



The LINK



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A Feature Next Month

BUT SAN FRANCISCO IS BETTER!—There's a good chance you'll land in this city before your service life is over. This answer to "New York's a Great Leave Town" (THE LINK, October-November 1951) will give you all the latest dope on where to go and what to see.

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THE KID

by Robert Raleigh



A LOT OF THE MEN in the company were Regular Army, and at eighteen Chris was the baby of the lot. He was a third-generation Dane from Keokuk, Iowa, and his real name was Karl Christopher-son; so I guess it was only natural for the guys to call him Chris.

There wasn't a better-looking soldier on the post than Chris, and the guys were always ribbing him about his curly yellow hair. He was still young enough to have that pink-and-white look, especially standing in the shower next to the hairy brown bodies of the older men.

Don't get me wrong, Chris was no mama's boy. Oh, he had his mother's picture in his billfold, I guess. Somebody told me she was a widow and took in roomers back in Keokuk to support the two of them. But I'd heard Chris got letters for tennis and track in high school, and over at the post gym I once saw him do things with a basketball that made my eyes bulge.

What I mean is, Chris was just a nice kid. He helped out at the post chapel service every Sunday.

I can still see him there in the doorway, handing out programs and smiling at everybody. When he said "Good morning," he sounded like he meant it.

It was because Chris was such a nice guy that I got so hot under the collar the time two of the guys took him to that place in Honolulu. . . .

They call Hawaii the "Paradise of the Pacific," but even a paradise can get lonely when you realize you're cut off from home by over two thousand miles of ocean. You start remembering things you never gave much thought to before, like the snowball bush in bloom at the corner of the front porch, or the way your dog ran out to meet you when you came home from school. Then in your mind it's like turning through a photograph album, and you picture your folks, and the guys at school, and the girl down the street. . . .

Well, you know how it is when you're in service and think about those things. Sometimes when a radio in the barracks gives out with an old tune you used to know, maybe something you danced to

at your senior prom, you start getting misty-eyed. Oh, you won't admit it, maybe, but if they played "Home, Sweet Home" you'd flood the place.

Now I'm the first sergeant of a headquarters company. I see a lot of stuff pulled off on the new boys that doesn't please me much, but I don't know anything that got under my collar like this thing they did to Chris.

Chris was the only guy from his barracks who was off duty that particular day, and not long after he picked up his pass I saw him sitting all by himself in the dayroom. He had a copy of his hometown paper folded over his knees and a peculiar expression on his face. He was staring out the window, but he was looking at something a long way beyond the palm trees on the sunny parade ground. I knew that sick-dog look—the kid was homesick.

I was off that day myself. I wondered if I should maybe ask the kid if he wanted to go swim-

ming out at Waikiki, but still, when you're a first sergeant, you don't exactly feel right running around with privates.

Then Harley McIntosh and Tony Malino came barging in.

Harley was the company's motor sergeant and a great practical joker. "What a character!"—that's what the guys would say about Harley. Even his name brought a laugh when Harley wasn't around to entertain in person.

Tony Malino was an Italian boy who worked in the mess hall. Tony considered himself a sheik. He went to the movies every night of the week, and when they showed one of Rudolph Valentino's old pictures at a company party for laughs, Tony sat through it twice because somebody told him he looked like Valentino. Tony thought he was God's gift to women, but everybody knew he never got far with decent girls.

I knew Tony used to go to a place down near River Street. For



I saw him sitting all by himself in the dayroom. He had a copy of his hometown paper folded over his knees and a peculiar expression on his face.

a while he used to brag about going, but then after the time they pulled him out of line at the monthly physical and made him take treatments, he quieted down a little.

Anyway, these two spotted the kid, and before I knew what was up, they talked him into going to town with them.

"No use flopping around on your sack," Harley said. "We'll show you some fun. Ain't that right, Tony?"

"Sure we will," Tony said, "Hey, Harley, how about Rosie? Think she'd be about right for Chris?"

Harley howled and said, "Rosie? I dunno, Rosie's pretty hot stuff. The kid ain't used to anything like Rosie yet."

Maybe I should have said something then. But being a first sergeant's a funny thing. You have to be plenty GI most of the time, but still you want the men to think you're a right guy. This was one of the times I figured I'd rather be a right guy than punch cards for the chaplain. But when they boarded the bus out by the main gate, something made me follow along just a little behind to find out what these jokers were up to and because, well, I liked the kid and didn't want to see anything funny pulled off on him.

They got off the bus at Aala Park. I wondered how they'd talked Chris into coming this far, but I guessed they were just joshing him along and I didn't think even Harley would go through with it.

They stopped off first in a bar. I slipped into a booth where I

could watch, and Tony and Harley ordered a drink. I knew they were trying to get Chris to have a drink too, but the kid kept shaking his head. He'd smile or grin now and then, like he was trying hard to be a good sport. When you're homesick, you're willing to grab onto almost any sort of company, and that was what Chris had done. And once he'd come along on pass with these guys, he could hardly pull out and leave now. After all, they lived pretty close together in the company. How could he afford to act like he was any better than they were?

Well, Chris must have been even more homesick than I thought, or maybe Harley was just a slick persuader. Anyway, Chris finally stopped shaking his head, and then he nodded. Harley slapped him on the back while the bartender mixed the drink.

Chris finished the first one, and then Tony ordered another round. I went over and sat down beside Chris.

"Why, hello, Sarge!" he said. I looked at that innocent baby face, the clear blue eyes. But then I remembered, he was old enough to be a soldier, so he was old enough to learn a few other things about life. He was entitled to a drink if he wanted it. Who could tell how long it'd be before that young face might be blown off on some Korean hillside? Maybe he ought to be young and foolish while he had the chance. . . .

I'd be lying if I said Chris wasn't pretending to be anxious to go along with these guys. But then the kid had never swallowed that much liquor before, if he'd ever

tasted any at all. He'd be sick later, that was sure; but before the sickness he'd be weak, and that was time enough for him to forget maybe what he'd been taught back in Keokuk and do something he knew wasn't wise.

But I stuck to my role of the right guy. I didn't say anything when Chris said, "Sarge, I'm going to see what it's like. Just once. I never done anything like this before. This morning I was miserable. Was I homesick! But now I feel like I'm floating on air. Gee, I feel good! Tony and Harley and me are buddies—they're going to show me the ropes!"

It was the right time for my little sermon, but I didn't feel much like preaching it right there in a bar. Even outside I kept quiet, but I stuck right along, waiting to see if the kid wouldn't call the whole thing off himself. Tony and Harley were poking each other in the ribs, and once in a while they'd throw some wisecrack over their shoulder for Chris.

We crossed corners and turned down a dark alleyway, and then we stopped before a flight of stairs leading to a rickety porch above a garage. I'd heard Tony blab enough to know this was Rosie's place.



Must be something new in field rations.

Inside, it looked like the parlor of a junky hotel. There were two other soldiers and a sailor in the room. The sailor was about ready to pass out.

"That guy's feeling no pain," Harley said. He was pretty well lit himself. I looked at Tony. He smoothed back his greasy hair, and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down. Then I turned to the kid. He wasn't smiling any more. I didn't know whether he already felt the afterglow of the liquor or whether it was the strong smell of cheap perfume in the room, but he sure looked sick.

A fat Oriental woman in a blue kimono came through an archway covered with flimsy drapes. She had a mouthful of gold teeth. She pointed to the soldiers. "You two next," she said.

A marine and another sailor were leaving through the front hall. When they opened the door, a shaft of sunlight shot across the dusty floor, and I thought how I'd never expected to be sitting in a place like that at two o'clock on a hot afternoon. But there wasn't anything about it that was lurid. It was more like something cheap and hard and sort of hopeless.

Then a skinny Chinese girl walked in. She smiled like the other one—a sort of professional smirk. "Anybody want gin?" she said.

Then she noticed Tony. "Tonee!" she cried. "Bad boy, did not come last week."

Tony went with her into a back room. I looked over at Harley. There were big circles of sweat beneath his armpits. I guess there wasn't more than a thimbleful of air in the whole place.

Then, just like I knew he'd do sooner or later, Chris jerked at my hand. "I've got to get out of here, Sarge," he said.

I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him out into the hall. There wasn't time to get outdoors, so I shoved his head over a big vase in the hallway.

Then Harley came out looking ashamed. "Gee, kid," he said, "I'm sorry."

"You look sorry," I said, and I wiped the kid's face with my handkerchief.

Just then a door beyond where Chris was standing jerked open, and a woman who was nearly naked propped herself against the frame. She had a cigarette between her dirty fingers, and as she raised her hand to her mouth, her ugly green wrapper fell open. Then she reached out and grabbed Chris by the shoulder.

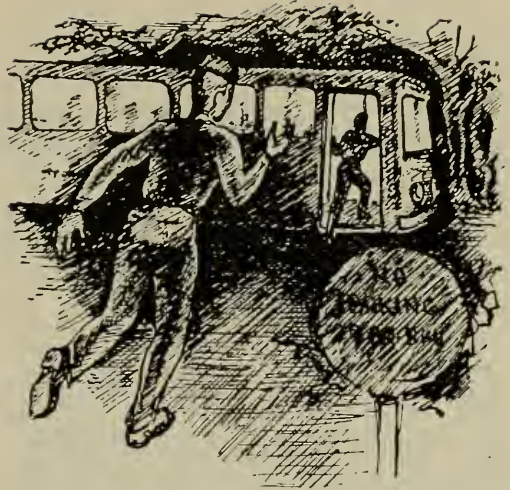
"Say, baby, you're cute," she said. "You come in to play with Loretta?"

He held his body so still I don't think he was even breathing. He stared down at the hand that was clutching his shoulder. He raised his fist like he was going to brush her away, but I guess he didn't want to even touch her.

"You take your hands off me," he said.

The woman laughed and said, "Your first time, baby? Don't you worry: Loretta, she show you. You got three bucks?"

Then Chris wrenched himself free. When he brushed past me in the doorway, his face was red and there were tears in his eyes. But he was the kind who'd never have let anybody see him cry, and he



Just before I caught up with him, he scrambled onto a bus and was gone.

rushed on ahead of me down the alley and back across the park. Then just before I caught up with him, he scrambled onto a bus and was gone.

I figured it out this way—he knew he'd made a mistake going there in the first place, and he was ashamed of that. And though it was right he should have left, once Tony and Harley spread the story around the company, like he'd tried to be a real sport and couldn't go through with it, then he'd feel ashamed in still another way. You see what I mean?

I didn't run into Chris again until the next Sunday. He was standing there in the chapel vestibule saying "Good morning" to everybody, but somehow it wasn't the same way he'd said it before. I got worried, and right in church I could have cursed Harley and Tony for pulling the kid along that day. But then in that little chapel a sort of wonderful thing happened.

There was a new chaplain preaching that Sunday, a young fellow who had just shipped out from the mainland. What he was saying made me really sit up and take notice, and along about the end of his sermon he quoted this from the Bible: "The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. . . ."

I looked around to where Chris was sitting on the back row. I knew by the look on his face that he'd been listening pretty carefully, and later, when they were singing the closing hymn, I noticed Chris had his head bowed; and then I realized that what had been said there, maybe what was being sung, could wipe out what happened to Chris that day.

After the service was over, Chris stopped me as I went out and pulled me over to one side of the chapel steps. I guess it was all in his hand on my shoulder and in the way he said, "Thanks, Sarge!" But somehow it told me everything, that it was all right with him now, and that I'd done what I should have done.

As I walked away, I couldn't help but think for a minute about that boy's mother back in Keokuk, Iowa. I thought she must have done a pretty good job of raising the kid. And then I felt a little funny inside. I mean—well, he was just a nice kid! You just didn't want to see anything happen to change a nice kid like that!

All right, so I'm not his mother! I guess everybody thinks first sergeants are always tough. Well, sure we're tough, but now and then I guess there's a little of the chaplain in all of us. . . .

Out of This World

Did You Know—

THAT the sun weighs 333,400 times as much as the earth (or about 19,982,400,000,000,000,000,000 tons)?

THAT a 200-pound man would weigh a mere 34 pounds on the moon but well over 5,500 pounds on the sun (providing, of course, he could remain alive and solid at the high temperature prevailing there)?

THAT the planet Jupiter has eleven moons?

THAT if it were possible for a person to shout loudly enough to be heard on Mars (on the planet's closest approach to the earth), it would still take about three and a half years for the sound of his voice to reach there?

THAT over 8,000,000,000 meteors, both large and small, invade the earth's atmosphere every single day of the year?

JOSEPH C. STACEY

The New Wrinkle in Baseball

by William J. Murdoch

IF YOU EVER visit baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, you may wonder how a pitcher like William Arthur Cummings ever joined this select company of diamond stars.

He was not a great hurler in any sense of the term. His lifetime record in the National League was 21 wins, 22 losses, for an average of only .488. In fact, he was up in the majors for only two years before the opposing batters got onto what he was throwing and knocked him out of a job.

And that's the whole point. It was what he was throwing—not the way he was throwing it—that earned Cummings his place among baseball's immortals. He is credited with being the first pitcher to throw a curve in the major leagues.

Some baseball historians claim Cummings actually invented the curve, but you'll hear plenty of arguments about that. Many pitchers back in the Civil War days were experimenting with curves.

