L. unit in Iran, organized in June by Chaplain Louis S. Luisa. In the above, Lieut. Elizabeth Lundquist, ANC, is being received into fellowship. The photo below shows charter members being inducted by Chaplain Luisa. League programs are largely attended.



MEN WHO



Hit the Silk

OUT of this conflict there has emerged the American version of an Airborne Division. It is an outfit which takes to the air in huge gliders and rangy transport planes. Perhaps they are not exactly "supermen," but they are trained almost to physical perfection and are capable of performing feats of endurance, in mass formation, unthought of five years ago.

It is an education in itself to be brought into the confidence of these men who, in their own phrase, "hit the silk." They are proud of the wings they wear, and they are prouder still of the leather boots which distinguish them from all others in the armed forces.

But without exception they have told me of the fear which grips them in the hours and minutes and seconds before the command comes for them to actually jump. They have an implicit confidence in the 'chute strapped to their backs, a confidence that it has been packed correctly and that it will open. But always there is that haunting thought that something *could* go wrong, that there might be a partial or a complete malfunction, that the winds might be unkind, or that the ground might prove rather unfriendly.

I was with a battalion of them recently during one of their routine training jumps. There were nine planes in the formation. In the lead transport in which I flew

*A parachuting padre finds
no atheists along the static lines*

By CHAPLAIN LEE EDWIN WALKER

•

there was a constant stream of chatter and enthusiasm as we winged our way toward the designated field. At intervals most of the men fingered their static lines, snapped and unsnapped the fastener that clips to the wire running the length of the plane that automatically opens the 'chute, checked and rechecked their equipment, and adjusted the protective chin strap.

The air was chilly at the altitude at which we were flying, yet most of them wiped perspiration from their faces every few minutes. One soldier, barely over eighteen, sucked rather nervously at a lemon. The jump-master and the lieutenant in command stood in the open doorway surveying the scene below, seemingly oblivious to the fact that we were traveling almost two hundred miles an hour at an altitude of about a thousand feet. They were as much at ease as though they were standing at the front door back home!

I walked to the door to have a look myself. The blast from the prop of the left motor was strong but refreshing. Below I could see a winding white strip of high-

way. I walked back through the plane, speaking to the men individually. "Say a prayer for us, Chappie," was on the lips of everyone.

The light above the door turned red, indicating that we were approaching the jump field. "Stand and hook up!" yelled the lieutenant.

The talking ceased. Each had his static line in his left hand and fastened it to the wire above.

"Check equipment and sound off!" called the jump-master.

Each man, with scrutinizing eye, checked over what might be the vulnerable points in the harness and 'chute of the man ahead of him. A husky chap from Tennessee with a red cross on his arm yelled, "Fourteen ready." A slender lad in front of him followed with, "Thirteen ready." "Twelve ready, sir," called out a bronzed Filipino with a broad smile framing his flashing white teeth. "Eleven, ten, nine eight. . . ."

The light flashed green, indicating that we were over the field. The jump-master took one last look. "Are you ready? . . . Go!" he yelled, slapping the lieutenant across the arm at the same instant. The lieutenant disappeared through the door.

With their feet well spread, the men were shuffling, or almost running, toward the opening in the side of the plane. All that could be heard was the roar of the powerful engines and the rattle of the static lines as each shoved his forward. With feet together, and with arms tightly crossed in front gripping the emergency 'chute strapped above the belt, each poised for a split second—and then disappeared below the belly of the plane.

I hurried past the radio operator and on to a position just behind the pilot and co-pilot, both of them hardly more than youngsters. The plane banked sharply to the left and we looked down on almost

PRAYER FOR

Paratroops

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who art above us and beneath us, within us and around us: drive from the minds of our paratroops any fear of the space in which Thou art ever present.

Give them confidence in the strength of Thine everlasting arms to uphold them.

Endow them with clean minds and pure hearts that they may participate worthily in the victory which this nation must achieve in Thy name and through Thy will.

Make them hardy soldiers of our country as well as of Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

—CHAPLAIN GEO. B. WOOD

two hundred glistening silk canopies. Some of them hung rather hazily, while others were making a more rapid descent. The last we saw of them they were beginning to untangle themselves from their 'chutes. The pilot turned and said, "Chaplain, without a doubt they are the bravest men in the Army!"

There are both humorous and harrowing experiences to be told by these men who hazard their lives in such a way. There is one of the parachutist who complained of his being seized with paralysis when the command, preparatory to the jump command, came to "Stand and hook up." But rather than being paralyzed it was discovered that in his nervousness he had

merely neglected to unfasten his safety belt! And then there was the chaplain who stood in the doorway, lifted his eyes toward heaven, and was heard to prayerfully say, "I hope my Boss is not peeved at me today."

The belly of a transport plane might seem to be a strange setting for a prayer meeting, but I venture to assert that some of the most passionate and burning prayer being offered today is being uttered there. It is not cowardice. It is merely a demonstration of what some of us have always believed: namely, that man's extremity is God's opportunity. There are few if any atheists when the static lines are hooked up and the open door is waiting for a fellow to go through!

My mission here is to teach men that if they want God *then*, they had better want Him *now*! For wanting God only occasionally, and then in nothing but an emergency, is to want Him merely for the same reason some people want a hot water bottle at night—something to ease them through an anxious moment, and then can be thrust aside without further thought, or at least not until the next emergency rears its ugly and sometimes terrifying head!

The God of our armed forces must be not only a God for the storm but a God for the calm as well; He must be as real and as reachable at the door of the barracks as He is at the door of the transport plane!

Religion on Guadalcanal

THE General in command of the U. S. forces in the Solomon Islands during the first offensive said in a recent American broadcast:

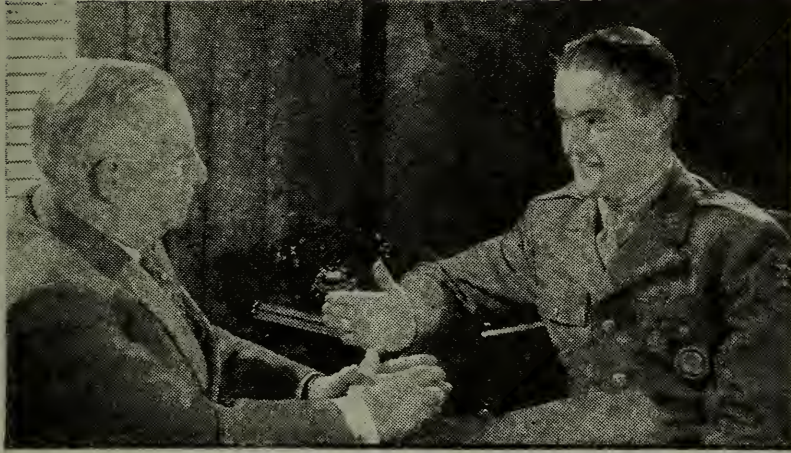
"We made a successful landing on Guadalcanal on August 7th. A great many prayers were said before that attack, but from then on until late in August there were no church services. You can see the reason. Not even a small group could gather together; they were sure to be the target for a bomb. About three weeks later we were able to resume services. There was prayer every morning and before battle; there were Sunday services, Catholic and Protestant.

"You would see a little service going on almost anywhere. Sometimes in the shade of tall coconut palms; sometimes there would be a bomber near by, and the congregation would be its crew, some of them stripped to the waist, with their pith helmets on the ground, kneeling in prayer. Sometimes fronds had been cut from the palms and arranged to make a natural pulpit or altar.

"Religion out there was simple, but it was real. When people get down to bedrock, they begin to know what counts. Food, water, sleep are necessities, not luxuries. So is faith in God."

An American soldier recorded the following incident: "This morning I came upon some natives building a grass hut. One black boy was perched on top of the center support singing the hymn, 'Jesus Christ Is Risen To-day,' in his own tongue. It was at first quite a shock to me. I called up to him and he came down from his perch and began to sing again. I joined him in English. How strange to hear this primitive boy and myself singing praises to our God! Truly the brotherhood of God knows no bounds."

"IF I WERE A SOLDIER TODAY"



By **JAMES L. KRAFT**

Founder and chairman of the board, Kraft Cheese Co.; also the acting president of International Council of Religious Education

Mr. Kraft and Pvt. John Casey, a former member of the Kraft organization, discussing the technique of living out one's religion while in the service

SOMEONE asked me the other day what I would do if I were a soldier today. I promptly answered, "I would obey orders and do what I was told to do!"

I receive hundreds of letters from our own service men each month. About two thousand men from my organization are working and serving somewhere around the world. I know most of them from personal contact. I know *all* of them because, through the medium of my monthly letters and their replies, a comradeship has been established that is very precious to me—as it is, I hope, to the boys and girls in the service.

It has been from this exchange of letters that I gathered that the dominant thought in the mind of a soldier is *discipline*—the necessity for obeying orders, following directions to the letter. That is why I replied as I did to the question.

But apart from this primary necessity, there are some other things that I, as a Christian, would consider it both an obligation and a pleasure to do. All these are possible to a soldier, even as they are profitable.

(1) I have been a praying man all my life, and certainly, as an army man I could

pray. Moreover I could pray while on the march, at mess, at leisure, in bed. I cannot think of any situations which would not permit of prayer while doing my duty.

(2) I could keep my mind and body clean. I could refrain from drink and immorality. I could abstain from excesses.

(3) I could train my own mind to think higher, better and more useful thoughts at the same time my body was being trained to do its appointed tasks.

(4) I could attend chapel service and thus continue my contact with spiritual things, so that when my discharge came it would not be necessary for me to make a moral readjustment to fit me for life in the home family.

(5) I could help the chaplain in many ways. I might lead the boys in singing, in praying, in ushering and other services.

One of our great generals has made the statement that there are no atheists in fox-holes. I agree with him, for how could there be?

Taking advantage of these privileges while in the service, I feel somehow that when my period of service was done, I would leave the Army a better man than when I went in!

YOU Asked FOR IT!

How to Read the Book

Like most of my buddies, I have a New Testament. Like many of them, too, I want to know how to go about reading it to get the most out of it.—F. C. S.

I am going to pass the buck first (you are familiar with that technique!) and suggest that you address your question to your own denominational headquarters; they surely have a discussion of this important point. Or write to the American Bible Society in New York.

But, while you are waiting for a reply, here are a few time-tested suggestions:

Read as *expectantly* as you read a good story.

Read as *thoughtfully* as you study a field manual.

Read as *eagerly* as you read a letter from home.

Read as *reverently* as you pray.

Read as *regularly* as you look at the company bulletin board.

Read until you get your "special orders" for that one day.

One other suggestion: Don't be afraid to talk about what interests you in the Bible. This Book, like other best-sellers, owes some of its popularity through the centuries to the fact that people talk about it.

By the way, I'd like to hear from service men who have found ways to read their Testaments—for example: how they find the time and place.

When There Isn't a Chaplain . . .

I belong to a Signal Battalion and our T/O doesn't call for a chaplain. It's not so bad when we are in garrison, for I can find a chaplain in one of the other outfits there. But recently on maneuvers we were never sure whether a chaplain would be with us, even on Sunday. I would like to know what I can do about it.—A. H. C.

Yours is a very real need. The Army places chaplains with larger units than yours for obvious reasons. But on maneuvers, and when you get into the actual theater of operations, the chaplain who serves you may often be miles away with another outfit for which he is responsible. Be sure of this: he will get to you as often as he can; he has many units to care for, some of them much smaller than yours.

Meanwhile, what are *you* doing? First of all, you must learn to minister to yourself. You should face the time when every man must be his own chaplain. Your equipment is your Bible, your prayer life and your firm faith. THE LINK is constantly stressing the need for personal spiritual development.

Then, too, you can do something about services. As a Christian soldier you have a responsibility. Find a few buddies, invite them to join you at a definite hour and for the definite purpose of worship and religious discussion. Prepare for that meeting and ask others to take some part. Perhaps there's a musical instrument. Certainly you can recall or find somewhere the words of some familiar hymns. Work it out in your own way. I know the chaplain will be happy to find such a group when he comes around the next time. This is the way the Christian Church began and grew. This is, by no means incidentally, the way S.M.C.L. works! Men everywhere in the service are valiantly carrying on in lieu of chaplains.

Why Doesn't God Stop War?

This question is being asked by many, both in and out of the service. Let's look it squarely in the face:

First, God did not start this war. God did everything He could to keep humanity from getting into such a mess. He gave men a Book for their instruction, a Son for their Saviour and a Holy Spirit for their guidance, and His Church for their fellowship. Men despised and departed from all of these, yea, from God Himself. It was man's sin and selfishness which brought these terrible times upon the world. Now man must pay the penalty of his own guilt.

In the second place, God cannot suspend the law of grace or life or nature in order to save one individual or one group or one generation from the wilful perverseness of their own mind and nature. To do so would do them and all humanity infinitely more harm than good. If you jump out of the top floor of a ten-story building, God will not suspend the law of gravitation to save you from the consequences of your own wilful and wicked act. To do so would destroy the lives of multiplied millions of other people.