For example, there was James Creighton, the nineteen-year-old wonder with the Brooklyn Excelsiors. This was a hand-picked team that toured the East back in 1860—nearly a hundred years ago. The distance from the mound to the plate was only forty-five feet then,

instead of sixty feet as it is today, and Creighton could blast his underhand fast ball through with dazzling speed. He also had what he called a "wrist throw," a pitch that was little more than a slight wrinkle but still was the beginning of a curve. Creighton was almost unbeatable and might have gone on to become one of baseball's all-time greats had he lived long enough.

It was just a few years later that Cummings joined the Excelsior Juniors in Brooklyn. Perhaps he had heard about Creighton's "wrist throw," or maybe he had even seen the boy wonder use it. Anyway, Cummings started developing a curve of his own.

In later years Cummings said he had first got the idea for a curve as a boy in Ware, Massachusetts. There he used to marvel at the way clamshells slipped and slid through the air when he shied them at trees and rocks.

Cummings worked on his curve in Brooklyn and later in Baltimore and Philadelphia, which had teams in the old National Association. Then in 1876 he got his big chance. He moved up to Hartford, in the National League. In his first game against St. Louis he made baseball history.

The records are not clear as to just what kind of curve Cummings threw. Some writers say it was a sharp hook. Others claim it was a slow roundhouse that modern pitchers would laugh at. Whatever it was, it had the St. Louis batters completely baffled on that surprise-filled afternoon of sixty-five years ago. They complained; they asked repeatedly to examine the ball; they grunted as they swung viciously at Cummings' tantalizing pitches—and twenty-one of them popped up to the catcher while three more lifted bloopers to the mound.

Many scientific men as well as baseball experts refused to believe that a pitcher could actually make a ball travel in a curved path through the air. They said the ball only looked as if it were curving—and that's what fooled the batter. So tests were arranged, with posts set upright several feet apart. A

curve was thrown at the posts, and when the ball was seen to pass first on one side of the uprights and then the other, the belittlers hushed their fuss.

Cummings had a good year with Hartford. He won sixteen games and lost eight.

The next year he joined the old Cincinnati Reds. Batters had him figured out by this time. Cummings was a small man; he weighed only 120 pounds. He couldn't get much steam behind his pitches, and before long he was being knocked all over the field regularly. He didn't last the season with Cincinnati.

Cummings drifted out of baseball, but his pitch was in for keeps. Other pitchers started working with it, making the ball do tricks at a speed Cummings never could manage. He was appointed to baseball's Hall of Fame in 1939, fifteen years after his death.



You Can't Keep a Good Man Down!

A crowd of 15,000 cheering fans watched a very special team of veterans walk off with a fast-moving baseball game at the New York Polo Grounds. The ex-GI's, matched against Al Schacht's Broadway-Hollywood All Stars, asked no quarter and gave none as they bunted, fielded, and hit sharply to all corners in a nine-inning game under the lights. And the onlookers quickly forgot that every one of the vet players was an amputee of World War II!

Sponsored by the National Amputation Foundation, the game made some money for a new Amputee Center, which will do research on improved prosthetic appliances. It demonstrated what correct rehabilitation and proper morale can accomplish, and it proved again that disabled vets can more than hold their own in every phase of normal living.



EDWARD FOSTER GRAHAM'S problem was this: He had about \$1,100,000.00, and he didn't know whom to leave it to.

Furthermore, he hadn't been feeling well lately. Despite the polite phraseology of the doctors, he had a hunch he didn't have too long to hang around.

A bachelor, completely familyless, he had taken to brooding for some time about just who should get his fortune. Of course, a man cannot acquire \$1,100,000.00 in the business world without also acquiring a certain number of acquaintances. But they were all in a hurry, almost soullessly so—callous, gruff people.

That was the trouble, Edward Foster Graham was convinced, with the world today: it was too callous and gruff. The element of personal kindness had all but vanished. To be sure, he could leave his wealth to some institution. Only institutions palled him too. As an orphan, he had grown up in the austere, heavy-handed confines of one.

A man cannot make something like \$1,100,000.00 without having a certain amount of imagination.

Graham's always had tended to run to the half-wistful, half-melodramatic. And that is why, on this particular evening, he happened to be shuffling down a street in an unpresed suit, his face a brush of grayish stubble.

Actually, he had been looking like this for several days now. He'd decided that the first person he approached for a handout who responded with warmth and friendliness should become his heir. But it was rather discouraging. Nearly all the people he had gone up to had given him the cold shoulder. The few who had handed him a nickel or a dime had done so with grudging reluctance and distaste. Clearly, it had been a matter of its being less of a nuisance to succumb to his blandishment for alms than to risk his glare or muttered curses.

He'd stayed away from the too fashionable streets. Not only because a good sprinkling of the people who came along there were apt to be fairly well off anyway, but because there was a good chance he might be recognized. After all, his likeness did make the financial pages every now and

then—and once in a while, in connection with some civic project or another, even the more general sections of the paper.

Now he was sauntering along Glebe Avenue, a very “average” street in a more modest section of the city. It was turning dark. It had been another mean, fruitless day. Nothing but scowls and stony stares had come his way. As a matter of fact, he was just about ready to give up the whole project. So he just wouldn’t make out any will at all. Let them turn the money over to the Association for the Welfare of Despondent Tropical Fish! He didn’t care.

And then this man came along. Quite an ordinary-looking fellow. About thirty-five or so. Wearing a brown suit and a gray hat. A bad taste in his mouth about the whole experience, Graham didn’t even bother to attempt to cotton onto him.

So what actually happened was that the man approached him. It was so unexpected that, somewhat startled, Graham backed up a step or two.

The man seemed to hesitate. Then he said, “I—ah—well, I didn’t mean to upset you. . . . It’s just that, well, . . . well, you



looked like someone who maybe could stand a little help.”

There was a moment of silence. Graham could hardly believe his ears.

The man spoke up again. “I guess I should mind my own business. But as you came along, . . . well, I just said to myself, There’s somebody who could stand a helping hand. . . . But I didn’t mean to be a buttinsky or anything like that.”

A strange, electrifying feeling going through him now, choosing his words carefully, Graham said, “Well, as a matter of fact I could stand a little assistance.”

“Sure,” interrupted the man with a smile. “I don’t have too much money on me—but here, here’s a dollar bill. That ought to get you a nice warm meal under your belt. . . . And everything’ll seem a lot better to you. You’ll see—”

“I don’t know what to say—”

“Just go ahead and take it. Some day soon, the chances are, you’ll be helping somebody else out.”

“All right, I’ll accept the money. But on one condition—that you give me your name and address, so I’ll be able to repay you.”

Graham’s benefactor shrugged. “It isn’t necessary at all.”

“I insist.”

“All right. My name’s Colvin. Henry Colvin.”

“Do you have a middle name?”

“George.”

“Where do you live?”

“Rosen Drive—1150 Rosen Drive.”

Graham promised, “I’ll remember that.”

And a half hour later, in the confines of his plush, well-upholstered home, the millionaire began to write: "I, Edward Foster Graham, being of sound mind, and convinced that the world has grown too cold and unfeeling, desire that all my material wealth and possessions, upon my passing, shall go as an unexpected reward to one who showed me an act of kindness without looking for any return. Specifically, it is my wish that everything that is mine accrue to Henry George Colvin, 1150 Rosen Drive. . . ."

At the same time, in a shabby, threadbare room, a man in a brown suit and gray hat was also writing away:

"Hey there, Louie, how's things in Cincinnati? Is the heat off any? Say, I got to tell you this, something that happened to me just a little while ago. Well, I'm going down Glebe Avenue; you remember where that is. I'm carrying my rod, figuring I'll pull me a little hist. I see this guy coming along. It's pretty dark, and I figure he's as good a customer as any. But when I get up to him, something makes me change my mind.

"It clicks in me I know this guy. Maybe not exactly, but sort of, if you know what I mean. He looks a little familiar. Well, if it's anybody with any of the mobs, I'd know who it is. So I figure it could very well be a cop—someone who hauled me in a few years ago.

"What convinces me I'm right is his getup, like he's a bum. He could stand a trip to the barber shop all right, just like his suit could stand a visit to the dry

cleaners. But on the other hand, and get this, Louie, it's one of those sort of expensive-looking suits; at least it's by no means a cheap one. Another thing is this guy just isn't very frowzy-looking, know what I mean? And, besides, he keeps watching me funny, like he's really taking me in.

"Well, so there I am, Louie, in quite a spot, as you might say. I'm carrying this rod, and I'm a parolee. So this is where I think fast. I make out like I don't catch on that he's a shamus putting on a little act but that I sure enough think he's a real down-and-out bum, and—this will kill you, Louie—pretending to be real sympathetic, and hamming it up like I was Dr. Christian or somebody, I hand him a dollar bill. I mean actually!

"And it turns out there's no doubt who he is. He's still a little suspicious of me, so he asks me for my name—my middle name too. Yes, and my address. On the excuse that he intends to pay me back. Naturally I give him some very fictitious data. I tell you, Louie, it'll be a long day in the morning before they get ahead of Yours Truly. . . ."

Refrigerator Blues

by Alice Boorman Williamson

An ice³ that lived in a tray
In melting mood murmured one day:

"O lovely x^2 !

I'll never get there,
But can't a $\sqrt{\quad}$ anyway?"

If you have forgotten your algebra, turn to page 15 for a translation.

LINK LINES

by Joe Dana

HAVE YOU EVER READ the story of Balaam and his talking donkey? Possibly not, because it is tucked away back in that part of the Bible where most of us don't ever read. But you will find it in Numbers, chapter 22, in that part about one of the most exciting periods in the life of the Hebrews. Read it some day.

The story is about this famous seer named Balaam, who had a reputation for cursing people so they stayed cursed. The king of Moab, a fellow named Balak, wanted that kind of curse put on the Hebrews, who were going through his territory on their way to the Promised Land. Twice Balaam turned down the king's offer, but the third time the pressure of the bribe was too great and he agreed to go to the top of a near-by mountain and issue his curse on the Hebrew camp below.

He started out on his faithful donkey, who was almost like a friend to him. On the way, however, the donkey acted very queerly. Twice he shied off the pathway, once dumping Balaam and the second time scraping his leg against a wall. This made the good seer angry, and he beat the donkey with a stick each time and climbed back on.

But just before they came to a narrow notch between two cliffs, the donkey sat down and refused to go on. Balaam hunted up another club and started the beat-

ing again. The donkey turned and said, "Why are you beating me?"

That really made Balaam turn red, and he told that donkey off good and proper. But while he was laying it on with club and tongue, he looked ahead to that narrow place. There stood an angel with a flaming sword.

Then Balaam realized that God had been trying all day to keep him from doing a thing he ought not to do. Three times on the trip the donkey had saved his life.

Besides being a good story about a rather unusual donkey, this incident says two things that fellows like me ought to take to heart.

First, it says that whenever I am doing something I know is wrong, I am very touchy about criticism. I don't want any parent or buddy to talk to me about drinking or gambling. I'm touchy there because I'm doing what I know is wrong. When I'm trying to "pull a fast one," I carry a regular chip on my shoulder. Vice versa, whenever I get to resenting criticism I had better check up. Probably the thing I'm touchy about is something I have no business doing.

Then, also, this story says that there are times when even a donkey knows more about what is good for me than I do. We can get very mixed up in our ideas and our values sometimes. We hate to admit it, but at times we talk ourselves into believing that, in the fields of morals and politics, black is white. It would help us all if we would learn to say, "Maybe I'm wrong," and go to parents, friends, and the Bible, and church worship to get set right again.

Fearless Deputy

by Ralph Friedman



Stagecoach robbery was not uncommon in the Mother Lode country of California during the untamed years. The rich gold area along the Sierra Nevada Mountains was once the stamping ground of some of the West's most notorious highwaymen. Only through the constant efforts of strong, fearless, sharpshooting men on the side of law and order was travel by stagecoach made safe.

AMONG THOSE who brought peace to the Mother Lode through stout heart and good aim was Steve Venard of Nevada City. In one fiery day he became a hero and a legendary figure, taking his seat of honor alongside other great peace champions of the frontier.

The story of Steve Venard's epic encounter with the forces of crime began at dawn on March 15, 1866, when three masked men sprang out of the brush at Black's Crossing, on the south fork of the Yuba, and held up the Wells Fargo stage bound for Nevada City from North San Juan. The robbers curtly commanded the seven passengers to dismount and ordered the driver to unharness the horses and lead them down the road. Then the bad men blasted open the coin box with powder, scooped up all the money in the chest (\$7,900.00), told the driver to bring back the horses and continue his trip, and then fled.

The driver reloaded his passengers and hurried to Nevada

City, where he awakened Sheriff Richard Gentry with news of the holdup. Within an hour Gentry had called together his four deputy sheriffs and organized a posse. One of the deputies was Steve Venard, a quiet, likeable fellow with a reputation for being a good woodsman.

At Black's Crossing, Venard and another deputy, Lee, left the rest of the posse and took off by themselves, traveling on foot. They started down the Yuba, convinced by footprints, broken branches, and disturbed pebbles that the bandits had gone that way. Putting a score of years spent in the Sierra wilderness to good advantage, Venard followed the outlaws' trail, pursuing their flight over treacherous terrain. For two miles the relentless officers stuck to the path until they were convinced their quarry was close by. Lee then returned to Black's Crossing to bring up the horses by a more circuitous route.

Left alone, Venard decided to continue the search. Slowly, de-

liberately, realizing the armed bandits were close at hand and would stop at nothing to resist arrest, Venard picked his way through Meyers Ravine, a wild and rugged defile whose stream flowed into the Yuba. All around him were ambush points: trees, rocks, bushes, logs, deep holes. Above him the canyon walls of the ravine rose steeply. A man shooting at him from the top of the gorge would have a perfect target.

Gripping his Henry rifle, Venard pushed forward, treading cautiously toward a huge rock in the middle of the stream. Circling the mammoth boulder was a small island composed of gravel, large stones, and thick trees. The trees grew high enough to cover most of the giant rock, making it a natural fortress. Furthermore, the island had an added defense to give it protection: a fifteen-foot

waterfall, the stream leaping down a precipice of granite. It was this awesome sight that stared Venard in the face.

Taking advantage of logs and rocks, the deputy crept around the precipice and moved toward the wilderness Gibraltar. Crouched low, he slid between some rocks and tiptoed from tree to tree, advancing until he could see to the base of the giant boulder. As he peered from behind an oak, the bandit leader drew his pistol and aimed at him.

In the same instant Venard saw from the corner of his eye another outlaw pointing a gun at him, this one in back of a rock.

Venard reacted with the instinct of a born gun fighter. With no opportunity to shift aim, he fired at the first bandit, wheeled to meet the second. The first man dropped, shot through the heart. The second, who had ducked when Venard had fired at his chief, tried to hide behind the shelter of his rock until he could trap the deputy. But Steve caught a glimpse of the desperado's gun muzzle and trained his rifle on that spot. A long silence followed until the outlaw had slowly lifted a bit of his head above the rock. Venard's index finger squeezed the trigger of his Henry, and the second bandit fell dead, shot through the brain.

The peace officer did not know how accurate he had been and waited for a glimpse of either of the two outlaws. Finally, fearing ambush from the rear, he charged forward, determined to settle the issue once and for all. But the men he had dueled with were dead; the issue with them was already set-



She's plenty good!

bled. He picked up their pistols, and set out to find the third holdup man.

Up the bank of the ravine Venard continued, keeping a sharp eye on both sides. Sensing a movement on the opposite slope, he crossed the stream and started to climb the steep wall. Suddenly, sixty yards away, the third bandit made a terrified dash from behind a tree, lifted his gun to fire, was overcome by fright, and scurried frantically toward the ridge of the ravine.

"Stop!" shouted Venard.

The excited outlaw continued to flee frenziedly.

Twice more Steve called upon him to halt, and each time there was no reply.

Then Venard slowly lifted his rifle to his shoulder, and just as the bandit reached the ridge, Venard shot him. The bandit fell backward and rolled down the slope, dead.

When the rest of the posse came up, having heard the shooting, they couldn't believe their eyes. One man had killed three armed bandits, each a veteran gunman, and with only three shots. It was an incredible exhibition of courage, stamina, outdoor skill, and sharp-shooting—never before or since equaled in all the history of the Mother Lode.

For his valiant work Steve Venard was given a three thousand dollar reward by Wells Fargo. In addition, the stage company presented him with a handsome, gold-mounted, special-model Henry rifle.

The governor of California,

Frederick F. Low, appointed Venard a lieutenant colonel on his staff. The commission read: "For meritorious service in the field."

Shortly after his destruction of the bandit gang Venard resigned as deputy sheriff to ride the stage-coach as shotgun messenger. No coach he rode was ever halted by holdup men.

In his later years Venard was often asked to tell his account of that memorable and perilously exciting day in Meyers Ravine. After obliging with a detailed story Venard would always add, "It was their lives or mine."

All that remains today of the legend of Steve Venard, outside of some faded accounts in the yellowing pages of old Nevada County histories, is the magnificent Henry rifle that was part of his reward. It can be seen today at the Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco, another one of the many mementos that recall the lusty frontier days of the West when law and order depended on the intestinal fortitude and marksmanship of men like Steve Venard.



*Translation of
Refrigerator Blues*

(page 11)

An ice cube that lived in a tray
In melting mood murmured one day:
"O lovely Times Square!
I'll never get there,
But can't a cube root anyway?"

SOME THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT WOODPECKERS

HAROLD HELFER



WOODPECKERS have half their toes pointing forward, half backward. This is a good arrangement if you're a woodpecker, since it's a big help in climbing up and down trees with aplomb.

Woodpeckers are most suitably upholstered in the rear also. Their tail feathers are stiff, providing them with a prop support while they're boring away at a tree.

Woodpeckers are staunch advocates of the good old American Horatio Alger tradition. They invariably start at the lower regions of a tree's trunk and work their way up.

The California woodpeckers are regarded as just about the most ingenious of all birds. They bore holes into trees in which they tightly fit maggot-infested acorns. From the ground, a tall tree will look at the top as if it had been studded with brass nails. The cup end of the acorn is always placed in foremost, so that the insects couldn't get out if they wanted to. When the woodpeckers return after their winter migration, the maggots are plump and juicy.

In Britain woodpeckers are called "yaffles" because of the laughing sound they make there. What the woodpeckers find so funny in England, nobody seems to

know.

Woodpeckers are found in every forest region in the world except Australia and Madagascar. What woodpeckers have against these two places is something else that nobody seems to know.

Sometimes a housewife will call up the police department and insist that some woodpecker be shot down because its tree pecking awakens her in the early morning hours. Well, it would be poetic justice if some day after the poor old woodpecker has been dispatched prematurely to his Maker, the tree, become very rotten, were to fall athwart the complainer's house. Because by eating grub, larvae, and insects that infest trees, woodpeckers do trees a great deal of good.

In fact, of the 350 species of woodpeckers, only one occasionally does a tree any harm. That's the sapsucker. An imbibor by habit, in-

stead of being satisfied with a tree's bugs, he likes to bore farther and have him a swig or two of the sap.

Woodpeckers are very thorough. Not only do they investigate a tree crevice by crevice for insects, but they'll sometimes knock on a spot of the tree and then become very still and listen. If there's no one home, they'll continue on their way, knocking somewhere else. When they hear a stirring inside, they gain entrance with their bills, and that's the end of another insect.

Woodpeckers have long tongues with barbs at the end, the better to scoop up little bugs from holes.

All woodpeckers are fond of ants, but a few species consider grasshoppers tastier.

The ivory-billed woodpecker is the rarest bird of North America. It lives in virginal Southern forests and is a large, shy bird with a high, scarlet crest. It's very pretty but

awfully bashful. About the only witnesses of its beauty are other woodpeckers.

Woodpeckers come in all colors and sizes, "the big economy" and otherwise.

Even their best friends wouldn't call them musical. When they aren't rat-a-tatting away at trees, they're making a noise that sounds like Gene Krupa beating away at a drum. This is their mating call.

Except during the mating periods, woodpeckers are not very sociable and like to hang around by themselves. The lady woodpecker is a very thoughtful mother, though, and places tree shavings at the bottom of her hole in the tree home to cushion her eggs.

The eggs of the woodpecker have a glossy, almost billiard ball-ish look; and sometimes when the long bill of the bird comes near an egg, observers have the queer feeling that maybe it's getting ready to make a shot into the side pocket.



Sailors' Surprise

WHEN THE U.S.S. "Meniffee," carrying navy veterans of Korean combat, docked in San Diego, three of the sailors aboard got the surprise of their lives. There waiting to greet the ship, alongside high-ranking naval officers including Vice-Admiral Ingolf N. Kiland, Pacific Fleet Amphibious Force commander, were their mothers.

It was all a plan of the crewmen of the "Meniffee," who had raised money for the expense of three sailors' mothers to travel to San Diego to meet their sons. The identity of the men chosen was kept secret. It was only when the "Meniffee" nudged against the dock that the three realized they were the lucky ones.

The mothers were Mrs. Clinton C. Redd, a little woman who never before had traveled far from Joplin, Missouri; Mrs. Ira C. Goains, from Meridian, Texas; and Mrs. Georgeanna B. Webb, of New York City. All three are widows.

Chaplain Earl R. Brewster, Amphibious Force chaplain, met the mothers upon their arrival in San Diego. He arranged for accommodations for them during their visit and escorted them to the dock to meet their sons.

*Old Judge Hartely knew the score; he was just a slave to loyalty, that's all
That's why he let his old "friend" Elbert get by with*
MURDER

FINAL REWARD

Don Lindee

IT'S TRUE Judge Hartely had promised Elbert he'd never be without a job. That was fifty years ago, just after Elbert had pulled him out of the river at the picnic that time.

Now anyone might make such a rash statement at a time like that, but surely a man with any self-respect would laugh it off. Not Elbert! It was his big opportunity, and he made a career of milking it dry.

Elbert applied for a job the day Judge Hartely hung out his shingle; the Judge hired him. Through all these years Elbert never graduated from errand boy, but Hartely kept him and cussed him and raised his wages. Is that loyalty!

Even after the Judge retired—well, he didn't really retire; he was tethered to a rocking chair by that 30-30 bullet he stopped. He and Elbert were on a hunting trip at the time. Elbert retired, though—right on the job! He just pulled up a rocker where he could reach the Judge's cigars and squatted on his big fat upholstery.

The Judge called Elbert his "handy man"—a misnomer if

there ever was one! Elbert was about as handy as an ice-cube paperweight. He always outquibbled the Judge, and the duties fell to Judge Hartely's daughter, Martha.

Elbert's favorite pastime was annoying people. That's why he liked to answer the doorbell; it offered such fertile opportunities.

He was sitting one day squirting at the cuspidor and swatting flies, neither of which he could hit, when the doorbell rang. Martha came trotting out from the kitchen, but as usual Elbert beat her to it. She sidled over to the open door of the law office off the living room.

"I'll just wait and be here when the trouble starts," she said to Bruce. Bruce Eldon was the young lawyer who was trying to handle the little bit of legal business the Judge refused to give up.

"What trouble?" he asked.

"Wait and see; that's what I'm doing. You know Elbert!" she said. "I'm glad Dad insisted on your moving the office here to the house. I know it's harder for you, but I feel safer."

Through the open door they

watched the Judge rocking back and forth impatiently.

Bruce said, "Why don't you come down off your eminence and marry me? I could *really* help you then."

"You know the answer, Bruce. I just owe everything to Dad as long as he lives. I guess I take my loyalty from him!"

"That's not loyalty. it's just plain bullheadedness!"

Judge Hartely yelled, "Who in the devil's at the door, Elbert?"

After a long time Elbert drawled, "Your new suit just came, Judge."

"Well, don't stand there like a store dummy. Bring it here!"

Elbert said, "I gotta see if it fits."

"Bring it here, you putterin' old slow-foot! I'm the one it's supposed to fit!" Dad sat there tapping his cane on the floor till Elbert walked in wearing the azure blue coat and holding up the pants admiringly. "Stop grinning like you owned it! Here, help me up so I can try it on."

"I guess I got a right to be proud of the suit, seein' it'll be mine right soon. *You* can't go on livin' forever."

"Now don't be trying to shove me into my grave; I'm not dead yet! When I am I'll leave you my clothes and some money like I

promised you. Here, help me up."

"Promises, promises! Like as not you'll outlive me just for spite!"

Dad grabbed the pants and said, "That would serve you right, but long as I'm living you still take orders. Now take that coat off!"

"All right, durned, stingy old cuss! I'd better have let you drown! That's the thanks a fellow gets for saving a man's life!"

"Why *didn't* you let me drown? I'd be better off dead than wet-nursing you all these fifty years."

"That was your idea; I just pulled you out to show off to the girls anyhow. Here, take your durned old coat." Elbert threw the coat into Hartely's lap. "You just promised me a job for life to

make a slave of me. I might have been somebody if—"

Martha stepped out and said, "Will you big, bearded boys get your teeth out of each other?"