If God should put forth His omnipotent power and suddenly suspend this war, leaving man in the same sin and selfishness which brought it on, He would be doing evil instead of good. Men have forgotten God, denied spiritual reality, and rejected spiritual experiences, and have set their hearts upon material things. In time, like the prodigal son, men will come back to their senses, to the real meaning of life, and will return to the Father's house and fellowship with God.

In the third place, we may be assured that, whatever occurs, "all things work together for good to them that love God."

A column of counsel for service men and women with perplexing problems. When submitting questions, please include full name and address. You will receive an answer either herein or by private mail. In all cases, only initials of writers will be used here. Complete anonymity will be preserved for those who request it.

"World's Slow Stain" Again

Sometimes I go for days without praying or thinking much about God. Then something comes up, or I go to hear the chaplain, or I get a letter which reminds me that I used to get a big kick out of my religious life. Somehow I don't any more. What has happened?—R. T. T.

Watch yourself, Sailor! Indifference is a curse which lowers the spiritual vitality of good and godly men. The Bible has many character sketches of people who, once positively religious, have grown careless about their soul's life. Judas is probably the most striking example of what happens to a man who stops "following the gleam" or becomes "thoroughly tainted with the world's slow stain." (See Channing Pollock's article in *THE LINK* for August.)

You have your eyes open to your trouble. Now, you can do this about it: You can pray and work for a return of the enthusiasm you once had; you can examine your life for those habits which dim your affection for Christ; you can begin to share whatever spiritual glow you *haven't* lost. And you can make your own reconnaissance for ways to get back on the beam again.

If I read correctly between the lines of your letter, you will not be able to live satisfactorily with yourself until you do!

WE FACE THE WORLD OF

Tomorrow



By CPL. CHARLES B. KINNEY

WELL, what do *you* think about it?" challenged the puzzled private from the rear of the room. It was the last day of class in the Army Air Force Technical School, and the discussion had turned from the course over which they had labored so many weeks to the subject that is always in the back of everybody's mind—the *world we'll live in when the war is won*.

On the morrow these men were to leave, some for further training in this country, others to go immediately into the conflict overseas. Yet the challenge of the future had so fired their minds that they eagerly leaned forward to hear the answer.

"What do *you* think about it?" asked the puzzled private again.

But the instructor had no answer. A father whose son had just graduated from school commented, "There's not much that we can do." Perhaps the grocer's clerk hit it with his, "I don't know much about such things, but I can fight! Someone else will have to think of the future."

Who is this someone else? Who but youth! Never has youth had a richer opportunity to help create a better world. The task is great, but that means the

chance for equally great achievement. Although we face critical days ahead, the fact that young people are aware of them must give us hope.

We know what has happened to the people in war-torn lands. Poland is a stricken country; Greece is disease-ridden and starved; China runs red with blood. War has brought its usual results—starvation, famine, disease, distrust, hate, and death.

The armistice will bring to light utter devastation. Much of the fineness, the grandeur, the beauty—the best of men's creations—will have been destroyed. Some families will have disappeared; sweethearts will have been torn apart; husbands and wives will have been separated. Some men and women will survive to live in a world of dreams of what might have been if those whom they loved had not died in the war.

Out of this can grow an abiding hate, a thirst for revenge, unless someone acts to heal the wounds of war as soon as the fighting stops.

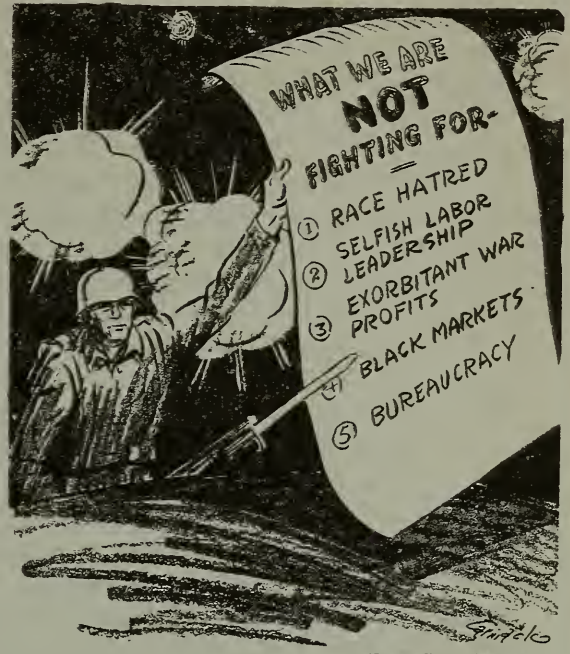
As the people in war-stricken lands turn to us for life itself in the conflict, so will they turn to us in the aftermath for succor, strength, and salvation.

Who will doubt that we have the strength? *Cannot this same energy that built the machinery of war be drafted in an effort to create the world of peace?*

The United States failed in 1919, for when the world was ready to follow us, we were not ready to lead. We thought we could avoid international problems by withdrawing into the shell of selfish isolation. We know now there is no real isolation; Europe's and Asia's problems are ours. Will we have clearer vision tomorrow? Disillusioned people who lived in yesterday and survive today will answer: "No! Nations and people don't change. We'll have fear, hate, bitterness—all these clamoring for revenge. *And that means war!*"

Here is where youth must enter. Older generations are too often hidebound by tradition and fear. It is already gossiped that some Congressmen are eager to return to the day of rugged individualism, others to our traditional (?) policy of isolation. The younger generation is not blinded by the past. They see, instead, that the results of the past have created the present, and that the mistakes of the past have led to the scourge of war that touches the lives of all in its path of ruth-

Courtesy Protestant Voice



(Courtesy Christian Science Monitor)

less destruction. They know we must do all within our power to avoid any return to a way of living that can lead to a dictator's road to terror and conquest.

But what can we do? First we must gain knowledge. We must see how the mistakes of the past mushroomed into the catastrophe of the present. Have we a knowledge of what led Germany, Italy and Japan to follow dictators' urging? What are the essential facts in Japan's rise against "the white man's domination of the eastern world"? Youth must know these answers if it is to help create a better world.

In seeking answers, find these. Why is India so luke-warm in her enthusiasm for the United Nations' efforts? Why did Burma and other Asiatic areas succumb so quickly to the invader? Why are so many Negroes skeptical of our war aims? Why did a Polish student at Columbia say the future of his people is one long, bitter nightmare regardless of who wins? We cannot discuss these now. Yet youth must face every issue squarely if we are to pre-

pare ourselves to help the experts make a just peace for all.

With knowledge gained by a study of these and similar questions will come understanding—if we maintain open minds. It is our individual responsibility to gain understanding of the world's problems and the world's hates that have been passed from generation to generation, and have marred each. We'll be better able to see why the black and yellow peoples are not too enthusiastic about the white man's promises. Armed with this understanding of how things have happened, we'll be able to attack the problems before us with some possibility of success.

Here is where the responsibility must rest—on the people. Youth must prepare to follow wise leadership and give that leadership loyalty, enthusiasm, vigor and sincere support. The opportunity calls, but it means work, work, work! The wisest and keenest minds of all nations are working and planning for the future which

must come—if *we only will it*. The path is a rough one, for in the way are broken people, twisted minds, and shattered ambitions. Obstacles put in the path of truth and justice by self-seekers will make the road even more difficult. But one truth must guide us: people want to live in peace, free to go and come as they please, able to give loved ones enough food and proper shelter.

This is our task—to fight with all our strength, with all our mind, to the limit of endurance—to join our efforts with those of similar beliefs throughout the whole world. We must prepare for the day when the meager efforts of all of us will be linked with those of our brothers, both black and white, across the seas. Together we must forge the ties that will bring security to all people.

With knowledge, understanding, co-operation, we will create a truly Christian world, one of hope, love, and security—a world in which man can live with man.

Reprinted by courtesy of the editors of *Youth* and *Front Rank* magazines.



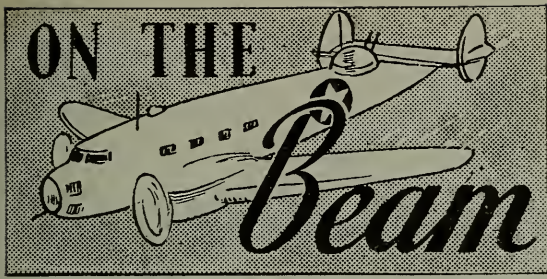
SCRIBBLED on the side of a bomber delivered in North Africa from the United States was this message: "God bless the crew of this plane. I will say a prayer for your safe return."

"We think there's something to that little prayer," says Pilot Capt. Wm. R. Pritchard. "Our bomber has successfully completed 19 perilous missions to date, without a single member of the crew being wounded. If it was just luck, the law of averages would have ruled us out long ago."



JAY ALLEN was on the dais of the Overseas Press Club. He listened to a speech by Inez Robb, the newspaper woman. Mrs. Robb recently had returned from a tour of the prisoners-of-war camps in America. She told of the bronzed Nazi prisoners, of their camp jobs, and then said, significantly, that most of the prisoners attend religious meetings.

"I know about Nazis and their religion," Allen spoke up. Two years ago he was in a Nazi jail in Paris after he had been arrested trying to cross the border. "In that jail the religious meetings were long and well attended. The Nazi jailors showed how devout was their faith by torturing the prisoners only AFTER the religious sessions were over."



THOUGHTS ON THANKSGIVING

AT this Thanksgiving season this writer is most thankful of all for the return of faith in our land, for the swing back to the eternal verities.

With the shuddering shock of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Era of Sneer (as the *Post* so aptly puts it) came to a violent end. With our sons and daughters being sucked down into the maelstrom of a global war, and the honor and perhaps very life of our country at stake, we found it difficult to sneer, to dish out the bright answers, to grind out the "Oh, yeahs?"

It had been an era of disbelief, of jeers, of fine and fancy debunking. Not the basic immutable facts, but the frivolous and facetious theories claimed our interest. We found it just too *too* amusing to know that Cromwell had a wart on his nose, that Carlyle occasionally threw bacon at his wife, that Shakespeare was the town's ne'er-do-well. And it seemed far more clever to know that the father of our country wore false teeth than that he fought and froze at Valley Forge!

Boys and girls in their teens were listless and bored by preliminary preparation for anything. "Preliminary" implied a beginning. A beginning for *what?* How

did anyone, they demanded, know there was a future to "prelim" for? The well-founded skepticism of their parents made faith in a definite future, faith in *anything*, only wasteful, wishful thinking. A future? "Oh, yeah?" They'd cross that one when they came to it!

Such attitudes were not the fault of the youngsters but of their disheartened parents. These parents had lived through one war—a war which, once considered a great crusade, they now believed had been rather futile and unnecessary. They too had sacrificed and suffered, and endured inflammable four-minute theater speeches. Yet scarcely had the Armistice celebrants ceased tossing ticker-tape and dragging tin cans and painting the town than insidious skepticism began to gnaw at the picture.

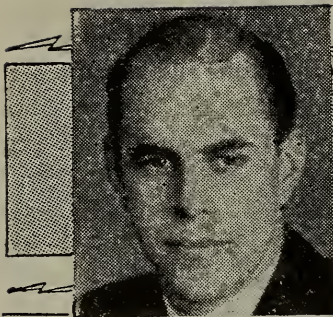
Our faith was shaken. Back of it all we fancied we saw the shadow of Wall Street and the munition-makers, and we began to believe that, after all, the whole brawl had been a mere boundary dispute and the "salvation of democracy" but a propaganda phrase. Thus no real support of Wilson at the peace table, no League of Nations, no righteous zeal for justice. And thus too, alas, came the Era of Debunking and of Sneer!

Thank God, we now realize that, sour as was the unfinished aspect of World War I, it was a "start," a beginning, the opening shot of that new Declaration-of-Independence-for-All which you men are now carving with your bayonets, your bombs, your guns—and your faith. And carving too the return path to these eternal verities, which (like the stars) are impervious to our sneers!—*Mark Crane.*

"I Heard No Singing"

A TROOP of Nazi parachutists, wearing Russian Army uniforms and speaking Russian, asked a boy how to reach a village which was their objective. The boy told them, but when they arrived they found themselves surrounded by Soviet guerrillas who captured them. "Tell me," a Nazi officer asked the boy, "how did you know we weren't Russians?" "I followed you for three miles," the boy explained, "and I heard no singing."

—Leonard Lyons



Communique

NEWS OF THE LEAGUE OVER THE WORLD

By Juan M. Gould

GENERAL SECRETARY,
SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL is credited with the following story. It happened during a conference of world leaders of the Christian Church. There were ecclesiastical dignitaries present from every continent and a score of countries, including many bishops and arch-bishops. This solemn and dignified group assembled to have their picture taken. The photographer arranged them carefully row upon row. Then, just before snapping the shutter, he cautioned, "Now, remember, any movement will spoil the picture." Bishop McConnell observed that that has long been the story of many churchly gatherings.