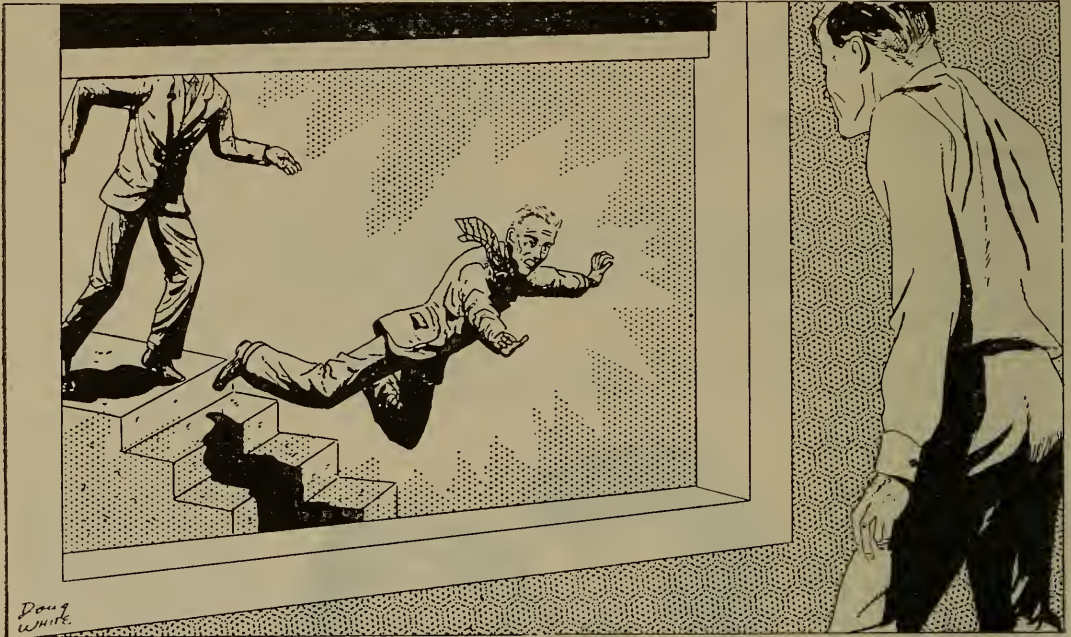
The Judge said, "Help me get my new suit on, Martha. I'm going out and get some fresh air."

"Just like a big kid—have to go out and show it off to the neighbors! . . . Oh, get out of my way, Elbert! Go put your shoes on and help Dad out to the porch."

"Tell him to bring my yellow tie."



"I'm glad Dad insisted on your moving the office here to the house. . . . I feel safer."



Bruce couldn't see clearly from the office window; Elbert *may* have given the Judge a slight push.

"I'll get it. He don't know yellow from horse-radish."

"Don't know what's got into that man," Dad said. "Elbert used to be a good worker. Only thing was, I never could trust him with money."

"Well, he isn't worth two cents now, since he found out you wouldn't fire him. . . . There, now, button them up. . . . Why don't you pay that old pest off? I've got enough to do without taking care of him too."

"Now, Martha, you know I promised to keep him, and no matter how much money I'd give him, he'd soon be back here starved to death."

"But, gosh, Dad, one boy-scout deed in a lifetime, and you have to spend *your* life and *my* life paying for it. Why don't you turn the old mule to pasture? With him around I don't even have time to enter-

tain my friends. Do you want me to be an old maid?"

"Bide your time, girl; Bruce will wait. Where are my canes?"

"I'll get them. Transfer the things out of your pockets. . . . Elbert!" she called. "Come on! What's keeping you?"

"Keep your shirt on," Elbert said, "I'm coming!"

"Well, come on! Hold the door open—there now, take Dad's arm. Keep hold of him, Elbert, and be careful. I have to get back to the kitchen."

The Judge blinked his eyes in the bright sun and sniffed the air. The second breath hit him like a double shot; he puffed up like a toad and rubbed his hands together.

Widow Smythers was walking by. She waved and smiled. The Judge waved at his former flame until she was out of sight; then he

appraised his chic attire and looked shocked. "No boutonniere!" he said. His eyes wandered toward the garden wall to a bed of carnations, and he started for the steps.

Elbert put his hand on Hartely's shoulder and said, "Do you want some help?"

"Since when did the blind start leading the blind, you old plow horse?" Dad snorted as he reached for the step with his cane.

Bruce couldn't see clearly from the office window; Elbert *may* have given the Judge a slight push. Anyway, he fell and lay crumpled at the bottom of the steps.

When the doctor came, they were still struggling to get him into the house. "Hospital, hell!" he whispered hoarsely in answer to the doctor's suggestion. "Isn't my own house good enough to die in?"

The Judge had called his shot; he stiffened and drew his final breath. A splintered rib had pierced his heart.

Old Judge Hartely had been laid to rest. Martha and Bruce were sitting by the fireplace holding hands.

"You're free now, Martha," he said. "Let's set the date."

"No, I'm not! I still have a thorn in my side. What can I do—?"

Martha was interrupted by Elbert. He walked into the room and handed her a little box. "Things from the Judge's pockets," he said and hurriedly left the room.

Martha opened the Judge's billfold and gasped, "Why, it's empty! Dad always carried a large 'secret' roll of bills."

"Shall I call the police?"

"No," she said. "But cut his final check to two weeks. There couldn't have been *very* much. If he'll only take it and leave, I'll be happy. It won't hurt my conscience to tell him to move out now."

"I'll tell him!" Bruce said. "I'll take care of that thorn for you." He placed his hand where the thorn was supposed to be and drew her to him.

Elbert appeared at the door again in the azure blue suit. Bruce wrote a check, and Elbert said a hurried good-by. He had his luggage at the door and a taxi waiting outside.

"Where shall I send your mail?" Martha asked.

"To hell with it," he said as he hurried out the door.

Martha said, "Tell him to wait, Bruce: the vest to the blue suit is in here."

Bruce went to the door and called, but Elbert ignored him. Martha came running with the vest as the taxi drove away.

They noticed an envelope in the vest pocket. It bore Elbert's name. She handed it to Bruce to open. It contained a small piece of lead, a check, and a scribbled note. The note read:

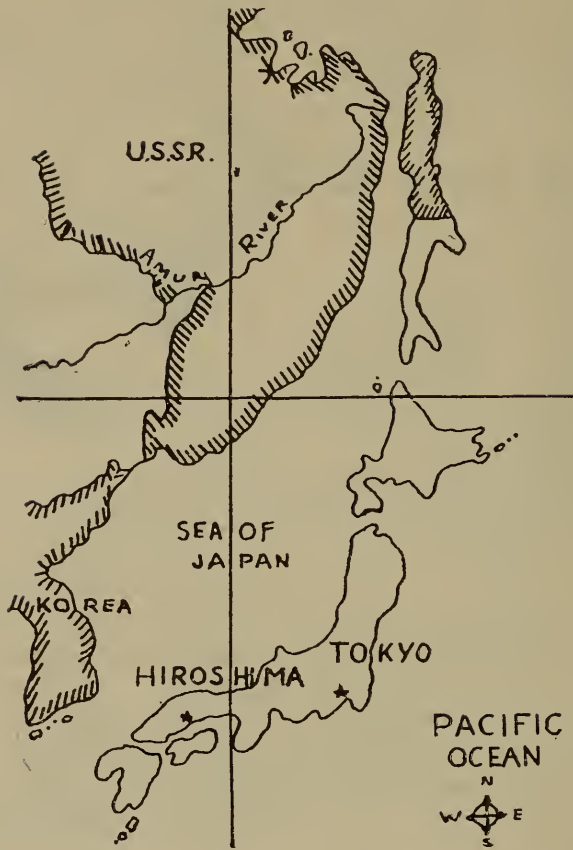
ELBERT:

Here's your final payment for saving my life twice, once intentionally, once by poor marksmanship. I'm returning your bullet that was found in my hip. That shot cost you your half of my estate; I've willed it all to Martha.

I'm just waiting now till your nitwit brain unravels the idea of poisoning me or shoving me off the porch.

(Continued on page 29)

Target of atom bomb
now guinea pig of peace



HIROSHIMA—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by Elizabeth Sadler

SERVICEMEN IN JAPAN invariably show keen interest in Hiroshima. Those on Special Services tours from the big American Command School on Eta Jima (the prewar island training school of the Japanese navy) always have intelligent questions to ask about the place. But they have difficulty finding satisfactory answers, for the Japanese don't speak English very well—or don't want to talk about

it—and the Americans usually don't know the answers themselves.

Looking backward, August 6, 1952, marks the seventh anniversary of the Hiroshima bomb—the first atom bomb in history. Looking forward, it begins the fourth month of postwar Japanese independence.

The anniversary of the bomb has become the occasion of an an-

nual "peace festival" in which the citizens of Hiroshima pay tribute to victims of the A-bomb and rededicate themselves to the cause of world peace. This year the anniversary should have a new significance when for the first time it is celebrated by a free and independent people—and a new irony in view of today's international situation.

City of peace

On May 11, 1949, the National Diet officially declared Hiroshima the "Eternal Peace Memorial City." The following August, I witnessed the impressive festival that signalized this spirit.

At exactly fifteen minutes past nine in the morning a bell rang out over the city. The specially cast bell, in a land of beautiful and mellow temple bells, marked, to the minute (daylight saving time), the fourth anniversary of the bomb.

The Japanese of Hiroshima, some with a seeming stoicism, many with a peculiar air of being set apart, of being touched by destiny, gathered in Citizens' Plaza, Moto-machi, near the exact center of the explosion. Their motto was "No more Hiroshimas!"

I remember "The Song of Peace," the ten doves released by the year's "Miss Hiroshima," the eucalyptus and camphor trees planted as symbols of flourishing life.

But these things, interesting as they are to servicemen who happen to be on hand to see them for themselves, do not answer their questions about Hiroshima. They want to know what sort of place

the prewar city was, and how big it was, and why it was selected for bombing. They want to know the number of casualties and the extent of the damage. They want to know how the Hiroshima people feel about the bomb.

The location

Hiroshima is situated on southwest Honshu, the largest of the Japanese islands. It sprawls out between the beautiful Inland Sea and picturesque Chugoku, whose myriad mountain ranges buttress the city to the north and lightly embrace it east and west.

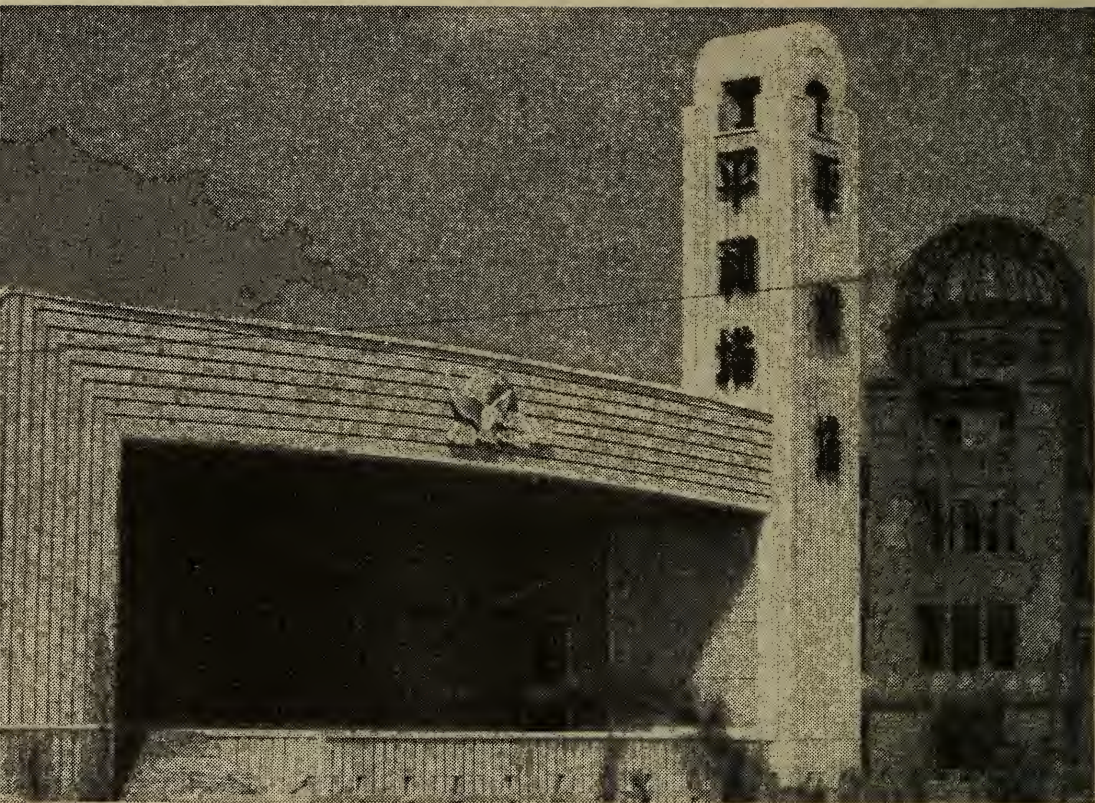
Like a skeleton hand with bony fingers trailing south to the sea, Hiroshima lies flat on the low, humid delta of the river Ota, which splits into seven branches as it reaches the plain—seven clear streams which flow gently through the city, outlining its fingers of land and passing under its many bridges before they empty into the Inland Sea of Seto, widely hailed as a beauty spot of the world.

Early peace and prosperity

For two and a half centuries—from 1620 to about 1880—Hiroshima enjoyed peace and prosperity under the good rule of the Asano clan. Castings, footwear, needles, umbrellas, sake (rice wine), canned goods, and furniture were manufactured. Seaweed and oysters were cultivated. Literature flourished.

A military center

But with the Meiji Restoration and the building of the fine Ujina Harbor in 1889, Hiroshima rapidly became an important military city,



The Peace Tower, with ruins of the Industry Promoting Hall on the right

and it kept this strongly marked military character till the day of the atom bomb. During the Sino-Japanese War (shortly after the harbor was completed), Hiroshima, the closest port of embarkation to China, served as the political and military capital of Japan. Emperor Meiji temporarily moved his Imperial General Headquarters to Hiroshima Castle—a building of feudal splendor which played a major role in the destruction of the modern city.