The Service Men's Christian League is certainly "spoil[ing] the picture." It is a movement without parallel in the present war emergency. One year ago the League came into being. It was a venture of faith taken by the church people of America. They had faith that service men and women, when they donned uniform, would not leave their religion at home in their Sunday clothes. They had faith that good religious literature was "1A" in the service.

That faith has been more than justified. Thousands of men and women are now members of the S.M.C.L. around the world, and hundreds of chaplains are distributing

THE LINK. Together they are creating a united Protestantism that is more than a name. It is a movement looking toward the future. That is what you are doing, Mr. Service Man, and we salute you.

One Year Ago

When the S.M.C.L. was organized a year ago, our first chairman, the late Bishop A. W. Leonard, said: "*Those who are familiar with recent trends are aware of the growing unity of Protestantism. No finer example of such unity can be found than that furnished by the Service Men's Christian League.*"

At that same time Dr. Daniel A. Poling, our vice-chairman said: "*When freedom wins, all are free—Germans as well as English, Italians as well as Americans, Japanese as well as Chinese and Russian. Never again can either war or peace be isolated; and while America engages her sons to save her own freedom, inevitably they fight, suffer and die for a free world. Here again is realism—the realism of 'love your enemies' and 'do good to them that hate you.' For such a time as this the Service Men's Christian League has come to the Kingdom.*"

How Many Denominations?

In **THE LINK** this month we are publishing for the first time the list of denominations which support the S.M.C.L. Read that list on page 2 of the cover to see if your church is listed there. If you cannot

find it, write to your pastor, or to an official of your denomination and ask: "Why isn't our church a part of this great movement?" We would like to have this list increase when we publish it again.

It would be interesting to know the denominational affiliation of each member of the local units of the League. That information cannot be obtained, but we can be quite sure that every denomination of any size has at least a few representatives in the membership of the S.M.C.L. We know that there are many chaplains from denominations not officially supporting the League who are using the S.M.C.L. program, and requesting THE LINK monthly. Indeed, the League is a cross section of the Protestant life of America.

Many Denominations—One League

Many letters coming into League head-

quarters tell enthusiastically how the League is accomplishing this purpose of bringing men from many denominations together into one fellowship. For example, here is what Chaplain E. A. de Bordenave has to say on the subject:

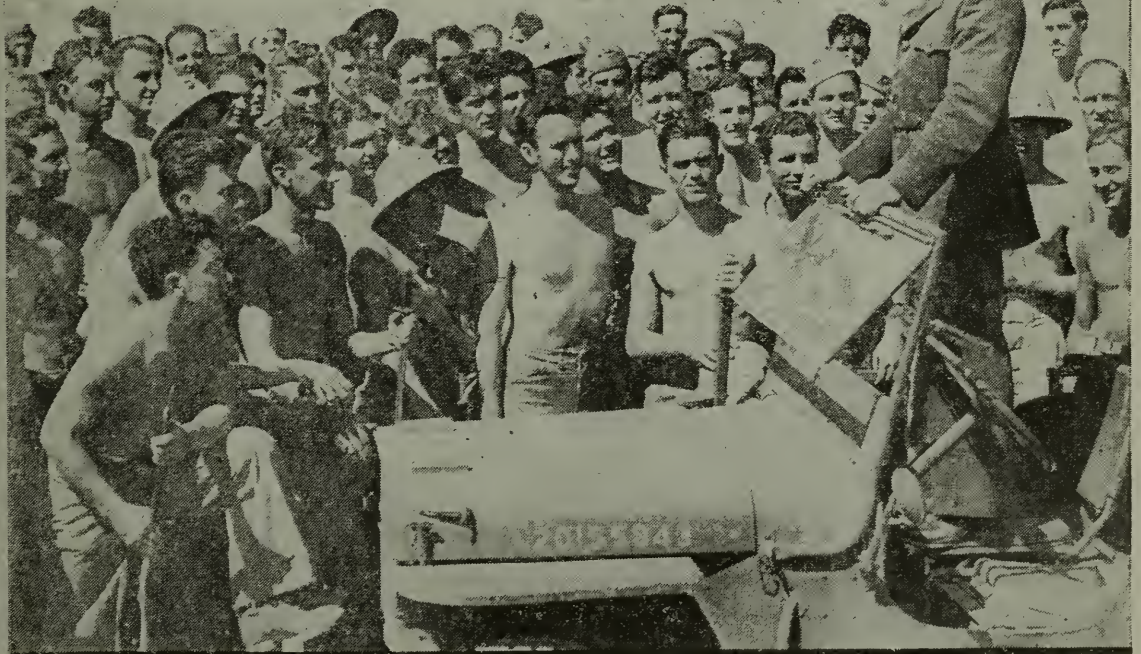
"In our first organization meeting last evening, seven different denominations were represented. The League, therefore, seems to be the answer to a widespread Christian program for the men in this station.

"It is the intention of the group to work closely with the chaplain and the welfare departments in active service."

Not to be outdone by the Navy, Chaplain Harold M. Bryant, of the Cavalry Replacement Training Center at Fort Riley, gives us his experience in "welding many into one." Among other things he says:

PERFECT SPOT FOR S.M.C.L.!—Assigned to a recently organized unit of Marine airmen being trained for overseas duty, Chaplain Robt. H. Vitz, USNR, immediately began to push the League program among his men, some of whom are seen here in an informal meeting.

Official U. S. Navy Photograph



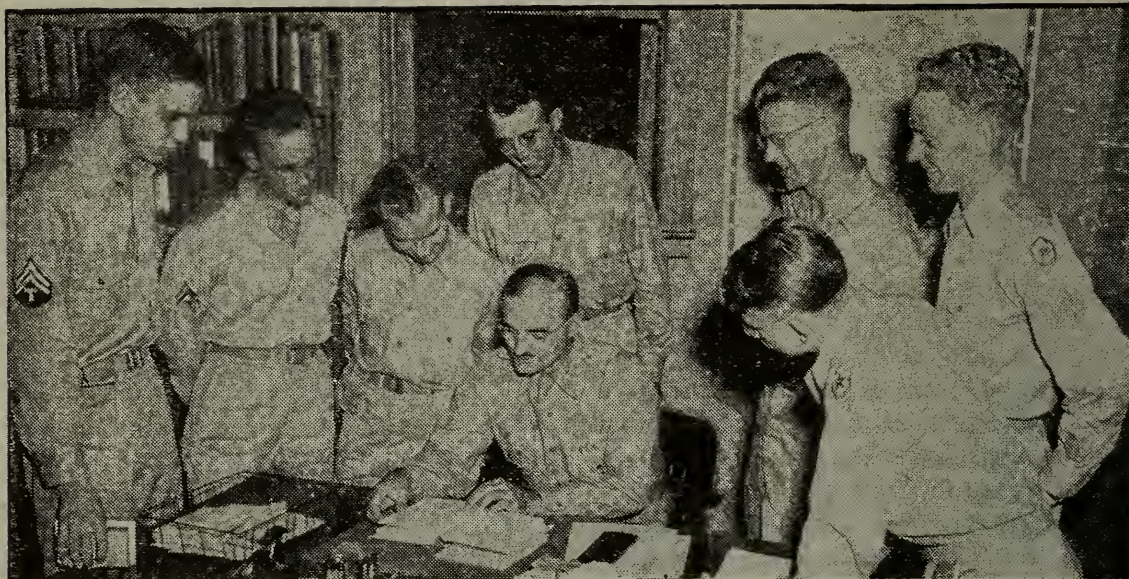


Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

CAMP MURPHY, Fla.—An energetic unit of the Service Men's Christian League operates at the Southern Signal Corps School here. In the above you see the S.M.C.L. Planning Committee in session with Chaplain T. Reighton Jones, organizer of the unit which meets regularly at the camp's South Chapel.

"We think our Charter night was a success. The first Sunday night meeting brought out an attendance of 64. Of this number 54 signed up for active membership after I presented the plan.

"You will probably be interested to know that these 54 members represent 22 states and 22 separate religious denominations; four had no denominational preference. Several of the men had membership cards presented to them by their local churches when they came into the service.

"We are writing now to each church to tell them about their young men joining the League."

We would like to hear from other chaplains telling of the number of denominations represented by their League groups. And what do you think of the idea of having the members of the S.M.C.L. write to each church telling them about their participation in this Protestant program? That certainly makes the League "the link" between the church and the service man. Will some other chaplain stand up to be counted?

The League Everywhere

Chaplain Cyrus B. Hutcherson understands what we are driving at when we talk about uniting Protestants. In a recent letter from somewhere in the Pacific he says:

"I am very much interested in the S.M.C.L. I think it is the answer to Protestantism's diverted energies. Today we started with a small group of men which will constitute, as far as I know, the only S.M.C.L. unit on the Island."

In the same spirit, Group Chaplain Thomas A. Edgar, of the 393rd Bombardment Group, uses *THE LINK*. He says:

"Since I have men of all faiths and denominations, I am very particular about the literature that is distributed to them. So far, *THE LINK* has answered my need. The men enjoy it and I am trying to get a copy into the hands of each man every month."

The underlying unity of all Protestants

is probably best seen when men are under fire and in difficult situations. Chaplain Herbert S. Holley, from the 34th Station Hospital, writes:

"This hospital is stationed somewhere on Pantelleria Island in the Mediterranean Sea. It has been a very interesting place and our hospital has and is doing a splendid work.

"I just received my copies of *THE LINK*. They lasted less than a day, as there was a run on them from patients as well as the personnel of the hospital.

"I find over here that men are interested in God, and our average for attendance at services is much higher than it was back in the States. This is not caused by fear but in the realization that there is a need of God and His principles."

League Meetings Are Interesting

We want to take our hats off this month to several units of the S.M.C.L. and to the chaplains who are guiding them.

Our first decoration goes to Chaplain Guy W. Mayfield of the 21st Engineers, Aviation Regiment. This progressive Service Men's Christian League issues a newsletter describing the total religious

program of various battalions and companies—a suggestion, by the way, for other League units. We quote from a recent newsletter:

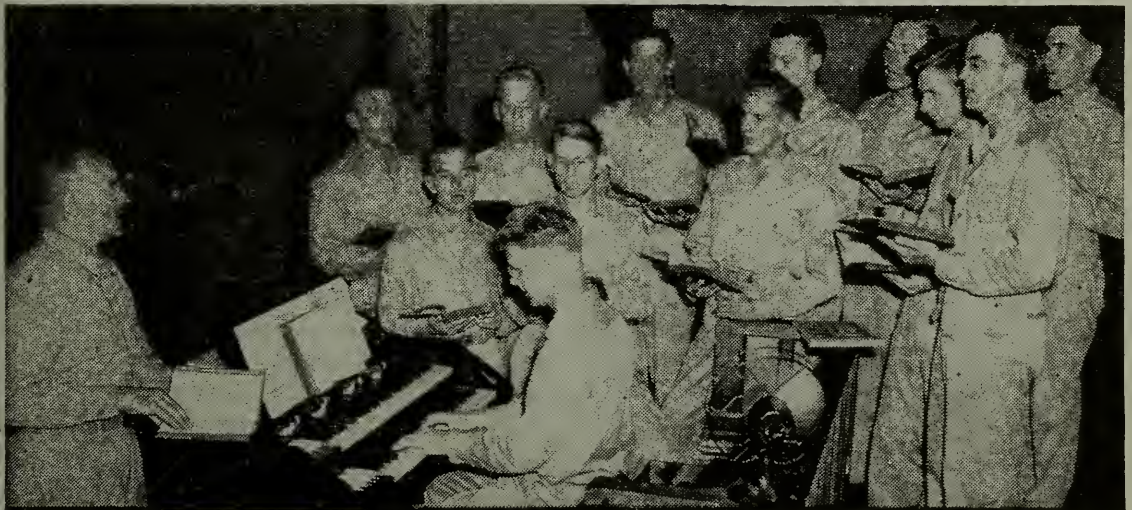
"Our goal was twenty members from each company. Company C is half again over its goal and the other companies are all well on their way toward reaching it. Company B does not have so many members as yet, nor has Regimental 'H. & S.,' but both of these companies are giving excellent support to the church services, and no doubt will soon be showing a membership roll near the goal. The quota for the nine companies is 180 members, of which we have now reached 64%."

Our second award goes to Chaplain Kenneth B. Combs and the members of the S.M.C.L. of the 61st Troop Carrier Group. Chaplain Combs writes:

"Our services of the League are held on Sunday nights after supper. The president takes charge of the entire meeting. Favorite songs are sung, and the men lead in prayer. The lesson for the week has been divided and the portions assigned to different men, and they give brief talks on the subject, followed by questions or dis-

CAMP MURPHY, Fla.—Members of the local unit of the League are prominent in every religious activity at this camp. Here some members of the Service Men's Christian League rehearse for their appearance with the choir at South Chapel.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps



discussion. The remainder of the service is given over to a forum discussion of the questions suggested at the beginning of the week's lesson in *THE LINK*. The men certainly enjoy these services, as well as the splendid Christian reading material in *THE LINK*."

Our last-but-not-least award this month goes to Chaplain Thomas E. Adams, Jr., and the unit working with him in the 33rd Service Group. He writes:

"Our unit of the Service Men's Christian League has been organized with 17 charter-members. The officers have been elected and are to be installed next Sunday evening. We have 22 more prospective charter-members, and have set a goal of 50 for the next month.

"Plans to be put into effect immediately call for a regular Sunday evening devotional meeting, with discussion, and a mid-week Bible Study Class. The unit has decided that a glee club and choir, to furnish music for the meetings and chapel services, will make a splendid prospect as a beginning of unit activities.

"We look forward with anticipation to the growth of our new unit and wider fellowship with others of the Service Men's Christian League."

The Link Gets Around

We often wonder how *THE LINK* is distributed. We know that there must be many unusual situations. Our curiosity has been satisfied to some extent by the letters we receive.

For instance, Chaplain S. A. Glasgow writes from the United States Naval Station at Key West, Florida:

"We trust that you will be able to send us 400 copies each month. If you could only see how eagerly the patients at the Naval Hospital reach out their hands for their copy of *THE LINK*, it would amaze you. When small ships come in and we distribute religious literature to the men, you would be equally impressed if you saw the gratitude they offer upon receipt of *THE LINK*."

Chaplain Robert G. Geiger, at the Abilene Army Air Field, Abilene, Texas,

distributes his copies not only to the members of the League, but also, he says,

"I take a copy to each man in the hospital and in the guardhouse; also I give a copy to each officer and enlisted man here in Base Headquarters. I also place copies in the Day Room, Officers' Club, Non-commissioned Officers' Club and in two religious literature dispensers—one placed in the gymnasium (which we use for church services) and one in the Day Room, where men congregate when they have some time off."

An excerpt from a letter of Chaplain Wesley R. Cain now stationed in England substantiates this statement by Chaplain Bard:

"*THE LINK* has been found (after leaving my hands) in day rooms, mess halls, barracks and hospitals. The men have been seen with it in their pockets as they go to and from work. Some interested person left a copy in the small building we use for a barber shop, and I would say that at least fifty men read that issue while our G.I. barber trims their hair!"

A United League

Communiqué closes this month with a quotation from Chaplain Wallace M. Hale of the 88th Infantry Division. In a recent letter he describes what must be in the mind of many chaplains and many service men. In effect it is a summary of the goal of the League:

"Since I have been in the Army, I have cast about for an organization to unite Protestants while they serve in the Army. I feel that I can use the Service Men's Christian League as a means for obtaining and developing a loyalty among the men of varied Protestant denominations. Our intention is that they shall go back to their communities better church members in their own churches. To that end, while they are in the Army, we shall urge League members to combine their efforts to reach every Protestant and all men from Protestant homes."

HOW IT WORKS AT SAMPSON

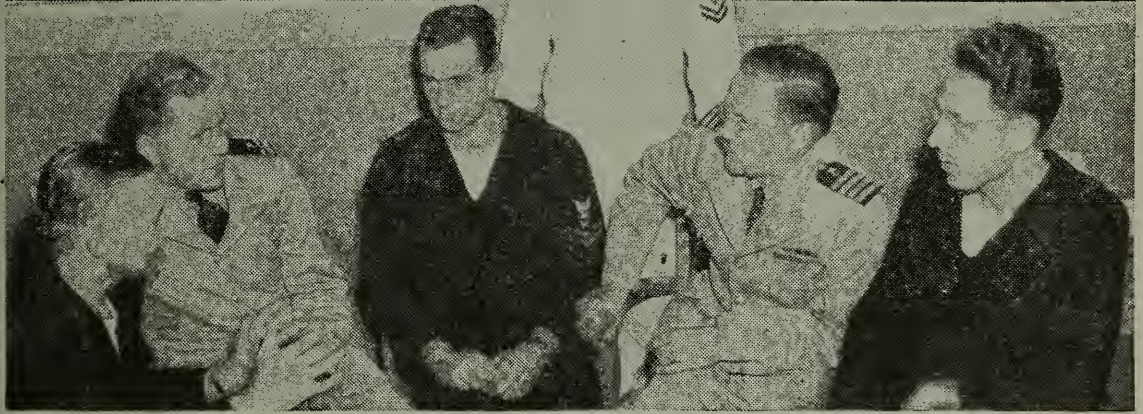
Photo below shows a conference of Sampson S.M.C.L. leaders discussing the program for one of the big inter-unit League meetings held each month.

Second from right is Capt. Edel, the Senior Chaplain; second from left is Chaplain Bloomquist. Both are enthusiastic promoters of the League



★
Nine healthy League units at Naval Training Station demonstrate utility of the S.M.C.L. program for Navy

★
U. S. Navy official photos



THE Service Men's Christian League has functioned at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Sampson, N. Y., almost since the huge new establishment for transforming recruits from civilians into seagoing men of the Navy was officially opened in the fall of 1942. And the organization has displayed a vitality and potency in the life of the men which could scarcely have been anticipated.

Fluid in organization and informal in operation, the League at Sampson regularly brings together enthusiastic groups of men who find comfort and satisfaction in the weekly opportunities it affords for spontaneous expression of Christian feeling in discussion, in song, or in some other devotional activity.

The organization here is necessarily loose and informal, since the stay of the recruit in a particular training area is only a matter of a few weeks. New men are continually moving into the five training

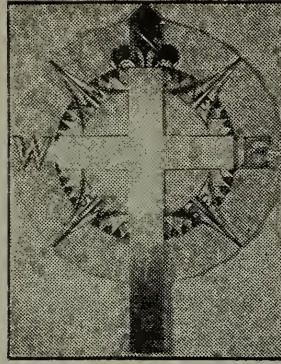
units, each of which accommodates 5,000 men, as others go out. The strong continuing link is supplied by the Chaplains' Department, headed by Captain William W. Edel, (ChC) USN, Senior Chaplain.

Sampson is one of seven stations in the country for basic training of men entering the Navy. Its commandant is Captain Harry A. Badt, a veteran of more than thirty-five years in the Navy. Besides the five recruit units here there is a Service Schools unit, where selected men receive intensive courses in such Navy fundamentals as gunnery, signaling, navigation, accounting and stores, and other specialized branches. There is another unit for Ship's Company (station personnel), and still another known as Outgoing Unit, where the men returning from recruit leave await assignment to school or sea duty. At the extreme southern end of the 2,500-acre tract which stretches for five miles along the eastern shore of beautiful Seneca

Lake is a great U. S. Naval Hospital of 1,500-bed capacity.

In all, there are nine healthy, thriving chapters of S.M.C.L. here. There is one in each of the recruit training areas, one for the Hospital, one from Ship's Company and Outgoing Unit, and two in the Service Schools area. The second chapter in Service Schools was formed only recently by Negro sailors attending Cooks' and Bakers' School, of whom several hundred will soon be on hand. Membership in each of the unit chapters is of course in a continuous state of flux, but the enthusiasm and interest in the League program remain at high pitch.

The reasons for this admirable state of things are to be found in a variety of



"The Mariner's Cross,"
designed by Capt. Edel,
used on all the altars.

circumstances. But not least of these, it may be supposed, is the informality which characterizes the League meetings and the conduct of its affairs. Here men of Christian background get a chance to unburden themselves through their favorite hymns, or to give their theological muscles a workout among their equals.

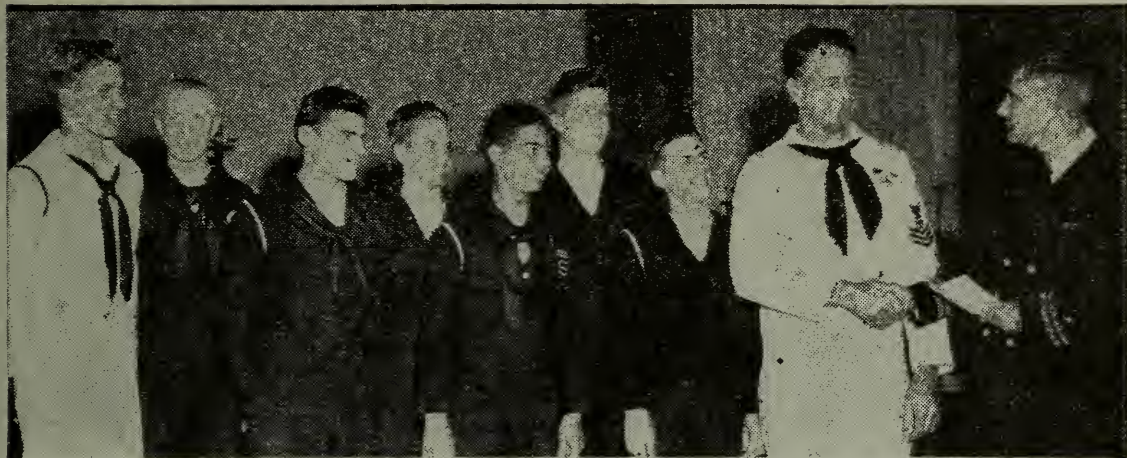
"It is one place in the Navy where you can have your say about the things which mean

most," a recruit put it.

But the meetings of the S.M.C.L. are more than that. They have proven a source of inspiration and reassurance to men who are away from home for the first time and others who have long-established habits of religious activity. The religious life can-function in a vacuum no more than

Weekly S.M.C.L. meetings in the various units at Sampson bring together from 50 to 100 men at each, who participate enthusiastically in the program, whether it is singing favorite hymns or discussing theology. This group is opening the service in one of the recruit training units with a bit of song.





One of the most popular features of the inter-unit gatherings, held monthly, is the "Bible Quiz." In the above, Lieut.-Comdr. H. R. Taxdal congratulates the winning team on its prowess in Scriptural knowledge. Chaplain Taxdal is shaking hands with Sydney Lenoir, first-class water tender, who is team captain.

any other. The League has provided these Navy men with an opportunity for expression in worship and discussion of the deepest of all human impulses known to man—and this in the familiar and friendly atmosphere of a Christian environment.

With one exception, all unit chapters of the League hold their weekly meetings on Sunday evening. The exception is the Ship's Company-Outgoing Unit chapter, which meets each Wednesday evening. The meetings take the form of typical devotional services, usually ending in a discussion period. The majority of the chapters make use of the weekly study courses supplied by THE LINK.

Some of the chapters regularly bring together nearly 100 men, while other meetings range from 50 to 75. Membership is maintained in the changing population of the various units through personal contact of the League members with non-League members, and through the more

formal religious activities on the station. The meetings are announced at regular church services and in the weekly news bulletin of religious activities issued by the Chaplains' Department. And of course the active interest of the Protestant chaplain in each of the units is a continuous source of additional members.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the League program at Sampson, however, is the inter-unit meeting held in the evening of the first Sunday of each month in Royce Memorial Chapel—one of two simple but architecturally beautiful chapels which serve the station as a whole.

These monthly meetings regularly draw capacity congregations of around 1,000 enlisted men and recruits. Their general character and variety can best be indicated by listing the last five. The first of these was the setting for a "Bible Quiz," at which unit teams competed. The second was in the nature of a Fourth



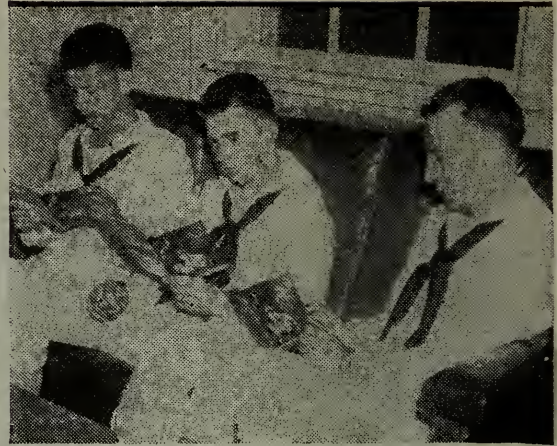
Specialist 2/c Larson leads in prayer at an S.M.C.L. monthly meeting in Royce Chapel.

of July celebration, with the principal address by Lieut. H. J. Berkowitz, (ChC) USNR, Jewish chaplain on the station. "Community Night" followed, when young people from church congregations of neighboring towns were invited, with a reception in the station hostess house at the conclusion of the service in the Chapel.

Then came a program designated "Salute to the Chief Chaplain," in honor of Captain Robert D. Workman, (ChC) USN, Chief Chaplain of the Navy, who was on the station to participate in formal dedication of Royce Memorial Chapel.

The September meeting was in the nature of a "Hymn Festival," at which a musical organization from each chapter presented its favorite hymn and a speaker outlined its history. At this meeting a choir of thirty members of the newly formed Negro chapter in Service Schools sang two Negro spirituals.