Again during the Boxer Rebellion, of 1900, and the Russo-Japanese War, 1904-5, Hiroshima was a strategic military center.

Thus through the years Hiroshima grew to be more and more

important as a communication, industrial, and military center, with railroads, ship lines, ship yards, electric power, and steel works. Just before World War II it was the seventh largest city in Japan, with a population of over 400,000.

During the war

After Pearl Harbor, Hiroshima, which was the Japanese army transport headquarters, became the home of the famed Dawn Corps. Under its command were leading combat units, special transport troops with submarine cargo vessels, and the special shock troops for "suicide" attacks. Hiroshima, near the Japanese "Annapolis," on the tiny island of Eta Jima,

was the home base for extensive military operations on land and sea.

As the war continued and the Japanese found themselves more and more hard pressed, they made plans to defend the homeland in the event of invasion. The country was divided into two major commands, with the First Army Headquarters in Tokyo, and the Second Army Headquarters, under Field Marshal Hata, at Hiroshima. The job of the Second Army was to defend western Japan.

At the time when Colonel Tibbets' B-29 carrying the 400-pound atom bomb flew over Hiroshima, the population of the city was fluctuating rapidly. Great masses of people had been moving in and out daily to shelter themselves from air raids. Many near-by villagers were pouring into the city to work in war industries. And great numbers of troops were constantly moving through the city.

Police Department figures, reported to General MacArthur's headquarters and supposedly trustworthy, give the population of the city at the time of the bombing as 360,251. Subsequent disclosures, however, indicate the population might have been much larger.

The casualties

Three months after the bombing the Police Department officially announced the following casualties:

Dead	78,150
Missing (presumed dead)	13,983
Injured	37,425
	<hr/>
Total	129,558

Thus about one fourth of the

official total population was reported killed, and about one third of the total either killed or injured.

But on August 29, 1949, Mr. Shinzo Hamai, mayor of Hiroshima, finally told quite a different story over the American Broadcasting Company's air lanes, in a transcribed radio interview with Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review*.

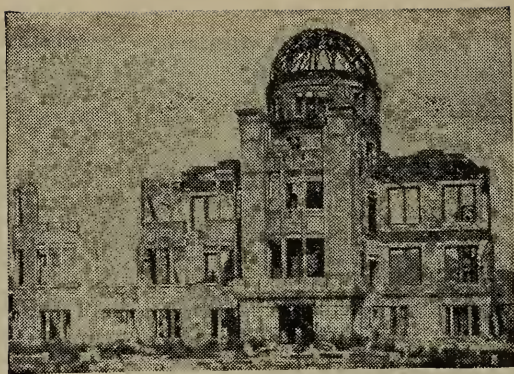
The Hiroshima police, Mayor Hamai said, were under orders to minimize the damage and to conceal the fact that Hiroshima was such an important military base. So they released casualty figures on civilians only, and even these were not complete. Thirty thousand soldiers quartered in Hiroshima Castle and scheduled to go overseas the very day of the bombing were not included in their figures at all. (The castle housing the soldiers has been said to have been the actual target of the bomb. This may well be true, for the castle, at the center of the explosion, was completely demolished.)

Because he was war ration administrator, and had to issue new certificates after the bombing, the mayor said, he was in position to compare the actual population of the city before and after the bombing. Between 210,000 and 240,000 were actually killed by the bomb, said the mayor—considerably more than twice as many as were reported to General MacArthur.

The destruction

Visitors to postwar Japan have found Hiroshima little different, as far as war damage goes, from many other large cities.

The big difference, of course,



The Industry Promoting Hall

is that the other cities were subjected to repeated bombings, whereas Hiroshima collapsed from the impact of one bomb.

Contrary to widespread belief, the bomb did not completely pulverize everything near it. Pictures taken immediately after the bombing show stone and brick structures with their skeletons still standing and concrete bridges still capable of handling traffic.

The beautiful modern Industry Promoting Hall, built in 1915 and one of the show places of prewar Hiroshima, stood at the very center of the explosion. The sturdy structure was wrecked; but many of the side walls and the steel frame, topped by the steel network of the dome, still stand. The ruins of this building have been roped off, to be preserved in the new city as a constant reminder of the destructiveness of the atom bomb.

In the explosion center, side rails of bridges were knocked down, but most of the bridges were still usable. In all, ten bridges were destroyed by the bomb, and twenty more by the September floods.

Twenty-five tramcars were

razed, but eighty-five were only slightly damaged. Railroad coaches and freight cars were seriously depleted, but strangely enough no damage was done to locomotives. Four days after the bombing, train service through Hiroshima was restored, largely through the efforts of sailors rushed there from Kure and Eta Jima.

Of 76,327 buildings, according to official housing figures—which have proved more reliable than official casualty statistics—61,820 were completely destroyed either by explosion or by fire, and 6,040 were half-destroyed. That left 8,467, or about 11 per cent.

So it is true that the city was pretty nearly demolished, though it was not totally wiped out.

Out of the ruins

The majority of survivors took refuge in the surrounding country, and Hiroshima for a time was a ghost city. But early in 1946 people began to trickle back.

By August of 1946, one year after the bombing, the population of Hiroshima was up to 188,119. By February of 1947 some 15,000 houses had been built—19 per cent of the number destroyed. On the second anniversary of the bomb the population had reached 212,335. By June of 1949 the population stood at 270,000, with the total number of new buildings reported as 56,000.

Over the past four years private dwellings have gone up at the rate of 120 a month. The city has built about 4,000 dwelling units, and the prefecture has built more than 400 apartment houses. The population in 1952 is more than 300,000.

In 1949 one university and seven colleges in the city, and others within the prefecture, were consolidated into Hiroshima National University. The faculty of education in this new university, says Mr. Arata Osada, the president, is one of the largest and best in the country and should in time compare favorably with Teacher's College of Columbia University.

American contributions to Hiroshima, in addition to the extensive medical studies of the National Research Council, include the War Orphanage, generously supplied with LARA goods; rebuilt Catholic and Protestant churches; and the fine SCAP library of English and American books and periodicals, one of eight such libraries in Japan.

Plans for the future

Seven years ago Hiroshima provided an experiment for total war. Today its citizens hope to provide an experiment for world peace.

Writing in *American City* (April 1952), the professor of municipal government in Waseda University, Tokyo, describes the fifteen-year reconstruction program now under way. This ambitious program calls for a "Peace Hall," a "Peace Square," a "Peace Arch" with bells, a "Memorial Chapel," a "Peace Park" which will be the site of the "Children's Center" and various international cultural and recreational facilities, a "Peace Boulevard" along the Ota River, and international hotels and a dormitory to provide for international conferences and student conventions.

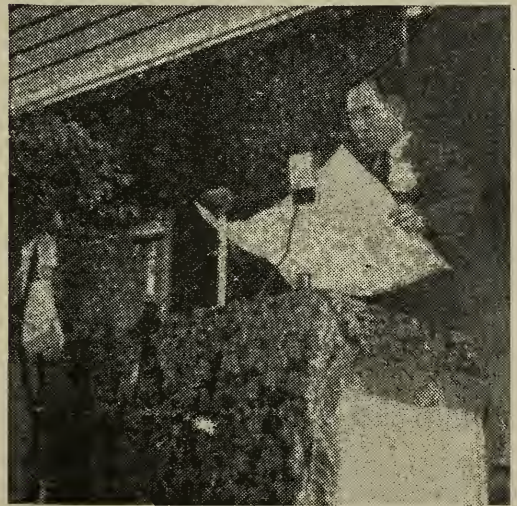
The Japanese attitude

How do the Japanese feel about our use of the bomb on Hiroshima? This question, fired at everyone who has visited the city, is as difficult to answer as its companion: How do the Japanese feel about the war and the occupation?

On the day after the fourth anniversary the Japanese newspaper *The Mainichi* editorialized thus:

The unprecedented power of the atomic missile broke the Japanese will to continue the war. . . . Thus, it could be said that the atomic bomb which shortened the Pacific War was really a weapon of peace. From a broad viewpoint, the victims of the atomic bomb were indeed martyrs for peace. . . .

Postwar Japan so far has not been in a position to permit her to voice her views toward the world. However, we do have words which we can direct openly and loudly to those who threaten world peace: "Look at Hiroshima and Nagasaki!" . . . In them must be found the cornerstone of eternal peace.



His Honor Mayor Shinzo Hamai reading the "Declaration of Peace"

Mexico's popular sport combines tennis, lacrosse, and handball

Jai Alai

by Pat Blair

FANCY basketwork in Mexico is more than just the artistic product of weaving Indians; in the field of sports it ranks with fancy footwork—and fancy betting—in the fantastic game of *jai alai*.

Sports Lovers

Mexicans are sports lovers on an international scale, and their own capital city is a center for practically every type of athletic contest known in the world. Football, soccer, horse racing, polo, bicycle racing, bullfighting, cockfighting, baseball, and *jai alai* all have their multitude of *aficionados*, as fans are called here. And this list of sports is by no means exhaustive.

In addition to being fond fans of local contests, many Mexicans follow with the same enthusiasm the important events in the United States, England, and their sister republics of Latin America. They can tell you better than your next-door neighbor who is who in the U.S. sports world.

Mexico imported football and baseball from the States—lock, stock, and jargon. They didn't even bother to translate the terminology into Spanish. Peruse a typical sports page, with a slight knowledge of pronunciation, and you will readily identify *aut* and

jomrom as “out” and “home run”—said with just the trace of a Spanish accent.

Jai Alai

Action is what the Mexican fan likes, and action is what he gets in the popular game of *jai alai*.

Jai alai (pronounced “high-ah-lee”) is a sort of basket tennis played on an overgrown handball court some sixty-five yards long. Its unique feature is the yard-long wicker-work *cesta*, or basket, which each player wears on his right hand. Curved like the beak of an African horn-billed bird, the *cesta* serves both as a mitt to catch the ball and as an effective throwing instrument.

The object of the game is to bounce a resilient *pelota*, a white ball somewhat smaller than a baseball, off the end wall of the court and have it land in bounds out of the opponents' reach. A player who fails in his ball-bouncing frequently finds some very colorful Spanish invectives bouncing off his own head. Cries of “*Burro!*” “*Bestia!*” “*Mula!*” let the player know that the affectionate public think he is a donkey, a beast, and a mule.

Fast Game

Ordinarily played by teams of two, *jai alai* is probably the fastest

game in the world. The speeding *pelota* is capable of knocking out a good set of teeth or even of breaking an arm. Anything less than spectacular action is merely tolerated by a passionate public.

Spectacular playing is matched by spectacular betting. Since a game constitutes thirty points, or *tantos*, and since betting odds change with every point, there are at least thirty good ways to lose money.

Two dozen brokers in red berets stand in the aisles of the grandstand, shouting out the odds after each point is scored. "*Ochenta y cinco cien!*" they may call out, which means that someone is betting eighty-five pesos to a hundred that the "blues" will win over the "reds."

To handle the eager *apuestas*, or bets, of the spectators, the brokers avail themselves of an ingenious little manual messenger in the form of a tennis ball with a slit in it. By sign language they contract a bet between two fans, make out a ticket for same, tuck the receipts into slit tennis balls, and toss them to the contracting parties, who return the balls with their money enclosed.

Basque Origin

Jai alai originated among the Basque peoples of Spain; and even in modern Mexico the players' roster is filled with good old Basque monikers such as Arratibel, Urrutia, and Echeverria. By the time one reads the line-up, the game could be over!

Final Reward

(Continued from page 21)

Hurry up before I go broke; I can think of nothing more stupid than dying in bed—busted!

I hope you hang for my death. If not, here's \$5,000.00 I saved out to fatten you up for the devil's barbecue pit. I hope I won't be there to hear your greasy hide sizzle.

Your onetime friend,
HARTLEY

"The murdering thief!" Bruce said. "I'd like to have handed this to him with a punch in the nose. I'm glad he's gone, though; that leaves you free at last." He put his arm around her waist.

"No, Bruce," she said, "I can't be free till I've delivered this; I'll never feel right if I don't."

Bruce slipped the note into the envelope along with the \$5,000.00 check and the bullet. "I'll deliver it for you," he said as he carefully sealed and stamped it.

"But how can you? You've no address."

Bruce balanced the envelope on the edge of the mantle as he chuckled, "Didn't you hear what the man said?"

"What did he say?"

"To hell with it!" Bruce grinned. The envelope toppled and fluttered to the fire.

He kissed her by the light of the flaming note and the check hell-bent for Elbert.



Robert Raleigh ("The Kid," page 1), a World War II veteran, is an active free-lance writer of both fiction and poetry, but this is his first appearance in *THE LINK*. Mr. Raleigh is a member of the United Student Christian Council Study Department in New York.

★

William Murdoch ("The New Wrinkle in Baseball," page 7) was coauthor of last month's feature article "The First Submarine." In addition to free-lance writing, Mr. Murdoch takes an active interest in music and has written an article on the composer Gyrowetz for the *Opera and Concert* magazine.

★

Harold Helfer ("Bum Quest," page 9, and "Some Things You May Not Know About Woodpeckers," page 16), former newspaper columnist and a marine veteran of World War II, writes again for *LINK* readers. This summer Mr. Helfer is taking time out from short-story writing to begin work on his first book.