On these occasions long lines of men, marching in formation from the units to Royce Chapel lustily singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," advertise the event



Favorite magazine of S.M.C.L. members at Sampson, we are told, is THE LINK. Giving our journal a careful once-over here are, left to right: Apprentice Seamen Edward Laser, Bernard Goldbeck and John McKee.

to the Station. The high average of attendance at the meetings is its own evidence of the importance which the men place on them. But a truer measure still is to be found in the faces of the men as they leave the Chapel to return to their units and tell the story of S.M.C.L.

• The tired 46th English Division was transformed in 1918 when, marched past its new commander, it saw on his tunic the ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal, given in British service for valor in action only to a soldier serving in the ranks. The instant they saw that ribbon on him, the men who were to serve under him knew that their new commander "had been through the mill." He knew the harsh discipline, the meager pay, the hardship, the danger. When he signed his orders safe in his headquarters in the rear, he knew what those orders would mean to the men in the mud. And from the men in the mud, once they realized that he knew, he could not ask too much.

So the followers of Christ have always known that, as Alexander Maclaren said, "we can go through no darker rooms than He went through before."

A more ancient Christian meant the same thing when he wrote that this Lord of ours is not one "that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but One that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

—Eli Porter, in *Front Rank*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is with regret that we learn that some of our readers have drawn implications that were beyond our intention from a photograph and caption published in the September issue. The illustration on page 6, which showed a Catholic chaplain demonstrating a Mass kit to a Protestant chaplain, was not meant to imply that Protestant chaplains say the Catholic Mass, or that Catholic chaplains conduct Passover services. In the service there are many ways in which a chaplain can serve the men of faiths other than his own. In the conduct of divine services, however, each chaplain follows the pattern of his own denomination, and does not expect any man to attend in violation of his own good conscience.

What I AM FIGHTING FOR

The four articles appearing below and on the succeeding two pages were among the many submitted in our recent contest on the above subject. These received "honorable mention"

By Private Edsel Ford

Westover Field, Massachusetts

"**L**IFE, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." These are sacred words singularly symbolic of all that is American. We in America have seen what it means to lose one's liberty. We know that without liberty there can be no pursuit of happiness. We know too what comes of complacency, isolationism. We sat idly by, falsely confident in our non-existent security, as the countries of Europe one by one were trodden beneath the heel of the Hun.

From the Far East came the answering echo of marching feet. The Nazis' cohorts, the little men of Nippon, were at it again. Slowly but surely Japan was throttling the life out of valiant China with a campaign that for sheer bestiality surpassed any other military undertaking in the history of the world. Individual rights were things to be crushed into the dust, religion had become paganism, boundaries were things to be destroyed, and international law was a mockery. The whole world was being swept into the maelstrom of the conflagration. It was the blackest hour for civilization since the Dark Ages.

As the trend of events swept ever nearer our shores, it became increasingly apparent that we should have to enter the conflict sooner or later. The false sense of security, the "it-can-never-happen-here" feeling, went up in the smoke of righteous American anger. America has always been slow to anger and quick to action. With the bombing of Pearl Harbor the dam of pent-up emotions burst. We were peace-lovers; we did not want this war, but it had been thrust upon us and we accepted the challenge. War they wanted, and war we should give them.

It has not been easy to leave one's family, one's friends, all the things one has been accustomed to. It has not been easy to leave them for the battle. In fact, some may say—and rightfully—that we are being robbed of our freedom; that we are taken from our homes, our loved ones, and made to serve the country. True, quite true. But we are temporarily bereft of it so that we may permanently keep it.

I, for one, am not in the service because I like this way of life. Quite the contrary.

I am here because there is a job to be done. When it is all over I want to go back to life as I, an average American, knew it. I want to see all the John Does, Joe Joneses, and Joe Smiths home again, happy in the knowledge that they had their part, however small, in ridding the world of the totalitarian scourge. The embattled peoples of Europe and Asia look to us in America for aid. We stand as the great bastion of Democracy—the living symbol of their hope and faith for a better world. Ours is therefore a solemn responsibility. For my part, I am proud of that responsibility. I cannot look dispassionately on the

conquered and do nothing about it.

A tall, gaunt, kindly man of the backwoods—a man who loved freedom and respected the rights of the individual as passionately as any of us—once said something about liberty and the nation. He said, "This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." There shall come a day, God willing, Abe Lincoln, when all the nations now bowed in bondage shall have *their* new birth of freedom too.

Since we must fight, there is nothing nobler to fight for than our American way of life, the liberation of our fellowman, and the destruction of the totalitarian ideology.

By Private Edward Miller

Camp Crowder, Missouri

TODAY, during a movement of Command Post exercise, we rode and bounced in the rear of a Signal Corps truck while it drove through the hills of the Missouri Ozarks. Over the horizon great puffs of cottony clouds rolled with imponderable laziness beneath a sheen of blue sky.

Here, in a small fold of our land, focalized from many distant points, Americans are in training for battle. We come from everywhere, and many are meeting fellow countrymen from other sections for the first time. We have much in common. We come from homes which were dedicated to peace. Our standard of living was better than that of kings of but a few decades ago. We went and did as we pleased. We lived and let live. We were free.

Many of us did not fully appreciate this freedom of action which we all enjoyed. Most of us did not dream that some day we would be here in uniform. However, here we are, learning in the hard way both the technical and bloody arts of the battlefield, learning because we have to.

We came as Americans. We did not rush with maniacal frenzy to the praecoxical call of a Hitler, or a Mussolini, or a Tojo. Rather did we gather around our colors with the quiet determination of free men in answer to a clear call. It was a call which told us unmistakably that our freedom was in danger.

We do have our reason. We have one reason and a hundred reasons. First of all, the man in uniform, both in our training camps and on the battlefields, knows and loves the freedom that is America. He appreciates and enjoys the comradeship of all his fellow-Americans. He is ready and willing to fight for and with his comrades.

Perhaps, when we say we "fight for our country," the words are vague and trite. Perhaps, when we speak of answering a "clear call," we refer to an intuition, an intuition almost as strong as our senses. We fight, primarily, for our individual selves. Collectively, we fight for our own as well as all other families in the land. We fight for everything that is good—for

our past, our present, and our future—for the older and feebler people, that they may enjoy an unmolested and fuller life—for our children and the children of our friends, that we may present them with a happier and more peaceful future—for ourselves, that we may come back and live again the free life which we have laid aside for the duration.

We go to distant posts that we may prevent the enemy's barbaric carnage on our own soil and among our own homes. We go knowing that many shall not return. We go knowing that *we must not fail*, that we cannot afford to lose and have the entire world cast back into the blackest age of history. This knowledge is deep in the mind of every American service man.

We are fighting at a tremendous cost for a tremendous stake.

Aside from the greater cause, each of us has his own little sidestake in this fight. We are, in the main, composed of men who stem from those nations which the enemy has so brutally ravaged. Many of us stem from the very countries which are now our enemies. Such men hate the common enemy for having enslaved his own people in the feudalistic rule of fascism.

Many have relatives in the conquered lands. All of us know of the savagery which the conquerors have unloosed on defenseless people. Our own comrades

have been subject to inhuman and criminal treatment which violated all codes of human decency. For all these crimes, the barbarians have brought upon themselves a greater determination on our part that they shall be crushed. We carry with us a torch which blazes out in a bright beam of righteous wrath.

As soldiers, we know little and care less about the political and diplomatic ramifications which accompanied the chronological influx of Mars. We do know very clearly the direct actions which led to our entry in the war. Blinded by our own good will and desire for peace, we left ourselves unprepared in the face of the combined double-crossing and treachery of the Axis. They had reckoned correctly on the blindness of our good intentions, but they had completely miscalculated on the vitality of our citizenship.

We are now proving to them that the American of 1943 is not so far removed from the American of 1776.

Throughout the years, when we have fought we have won. We have not won simply because we were braver and stronger than our enemies. Rather, we have won because we were braver and stronger by virtue of the fact that we were *on the side of righteousness*. The victory, at whatever cost, shall be with those of stout heart who fight by the side of God.

» An inductee, being questioned by a friend regarding his entry into the Army, was asked, "How did you get in?"

"Through the CCC," he replied.

"But," said the questioner. "The Civilian Conservation Corps men were not transferred into the Army."

"I can't help it," insisted the soldier. "The CCC got me anyway—Caught, Conscripted and Carried."

» "Com-pa-nee, attention!" bawled the drill sergeant to the awkward squad. "Com-pa-nee, lift up your leg and hold it straight in front of you!"

By mistake one rookie held up his right leg, which brought it out side by side with his neighbor's left leg.

"Aw right, aw right; who's the wise guy over there holding up both legs?" shouted the hard-boiled sergeant.—*Lutheran Men.*

Topic TALKS



Subject for group discussion (first week):

“EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED”

(Scripture: Philippians 4:1-13)

• **Questions for thought and discussion:**

1. *What are some of the new responsibilities that people are facing today?*
2. *Think of certain abrupt changes that have taken place in your own life. How have you met them? What has helped you most?*
3. *Are men willing to make the same sacrifices for the tasks of peace as for the demands of war?*
4. *Think of examples of those who have found their lives by losing them. Is this a practical way of life for everyone?*
5. *What made Jesus feel certain that He would meet persecution and death? Could He have avoided the cross? At what cost?*

• **Resource Material**

At certain street intersections in New York City the Police Department has placed large signs that read, “Expect the Unexpected at Every Corner.” //

That is a good approach, not only to congested crossings but to the whole of life. Nothing so characterizes our days as does uncertainty. We cannot tell what the next hour, or day, or week will bring forth. Our work may change, our friends may go, our homes may be broken, our income may stop or be greatly reduced, our responsibilities for other lives may be greatly increased. We cannot tell what the morrow will bring forth. We only know that we must be ready for the unexpected. In these times, when demands upon time and strength come with swift and unexpected compulsion, we must maintain an attitude of trust and confidence that will not be dismayed or defeated, come what may.

There are some people who brood upon life's uncertainties until they become almost paralyzed with fear and worry. They ask, “How can we do anything unless we know what's coming?” // The established policy of the business world has been to hold back when conditions are unsettled. Those who dwell upon life's risks become incapable of living in the one world of which they can be sure, namely, the world of today. Thinking of the threats to their incomes, their families, their security, they say, with wistful longing, “If we could only know.”

On the other hand, there are those who, when faced with the fact that they cannot foretell the future, refuse to worry about it at all. Yesterday is gone, tomorrow is not here, we have today. Let us drink it to the full. Make all experiences casual, care about nothing very deeply, live sitting

on the edge of your chair. No matter how somber the outlook, how filled with possible disaster, act as if you cared nothing for what happened to you or to your world. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Many people are trying to escape the future by acting as if it would never arrive.

Between these extremes—one of excessive alarm over the future, the other of flippant unconcern about what may happen—there is the middle ground of Christian faith. After all, God put us into this world, and it is a world that He Himself made. When in the creation narrative He looked around on all His work, He found it to be good.

"Can Do All Things Through Christ"

This, to be sure, does not mean that God created all the dangers and evils of human society; it does mean, however, that in this very kind of society in which we live, in the midst of the uncertainty that is natural to all of life, we are to find a way of approaching whatever may come so that, instead of being intimidated and overcome by it, we shall be able to win our way through. Jesus did not want men to worry about the future, and said, "Take . . . no thought for the morrow." Paul was so sure that, no matter what the morrow might hold, he would be ready for it, that he cried out, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."//

Are we not glad that life is not too certain? The bloom would be off much of experience if we knew everything that was going to happen. Life would lose its interest for us if we could see clear to the end. An undercurrent of zest runs through our days because we never know when we are going to turn a corner, or a page of a book, or come to an event of the day, and find ourselves face to face with a new and stirring and joyous experience. It is well

TOPIC TALKS are designed primarily to furnish groups such as Service Men's Christian League units with lively materials for discussion. A Topic Talk is provided for each week of the month. It is suggested that you adapt the Topic suggested in any manner most useful to the needs of your group. In addition to the questions provided at the beginning of each Topic Talk, any number of interesting queries will suggest themselves to you.

This month's material, written by DR. PHILLIPS P. ELLIOTT, originally appeared as a part of the Westminster Departmental Graded Lessons for Older Young People and Adults, and later was issued by the Westminster Press under the title, *The Christian Facing Today's World*. We reprint it from the latter, in adapted form, by permission of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 925 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

that the morrow keeps its secrets until it becomes today.

Moreover, if life were so certain that we could foretell all the future, we might not feel strong or courageous enough to move forward. Many times we have said of experiences that have passed that had we known how hard they were to be, we couldn't possibly have faced them. A merciful hand has drawn the curtains of the future, and, despite our curiosity and our occasional irritation that our plans are so often upset by the unexpected, we are glad that we can see no more and that we must simply wait until the days come.

Many New Worlds to Conquer

Indeed, all achievement comes because of this very fact of uncertainty. Suppose everything were settled, no issues remained to be decided, no causes to be espoused, no victories for the right to be won. The

whole glory of living would have departed. But things are far from settled. We know that, and often mourn because they are in such tragic chaos. It may be that in these tense days we feel the issue more keenly than even our forebears felt it—the issue between the kind of world that lives in fraternity and peace and the world that condemns itself to hatred and war.