★

Ralph Friedman ("Fearless Deputy," page 13), another World War II veteran, has written arti-

cles for *Ford Time*, *Frontier*, *Travel*, *Motor News*, and several other magazines. Like many free-lance writers, Mr. Friedman hopes some day to make a living out of writing.

★

Ray Conner ("Final Reward," page 18) studied art, dramatics, and physical therapy at the University of Southern California. After Pearl Harbor he managed the Health Service Department of the Honolulu YMCA. "If a *LINK* reader remembers me," Mr. Conner writes, "it is probably because I gave him a steam bath and massage in that little cubbyhole on the corner of Alekea and Hotel streets."

★

Elizabeth Sadler ("Hiroshima—Yesterday and Today," page 22), who is traveling in the Far East for the U.S. Department of State as a journalist and teacher in the Foreign Service, contributes her third timely article about the Orient. Miss Sadler is coauthor of a textbook of English being prepared for use by Koreans.

★

Pat Blair ("Jai Alai," page 28), a former writer for the *Beaumont Journal*, Texas, is at present teaching economics at the University of Texas. His main interest, however, and one to which he devotes a great deal of time, is the study of contemporary Mexican life and culture. Mr. Blair plans to collaborate with Jack Shofner, staff artist for the *Beaumont Journal*, on a book on that subject.

United Fellowship

Man and Woman Before Marriage

God made mankind in two forms: "Male and female created he them." This is no accident but part of God's definite plan. The future of mankind and the destiny of all that God planned for his children in this world are wrapped up in this wonderful fact of creation. God willed that persons should reach their highest and best in the interlocking of the lives of male and female.

However, this division of form and function has always made problems for both men and women. God left to us the high privilege of solving the problems that arise from this diversity.

He expects us to learn to understand each other and to appreciate all that is fine in the opposite sex.

God has left it to us to learn to be friends of many and the lover of one. He has expected of us the cleanliness of mind and fortitude of will to govern our relationships and raise them to the highest level. In our hearts God has planted the desire to unite with another in the

building of a Christian home.

He blesses our homes with marvelous children, whose life at home will determine their attitudes toward the problems of their day.

These homes, in turn, have been strengthened by the friendship and

inspiration of others gathered into neighborhoods and communities.

You have a real part in this plan right now. That home of your own may seem a long way off now, but what you do or don't do tonight will have much to do with the home you have "some day." God lays his plan before you. It is the plan he has designed for



your happiness.

God offers to each of us a high way but will not make us follow it. We shall be urged and tempted to follow the low way. We have a choice to make. We must not make it in ignorance or fear. We must not let another make it for us. A Christian makes it and keeps it for himself, with Christ at his side and the Bible in his hand.

Understanding Each Other

Study Outline for August 3

Roy A. Burkhardt

Background Material

There is no finer personal trait than understanding. If you are able to know how the other person feels and then act accordingly, you are really a mature person. No more common complaint is heard, especially in the realms of vocation, courtship, and marriage, than this: He or she does not understand. To understand the other person should be the goal of each of us. But we must understand ourselves before we can hope to understand others.

Understanding is especially necessary between men and women, because they are different in their make-up and in their attitudes and reactions.

THE BEGINNINGS

In the story of the Creation in Genesis we read that God created life in terms of male and female. They were made to complement each other. Jesus based his teaching regarding divorce on God's original intent in marriage, referring to this record in Genesis. See what he says in Mark 10:2-12 and Matthew 19:3-11.

A man and a woman grow to the place where they can have a lifetime relationship. Only in such a relationship can the fullest meanings of life be known. It is important for us to remember that such is God's plan.

God has created male and female, and he has so made them that

they are drawn to each other. They are not complete without each other. That which draws them together we call sex on the physical level, but there are other factors that draw them together. There is a divine nature within each that draws the divine nature of the other. The Bible has the concept that man and wife shall become one in mind and spirit, and that they shall become one flesh in their children.

They are drawn together that they may know that deeper union with the divine in each other. As that union develops across a lifetime, they come to the deeper meanings that can be won only in a long-term relationship. They are drawn together physically as an outer sign of this inner union that they have.

Sexual desire is good so long as it is expressed according to God's law—so long as one man and one woman find union with each other—for this is the way by which children are brought into the world to grow up in the love their parents have found with each other. When two people have found a great love, their child will grow up to be loving, assuming that others love him and that others merit his love. And gradually he will come to know that God loved him before ever he was born.

This is God's plan for the men and women he has created, as we observe that plan working out.

GROWTH ACCORDING TO GOD'S PLAN

Each individual is free to seek the maturity that will enable him to love one person a lifetime and be loved by one person a lifetime. Inasmuch as he achieves this maturity, he fulfills the purpose of creation. He becomes a real person.

It is a wonderful thing for a man to be drawn to a woman and a woman to a man. It is good that they can respond to each other physically. But it is important that they grow to the place where they discipline that wanting and save its expression for only one person, for only thus can they find the fullest meaning.

It is possible for one to become an addict of sexual desire so that he is a victim of it. He cannot control his desire. On the other hand, past experiences can inhibit him so that he is not free to express himself normally to a person of the opposite sex. But it is the plan of God that each man and woman should grow into the freedom to respond to mate love, which means that they come to know union with the divine in each other and to find that this union has a physical association.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

There are some interesting facets to this relationship between the sexes. Men and women are thrown together more now than ever before. It is important that they learn to have happy relations without getting involved emotionally or sexually. It is a mark of real maturity for men and women to be

Questions for Discussion

1. What fundamental differences between men and women have a bearing on their social relationships? What likenesses affect these relationships?

2. What are some of the principles that will guide a man and woman in living together—at work, in the companionship of friendship, in dating, and as they begin to grow in a love relationship? What standard would you set?

3. Read again the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Analyze the principles there which are fundamental in the relations of men and women.

4. Have you ever been bothered by the problem of timidity? Have you ever been overly self-conscious? Do you feel that you have overcome these problems? How would you advise others to help them become free from these hesitations?

able to have a wonderful time together on the basis of friendship without permitting themselves to get emotionally involved.

For example, here is a girl who achieved this ability. She had a date with a boy who wanted to be intimate. He had a compulsive need to add another notch to his romantic gun. On his first date with this girl he pressed for intimacy, at least to the point of petting. The girl quietly said, "You may laugh at this, but I want to know a boy and like him a lot before I kiss him. Maybe after a hundred dates!"

The boy did laugh. "You put a mighty high price on your kisses!"

"Well," she answered him back, "they're worth it!"

They had their hundred dates, and became engaged, and later married each other. That girl had real insight. Maybe her standards were too high; one hundred dates may be too many. But she had the right point of view.

Today men and women work together; they share together. They need to be able to achieve a wonderful relationship without becoming too personal. This is a challenge to every man and woman, and only the person who meets it can be free to settle finally on one person and bring all of the resources of love and affection to that one. Then, having made that decision, he can be free thereafter to share with others and keep his emotions disciplined.

Beyond this, it is important that men and women have deep respect for each other and that they be honest with each other. It may sound old-fashioned, but each time a man and woman are together, whether in a working relationship or on a date, they need always to seek to call to the very best in each other. A boy can be the life of the party. But he must remember that this girl is a child of God, that her body is the most priceless material thing in the whole universe, and that God gave it to her not only as her soul's house but as the house in which new life is to be conceived and nurtured.

The girl, likewise, should have the same feelings of regard for the boy in every relationship. The

good woman has a special gift of appealing to the best in a man. If there is this quality within her, the man will sense it and respond to it.

BEING FREE AND AT EASE WITH ONE ANOTHER

Some people seem to have no trouble here. They just naturally win rapport with others. They can very easily establish a relationship with others and feel at home with them. These individuals are blessed.

There are some specific ways by which you can grow into this freedom. One way is through practice by participating in groups. Another way is just to admit frankly to a friend that you are not at ease. If a girl can say to a boy, "I don't feel natural with you," the boy will be especially eager to help her win confidence.

Moreover, it is essential that the girl have the kind of security possessed by the girl we have mentioned. She had security in the rightness of her attitude. She had a sense of humor, and she was able to be firm. Very quietly she can uphold her standards. If she can say to a boy, "I do like you, but I want to know you better before there is any love-making," the boy will respect her frankness. He will know that she responds to his feeling but that she has the kind of standards he would want his wife to have.

A man has a responsibility to the girl. It is up to him to proceed on the basis that will be for her well-being. He will want her to be a finer person for having had his friendship.

Friendships Away from Home

Study Outline for August 10

Roy A. Burkhart

Background Material

It is important that a man and a woman who are married be good friends. It is important that when they are separated they continue to grow in their relationship and that their relationship be strengthened and held secure. But they need not only to grow in a closer bond with each other but to find friendships wherever they are. Whether between people of the opposite sex or between people of the same sex, the possibilities of friendship are without limit.

Read the following scripture references: I Samuel 20; the book of Ruth; Luke 10:38-42; John 15:1-15.

LET US LOOK AT SOME OF THE GREAT STORIES OF FRIENDSHIP IN THE BIBLE

One of these stories tells of the friendship of David and Jonathan. David had achieved great prominence and was destined to become the successor to Saul. Saul knew this. He became very jealous and made up his mind to kill David. However, Jonathan, the son of Saul, and David developed a friendship that was to abide through many difficult times. Either would have gladly laid down his life for the other. They had a deep kinship; each called to the best in the other.

And it is interesting to see how David maintained his friendship

for Saul, who had become jealous of him. Jealousy can ruin a person's life. Saul became jealous, and the disease of it became more and more acute. He tried every way he could to put David to death. But he ended up being a victim of his own sick mind, and we see David weeping when he discovers the sad end of Saul. We are reminded of the One who said, as he hung on a cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We can see the failure of friendship in the relationship of Cain and Abel, who were brothers. Abel prospered, and Cain became jealous, and he slew his brother.

One of the most heart-warming accounts of a friendship in the Bible is the story of Ruth and Naomi. In their relationship we see a finer quality of friendship break into history. Ruth loved her mother-in-law and refused to leave her. Her words have become famous: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

In the New Testament there are many illustrations of friendship. Jesus had many friends. Think of Peter and John and James. Think of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Jesus must have had a wonderful friendship with the man who owned the house where he ate the

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Last Supper. In the early church there were famous friends—Paul and Timothy, Barnabas and Mark.

LET US LOOK AT SOME OF THE WAYS TO MAKE NEW FRIENDS

A friend is one who knows all about us and loves us just the same. We are made for friendship. We are not complete without it. Therefore, to know how to be a real friend is one of the great goals of life.

The man and woman in the service are separated from family and friends. They need to make new friends, and this opportunity is one of the wonderful values of being in the service. Meeting new people and making new friends are very enriching experiences.

It is essential that each individual have his ideals and his standards so that he goes to other people on his own terms. He does not ask them to be like him; he seeks the opportunity to be true to his own ideals and visions. It helps if he is interesting and cheerful, and if he develops his own skills of friendship so that being with him is fun.

When I was in the First World War, I made plenty of mistakes and did many things that were wrong. And yet, during the months I was in France I was true to my wife. And I did not smoke or drink. Holding fundamentally to these ideals did not keep me from making great friendships. I was "friends with" many people who laughed and scoffed at my standards.

Suppose you are razzed. Is that too serious? Can't you take a razzing? You grant to the other per-

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the qualities you feel should be found in a real friend? How can one grow into these qualities?

2. Suppose you feel hostility toward someone. How can you find freedom from it?

3. How can a person evaluate his friendships? What makes him a real friend? How can we develop an outflowing love for other people? How can prayer help?

4. How particular should one be about friendships with others? With those of the opposite sex?

5. What is our responsibility with regard to being decent and respected friends? What will finally bring the maximum satisfactions?

son the right to do what he wants, but you ask quietly for the same right. I found that the boys who razzed me the most were the ones who called for me first when they were in danger or when they were ill.

Here is one caution: we should stand by our ideals quietly. They are not something we brag about. We should never denounce another but try to show tolerance and good will, no matter what the provocation to lose our temper.

LET US LOOK AT SOME PRINCIPLES THAT MAKE FOR VITAL FRIENDSHIPS

As I have mentioned before, we must always have a deep respect for the other person. If we are teased or razzed, we can give back

the same treatment, but we ought never to get angry. We need to be able to laugh. To think of other people, to be willing to put ourselves out for them, is a basic principle of friendship. Friendship, after all, is as much giving as it is receiving.

Recently I heard a man speak who had been blind from his youth. When he entered college, his friends told him that he had no chance of getting a bid to one of the fraternity groups. But in his Sophomore year he was invited to join twenty-nine of the thirty fraternities. It was reported that he was one of the most popular men on the campus, not because he was blind, but because he took an interest in other people and he was alert to opportunities to do things for them.

LET US TALK ABOUT MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX

If a serviceman is single, naturally he will want to meet people of the opposite sex. If there are men and women at the same base, there is an opportunity for such friendships.

This is something that each person should pray about. If we are to seek guidance in anything, it should be in the making of friends.

As pointed out in the last session, each person should have certain standards for friendships with the opposite sex. At first the relationships should be on the basis of companionship and casual friendship. Two people can go together on the basis of common interests. Anyone can kiss or make love, but it takes a person with special resources to have a good time with

a person of the opposite sex without expressions of affection. That is the level on which to start.

While it is true that a girl may expect the boy to make advances on the first date, and may be disappointed if he fails to do so, yet if he has respect for her he will wait. They will be good friends; they will enjoy each other's company and get to know each other; they will not pretend to express a love they do not feel.

For a man to want only the body of a woman is tragic; for a woman to want only a man's body is equally tragic. They need to cherish each other for the persons they are.

If men and women have dates and have fun with friends until the time comes when they meet that person with whom they find a special relationship, then they move beyond companionship into love.

Suppose the serviceman is married and away from his loved one. In that case he will find friendship with other men. It is possible that he can have friendships with women but not dates. These friendships should be limited to group relationships. He can find real joy in a group like this United Fellowship, or in the life of a church.

He can keep his relationship with his wife vital and meaningful by writing daily. Their relationship can be strengthened by the exchange of feelings and experiences in letters. No man or woman in the service should neglect this. Keeping in touch by long-distance calls can mean so much. A few minutes of hearing a voice over the phone can bring two people who are in love very close.

Live Clean!

Study Outline for August 17

Roy A. Burkhardt

Background Material

How do you feel about the topic "Live Clean"? What kind of reaction does it produce in you?

Oftentimes the very thought of clean living brings a feeling of revulsion to some people. It seems to call forth negative reactions. As a matter of fact, it has very positive meanings. Is it not true that we like things that are clean? We like food that is clean. We like a person who is careful about his personal cleanliness. We like clean clothes and a house that is clean. We like to sleep in a clean bed.

The word "clean" is a wonderful word. Why should we not be interested in the relation of its meaning to the way we live? If it is important to have clean clothes and a clean house, it is important to have a clean body, clean blood, clean hands, and a clean life.

LET US LOOK AT THIS MATTER OF SEX

Sex is the force that leads to mate love, and without a doubt it provides motive power for life. It is a factor in the make-up of personality and is an essential element in mental health.

There are two attitudes toward sex that are unhealthy and harmful:

One of these attitudes makes a person a victim of sexual desire. If desire cannot be controlled, a

person is an addict. Of course, it is important that a person *have* desire; this is a wonderful thing. We are not to deny it but to express it according to God's plan.

Another harmful attitude toward sex keeps people from wanting another person. They are inhibited. Here is a man, for example, who simply cannot get to the point where he wants to kiss a girl. He seems to have no desire for fellowship with women. Each girl seems to him like a sister or like his mother. This is not normal. Or here is a woman who may shrink from affection. Or she may desire affection and tenderness and love-making up to a certain point, but then she withdraws. In either case the person is not normal. Something in their background makes love unnatural to them.

On the other hand, a good attitude toward sex helps a man or a woman to be free to want, free to love, free to express affection and fit desire into a plan according to a standard. It is the experience of the race and certainly the will of God that two people should have sexual relations in the full only with the person to whom they are married. This is the wise plan.

WHY SHOULD WE WAIT UNTIL AFTER THE WEDDING?

There are those people who say that two people cannot really know whether they are mated unless

they enter into the sexual relationship before the wedding. This is not true.

If they have intercourse before the wedding, they are likely to let it become the central thing in their relationship, and couples who have been married know that marriage is more than physical sharing. The sexual aspect is important and beautiful and significant, but it is not the central thing.

In the second place, great anxiety can be created by entering the sexual relationship before marriage. Always the fear of pregnancy creates a strain. And the surroundings are usually not conducive to the greatest fulfillment.

Another argument against premarital intercourse is that it often accentuates the girl's feeling of closeness but sometimes leads to a diminishing of the boy's interest. Thus a desire is created on her part to hold him, while he may want to be free. If a couple have intercourse before marriage, this frequently becomes the main reason why they do not get married.

Of course, another reason for postponing intercourse is one of safety. If you choose the high standard of not having sexual relations until marriage, you will be saved from a twofold danger: the danger of becoming intimate with a person whom you will never love, and the danger of becoming infected with gonorrhea or syphilis. Even though there are drugs to cure these diseases, let no one ever make you think that to have such a disease is not serious. Very often there are end results such as rheumatism, heart disease, and various kinds of nervous disorders.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why do you suppose that when people need their bodies so much, they are so careless in the way they treat them?

2. Can you think of any reason why some people seem to shrink from the thought of clean living?

3. What do you think of the reasons set forth here as to why a man or woman should wait until the wedding to have sexual relations? What about the arguments often presented in favor of being intimate?

4. If other men throw away their ideals and disregard the challenge to live clean, what is your responsibility? How can you stand up for your own ideals when others differ with you?

To set up a policy of waiting until the wedding to be intimate not only preserves the relationship of those who are engaged but lessens the danger of infection.

There are other arguments why two people ought to wait. They will be more likely to accept the sexual act as a witness of love and not as a plaything to be treated lightly. They will develop all of the resources of companionship so that when they are finally married, sex will have its rightful place in their total life together. If a couple respect each other, they will be willing to wait, and the waiting will pay dividends.

Two people have a much better chance to make a good adjustment after their wedding. They will be free. They will have the right feelings. They will have favorable

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surroundings. There will be no concern, no aftermath of regret. And while they may want to wait a while to have children, there will be no anxiety for the girl. She is married, and if pregnancy does occur there will be no shame.

For a Christian, the most important and final reason for waiting until marriage is that this is the plan of God.

LET US NEVER UNDERSELL OUR BODIES

The most precious material thing that will ever be yours is your body. It is an amazing thing. God has given it to you for this space-time life. It must be very important, for he took millions of years to perfect the process out of which it has come.

The body has an amazing wisdom. The more we learn about it, the more we wonder at the miracle of it. It knows the seasons of growth. It has the capacity to maintain the same temperature no matter how hot or cold it is outside. It has the power to digest food and to make blood. The miracle of life itself is sustained within it. And when two bodies come together in mate love, they have the wonderful capacity to create new life.

We ought, therefore, to keep our bodies clean and healthy. We need to remember that they are the

temple of the Holy Spirit. Every thought and deed should be so disciplined that ultimately we shall be worthy to bring new life into the world and be free to guide that new life into the fullest growth.

We need to eat the right food and in a temperate fashion. We ought to keep poisons from our bodies. We ought to live in such a way that they will have the finest resources of protection possible, and we ought to do everything we can to protect and uphold the bodies of others.

LET US LOOK AT THE BIBLE

The book of Proverbs contains this instruction: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Jesus said to seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all other things would be added unto us. The first and the hundredth psalms are wonderful guides for us because they set forth some of the fundamental principles by which we should live.

How important it is for us to live so that we shall be right with God, with other people, and with ourselves—so that we shall be big enough to love one person a lifetime and be loved by one person a lifetime. No greater value can anyone achieve than that, and no more challenging goal can we set for ourselves.



THE *Manual of Organization and Policy*, which was in tentative draft, has been revised and given new form as the *United Fellowship Manual*. Copies are off the press. You may order from 122 Maryland Avenue, NE., Washington, D.C.

The Home I Want

Study Outline for August 24

Roy A. Burkhardt

Background Material

Despite all of the divorces that take place today, there are more happily married people than ever before. More people are interested in marriage. The boardinghouse is dated and done. People prize living together in a house so much that they will mortgage themselves for as many as twenty-five or thirty years.

Young people are facing the challenge of training for marriage. They want premarital counseling; they are eager to hear lectures on courtship and marriage.

There is a far-reaching interest in parenthood, in learning how to care for children. Husbands and wives are eager to learn how to keep growing in love.

WHAT IS THE FAMILY?

The true family is that relationship of husband and wife and children in which their needs are met. It is a relationship in which they mobilize the best in each other. They live together in such a way as to find maximum security and satisfaction. The family is a true unit of democracy. As it goes, so will go the world.

WHAT ATTITUDES MAKE UP A VITAL FAMILY RELATIONSHIP?

In the first place, the husband must want what the wife wants, and the wife must want what the

husband wants. They receive happiness from giving fulfillment to each other.

Next, they keep a sense of humor. The husband and wife and children can laugh at themselves; they can see themselves in their true light, as they really are. They do not take themselves too seriously, for they find happiness in making each other happy.

In the third place, they are kind and gentle toward each other. They do everything they can to make life as pleasant as possible for each other. In this gentleness and kindness they find peace and joy and happiness.

In the fourth place, they sustain each other; they can enter into each other's feelings and then act accordingly. In this understanding they are free to say to each other what they think and express their true feelings.

Finally, the husband and wife are faithful to each other and to the will of God. They are faithful, not because they must be, but because they wish to be. There is joy in that and a lasting satisfaction.

HOW CAN TWO PEOPLE GROW IN THEIR LOVE?

Two people are eager to be together. They are in love, and they wed. How can they keep growing in love? How can their relationship develop across the years? What will hold them steady? What will

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keep them together and bring them increasing satisfaction?

I have known many wives whose husbands were in the service. I have seen some of their marriages fail, but most of them have succeeded. Two people can share very effectively through letters and long-distance calls. It is possible for them to grow closer, and this is very important.

Two people grow closer when they keep reaffirming their love. To reaffirm their love is to keep it vivid. When a man says, "I love you," and his wife says, "I love you," another center of consciousness is created within the mind. Their love is kept alive. The thought of love is nourished.

A second way to keep love growing and to maintain their relationship is for two people always to remember what marriage is. It is the husband wanting what the wife wants and the wife wanting what her husband wants. In the relationship of love we have only what we give.

A third way is to avoid hurting each other. They will hurt each other, that is sure; but they should avoid repeating the mistake. It should not happen the second time over the same thing. If the husband hurts his wife, he hurts himself.

Love never has been based on a 50-50 relationship. It is a 100-100 sharing; each gives 100 per cent and ends up having 200 per cent. Instead of hurting each other, two people ought to bless each other.

A fourth way to grow in love and maintain a vivid relationship is to grow in a love of God. As an individual learns to respond to

God's love for him, he is more free to be loving and lovable.

In the fifth place, if love is to grow, two people must bear witness of it in little deeds, in thoughtful words, in expressions of affection, and in that deepest witness of all which is the sexual relationship. As they bear witness of their love, both will know how the other feels and be sustained and upheld in a great love life.

Finally, two people need to be true to each other, since love in a real sense is a double link. The real self is the person's link with God. Love is a double link. To be true means strengthening that link.

HOW ABOUT THE PERIL OF SEPARATION?

When the serviceman is away from home, there are certain dangers. He may have a battle with sex desire, but nature has a way of adjusting. There are other women, but none is beloved. None is his wonderful wife. Always he has his return to his beloved to look forward to. Although it may be delayed, he will return; and when he does, he will want to be able to look into his wife's eyes and have her know that he has been true to her.

Thus he will keep his double link with God and his freedom to grow in a more fundamental union with his loved one. He will want to keep busy while he is away, and will want to keep a close relationship with any group that calls to his best.

He will find it helpful to commit himself to the life of prayer and

spend periods of time in meditation. This will uphold and sustain him and give him the strength of his convictions.

WHAT ARE SOME SCRIPTURAL SOURCES?

Turn to the following sources: Genesis 2:24; Matthew 19:3-9; Matthew 5:1-8; Romans 12.

HOW ABOUT LICENSED PROSTITUTION?

We would be unrealistic if we didn't face this issue. Anyone who has been in the service knows that this is a very common practice. Many men either find a woman who will be intimate on the basis of friendship, with perhaps a thought of finding a life mate, or else have no trouble finding women who will sell their bodies.

What are the arguments against this practice?

The most fundamental argument is that a man can play with love so long that he never can love one person. This is a supreme tragedy. The man who saves his affection and the sexual witness for the woman he marries will identify himself with that woman only.

Each time a man has an intimate relationship with a woman, whether for a financial consideration or not, he leaves some of himself with her. He has an association there, and he may never fully get free from that person. When he wants to come to the woman he loves and to whom he is married, all of him cannot respond. Part of him has been left with all of the women with whom he has had relations. He cannot avoid this; it is inevitable.

Questions for Discussion

1. Think of the finest family you have ever known. How did the members of that family come to find their fine spirit? What is the nature of their relationship?

2. Think of the most unhappy family you have known. What factors caused the unhappiness?

3. To what extent are you your own boss? How free are you to make clear-cut decisions and carry them out, not only in the realm of sex but in other areas of life?

4. What code of living and sex life would you advocate to a young man? What are the reasons you would give for that code?

Therefore, if he wants to have a full relationship with the woman he marries, he ought to save himself for that woman. It is a high goal. It involves quite a price. But he who pays that price can find a peace and a satisfaction that makes his discipline worth while.

A second argument against promiscuity, of course, is the fact that a man is not willing to grant the same freedom to his wife. If he will not permit his wife freedom with other men, he has no right to claim it for himself.

Moreover, to be intimate with any woman who is ready to share in that relationship can so easily lead to infection and disease. And no amount of temporary satisfaction can justify the hazard.

Whatever else we do, let us keep our bodies clean, and let us keep the capacity to love and be loved for a lifetime.