The struggle is far from decided, the future is far from certain, truth and right still have a chance to win. The books of human history are not closed. We can still defeat crime, and sickness, and poverty, and war. We find our mission in life as we take our place in the struggle for goodness and for God.

"Not Simply Lumps of Clay"

Another way of saying this is that the future belongs to us. This does not sound like a very new or profound observation. Most graduating classes, high school or college are assured by their commencement speakers that "the future is yours." The graduates know better than to believe this literally. Out in the world they soon find that, instead of controlling events, events take control of them. Boys who have reached eighteen years are finding now that this is true with special force as the Army drafts them to its service. One of the chief dangers now is that we shall accept the status of being inferior to events. We are not simply lumps of clay that take the form imposed on them by the kneadings, poundings, and shapings of daily experience.

While it is true that life molds us, it is even more true that we mold life. There is nothing that the future can do to man; there is everything that man can do to the future. We are wrong in thinking of ourselves as without resource in the grasp of a crisis that bends and breaks us. Power and wisdom will come, as they have always

come, when the need is great. As you look into the years ahead, you can see nothing there except what you make it and what your fellow men make it. The future has no real existence until men create it, put something into it, draw its outlines, and plan its course. If the future holds yet greater disaster, we have at least the mournful consolation that this disaster did not inhere in the future, but was put there by man. The great social tragedies are of man's own making; the basest cruelty is man's inhumanity to man. The very uncertainty of the future is the guarantee that it is in man's hands, and he can make of it what he wills.

This, of course, has its discouraging side, when one meditates upon what mankind has made of the successive futures that have been offered to it. But it also has its very hopeful side. It means that we have a chance, a glorious and extended chance, to build, mold, remake our world and our common life. The future is unmade, and it is within human power to make it. The land into which we move is not a land of terror but a land of promise, and the promise will be fulfilled according to our own works. Indeed, the achievements of men of faith in past years will not come to their fruition until we add similar deeds to theirs, until we seize upon our future and hold it for Christ.

The Challenge of Risks

The uncertainty of the future, therefore, is a terror only to those who live without faith. When men curse their lot, and even their Creator, for this risky and uncertain and tragic world, they do not see that, along with the uncertainty, God has provided man with great certainties. In the midst of the world's risks, God has given us means to face and meet those risks.

That is what faith means, after all. Faith means purpose. Faith means not so

much what I think or believe but what I intend to do. One need only watch Jesus and follow Him to see that His faith lay in His purpose and His task. That faith, that purpose, took control of the future inevitably and completely. He turned all of life into certainty. In His spirit men were no longer afraid to face whatever might come. They learned that they were not to be anxious for the morrow, but to be anxious about their own lives—what they were, and what they did—and then the morrow would take care of itself. The future would certainly be secure.

These times, so filled with new and unexpected burdens, provide us with a testing of our faith. Now we are to show whether we have in us enough Christian fortitude to accept the responsibilities of our time without flinching and without fear. What has to be done can be done. It can be done, that is, if one is prepared to pay the cost of doing it.

That is where the cross comes into human experience. The cross is carried not by those who care nothing for humanity's need but by those capable of feeling evil

and of being touched by human suffering and sorrow.

Sacrifice is always a noble experience, but it is of all human acts the most tragic when it is done on behalf of an unworthy end. Jesus told men that, if they would come after Him, they must take up the cross and follow. But that cross must not be simply a meaningless sacrifice for no high end; it must be the yielding of life for that high end that men had seen in Jesus. "For whosoever would save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it."

These times demand that we lose ourselves in the new and heavy responsibilities, different with each one of us, that the world's turmoil has placed upon us. But we are to lose ourselves with a purpose, and toward a goal, and for a cause. We enter the unknown future without dismay, eager only to carry our share of the tasks of our times so that we shall lose our lives for Jesus' sake. Thus we find ourselves, discover life's meaning, and feel beneath our feet the path on which we may firmly and confidently walk to the end of our days.

Passages for Weekday Study

Monday. *Hebrews 11:8-10.* Abraham moved out into an uncharted land and an unknown future. He was guided and strengthened "by faith." Nor did he wander aimlessly; he was looking for the city built by God.

Tuesday. *Psalms 23.* Nothing, not even death, can remove us from God's help and care. How foolish, therefore, to fear the uncertainties of tomorrow.

Wednesday. *Deuteronomy 33:24-27.* Amid a variety of blessings pronounced upon the tribes of Israel, there is this striking word: "Strength is available for the entire journey of life."

Thursday. *Luke 12:22-31.* Jesus' word of complete trust in the care and provision of God. How many people would like to learn the secret of "be not anxious"!

Friday. *Romans 8:35-39.* A vivid catalogue of possible human experiences, some of them so strong as to shake the foundations of life. But none of these, not even "things to come," can deprive us of God's love and Christ's comradeship.

Saturday. *Matthew 16:21-25.* Jesus faced His own tragic future with calmness and faith. He wanted His disciples to do likewise. They too would know what it meant to carry a cross. They too, by "losing" their lives, could truly find them.

Subject for group discussion:

“THE GREAT COMPANION”

(Scripture: John 15:1-17)

• Questions for thought and discussion:

1. What evidences do you see of God's activity today?
2. What factors are strengthening Christian faith today? What factors are weakening it?
3. What is meant by calling the Bible “inspired”?
4. What practical help do you think people are getting from the Bible today? What help are you getting?
5. What should we pray for in connection with the war?

• Resource Material

Who would deny that Christian faith ought to help us to face life's difficulties? Yet how many of us must frankly admit that we are not claiming that help for ourselves! It is well for us to consider, therefore, some of the ways by which our religion can grow into a vital force in our lives. We shall think about four aspects: namely, belief in God, fellowship with Christ, knowledge of the Bible, and the practice of prayer.

Again and again Jesus drove men back to the roots of faith: namely, belief in God. In the Sermon on the Mount, as He pleaded with men to release themselves from fretfulness over material things, His plea came to the climax in the cry, “O ye of little faith,” or, as Moffatt translates it, “O men, how little you trust Him!”

We know this to be the center of the religious experience. We live in a world that is here not by chance but by plan. It is the product of a mind of which our human minds are but the faintest reproductions. We cannot understand our universe,

or ourselves, except by believing that at the beginning and all along the way there has been the creative and loving influence of a divine Mind and Heart.

This is the point at which we begin—this acceptance of the existence of God. Yet we must push beyond this or we have not gone far in our faith, nor will we be helped by it. There is not much spiritual vigor in the simple assertion that there is a God. Almost everyone believes that. But no religious experience is involved until the theory becomes the dominating, controlling factor in life. It is when one moves beyond simple assent to the existence of God, to the desire to know God, to understand and feel Him, that religion enters.

Need More Than Mental Assent

One might agree to the statement that mother love is a beautiful thing. How far that is from knowing what a mother's love actually means, how it feels, what it does! We begin to have help from our faith at

the point when we ask, not simply, "Do I believe in God?" but further, "What relation has God to my own life?"

This means that we are to believe in a living God. There is a temptation always for us to think that God's strength was greater centuries ago than it is today. We read the stories of the Old Testament prophets, couched in vivid and intimate awareness of God's presence and will, and feel that nothing of that kind ever happens today. God seems to have withdrawn from His world, and the vitality with which He filled the souls of His saints does not come to lift up our hearts.

The Love of the Present

Or, perhaps, we feel that His strength is yet to be revealed in all its fullness, that a great day will come when God's might will be shown to the dismay of the wicked and the joy of the faithful. Long ago, or far ahead—these are the times when we place the effective working of God's spirit.

We are wrong. God lives. He lives today as surely as He did in days of old. He gives to us the same strength that He will bestow upon our children's children. He is the same "yesterday and today . . . and for ever."

We are to have as our Companion this living God all along the way. The angel who announced to Joseph the coming of Christ said, "They shall call His name Immanuel; which is, being interpreted, God with us." Growth in spiritual understanding consists of an ever-surer sense of the nearness of God.

To know that God is with us does not mean, however, that He is always *for* us. There is frequent confusion at this point. Some people assume that if God is *with* them, He is of course *for* them also, and will support whatever they may desire to do. Before me is a brass buckle picked up on a battlefield of the First World War.

On it are the words "*Gott Mit Uns.*" That slogan was so much used and so much ridiculed in the last war that it is not much used by either side in the present conflict. Yet the danger is always present, and is becoming stronger as the war moves on, that we shall identify our aims with God's aims and shall assume that what we desperately desire He, of course, will help us to do. We must be careful at this point. God cannot deny Himself. He cannot support evil. He cannot be divided. He can support man only when man's aims and plans are in accord with God's purpose.

Yet it remains gloriously true that even in evil, which God repudiates, He is still with us. This is the incredible paradox at the basis of our Christian faith. Evil separates us from God, and yet it does not separate us. He is still with us, in forgiveness, in reproof, in redemption—but he is always there. Punishment, however deserved, is not the last word from God. Jesus came to persuade men of that. "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."

"He That Hath Seen Me . . ."

Christianity is not a system of thought, nor a vast organization, but "a life that was lived." When we want to get to the center of Christian faith, we must go to Christ. It is He who makes God real and near to us. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." The more we know of Him, the more we know of God. The deeper our allegiance to Him, the surer our awareness of God. We are helped to think of the God who is our Companion when we realize that Christ walked these very roads upon which human feet still pass, and that He gathered about Him men and women not too unlike ourselves and taught them how to live.

The relationship of each Christian to the

Master will vary according to the temperament and talent of the person. Some enter into a deeply mystical awareness of the very presence of the living Christ, with us here and now. Others look to Him for words of truth and for guidance in their lives.

It is a mistake to think that each Christian's approach to Jesus should be like every other's. The figure of the Master has so many aspects that all types and conditions of men find in Him the answer to their special needs. The universal experience lies in the desire to test every aspect of life by the truth, the deeds, and the love of Christ. That is what binds Christians together.

His Path Not a Popular One

Will we in these times have courage enough to follow, to walk by His side? Through hatred He will lead us in ways of love; through strife He will lead us in paths of peace. These are not popular paths in our time. Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem "Nicodemus" pictures that scribe returning from his evening's interview with Jesus, deeply disturbed in spirit and pouring out his admiration for this new Teacher into the cynical ears of Caiaphas, the high priest. Caiaphas hears him through, and then says:

When He is chained, or stoned, or crucified,
As like enough He will be if you let Him,
You and your sorrow may be seen, too late,
Mourning where safety and necessity
Have buried Him. But you will never be
seen

With Him beside you in Jerusalem.
I know you, Nicodemus. ✕

This is the test. Will we be seen "with Him beside us"?

A letter from a boy in the Southwest Pacific says: "We haven't any chaplain, either Catholic or Protestant. But they

Chaplains!

Re: Change of Address

If you are receiving this magazine on order for distribution among service men, please notify us at once of any CHANGE OF ADDRESS affecting you. Also please advise at the same time whether you wish us to forward to your new address the same number of copies you now receive. Such action will save both the League and the postal authorities needless confusion and expense. Thank you!

did give us New Testaments, and then there weren't enough to go around. Everyone seems eager to get one, and men even ask for them."

One of the missionaries who returned from Japan on the repatriation ship *Gripsholm* said that in more than twenty years of Christian work he had never truly understood the Bible as he did when he read it during the months of internment following the outbreak of the war.

The tension of these times is driving men to the sources of power, and they lay hold on the Bible with a new realization that here are the words that tell where power and light are to be found. It is not formal respect that brings this new demand for the Scriptures; it is the desire for help, for stability, for God.

Where to Go for a "Lift"

Swiftly, accurately, vividly, beautifully, the Bible leads us into the presence of God, and helps us find His gifts. Whether it be through intensive study, through daily reading, through memorizing great passages, or through meditation on one or two important sentences, when we are living in its pages we are in an environment that heals and lifts.

Dr. Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College, used to say to his students, "Live in the presence of the best, and you will become like that with which you are sur-

rounded." That is what the Bible does; it surrounds us with the best. We find ourselves in the presence of great souls who dared all for their faith. We feel the companionship of poets, singers, peasants, kings, priests, prophets, all going in the one direction. We want to go too. Turning frequently and regularly to the Bible, we find our lives being carried on to a new competence and a new joy.

Casualties in Prayer Habits

Our times are having various effects on the prayer life of Christians. Some are ceasing to pray, feeling that it does no good, that the ultimate forces in life are tanks and guns. There are many casualties of faith in our day. Others, however, are finding a deeper and richer experience of prayer than ever before. To them, spiritual forces seem ultimate, and God is the true resource of men and nations. When we feel that way, we cannot help praying.

We ought, then, to have stated times to pray. If no time is set apart for it, it may easily be overlooked. Dr. George S. Stewart, in his book *The Lower Levels of*

Prayer, suggests the use of "cells," that is, five minutes of leisurely unhurried prayer. As this time is conscientiously kept, it may prove possible to expand the time or make the occasions more frequent. Indeed, the goal of one's prayer life should be to escape from stated periods into that continuing attitude of prayer that says, "While I breathe I pray!" All of life should be a prayer, continually drawing upon the resources of God.

May we think of prayer, not as something negative, a withdrawal from life, but rather the outthrust of the spirit of faith into the midst of a doubting and needy world. In the account of Nehemiah's building of the city wall, there is a word of affirmation that fits our time. Faced with obstacles both human and material, he hurls the defiance of his faith into the face of opposition and doubt. "We made our prayer unto our God," he says.

So now, with the world dark and troubled, with mighty forces opposed to the Christian cause, we send forth through our prayer the affirmation of our faith. "We make our prayer unto our God."

Passages for Weekday Study

Monday. *Psalms 24.* This psalm vibrates to the tread of a living, mighty God, for whom the gates of the Temple are thrown open. This same "King of glory" will still enter our temples and cities if we open to Him.

Tuesday. *Hosea 11:1-4.* God continued to love Israel even when the people proved to be disloyal to Him. This is one of the earliest prophetic insights into the compassion of God, stronger even than His judgment.

Wednesday. *John 3:1-5.* Nicodemus was a good man, but could not let himself go the whole way in loyalty. Can you think of similar cases?

Thursday. *John 14:5-11.* Neither Thomas nor Philip had realized that in Christ they were truly in the presence of God. All through the months with them, He had been showing them the Father.

Friday. *Matthew 6:1-8.* Jesus was teaching the disciples how to pray. Perhaps even more effective was the continual example of prayer in His own life.

Saturday. *Luke 24:28-35.* If you have time, read the entire account of the journey to Emmaus, beginning with *v. 13*. It is a beautiful and persuasive reminder that all along our common ways we may walk with Jesus.

Subject for group discussion:

“CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP IN A DIVIDED WORLD”

(Scripture: Matthew 28:16-20)

• Questions for thought and discussion:

1. *What effect do you think the war is having upon the Christian world movement?*
2. *What would you say to the person who says, “Let’s first make America Christian, and then we can talk about taking Christianity to the rest of the world”?*
3. *Do you think the Church is really molding the life of the world together, or is it fooling itself in thinking so?*
4. *Name some outstanding missionaries (a) of the past; (b) of the present. What types of missionary work do you know about?*
5. *We used to speak of “sending” and “receiving” countries. Can we do so much longer?*

• Resource Material

People today are thinking of their world in terms of brokenness. Nations are arrayed against nations in war. The international societies for educational and cultural and business purposes have suspended operations for the duration. The pattern of life is destroyed; the unity of mankind is nothing but a far-off dream. We long for the day when the pattern will be woven again, when the dream will become real.

It is in the Christian Church that the pattern is preserved, the dream made the reality. Nothing that occurs can break the fellowship that Christian people have with one another throughout the whole world. Here is a fraternity that not even war can destroy and that someday will destroy war. In the Church’s world mission there is embodied the spirit which will not accept hatred, division and strife as ultimate. Blocked in one direction, the Church turns to another. There is nothing

that can stop this insistent resolve to heal and not wound, to love and not hate, to build and not destroy.

Upon the highways of the world there can still be seen the sign “Construction Going On.” One would not think so from the gist of daily news. From that one would judge that destruction dominates all. Quietly, patiently, courageously, the servants of the Church continue their task of building. In hospitals and dispensaries along many a dusty road there goes on the building of health. In schools and colleges, from handsome campus to mud hut, there goes on the building of knowledge. In stately churches, in steaming tents, outdoors beside muddy streams, in a thousand thousand villages, there goes on the preaching of the Word, the building of the soul.

In all history there has been nothing like this movement which is the mission of the Christian Church. Someday, when the

world has been bled white with its fighting, and is death-weary of its hatreds, it will turn to those who have not forgotten how to build, and will say, "Show us the way."

Reference has been made in one of last month's Topic Talks to the "Spiritual Fellowship Deputation" upon which Dr. Charles T. Leber and the writer were sent in the fall of 1941, and which lasted until late January, 1942. The deputation was for the purpose of holding conferences with the missionaries and national Christian leaders in four countries, the Philippines, Thailand, India and the French Cameroun in West Africa.

Such a journey gave an opportunity to see the construction that was going on along "the haunted highways of the world." The writer brings some of these experiences into this lesson, as recent and graphic reminders of the way in which Christian people are going about their tasks in these lands far from our own. It steadies us and strengthens us to think of these colleagues, both missionary and national, doing their work even as we try to do ours. Nothing can break our fellowship in this task.

A heavy veil hangs between us and our friends in the Philippine Islands. Except for occasional word that comes via the Red Cross, we know almost nothing regarding the representatives of religion, either in Manila or the southern islands. Wherever they are, at liberty or interned, we know that they are finding ways of doing the Christian work to which they have dedicated their lives.

Filipino Heroes of the Faith

As we try to penetrate the mists about these islands, two figures emerge, both of them Filipinos. They are typical of the Christian leadership that is being developed and on which now the Church must rest.

One of the men is named Dea. He is a stocky, vigorous figure, whose energy was finding outlet, when we were there, in his double position of pastor at Cebu and Moderator of the United Evangelical Church. He came to us when we were in Cebu to plead that more missionaries be sent from the United States to the Philippines, and particularly to the very island of Cebu, on which he ministered. He pointed out with exactness the two spots on the island where colleagues from America were greatly needed to strengthen the work, especially among rural groups. Much heroism has been displayed in and about Cebu, but there is no doubt that Pastor Dea is carrying on his work with a heroism that measures with the best.

Somewhere Behind Manila's Cloud

Or move north to Manila, and think of another Filipino leader, a man younger than Dea, whose name is Sobrepena. He grew up in the hills of northern Luzon, was schooled in the United Brethren mission, went to seminary in Manila, did graduate work in New York, where he founded the Filipino congregation that still meets in Brooklyn, and now is carrying on the pastorate of the United Church of Manila in addition to heavy educational responsibilities. Sharing his pulpit one Sunday morning, I looked out at a congregation of seven hundred Filipinos, mostly younger working people and students, as stirring and responsive a congregation as any preacher could desire. Trying to penetrate the cloud that obscures Manila, I believe I can see Sobrepena in his white pulpit gown standing in his place each Sunday morning to proclaim the truths that will abide while empires rise and fall.

Thailand is a fragrant rice field of a country with about fifteen million people. The great majority are Buddhists. At the time we were there, the little Christian

group, numbering not more than ten thousand Protestant Christians and thirty thousand Catholics, were under severe pressure from the state to renounce their Christian faith and revert to Buddhism. Threats were made of loss of government positions, and in certain communities stones were thrown at the homes of Christians. About five hundred had reverted, it was estimated, and the rest were standing firm.

"We Will Look for You Back"

Against that background, we had this experience: Flying in a small plane from Bangkok to Chiangmai, a distance of five hundred miles, we came down for refueling at Pitsanuloke, the halfway point. As the pilot mounted his little plane to pour in the gasoline, Dr. Leber and the writer took refuge from the heat under the roof of the near-by hanger. A dozen or so young men were lounging about, and one of them, eager perhaps to try out his sketchy English, approached us.

"You doctors?" he asked.

"No," we said, "we're not doctors. We're with the Church."

He seemed surprised. "The Church?" he said, "The Christian Church?"

"Yes," we replied, "the Christian Church."

Then he stood up very straight, as if to make a salute, and looking into our eyes he said simply, "I am a Christian." In the full hearing of his friends, against the current of opposition to Christianity, this lad, a product of mission schools as we learned afterward, made his confession of Christian faith. It was profoundly moving, and was typical of the stamina that most Thai Christians were showing in the face of pressure to give way. As the American missionaries left Bangkok to return home, after months of internment, one of the Thai Christians said to them, "We will look for you back on the first boat after the war."

As one moves about India, the word "need" seems written above almost every aspect of the life of the country. Not that India has not much to give to the world. She has—in spiritual sensitiveness, in ability to sacrifice, in works and thoughts of great beauty. But her great need for health, for education, for the true fulfillment of her spiritual yearnings has commanded the best efforts of the Christian Church. A mighty army of missionaries is at work in India, over five thousand being listed in the Handbook of the National Christian Council. Besides the five thousand, there are numerous Indian colleagues, their number and quality growing all the time.

At Panhala, in Western India, a group of us came along the path from the dining hall to the building where our conference was being held. Beside the road was a family group, father, mother and little girl. The child was terribly deformed, her spine twisted into a right angle as the result of tuberculosis. Her parents had carried her for miles up the steep hillside to lay her beside the road. Why? Because they had heard that some Christian doctors were meeting there, and they felt sure that one of them could touch their child and make her whole. Drs. Dunning and Carruthers talked with the parents and asked them to come to the Kohlapur Hospital, where the long three-year process of straightening might be begun. They probably did not come. They thought a miracle might be wrought then and there by these Christian folk of whose skill they had heard so much.

Hilltop Mission Stations

Most of the mission stations in the French Cameroun are located on hilltops, strategically chosen, commanding excellent vistas, and accessible to many villages in the forests near by. Church, school, hos-

pital—these three make up the average station, together with the quarters of the missionaries and nationals scattered here and there. The churches are thoroughly African in form and spirit.

Consider, for example, the church at Metet. It could seat fully two thousand. The roof was of thatch, the sides were of bark, the floor was of dirt, the pews were boards without backs, nailed to posts in the ground. The effect was of both dignity and informality. The dirt floor and half-open sides made for informality. The majestic proportions of the edifice made for dignity. The rows of small boys in front naked, or half so, wriggling, smiling, sleeping, gave the affair a relaxed quality, as did also the adult congregation, attired in costumes ranging from coat and vest to almost zero. People came and went all through the service, especially mothers with children. Even with five hundred or a thousand people present, the joyous, carnival spirit was never absent. It typified the joy that the African Christians have found in their new faith.

The summons to such a meeting is usually made by using the call drum, a hollowed-out portion of a tree trunk, perhaps five feet long. The Metet drum was on a high platform, and we ascended with the drummer as he went up the ladder to send out the summons to the service. The call was not simply a series of sounds, but a true message, sounded out across the forests to all villages within a radius of five miles. One of the missionaries interpreted the drumbeats for us. "*Stop what you are doing, and come at once to hear the word of God.*"

There's Work to Be Done

It is this urgency that is felt throughout the Christian movement. There is work to be done. There is a truth to be proclaimed. There is a fellowship to be established. There is an empire to be built. There is a world to be claimed for Christ.

"So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,

Like earth's proud empires pass away;

But stand, and rule, and grow forever,

Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway."

Passages for Weekday Study

Monday. *Psalms 72.* A picture of the glad day when God's Kingdom shall extend over all the nations.

Tuesday. *Isaiah 42:1-12.* The Gentiles are included in the outreach of God. Israel has a responsibility to show them the way.

Wednesday. *Matthew 9:35-38.* The work done in the Christian cause is limited only by the number available to do it. The trouble is not with the harvest but with the harvesters.

Thursday. *Acts 1:6-8.* The disciples were simply to tell the story of their own faith. They were to be witnesses, and their witness was to extend over the whole earth.

Friday. *Acts 16:6-10.* Christianity comes into Europe. Paul was the greatest missionary of them all. Trace his journeys; spot-map the churches he touched or established.

Saturday. *Romans, ch. 12.* The illustration of the body and its members applies on a world-wide scale. All kinds and conditions of men find their fellowship with one another through their common loyalty to Christ. Being many, they become part of one body in Him.

Subject for group discussion:

“THE KINGDOM COMES”

(Scripture: *Philippians 2:1-11*)

• *Questions for thought and discussion:*

1. *Are there evidences that we are laying the foundations for a better world?*
2. *How can we make man's economic activity contribute to his true growth?*
3. *Many people think that race prejudice will increase in the confusion after the war. What can be done to stop it?*
- ✓ 4. *If you were to present a plan at the Peace Conference, what would be its salient points?*
5. *At what point do you think the Church's help will be most needed in postwar adjustments?*

• *Resource Material*

In this Topic we come to the close of our series of discussions on “The Christian Facing Today's World.” During the past nine weeks we have attempted to discover the resources in our faith that enable us to meet our times, and not be overcome by them.

The path of history is littered with the discarded wrecks of imposing systems of thought and vast institutions, but through these twenty centuries Christianity has kept its vitality. It survived the years in the catacombs under imperial Rome. It retained its resiliency during the long Dark Ages, and, when men were ready, it burst forth in new power through the Reformation. When in eighteenth-century England religion seemed to have reached a point of sterility, the Christian experience broke through that cold formalism in the stirring witness of John Wesley. Now, in our own time, we face a world that is hostile or indifferent to the truths of the Christian faith. But those truths provide

us with the powerful and effective means by which we may live triumphantly in our day and by which society may be lifted from its present darkness into a new light. We review swiftly the topics we have considered.