Our Home and the Community

Study Outline for August 31

Joe Dana

Background Material

Most of us want to "live in a house by the side of the road where the race of men go by." We are not hermits. We grew up in neighborhoods and usually enjoyed that growing up. The home we will establish must be in a neighborhood. We wouldn't want it any place else. The fellow who wanted to "build a little nest somewhere out in the West" has little in common with most of us.

But if we are to live in a neighborhood, we shall have to be neighbors. Few of the values of neighborly living can be ours unless we enter fully into the life of the community. In everyday living and in the days of crisis our neighbors can add great value to our home life, provided we have learned to live with them.

The kind of home we prepare for before marriage will largely determine the home we present to our community. A careless attitude toward love and affection before marriage will continue on as a careless attitude toward our home life. A kind, considerate, and loving attitude toward our future mate and our present friends will prepare us for the creation of a truly Christian home life.

THE HOME OUR NEIGHBORS WILL WANT US TO HAVE

Our neighbors will want us to have a home with children—this

above all other things. They will have children of their own, and nothing that a family can contribute to community life will equal children. Our neighbors would much rather have us poor in the world's goods and rich in children than vice versa. A marriage that does not plan for children and hope and pray for them, is not a marriage. Even though finally you are not blessed with them, your attitude will be right simply because you wanted them.

The neighbors will want your children to be healthy. Sickly and deformed children are a problem, not only within the home, but in the community as well. Yet all too often the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children. Youthful sowing of wild oats endangers the health of those who will carry our name in the next generation. We dare not play fast and loose now with the health of our future children.

Our home should be normal. "Putting on the dog" either materially or intellectually will not make our neighbors comfortable. We should have our standards and live every day up to our best. But let our best be a good example to the community rather than something strange to them. Let our Christian practice be such that it raises the life of the community; let us not drive away our neighbors by any "holier than thou" attitude.

OUR SHARE OF COMMUNITY LIFE

Communities don't just run themselves. Fine things don't just happen in neighborhoods. Even corruption and tragedy do not come out of the "clear blue." Behind the good that happens always lies the work of good people. Behind the ugly and tragic there lie the work of evil people and, usually, the carelessness and indifference of good folks. Our community—our neighborhood—will be what we help make it.

"Nobody wants to live in a community without a church": we hear that said very often. But lots of folks live as if they did. Churches don't start themselves, and right today one of our major churches says there is need for no less than 500 new churches of this denomination in new communities. One of our first duties as Christians—as it was with the Pilgrims—is to see to it that there is a church in our community.

Churches, once started, do not sustain themselves. No church can live without a body of Christian homes to stand behind it and rear its future members. Our church will need our support—not the money we can spare, but our full share. Even then, the church cannot do its work without our consecrated service. The church lives by the devoted volunteer work of laymen. Our home must do its full share in all these ways to uphold the church.

The measure of what we expect from the community in which we build our Christian home, should be the measure of what we put into that community. If we want good schools, we shall have to be work-

Questions for Discussion

1. Why would you not want to live as a hermit—or as a couple of hermits? What would you be missing that has real value?

2. What responsibilities do you have for the life of the community in which you make your home? What should you be doing right now about your community back home?—about the community in which you are stationed?

3. What can you do before marriage that will make your future home a better one to have in the community? What can you do that will make it worse?

4. What specific advantages does a Christian home have over a non-Christian home in our society? How will it be a home of better neighbors?

ers in PTA. If we want opportunities for our children's leisure, we shall have to take responsibility in Scouts, canteens, and church schools. If we want good government, we shall have to give effort to good government.

But we cannot expect our home of the future to be different from the patterns of life we are setting today—even in the armed services. If a "good time" pushes religion and church out of our life at present, we have no reason to expect that it won't crowd them out of our home life. It does for millions. If we are neglecting to support the good things in our community back home—our church, for example—we'll have even better

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reason to neglect them later. If we are being careless of our behavior in society today, we need not expect to change later on. The basic patterns of a couple's life carry over and become the patterns of their home.

CHRIST IN THE HOME

What will Christ do for our home?

He will give our home a central devotion. Isaiah said: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Yet a multitude of homes waste their energy and substance in a senseless whirl that leaves them always going round and round in their own frustration. Having no Leader and mastered by no great devotion, they go nowhere. They never achieve either usefulness or happiness. Christ leads down a road by which a family can get somewhere.

He will give our home a standard. This standard will lead us in the highest achievement of love and satisfaction within our home. It will guide us in our relationship to the neighborhood, the nation,

and the world. Nothing is more pitiful than a carpenter trying to build a house without a rule or a square. A family is equally to be pitied when its members try to build a home without a rule or standard. The experience of two thousand years says that Christ gives the highest standard, the best rule known to the experience of mankind.

Christ will give meaning to your struggle and your triumphs. He will uphold you in your crises and failures. No man can be satisfied to dedicate his life to himself—perhaps that is why we marry. But no couple can find real satisfaction in just living for the pleasure of their home in the present hour. We need a devotion bigger than ourselves and bigger than our homes. For a Christian there is no goal that can equal the grand and eternal concept of the Kingdom of God. It is to this Kingdom that Christ calls us when he says, "Follow me." It is against the background of this Kingdom that the Christian home takes on its purest beauty and fullest meaning.



ONLY TRANSFORMED PERSONS can or will exercise the sexual self-control that makes true marriage possible. Only they will wish to have or can have the one kind of home which fulfills the divine intention: a household where two people love each other so much that they do not care to love anyone else in the same way, and who throw around each other and their growing children the security and affection of an indissoluble family.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, *The Man from Nazareth* (Harper)

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH

Daily Rations



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society)

THEME: To Know Jesus and His Power

1.	The Power of Faith	Matthew 17
2.	The Sheep Gone Astray	Matthew 18
3.	Divorce, Children, and Riches	Matthew 19
4.	Workers on the Farm	Matthew 20
5.	Cast Out of God's Temple	Matthew 21:1-22
6.	The Authority of Jesus	Matthew 21:23-46
7.	And unto God, God's	Matthew 22:1-22
8.	The Greatest Commandment	Matthew 22:23-46
9.	Whitewashed Sepulchers	Matthew 23
10.	Take Heed to Yourself	Matthew 24:1-28
11.	Signs of the Times	Matthew 24:29-51
12.	Be Prepared	Matthew 25:1-13
13.	The Last Judgment	Matthew 25:14-46
14.	The Last Meal Together	Matthew 26:1-35
15.	Dark Gethsemane	Matthew 26:36-75
16.	Despised and Rejected	Matthew 27:1-31
17.	And Him Crucified	Matthew 27:32-66
18.	The Final Commission	Matthew 28
19.	With Fixed Purpose	II Corinthians 1
20.	Forgive the Fellow	II Corinthians 2
21.	Where Is Liberty?	II Corinthians 3
22.	Don't Faint Away	II Corinthians 4
23.	Ambassadors of Christ	II Corinthians 5
24.	Break It Up	II Corinthians 6
25.	No Regrets	II Corinthians 7
26.	Follow Their Example	II Corinthians 8
27.	Thankful and Zealous	II Corinthians 9
28.	Don't Be Disloyal	II Corinthians 10
29.	He Really Suffered	II Corinthians 11
30.	We Aim to Please	II Corinthians 12
31.	Deal Rigorously	II Corinthians 13

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Sarong: *A dish towel that made good.*

—Quote

Before AP writer Hal Boyle left for Korea, he was given a lengthy briefing by Bill White, of the *New York Times*, on how to cover a war. Not long afterward White had a cable from Boyle: "They are shooting at me from the right flank and shooting at me from the left flank. What do I do now?"

White cabled back: "Show them your press card which states you are a noncombatant."

—Quote

An old man was sitting on the porch of a little village store when a big, shiny car drove up with two young strangers in it.

"Hey, there," one of them called out. "How long has this town been dead?"

The old man looked at them over the rims of his spectacles.

"Well, not long, I guess. You're the first buzzards I've seen."

Father: "My boy, I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same thing to your son?"

Son: "Yes, but not with such a straight face."

—*Watchman-Examiner*

Wife: "Why do you go out on the porch when I sing? Don't you like my voice?"

Husband: "It's not that. I want the neighbors to see I'm not beating you."

Father to small son: "Never mind how I first met your mother—just don't go around whistling."

Policeman: "How did this accident happen?"

Motorist: "My wife fell asleep in the back seat."

Sign on the left side of a large army truck: "Pass and be my leader."

Sign on the right side: "Pass and meet Saint Peter."

Sign stuck on squadron bulletin board by a character who just had three-day pass turned down: "In case of fire just call the first sergeant—he'll throw a wet blanket on it."

—*The Scabag*



UNITED FELLOWSHIP GROUP PROGRAM



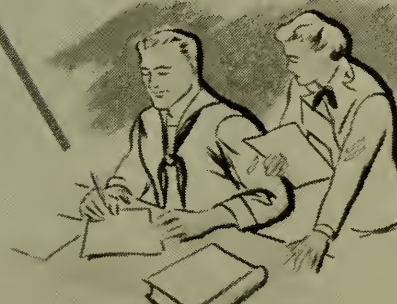
BIBLE STUDY



WORSHIP



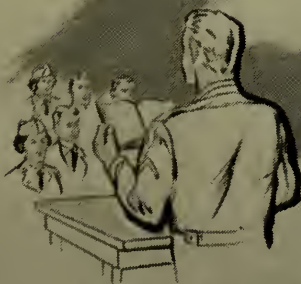
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PROJECTS

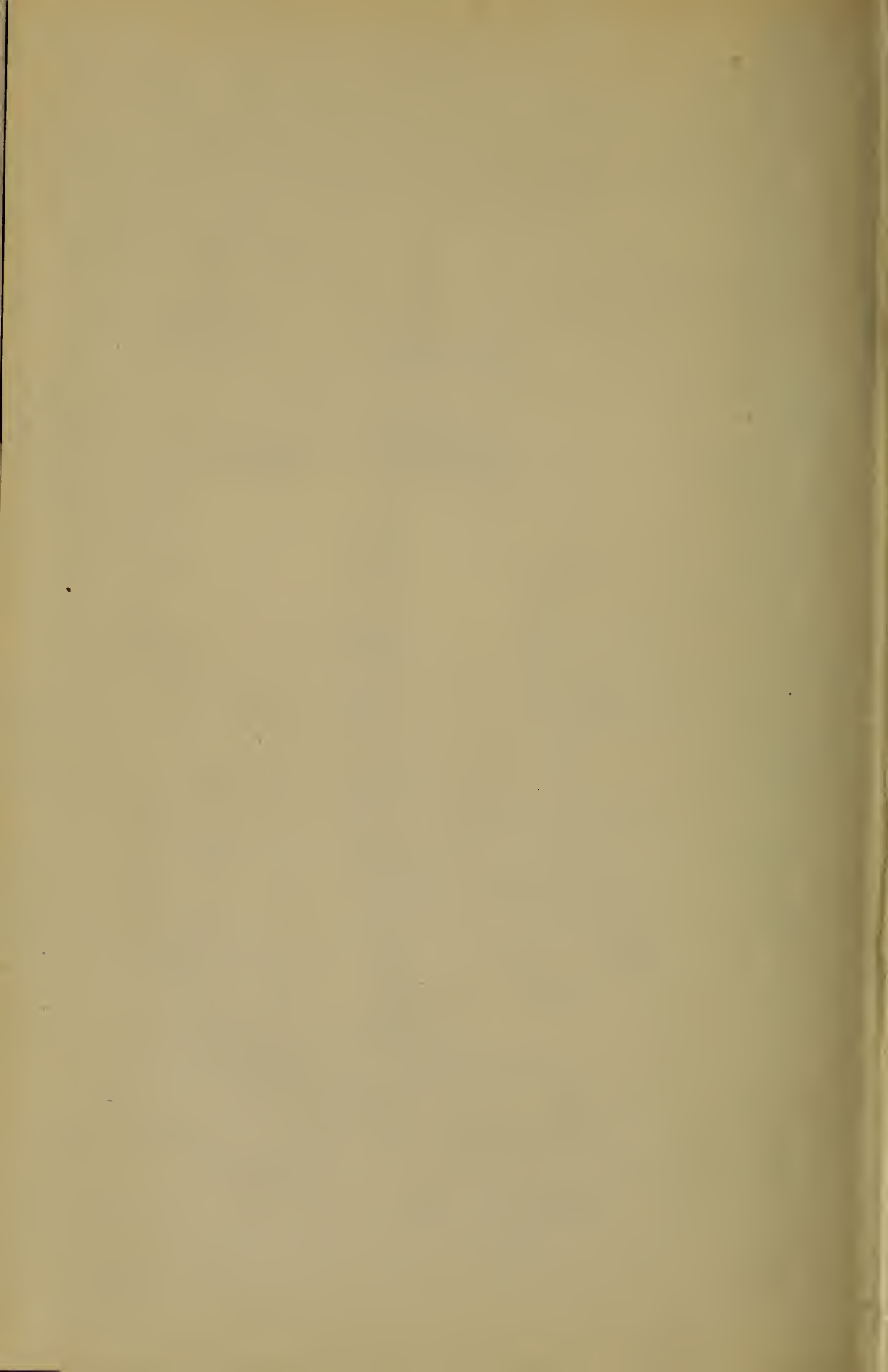


**INTER-GROUP
ACTIVITIES**



EDUCATION





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