1. We believe in man. That is at the basis of our confidence that a better world may be built. Modern society, and especially modern war, tends to obliterate the individual, to reduce him to a number. Jesus treated men as the sons of God. Even though they often acted otherwise, he never lost confidence in their essential goodness. They were created in God's image. The mark may be obscured, as men respond to unworthy appeals, but it is never destroyed. There are dismal failures on the record of mankind, but there are also great achievements of mind and soul. Best of all, man is still growing. He has a long way to go. He is only at the beginning of his possibilities. He is just discovering what it means to live as a child of God.

2. Our times are the result of our failure to obey the laws of the spiritual world. This does not mean that God is deliberately punishing His world. It means that men and nations have failed to heed the principles by which alone a friendly world may come. God has a will for history. He wants men to follow in a certain way. Failure to seek that way results in our losing our direction. We have stressed achievements in scientific and commercial realms but have not kept apace in the realm of the spirit. Peace can be as inevitable as war if the prior conditions are fulfilled.

3. The Christian home is at the center of a healthy society. Now, more than ever, we are appreciating our homes. Young men and women in the services are looking back with affection and longing to the homes that once they took for granted. Today the home is being subjected to great stress and strain—in the leave-taking of those who go into the services, in the additional burdens upon those who remain, in the worry over the health and safety of the absent member, in the general tension caused by heavier schedules of work, difficulties in securing food, and in other respects. The times call for extra understanding and patience on the part of all members of the family. Moreover, we can hardly expect to build a world of good will unless we are able to build such a "world" in our homes. Jesus used family life to illustrate what the world at large could be.

4. Man's deepest needs are spiritual. He must, of course, have food and shelter. The Church must help him to get them. It can never be indifferent to economic injustice. But man's nature is such that he will never be satisfied with "bread alone." Those philosophies based on man's economic needs alone are being built on sand. The Church's passion for social justice should never make it yield to those

who insist that when you solve the economic issue you have solved all. There still remains the hunger of the spirit, the desire to feel at home in the world and at home with God. Man's work should, as far as possible, release life, enrich it, and help it to grow. The ideal is to combine the two—earning a living, and doing what one can do best and most enjoys doing.

5. One of the greatest evils of our time is prejudice. It is a world problem, a problem in our nation, and a problem in our own hearts. The future relationship between the Orient and the West will depend upon whether white people are willing and capable of treating the yellow and brown races as partners and brothers. Such measures as our Oriental Exclusion Act make the solution difficult. In our own country, the relationship between the white and Negro races is reaching a point where it is being regarded as the touchstone of race relations. Is this a democracy or isn't it? Are we to have equality—economically, politically, socially—or aren't we? The war slogans about liberty and freedom lose their meaning unless we put meaning into them by the kind of freedom that we give to all in this land.

6. True patriotism leads beyond one's country. Love of country is one of the deepest and most beautiful of human emotions. But it can become narrow, bitter, violent. Any analysis of the causes of war must put nationalism as one of the most powerful. This extreme nationalism has met its most effective opposition in the Christian conscience and the Christian Church. "God alone is lord of the conscience." The Christian assumes that when he is bringing his Christian faith to his country he is doing the most patriotic thing he can do. Moreover, as an individual finds his life by losing it, so a nation becomes great in proportion to the contribution made to the common life of humanity.

That will be the next step in international relations—such limitation of nationalism as seems necessary for the good of all.

7. We must prepare now for the right kind of peace. People cannot bear the thought that the sacrifice of the present are to be in vain. A terrifying disillusionment will set in unless the peace arrangements are based upon just and charitable foundations. The Church is heavy with a sense of failure, because its influences were not strong and far-reaching enough to prevent the coming of this war. Perhaps the Church may redeem itself by the intelligent and high-minded leadership it will give in the making of the peace. A lasting peace cannot be one of revenge or of empire; it must be one of mutual sharing of the world's goods, and a mutual bearing of economic and political responsibilities.

8. The Church must help people to make the difficult readjustment from war to peace. Machines as well as minds have been retooled for war. Automobile factories are making tanks. When peace comes, they must swing back to automobiles again. So with people. They must rearrange their thinking, their jobs, their emotions. The problem will be especially acute with the men returning from the service. For months or years they will have been learning the ways of war; how can they fit into the mold of normal, peacetime activity? Some of their experiences may have helped them. If they have served in Oriental and other distant lands, they will return with a broadened outlook. Other experiences will have harmed them, perhaps coarsened them, and so unsettled them emotionally. It is important that there be jobs for all those who return, or a vast and threatening problem will face our land.

9. Our faith helps us to welcome, not dread, an uncertain future. We cannot tell what the future holds. We must "ex-

Terse Tips

The best ammunition misses the mark if the aim is poor.

It seems incredible—35 million laws, and no improvement on the Ten Commandments!

Inspiration is what comes out of a man, not what comes to a man.

Faith's greatest victories often come out of fiery trials.

Forgiveness is the perfume that the trampled flower casts back upon the feet that crushed it.

A good deal of laziness of mind is called liberty of opinion.

A grudge is too heavy a load for anyone to carry.

No one can travel the wrong road without arriving at the wrong destination.

Nothing so reveals a man's character as the way in which he spends his money.

Victory by unfair method is defeat.

The great use of a life is to spend it for something that outlasts it.

pect the unexpected." Our world would not be a more attractive place if we could foresee everything. The very uncertainty of the future gives us a chance to settle it in the way we desire. Man can make the future whatever he wills. It need not control him, unless he lets it. With God's help, we can face the future, and in its very uncertainty we have our chance to defeat crime and poverty and war. Jesus told His disciples to take no thought for the morrow, because He knew that their faith would make them ready to face whatever the morrow might bring. As we lose ourselves in the new and heavy responsibilities that face us, we discover life's meaning. The important thing is that we lose ourselves *for his sake*. That gives direction to our course in the future.

10. We need to grow in our religious experience. People wonder why they don't get more help from their faith. They believe in God, but do not feel His presence and power. Part of the trouble is that we think of God as being more active in the past or in the future than in our day. He is a *living* God. The resources that were open to our fathers are open to us. He is with us in every experience of life, and even in those experiences which are contrary to His will, He is still with us, willing to forgive and to transform.

God is made most real to us in Christ, and we realize the companionship of God as we know that Jesus walked these very paths of earth and that all who see Him also see the Father.

We ask ourselves whether we shall have courage enough to be seen with Him beside us in our time. Our spiritual life is enriched as we turn with frequency and regularity to the Bible, and there find ourselves "surrounded by the best." The life of prayer, harder in our time, is yet more rewarding than in more placid days. It is the outthrust of the spirit of faith, making its assertion of belief in God and in the triumph of his cause.

11. We must stand by the Church. The Church has been so much a part of our lives that we forget it needs our support. The Church is built, not by men but

by God. Jesus said, "I will build My Church." But men, in every generation, must do the detailed tasks that keep the Church strong. Like Peter, we must be "rocks" on which it can rest.

The Church is the custodian of the values of life and has kept them intact through storm and strife. We need such a refuge to which we can go to have our faith restored in the power of good will and mercy. A "good Church" is measured by what it is "good for." Does it make any impact upon the community?

Our loyalty to the Church should be so close that we speak of it as "my Church" or "our Church." It moves forward through the lives of those who love it.

12. The Church preserves the unity of life. Other aspects of our world have accepted the fact of dividedness, and have suspended operations for the duration. The Church insists on preserving the essential pattern of humanity; it will not let people break their fellowship with one another.

The Church provides the world with its chief ground for hope. The Christian fellowship that holds men together over national and racial lines provides the standard and the inspiration for the ultimate commonwealth of man. The Christian cause will press forward with zeal and consecration until that day when "all Thy creatures own Thy sway."

Passages for Weekday Study

Each of these passages describes a choice that must be made. As you read them, think of our world and the way in which it is making its choices. Think also of your own life and the way in which you are making yours.

Monday. *Joshua 42:14, 15.* "Me and my house."

Tuesday. *I Kings 18:20-24.* The contest on Carmel.

Wednesday. *Matthew 6:19-24.* God or Mammon.

Thursday. *Luke 18:18-24.* The rich young ruler.

Friday. *Matthew 27:15-26.* Christ or Barabbas.

Saturday. *Luke 9:57-62.* First things first.



At Ease

» This is a funny world,
Its wonders never cease;
All "civilized" people are at war.
All savages are at peace.

Chicago Herald.

» A ship was sinking and the captain called all hands aft. "Who among you can pray?" he asked.

"I can," replied a quartermaster.

"Then pray, shipmate!" ordered the captain. "The rest of you put on the life-jackets. We're one short."—*Navy Breeze.*

» Small brother: "Ah-ha! I saw you kiss my sister."

G. I.: "Well, here's a quarter."

Brother: Here's fifteen cents change. One price to all; that's the way I do business.—*Chicago Skylines.*

» "What's that ugly insignia on the side of the bomber?"

"Sh-h-h-h! That's the commanding officer looking out of a porthole."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

» Draftee: "Do you think they'll ever send me overseas, doctor?"

Examining Physician: "Not unless we're invaded!"—*The Safer Way.*

» Heard in an English air-raid shelter:

"Is there a macintosh in here that's large enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

"No, but there's a MacPherson who's willing to try!" was the reply from a dark corner.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

» Patient (coming out from under ether): "Why are all the blinds drawn, doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, there's a fire across the alley, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."—*The Bluejacket.*

» A sailor who had completed 30 years of faithful service retired with a comfortable fortune of \$60,000. He amassed this large sum through courage, enterprise, initiative, attention to duty, faithfulness, military efficiency, the careful investment of his savings, and the death of an uncle who left him \$59,999.

» The course at the aviation preflight school in Santa Ana, Calif., is said to be rather difficult. During a class, a cadet dropped a pencil that he had just removed from his pocket. After retrieving it from the floor, he turned to his classmate and asked, "What did the teacher say?"

The other cadet gaped at him and said, "What did he say? Gosh, fellow, you missed a year of college algebra!"

» Sergeant Eddie Watson is a courteous doughboy. Ever mindful of the censor who reads his mail, he stopped in the middle of a sentence recently to interpolate:

"Excuse me. Lieutenant Leslie, this is my wife. Honey, this is Lieutenant Leslie—the censor."

Then he started a new sentence, and as an afterthought wrote:

"Crowded in here, isn't it, Honey?"—*Prairie Farmer.*

» Dad (to son home on furlough): "What's the principal thing you've learned in the Army, son?"

Bill: "Always to say 'Yes, Sir' and 'No Sir.'"

Dad: "You did?"

Bill: "Yeah."

» Friend: "Your wife is a very fine woman."

Fisherman (absent-mindedly): "That's nothing. You should have seen the one that got away."—*Scholastic.*

The FUZZY-WUZZY Angels

Many a mother in America,
When the busy day is done,
Sends a prayer to the Almighty
For the keeping of her son,
Asking that an angel guide him,
And bring him safely back—
Now we see those prayers are
Answered on the Owen
Stanley track.

Though they haven't any halos—
Only holes slashed through
their ears,
And their faces marked with
tattoos
And with scratch pins in their
hair;
Bringing back the badly
wounded,
Just as steady as a hearse,
Using leaves to keep the rain
off,
And as gentle as a nurse.

Slow and careful in bad places,
On the awful mountain track
And the look upon their faces
Makes you think that Christ
was black.

Not a move to hurt the wounded,
As they treat him like a saint,
It's a picture worth recording,
That an artist's yet to paint.

Many a lad will see his mother,
And husbands see their wives,
Just because the Fuzzy Wuzzys
Carried them to save their lives
From mortar or machine-gun fire,
Or a chance surprise attack,
To safety and the care of doctors
At the bottom of the track.


May the mothers of America,
When offering a prayer,
Mention those impromptu angels
With the fuzzy-wuzzy hair.





“ARSENAL OF
*Spiritual
Values*
TOO!”

By **FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT**



We have already proven, by the vast numbers of planes and tanks and ships that we have produced since this war began, that we are the arsenal of democracy; but this accomplishment, great as it is, will not suffice to gain us that just and durable peace for which we strive unless we prove also that we are an arsenal of spiritual values. Unless we have faith in freedom, in brotherhood and in the rational direction of life, a faith undismayed by all obstacles, our labor and our sacrifices in the present struggle must assuredly be in vain.

This faith is not easily come by. We need to rise above our immediate experiences and to see, in wide and clear perspective, the slow, difficult but constant struggle of our forebears toward the realization of these ideals. We need to remind ourselves and to remind our fellows that we have maintained for one hundred and sixty-seven years a nation based upon the proposition—scandalous to our enemies—that the common man is in sober truth fashioned in the image of divinity.

I hope there will be a quickening of the spirit of religion. In the days of trial which still separate us from victory, in the years of momentous decision which will fix the duration and character of the peace, we must avail ourselves to the full of our spiritual heritage.

From a message to Dr. Roy G. Ross endorsing International Council of Religious Education's plans for the recent observance of Religious Education Week

